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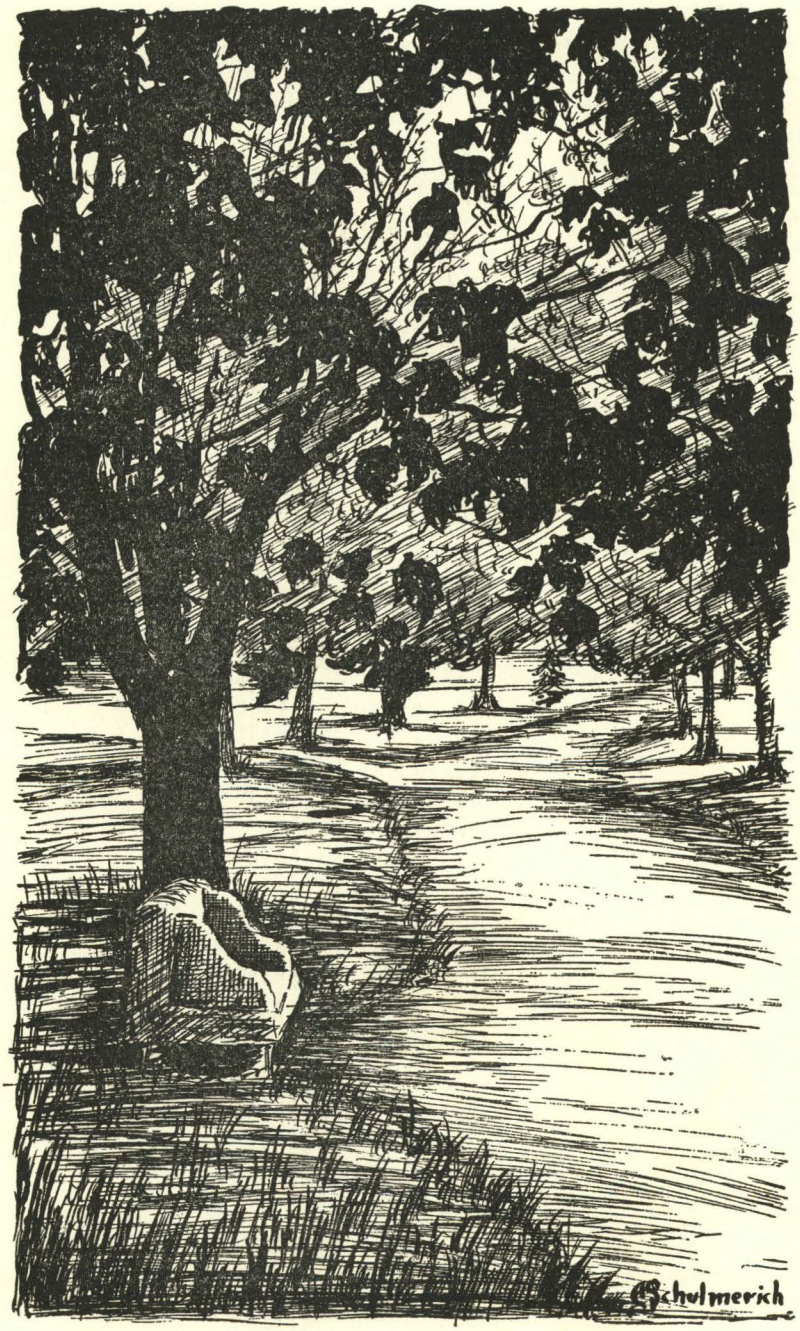

Schulmerich

STRANGER THAN FICTION

A MOUNTAIN IDYL

By LOUVERA HORN

Perhaps it was because I was born amid level stretches of Kansas wheat fields and later transplanted for six years to the monotonous continuity of the Llano Estacado that the abrupt beauty of jagged mountains and narrow gorges brought to me instant thrills and never-ending delight. The grandeur of evergreen forests would awe any prairie child, accustomed to the simple cottonwood, the scraggly mesquite and echinate chaparral. The languid creeks of the Middle West or the ephemeral May torrents of the Texas plains could not compare with the foaming, grey-green mountain streams. My first intimate perceptions of vibrant sierra scenery are an indelible palimpsest which no later impressions can ever wholly erase.

In the spring before my twelfth birthday my parents decided, after a perusal of the inveigling prospectuses of various communities, to move to Lakeview, Oregon. I, with the eagerness of youth to essay the unknown, felt no regrets as the train roared across the New Mexico plains, transpaced an Arizona Indian reservation, and panted through the torrid Mojave Desert, up the productive Sacramento valley, and into the picturesque Feather River Canyon. This journey was a prescience of beauty still to come.

At the forlorn unpainted junction called Alturas, we changed to a train which jolted and swayed on its narrow-gauge track toward Lakeview. The chairs in the small coach were meagerly upholstered in cold, hard, black leather. A stove, with woodbox near, unwillingly heated the car, and suspended from the ceiling was an old-fashioned oil lamp. Often the engineer would stop the train in order to scare away sheep, which seemingly found the rails temporarily restful.

After sundown the moon threw ribbons of light across Goose Lake, and only the rumble of the cars and the occasional plangent bleat of lost lambs broke the stillness. Morning was several hours away when the train finally jerked to a stop at the Lakeview station, and sunrise dispelled much of the glamor with which the town was endowed by night.

During a month spent in this isolated spot, typical of the old wild West, I investigated the possibilities of mountain creeks, climbed the shale ledges where rattlesnakes were said to hide, and played about the high flats then fragrant with wild sweet-peas and blue with myriad camas.

Then came an idyllic interlude of two months in a mountain valley in Fremont National Forest. Hills and peaks, dark green at noon, purple when sundown shadowed them, delimited the horizon. An old homesteader's log cabin was half-hidden in the trees. A trout stream hurried down the hills and meandered through the meadow, and in its silvery ripples and foaming eddies fish played hide-and-seek. Further down the creek, beaver had girdled and felled young aspen in order to construct a dam where they went about their daily domesticity unmolested. From the stiff, horizontal branches of the fir trees chipmunks gossiped gaily, their bright eyes seemingly seeing every forest scandal.

One memorable day I accompanied my father to the summit of Cougar Peak, where the forest service maintained a lookout station. The trail was narrow and the trees dense, until we neared the top, where the fir retired in favor of the smaller, hardier juniper.

The very summit was a gigantic pile of weathered white rock about which a continuous gale whistled. From the lookout tower, lashed angrily by the wind, a vast panorama was spread out. Far to the south the horizon was a mass of smoke where a forest fire was leaping up Mount Shasta. Lakeview lay like a heap of match boxes thrown between receding lake and overhanging butte. Above Bear Mountain to the west an eagle circled with avaricious intent. The smoky blue atmosphere softened the outline of peak and valley. We descended to our camp in the cool haze of the mountain afternoon, taking with us the exhilaration which only high places can give.

These halcyon days were untroubled with economic or social problems. With the receptivity of childhood, I absorbed all that the mountains could give me. When the impending rigors of winter drove us back to the town, I took away dynamic impressions painted with unfading colors on the lasting parchment of memory.

THE RODEO AT HEPPNER

By RUTH DINGES

If the fate of Lot's wife came to all of us who look back regretfully on "days beyond recall," I would have been for several years decorating the landscape as a rather doubtfully ornamental pillar of salt. Anything that most of us remember is softened by the years. So it is, perhaps, with my memory of the annual scene which was to me in my childhood something to be eagerly anticipated and happily remembered.

Every autumn, when the wind swirled the dust in clouds across the tops of my native hills, and whistled lonesomely through the few bare trees to be seen in the town of my birth, the annual rodeo was held. I have often heard the word for that festivity accented on the second syllable, and my dictionary gives that pronunciation the preference. But my happiest memories are of a rodeo, accent on the first syllable. That was what we called it, and it was all our own. At rodeo-time wheat had just been harvested and shipped; every farmer had as much money as he ever possessed at one time, and every one was ready for entertainment after the hard work and anxiety of the burning summer.

Two weeks before the actual event, cowboys came straggling into town in groups of two and three, riding ugly little mustangs with uglier tempers. The more beautiful horses with their arched necks and dainty step were not usually owned by the men who followed the cowboy trade as a profession. Their white teeth shining in their bronzed faces, their gallant spurs clanking, and their battered sombreros tilted at various jaunty angles, the lithe, sinewy cowpunchers rode proudly up the street, paying no attention to the more prosaic townspeople. Dismounting they swaggered into the pool halls of the town, their high-heeled boots clicking against the sidewalks.

A little later the owners of the merry-go-round, the ferris wheel, and the games of chance made their appearance. Something about the tawdry show and those care-free, dirty people still fascinates me, although I have long since outgrown my childish admiration of the pretty ladies in tinsel and ribbons, and the wheezy music of the ancient merry-go-round. However, nothing is especially charming when seen through adult eyes. Then the carnival was beautiful and satisfying. I can remember the thrill of being stopped at the top of the ferris wheel close to the stars—and to God, I naively thought—and looking down on the

swarming crowds below. It was then that I got my first conception of the relative unimportance of any one human being.

Of course the carnival was only an adjunct to the rodeo itself, which was held on three consecutive afternoons, the prizes being awarded on the third day. The performers, led by one of the local belles, paraded through the town to the music of the band. The arena where the performance was held was a mile from Main Street. The music, the proud heads of the horses, the smiles of the riders, and the sting of the frosty air in some way combined to bring tears, half of happiness and half of some vague nostalgia, to my eyes.

The arena was a surging, yelling mob of riders in bright colored shirts, many of whom obviously had looked on the wine when it was red. Suddenly a shout rang out and the first bawling, plunging calf, closely followed by a determined rider with a lariat, rushed into view. Sometimes the calf was lassoed, thrown, and tied with efficiency. More often, after a few vain attempts, the rider gave up and rode away, followed by derisive shouts from the spectators. Of course there were a good many races, exciting spectacles, but not as thrilling to me as trick riding.

The riding of bucking horses is a thrilling sight even to those who have seen it often, for then the eternal battle of man and beast is narrowed down to a contest between two individuals, a wiry, grim man and a bewildered, frantic horse. At our rodeos, the animal was led in blindfolded, and very, very gently the saddle was eased onto his back. After the cinch had been carefully adjusted and the names of horse and rider had been announced in stentorian tones, the cowboy mounted gingerly. Careening, rearing, and plunging, the powerful horse did his best to rid himself of his rider, while the man spurred his unwilling mount, and waved his hat high in the air. All too often that symphony of motion was suddenly stilled, and the white-faced, crushed rider was carried from the field while the band played on, and the next horse was saddled. It does not seem to me that an occurrence of that sort dampened my ardor for the sport. Nor did it ordinarily worry those older than I. They were not unsympathetic, but the hard school of experience had taught them the truth that I am learning now; that failure and pain are to be expected and met as stoically as possible.

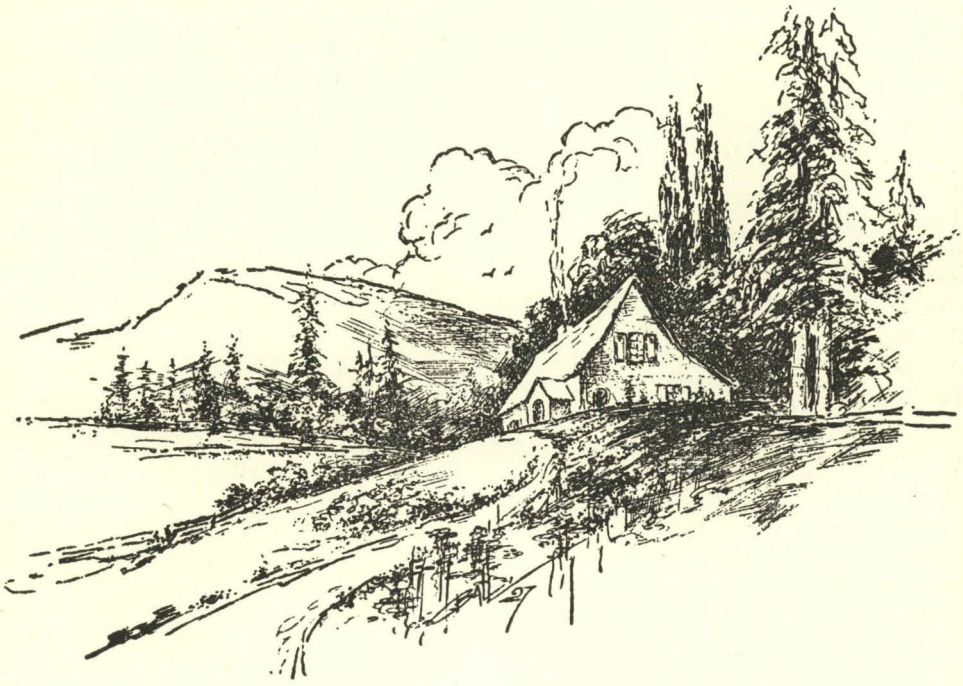
Did we go home in the evening after an afternoon of thrills? We did not. We ate "hot dogs" of doubtful origin at a street stand, rode again on the merry-go-round, and the most youthful of us, crying and dirty, were laid on benches in the dance-hall where we slept peacefully as the orchestra blared, and close-packed humanity shuffled around the dance floor. Then I thought it would be heavenly to be a part of that varied, colorful crowd swaying to the music.

Those childhood ideas of happiness! Of course they seem foolish now. Are all dreams mere commonplaces when they come true? I shrink from having that question answered, because I want to keep on dreaming.

GUMBO AND SUNSHINE

By LEONARD HAYSEN

If I had been born with web feet it might never have happened, but since Nature did not so equip me, I had to learn through experience that mud and violet rays can cause the downfall of anyone who has the misfortune to come within their grasp. For two sum-



SORROW

Nothing is changed, yet different
Is this gray house. The precedent
Of children's prattle, spinning tops,
Is over now. No lollypops
Will tell in finger-marks who went,

Who came. Nothing ever stops;
Nothing goes on. Except the props
Are moved, and more of life is spent,
Nothing is changed.

We shall go on: this house which meant
So much we shall forget. It lent
To us the memory of drops
Of summer rain; the scuttling hops
Of crickets on their errands bent
With nothing changed.

—Audred Arnold

mers I had worked on the 401 Ranch, doing whatever job had to be done. Sometimes I drove a tractor, or handled the spray gun, or drove a truck on a night shift, but my chief activity was herding water to the thirsty pear trees that stretched in straight rows all through the five hundred and sixty acres of the ranch. The foreman had a real liking for the irrigation work, and when he found that I was interested in that type of job he became my personal supervisor, teaching me the most efficient methods of irrigating. From then on I specialized in the muck work and as a result was promoted to straw boss over a crew of eight muck rakes.

One night the crew that was supposed to keep watch over one of the hillside ditches got too deeply absorbed with its poker game, and allowed the water to break away and to come rushing down into the valley. It cut a deep ravine as it came and filled the lower ditch with silt for a distance of about two hundred yards, then proceeded on its mad course into the lowlands, scooping out a wide trench in the loose earth.

Next morning we faced a rather tough job, for horses and tractors were useless in the repair work which had to be done before the ditch could again be put into service, and the trough had to be mucked out by hand, using small trench shovels. It was very important that the orchard receive its supply of water at once, for the young pears were in the stage of their greatest growth and needed all the water they could get. By means of a lot of hard work the reconstruction was completed by ten o'clock of the next morning, and the water was again turned into the ditch.

When we returned to the ditch after dinner, the head of water was fairly constant, and we were then ready to reopen the laterals and side channels. Leaving the men to open the draws at the upper end of the ditch, I started on my afternoon ditch patrol, inspecting the sidewalls for leaks and weak places. Like the rest of the men in the crew I was dressed in overall shorts and hip boots, and I carried the familiar mud stick. The ditch was in good condition as far as the washout area, half a mile down stream, but there I found a leak that threatened to destroy the patch we had made. At the base of the repair dam several small streams were seeping through, and in the top of the mud wall little gulleys were being formed by the escaping water. As fast as I could, I piled more mud on the weakened embankment, nearly doubling the size of the clay bank. In less than half an hour the leaks were all stopped and I began to look around for solid material with which to brace the retaining wall. Only twenty feet away lay a heavy burlap sack that I thought would answer my purpose quite well. I tried to take a step toward it but found that my feet were unable to move from their muddy prison. The mud reached above my knees and had a powerful suction that held me in a grip that I could not break. Shoveling was of no use, for the sloppy ooze ran back in as fast as I tosssed it out. Whenever I tried to pull out a boot, the weight that I applied would cause the other boot to sink deeper into the mire. I managed to pull one foot from the boot that hemmed it in so tightly, and was hoping that I could crawl out of the mud trap, but my arms and legs would not support my weight on that half-liquid foundation. By that time I was beginning to feel the burning fury of the August sun. It seemed to be slowly burning its way through my back, penetrating deeper every minute. My throat ached from dryness and my tongue felt as if it were three times as thick as usual. My head seemed un-

der a tremendous pressure and I grew frightfully dizzy. I watched the ditch anxiously but in vain for the sight of anyone approaching. I struggled to pull my legs free from the mud, but only succeeded in making my hip ache and in tiring myself out. I grew weaker and weaker as the afternoon wore on, for the scorching rays of the sun continued to sap my strength. Finally I must have fainted, for I do not remember anything that happened between that time and the time three days later when I regained consciousness in a white bed at the Community Hospital. The only lasting effects of my misadventure were a bad rupture and a profound respect for mud-holes that are not shaded from the sun. The skin came off my back in large pieces, but I grew some new covering to take its place, so that item is taken care of. Perhaps I'll think twice next time before I trust my weight on a place that is squishy underfoot.

MY WORLD WAS JOYOUS

By ANITA POST

Glancing through the kaleidoscopic book of my memories, I see a self-contained little girl of five, with missing teeth, a nondescript nose, and fine, straight, light hair. On Saturday evenings in the warm summer dusk of Connecticut, we drove old dappled Dick before the week-day buggy to get the weekly case of beer. Each shaggy hoof stirred the brown dust into puffy clouds that settled slowly after we had passed, and the steady rattle of the iron-rimmed wheels was a jerky song as we rolled under the immense green sugar maples. Over the creek we went, past each well-known farmhouse, where the first lamps were being lit; past a coop of sleepy chickens clucking softly and drowsily at irregular intervals; past a sty of snuffling pigs rubbing their tough, hairy backs against the boards. The wheels were muffled as we crossed the streak of sandy loam and then grew loud and raucous as they jiggled through the pebbles under the birch trees. Far down the road was the light of the store, a welcoming beacon. There many wagons and carriages were waiting to load the cases of beer, that sparkling beverage that seemed so essential to every man.

Small children, sleepy-eyed yet open-eared, listened to the rumble of the men's talk and the high clatter of women's gossip. At last our case was ready—rows of bright-capped bottles, rows of shining gold pieces, I thought. We were off for home, watching each shy star appear in the deepening blue, chanting "star light, star bright" for the first one and trying to count the others. Tiring of that, we listened to the horse's steady steps plopping nearer home, and gradually the world faded into a soothing, swaying dream, broken by the welcoming frenzy of Pollo, our setter. Then lazily to bed we went, with the leaves of the great cherry tree whispering secrets outside and the white curtain at the window puffing in gently and falling back again like a cobweb in a draught.

LOU

By ROBERT A. NICHOLS

There wasn't a soldier, sailor, or marine of the rock that didn't know Lou. Somehow that name fitted in nicely with pay-day, booze, women, and hop. Lou's joint, the Orange Palace, was known by every man in the service, yet no one in civilian garb had ever passed its doors. Lou wasn't bad, considering the bringing up she'd had. Her mother was a street walker, and her old man was second mate on some

tramp that stopped for a propeller back in nineteen two. You couldn't help loving her once you knew her, and there was hardly a doughboy, gob, or leatherneck that wouldn't do murder for her. Lou never dealt with the vices. That was below her, but she just sort of run her joint respectable like. True enough, you could get booze, hop, or most anything else in the Orange Palace, but the main attraction was gambling and pretty girls to dance with. It's funny where Lou ever got such a nice collection of dancing girls, yellow, brown, white, and every one of them straight as a string; and the service men respected them, too.

The funniest thing about Lou was that on Sunday morning she held church in her joint, and, Caesar's ghost, how that woman could preach! It wasn't that old hell-and-brimstone stuff, but her sermons were about mothers, and home, and being true to one another. That big old cellar used to be so jammed on Sunday mornings you couldn't get a cigarette out of your pocket, but it was so quiet you could almost hear your heart beat.

Lou had a little room all her own, right off the main dance floor, and if any guy got homesick or needed sympathy, Lou sure saw to it that he got comfort. Great, long, gawky fellows used to come out of that room with tears as big as cherries in their eyes, but, believe me, no one laughed. She listened to more confessions than any cleric will ever hear if he lives to be a hundred, and I'll bet that some of them would have burned Satan's ears. It got so that the fellows began calling her "The Queen of Hearts," and she seemed to sort of like it, too.

I guess she'd still be running her joint and showing the service men a good time if some of the reformers that thought she was ruining their business hadn't of messed things up. Anyway, Lou wasn't putting up any hush money, and it sure griped the sheriff, because it was about the only place in town that he wasn't getting any cut from. So one night the sheriff dressed up one of his stool pigeons like a sailor and sent him down to Lou's place to tip headquarters off for a raid. Well, this bird hadn't been in her place five minutes before she spied him. Lou sure knew her service men, and she knew that this guy was far from being one. She got up on one of the tables and motioned for silence. After the dancing had stopped, she looked at this bozo over in the corner and said, "Boys, there's a rat in the house, and he's disgracing us all by wearing a uniform. What'll we do with him?"

Well, that bird must have been scared crazy, 'cause he didn't wait to find out what they were going to do with him. Instead, he just pulled out a big forty-four Colt and let loose with it and then ran like a deer for the door. Lou must have got hers at the first shot, 'cause she passed out before anyone got to her. Everybody crowded round, and then one of the fellows tore open the front of her dress to see if he could hear her heart. Well, that fellow never got his ear anywhere near her heart, 'cause what he saw made him stop. He just put his face alongside of hers and began weeping like a baby. On Lou's white breast were tattooed, in little blue letters, the words, "God, pity men."

For a few minutes the gang just stood, and their eyes got kind of misty. And then some guy hollered in at the door, "We got him," and that mob piled out of the Orange Palace like a bunch of hungry wolves. The news of Lou's death spread like wild-fire, and it wasn't long before the town was flooded with everything that wore a uniform. They gave that town a ripping up in the back that will never be for-

gotten, especially by a certain sheriff and his gang. All night long that riot boiled, and there weren't any marines to stop it either, because they were helping the big cause along. Towards morning things quieted down, and when daylight came someone found a man swinging on the end of a rope that was tied to the limb of a big tree in the park. The guy was pretty badly battered up, but what the civilians couldn't understand was that the fellow had a queen of hearts pinned to his chest with a bayonet.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME

By Jesse L. Horn

A tough and wearisome climb had brought us to the mountain top. For hours we had toiled up the steep slope, burdened with our many rifles and hunting equipment. Although tired, and arguing after the custom of brothers, we were satisfied, for we had reached our aerie, the place from which we watched for deer. Yes, we were sure that with the coming of day sleek muletails would browse below. A little waiting was all that would be necessary.

From our stance on the rim rocks all seemed darkness below, a spludge of inky blackness fringed with the slaty immensity of night. Soon that thick obscurity must sift away. Birds were chirping, a forecast of dawn.

As the night gradually dissolved into nothingness, a new world groped its way into being. Like the unveiling of a statue, the dusk rolled down, revealing the rugged nature of the rim rock on which we stood. Below, after a sheer drop of two hundred feet, the cliff hesitated in awkward confusion. The shadowy shapes of rocks seemed to harden from soft spludges into granite realities. Beyond the boulders a short gentle slope softly emerged from the fading gloom. On that slope would be grass, and soon, from the shadowy depths of the thicket beyond, our prey would steal, that he might breakfast while men were not abroad.

Daybreak had come. We watched that thicket. A sunbeam streaked through the top-most branches of a tall pine and played joyously among the twigs. Then, as if it were possessed with the wings of an eagle, the welcome sunshine swooped down to bathe the pinon grove with its soft beauty.

As if he were king of God's domain, a majestic buck strolled forth. His head high, his antlers gleaming, he dared the morning danger. He stopped, as still as a picture, more wonderful than nature. He was beautiful.

Harold raised his gun. "Shall I shoot?" he asked. I said nothing. Harold lowered his gun. His majesty turned, strode back to his hiding. We looked at each other sheepishly. Too late!

Many hours later two hunters, reeling with fatigue, reached home—with no game. They had hunted all day, yet they were satisfied.

Who changes dreams to deed
Must have a care
Lest he forget to take
Another vision there
Where dreams have been,
Leaving his dream-room bare.

—Helen Hawkes Battey

REAL PEOPLE

CHARLEY'S SICK

By LAWRENCE CHAPMAN

Yesterday when I caught a faint whiff of alder smoke that drifted through the window, my thoughts jumped to "the place." I pictured myself climbing the rutted dirt road to the house. At the top of the hill the scraggly heather bush, just beginning to show pink on its lichen-crusted twigs, warded the road away from the front yard. There was the house, flanked on the right by the cherry orchard and on the left by the gnarled apple trees. The snowball banked against the bay window drooped under the load of milky balls. The rose hedge that stretched from the snowball outward to the Black Republican cherry tree at the corner of the yard radiated warmth and cheer in spite of the woefully unkempt appearance that dead stalks, rusting wire, and a tangled jumble of weeds gave it. The little yellow rose, wickedly thorny though it was, splotched the hedge at irregular intervals with its brilliant sulphur blossoms and lent a gay atmosphere to the plot. Down at the end of the hedge almost under the cherry tree one flaming peony sagged in the effort to retain its petals another day. To the left of the house the stilt-like legs of the water tower straddled the path as it led past the front porch to the kitchen. At its feet and encroaching upon the path the violet bed spread its irregular area. The blossoms were all gone, but in my imagination I could smell their fragrance in the dusk of early spring. There, as if blocking the spread of the violets, the honeysuckle that spilled over the fence that Charles—

"Here's your letter."

The voice of my roommate startled me out of my dreams. Opening the letter I read rapidly until I saw this sentence.

"Charley is failing. Your father had the doctor for him last Tuesday, and he feels that Charley won't last long."

Charley sick? Impossible! Why, only last year he squatted and showed me how to use his big knife to trim a hazel sprout into a fish pole. Only last month we two raked, shocked, hauled, and stowed in the sweltering barn all the oat hay grown on "the place." Only last week we panted together as we heaved the leaden drag-saw from log to log. Charley sick? It's absurd. And yet, when I was home last winter, he had a rasping cough; he couldn't handle the old-growth cordwood as easily as he used to. When we wandered out to the garden he seated himself on the beam of the plow with a sigh of relief.

What if he should suddenly drop out of the picture? What if he were no longer here to make the garden? What if he were no longer here to sit on the sled beneath the Glory Monday tree, smoking his old corncob after supper? What if he were no longer here to surprise us with his rare but dryly appropriate remarks?

Why, he just can't drop out! "The place" would seem unnatural. There would be a vacancy, a lack of something vital, if he were gone. We used to sit and listen to the Walker boys play quadrilles, waltzes, and two-steps over the radio. Neither of us would say a word all evening, but when "Over the Waves," or "Leather Britches" or some other favorite was played, he would glance up, then lean back and suck contentedly on the corncob.

And now Charley's sick. The doctor holds no hope. I can't believe it. Why, he's only sixty-eight; but maybe it's true. Charley's sick. No more long si-

lences together; no more pleasant days of work together. There's a big hole in things; nothing seems natural. Charley's almost gone.

ELLE

By HAYDEN B. WHITEHOUSE

How well I remember my friend Elle. Now, I suppose your imagination pictures a girl about my own age. You are wrong. Though the name sounds effeminate, it belongs to a man of about fifty years of age. I have never learned to pronounce the name correctly, as it has a very decided Norwegian accent. After several futile attempts he allowed me to call him Elle as pronounced in "Nellie." I liked to consider him my friend because I was the only one in our neighborhood who could claim the privilege. The secret of my success in winning his friendship lies wholly in the fact that I was a child, and the only one within two miles. Elle cared not a whit for his fellowmen; he puzzled me greatly. Oftentimes I would ask him to come over to our house and meet my parents. He refused invariably, and once when my mother and aunt chanced to pass close to where he was working, he turned and fled. It was common neighborhood gossip that the man was slightly eccentric, but this act convinced my mother that he was absolutely crazy. That night at the dinner table I was given to understand that I must not visit Mr. Elle again. I tried hard to obey, but there was a great curiosity in me that cried out for satisfaction. Besides, hadn't he been kind to me and fed me many times? Satan whispered in my ear, and I began making visits to Elle's house on the sly. It was during these visits that I really came to know the man and to examine his surroundings.

Elle was a fisherman, a farmer, and a poultryman. When the warm summer months came he would paint his boat, repair his fishing gear, turn out the cows and chickens, and then head for the sea. How I longed to go with him on those trips! I would stand on the shore and stare after him until I could no longer hear the putta-putta-putta of his boat. Sometimes I would sit on the boat landing watching the waves lapping at the floats while my mind was with Elle in his boat, riding the long ground swells of the ocean.

I saw very little of him in the summer time. I spent most of my time hunting for eggs on the hillside where the chickens were wont to hide their nests. On hot afternoons I would lie in the shade of the barn and scare away the hawks with my small rifle. At last fishing season came to an end and Elle was home for the winter, his boat smelling very fishy and badly in need of a cleaning.

Elle's shelter against the winter rains was a tumble-down shanty, set back from the river near a small stream that hustled past on its journey to the river. The roof of the house was made of shakes and leaked badly. Elle remedied this by hanging lard pails under the drips. I ventured to ask him once why he did not repair the roof with a few shingles. He replied, "Vell, ven it rain I can't fix her, and ven it good vether I don't need her." Having heard that speech many times as a joke, I immediately broke into a laugh. That laugh died a miserable death. At the quick, questioning look from Elle, I realized that I had laughed at the wrong time. Thereafter I laughed only when he did.

The inside of the shack was unique. The stove, a rusty old derelict salvaged from some shipwreck (Elle said so himself), tottered on three legs in the corner, and when a gust of wind blew afoul the stove pipe, it would blow

forth a cloud of white ashes upon the floor, much as a wave dashes itself upon the rocks of the sea-shore. These outbursts invariably provoked a volley of Norwegian curses from Elle and a solemn vow that he would buy a new stove the very next time he went to town.

Mice ran rampant in Elle's house. It is true he did have a cat, but it was never known to catch a mouse. It was fat and lazy and liked nothing better than to lie in the sunshine. It did know a trick, however. It would allow itself to be taken by the tail and carried like a sack. Both Elle and the cat seemed to get much enjoyment from this trick. Elle also had a pet hen. She was a poor-looking specimen but apparently a good layer. She had her nest in a soap box nailed just outside the back door. (There were two doors.) She would allow herself to be stroked and petted and would come with all speed at a call from Elle. I tried many times to imitate that call but never quite succeeded. At least I was never able to call the hen.

One rainy day I sat on a stool watching Elle cook dinner. I listened to the rain on the roof and the drip, drip, drip of the water into the pails, each drop making a different sound. I listened for a long time, trying to make out some system to the dripping. The gasping stove and the sizzling bacon—everything lent a strange atmosphere to the place. I felt as though I were an outsider, as though I did not belong in these surroundings. There stood Elle leaning over the stove, his red face alternately bright and dark as the flickering light played hide and seek on his features. In the semi-darkness I saw in this man a native of another clime. His home-made wooden shoes, his baggy trousers held up by a small rope tied about his waist, the dusty Norwegian flag tacked on the wall near his bed, the strange song which he was singing—all impressed me. At length I broke into his song and asked, "Why do you avoid people and live out here by yourself like this? Don't you ever get lonesome?" He did not anwer, but merely continued his song where he had left off. I was sorry that I had interrupted him. His singing became a little louder, and I began trying to understand some of the words. I failed in this. Then I took note of the time. It was a plaintive air and carried in it a note of sadness. I listened in silence, feeling that there was something about the whole thing that I did not understand.

The meal was on the table at last, and I broke away from my pensive thoughts to engage in a more important business. The meal passed in silence. Now and then I would steal a glance upward and could see in Elle's eyes, as he stared out of the window, that his mind was far away. Finally he said, "Young fella, you know 'Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt'?"

"Do you mean the song?"

"Yah."

"Yes. It's sad, isn't it?"

"Yah."

He lapsed into silence, and I, not knowing what to say, did the same. Probably ten minutes passed before Elle spoke.

"Dat is only English song I know. It remind me of long time ago."

I sat staring, waiting, hoping for more. It came.

"Ven I vas a young fella I love young Norwegian girl. She love me, too. Ve vas happy. Ve got married and she came to live vith me. It vas heaven. Den she got sick—you know, not feel so good. For long time she like dat. Den she die. I near vent crazy. I felt sick; I could not stand it. I vent away. I have a brother in America; so I come here. I cannot stand to see

a voman any more!"

Since that last visit with Elle I have not seen him for many years. However, I am confident that he still wears wooden shoes, fishes in the summer, carries his cat by the tail (if it is still alive) and runs at the sight of a woman. Some day I hope to visit him again.

THE "HARD-ROCK"

By DONALD KEMPFER

The great room with its walls and ceiling of massive, hard rock is grey and dull except where the reflections of the dim lights glisten in the small streams of water running down the walls of the room. The floor of mud and rock is cluttered with large boulders, pieces of drill-steel, air hoses, and long piles of timber. Two big drilling-machines roar away, and, although there are several men there, not a voice can be heard.

The compressed air is shut off; the drilling machines stop; the men rest from their labors and form a group. The center of their attention is a short stout man of about fifty years. His name is Charles Julian; his fellow-workers have given him the titles of the "Bull" and the "Hard-rock." He is dressed in old overalls and jumper, which are now more rock and water than cloth. On his head he wears a battered miner's cap about a half size too large. The lamp, which he keeps on his cap by some mysterious device, gleams half-heartedly through the fog of compressed air saturated with dust and particles of oil. He seems to be part of the solid rock with his short, compact body and large coarse features.

He is talking to his fellow-workers now, and, unless you listen closely and are acquainted with his dialect, you will not be able to understand much of his story. His voice is low and uneven, and his language is a queer combination of English, German, and American slang. He talks for a few minutes, and then a roar of laughter sweeps through the throng. The "Bull" has scored again. He walks away from the group and sits down alone on a comfortable piece of timber. The miners continue the conversation; it is of a more serious nature now. The "Bull" listens for a while, and then slowly rises. He walks toward the group, talking faster than he walks. All other conversation ceases. The "Bull" enjoys a joke or a light conversation, but his great love is for the more serious and dignified subjects. It is, indeed, a pleasant occasion when he can give a lecture on the principles of socialism or the advantages of some fantastic invention.

He talks for several minutes now, asking questions and answering them before anyone else can speak. Then, as quickly as he had started, he stops and returns to his work. The others sit quietly for a while and then follow him. He works harder than the others; the short, stooped figure seems tireless. The other workers, younger than he, try to keep up with him and are soon tired. They look at him, hoping that he will stop and allow them to rest.

The "Bull" is the leader; he is the "hard-rock". He has learned that each man has his pace and that no man can travel long at another's pace; so he seeks to have others follow him rather than follow others. The "Bull" might have risen to greater heights in a different environment, but I doubt that he would desire a change, for he is the undisputed ruler of this kingdom. His throne may be a hard rock or a piece of mucky timber, and his realm small and changeable. But did not the great Caesar say, "Better to be first in a small Iberian village than second in Rome?"

BIRDMEN

By Doris Fulkerson

A light fog was settling, and the lights of the airport made an eerie glow in the darkness. The airmail beacon, like a guiding finger of white, swept intermittently across the sky; and overhead the thunder of a motor for a moment seemed to shake the earth, then died away into a weird silence. Like some huge silver bird of prey with whirring wings, a mighty transport plane swept out of the darkness, three points touched lightly as a feather on the gravel runway, and the ship taxied to the line. To Terry O'Connell, as he strolled out from the hangar to meet the incoming pilot, however, there was little mystery or romance in the situation. It was so much a part of him that he had long since ceased to be influenced at all.

"How is it upstairs?" he questioned.

"It's all right now," the other pilot told him, "but it's getting thicker. What's the weather report from Springfield say?"

"The last report was the same as it is here—light fog, north wind," Terry said. "How many passengers you got?"

"Only eight. I'd better go and check the weather report again and see what the chief says about going on. I hate to take a passenger ship out in a fog, even as light as this."

As they entered the hangar together, they made an odd looking couple—Terry short, stocky, typically Irish, his turned-up nose, laughing blue eyes, and perpetual smile proclaiming to the world the cheerfulness of his philosophy. Only inwardly did he ever admit worry or fear. Outwardly he was always happy.

His companion, on the other hand, was tall, dark, and sombre to a degree that made it a joke among all the fliers who knew him. He and Terry had flown together in the flying circus days, in the army, and in the airmail. Now, however, "Gloomy," as he was affectionately called, flew a passenger transport because he was so conscientious and safe; while Terry flew the most dangerous night route on the airmail line because his dare-devil nature exactly fitted him for the job. He had refused a transport position, because the idea of being responsible for lives other than his own did not appeal to him; and this, perhaps, was the most characteristic thing about Terry. He stunted with alarming abandon, the most difficult stunts—high in the air or close to the ground. He took the airmail through in any weather. He had no regard whatsoever for his own safety, but take up a passenger he would not. Except when he was out with the airmail he flew a single-seat pursuit ship to prevent any possibility of having to take up another person.

A sudden rain tiptoed across the trees,
And in the long and dusty cattle lane
Left footprints where she paused to fold her scarf
Of many hues about her throat again.

—Helen Hawkes Battey

THE MANUSCRIPT

A literary magazine published by the English department from material originating for the most part in composition courses and designed to afford laboratory material for students in these courses

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A YEAR

A year is too long to remember
When your fires are cloistered away;
Ere half of it, wizened November
Will cackle at dreaming young May.

A year is too long to remember.
Cold, cold your love will grow
As hawthorne trees in December
That once burned row on row.

A year is too long to remember;
Next April, mocking and fair,
Will crush that last wavering ember
And scatter its ash to the air.

—Emma Wintler Johnson

OUR GAYER MOODS

ON HEART BREAKING

By JAQUELINE COOPER

I approach the subject of broken hearts by the sociologist's method, with a wandering point of view and a lot of examples, cases he would call them. That method of developing a subject is, I believe, neglected more than it should be; it really has many advantages over other types of writing.

First of all I wish to state that I have had experience which enables me to write authoritatively on this topic. My own heart has been irreparably dashed to pieces several times, and I have broken a few for other people, too. Or if I haven't somebody lied, and I believe that anyone who lies about things like that is sure to have something happen to him so that his heart will be broken. I am satisfied I was not the only one to suffer.

Heart breaking is not always the result of an abruptly ended love affair. Almost anything may cause a broken heart. I once knew a girl whose heart was beyond doubt broken into at least three pieces when a boy told her she smoked like a baby. She suffered agonies, poor thing, until she was able to announce to an attentively gathered party that he drank as if he really preferred ginger ale. After that he wouldn't speak to her, even to make slighting remarks, and her wound was healed.

This brings me to an important aspect of this subject: how to repair the organ once it has been injured. To let this curative work go undone brings disastrous results, clearly seen in many college sophomores and juniors. Fortunately nature has provided the heart with vast recuperative powers, because of its elasticity, which allows it to rebound far enough to be caught on the first bounce. This property is also helpful in the case of a ninety-eight pound girl trying to accommodate in her heart the two hundred and fifty pound, broad-shouldered football player she cannot live without. If there is no innocent bystander present to catch one's heart on the initial bounce, the poor thing must go on bouncing, dashing itself against hard paving stones and what not, until it is caught or stops to look at the picture in a love-story magazine. It is the bruises from these prolonged periods of bouncing which are really the most painful. A butterfly, fragile as it is, does not mind fluttering hither and yon if there are enough flowers to offer it frequent rests, but let it try to fly for any length of time, and it becomes hopelessly exhausted. The ideal flight is one just long enough for it to forget the too sweet atmosphere one has just abandoned, or been pushed out of by an aggressive honey-bee.

Years ago a girl suffering from a fractured heart gave vent to her feelings by fading away, retiring into herself, wearing quaint gray gowns, and devoting her life to her flower garden, convinced that all men are brutes and unworthy of her affections. Today the modern miss relieves the internal pressure with a few good healthy "damns," purchases a new bathing suit, finds a new boy friend, and goes into business so as to put her tormentor as quickly as possible into bankruptcy. The idea is that if she can't do it in one way, she will in another.

One of the most interesting symptoms of a broken heart is a vague, bereaved sensation in the region of the stomach. This may or may not explain the famous line about the way to reach a man's heart. At any rate, it is very

definitely present, expressing itself in mid-morning snacks, tea at three or four o'clock, and evenings spent in consuming romantic novels and chocolate creams. The result is often added pounds, which are in some cases a distinct detriment in the process of healing the fracture.

If I have suggested no remedy for your case, and you are certain that your heart will never function again, and life seems dark ahead, they say drowning is a pleasant way to go, and there are some fairly good-looking lifeguards on Oregon beaches.

GETTIN' THE BIRD

By LAUREL EVELYN WALKER

Well, it certainly takes a boy to make you feel like a penny waitin' for change. It's getting so that you don't dare to say anything that has any meaning at all, or the Boy Friend looks at you sort of blankly, and kinda draws into his shell, and makes some vague remark about an English theme or something.

When we were of the high school sophomore age, we were all trying to see who could use the biggest words, and talk most intelligently about the latest highbrow book, or make the most creditable speech about current national and international problems.

Now, at college sophomore age—what a dif' four years can make!—we are one and all dilligently avoiding anything and everything which might be thought-provoking, or call for any mental concentration. With a minimum of twenty-five "clever" cracks in his repertoire, Joe College is ready to start out in the world to find his fortune. If he can gracefully, and without too much strain, avoid every attempt to draw him into the treacherous whirlpool of adult conversation; if he knows when to say, "Well, the point is," and when to smile fatuously and say, "Well, what do you think?" if he takes everything said with exactly the opposite interpretation meant by the speaker; if he is successful in these things, then he will qualify for the title of the "Ideal B. F."

Girls in a vain search of elusive popularity write to Lillianne Loe or Rosie Romanne, and their letters, which come out in the "Advice to the Love-lorn" columns, always mention, "I am at least of average intelligence. I can discuss lots of things with authority. I am a good listener and always try to be interested. Why am I not popular?"

Poor little girls. They sing their own swan-songs when they admit their intelligence. They should know that that's the worst predicament they can be in. Ability to learn a certain set of answers, starting with "Ain't you right?" and ending with "Am I or not!" is absolutely all that one girl should allow herself. Having too many brains encourages boring ventures into such trite subjects as politics, love, religion, and music. Young men of today have too much else to think about to have time for such trash.

Well, outside of that, and after all, am I right, or am I?

I HAVE NO TASTE

By WILLIAM J. MATTHEWS

Alas, it is all too true. I have no taste. My preferences in literature are abominable. My favorite authors have never been able to reach the supreme heights of dry boredom attained by our eminent authors. I must be incorrigible, for I prefer such low, elemental types of stories as "Bellarion," by second rate authors, typified by Sabatini and Burroughs and Zane Grey, to

the glorious works of Sinclair Lewis, whose "Main Street" is one of the examples of great literature.

My favorite authors evidently labor under the peculiar delusion that a book should tell a story. How stupid! For who ever reads a book for the story? Style is all one needs to make a masterpiece. But my authors labor uselessly over stupid, uninteresting plots and cheap, common action, while neglecting the glorious opportunity they have to make their book dull, monotonous, and classic, by introducing a literary style.

My favorite characters are also uninteresting. Could any one compare Tarzan of the Apes with the colossal Mr. Babbitt in interest? The ape-man's feats shrink to mere bug-slaughter and worm-eating before the enthralling development of Babbitt's character. And what Sabatini here could ever hope to equal in interest the introspective characters of our leading novelists?

Heroines are even worse. The ones my perverted tastes applaud still hold to such old-fashioned ideas as modesty and faithfulness. They have never known the joy of leaving their husband for another man, nor the flouting of all the conventions for sheer excitement. They actually prefer loving the man of their choice to cultivating the charm of tolerating their men for no other reason than social prestige or money. They haven't any complexes, phrenology, or banana splits. They still have the primitive desire to be loved, to raise a family. Can anything be more stupid? They will never know the joys of introspection, nor the supreme happiness of being gloriously selfish.

My authors are coarse. They are brutally direct. If the hero sees the villain, he chokes the snake with his manly hands until his eyes bung out—the villain's, not the hero's. But a truly great modern writer never resorts to such cheap sensationalism. His hero merely breaks the villain in the market, psychologically annoys him, or runs off with his wife.

My authors waste my time. When I could be reading a novel containing social facts to improve my mind, they have me gobbling up crude action and common speech, utterly ignoring the subtle meanings and unabridged style of the great novelists. At times, when I am confronted by a literary person reading "The Forsyte Saga," I creep away, clasping my copy of Zane Grey to my bosom in shame. Poor Zane! With his rough, six-gun rowdies, he will never know the wondrous joy of having a "brain child" hailed as the great American novel, nor of seeing Book-of-the-Month clubs advertise his works as those every person should read to be truly cultured and bored. How could such men as he portrays, men totally without mental analysis, culture, or broad A's, ever reach the ideal of society novels, a nose that can turn up far enough to freeze the most presumptuous?

No, I fear that I am beyond hope. Perhaps when I have whiskers I can tie about my waist, and when my eyes can no longer see, I shall prefer to have a copy of "Main Street," and other masterpieces of like nature, occupy a prominent place on my desk—to hold my ash tray.

TOO MUCH TASTE

By WILMA POST

Once I scoured the neighborhood for copies of Zane Grey, and scanned the literary section of the Sunday papers fervently hoping for a new book by Temple Bailey or Gene Stratton Porter. E. Phillips Oppenheim always afforded me a perfect week-end, and the

mere sight of a new Fletcher mystery set me shivering with delight. I dabbled in the Tarzan Books and Sax Rohmer, and read even Kathleen Norris with solemnity.

Yes, once—but my taste in literature has changed. Now, when the nine-hundred-and-fifty-seventh hero grasps the heroine in his steel-like arms and whispers hoarsely, "You little hell-cat!" I wonder cynically if he wouldn't be the sort of man who makes his wife get up and light the fire in the mornings. And when a home is described as "gay with the patter of little feet, and cheerful with sweet childish voices," I have visions of dirty towels, and soggy crackers on the davenport.

I mentally shelve with Grimm's Fairy Tales books that conclude in a beautifically happy reunion, and relegate to the same category as "Elsie Dinsmore" books whose heroes are examples of clean and upright manhood.

I enjoy reading Thomas Hardy. I watch avidly for each new story by Galsworthy. Maugham and Huxley have honored places on my bookshelf. I browse through Dickens with relish, and read Sir Walter Scott until three or four in the morning. My copies of George Eliot and the Bronte sisters are well thumbed, and I even like Jane Austen.

Oh, there's no doubt that I have good taste, but I can't say that it's much of a comfort to me. "Jane Austen," say the elderly high school teachers, carried away with their great task of molding the minds of the young, and they beam at me over their glasses. So I mask my "Emma" in an inoffensive brown wrapper, and thrust "Endymion" guilty under the mattress whenever footsteps sound in the hall. I have become so coldly and ruthlessly critical that I am contemplating with growing alarm a future in which I shall be unpleasantly like the girl who laid aside Katherine Brush's "Young Man of Manhattan" after the first chapter because it was too light.

ANOTHER MAIDE SPEAKS

By Laurel Evelyn Walker

"For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

Did you ever read The Nutbrowne Maide? You might find it worth your while. The men, if they were interested in it enough to remember what it was all about, probably won't agree with me, but good my sisters, what do you think?

Thirteen times that man lies to her, and thirteen times the little Nutbrowne Maide repeats the above quotation. And then, after assuring her repeatedly that he is in disgrace, is poverty stricken, untrue, and banished from his home, he turns right around and says that there was nothing to it at all, that he was only testing her, to see if she were worthy of him. Boy, oh boy, he should have been hanged.

But, honestly, it happens in real life. A personal acquaintance of mine married secretly a fellow who posed as working his way through college, so that she couldn't possibly be after his money. About an hour after the wedding he confessed all and nearly broke her heart. I think I'd have packed up and moved to Reno, pronto.

Because I'm a mere female, I don't pretend to understand the workings of the mind of a male, but I confess that I don't get this "worthy" business. In nearly every magazine one picks up, there is the story of the rich young man playing the part of the poor but honest laborer, until he is sure that the young lady of his dreams loves him for his own dear self.

But this again proves the superiority

of a male, I guess. It shows our dumbness in two ways. In the first place, when the girl thus tested finds out that her prospective lord and master thought it necessary to put her through the acid to see if she were true blue, she doesn't have to swallow it all meekly, conceding it his undeniable right to play God.

And in the second place, it's a long worm that has no turning, as they say in my home town. Why shouldn't the bride have as much faith in her husband as he in her? But dear, dear! Imagine the rumpus if the girl, after feeding her one and only unquestionably indigestible stuff for the six months or year of their courtship, turns out after the marriage to be a wonderful cook, and admits that she was only testing him so she could be sure he wasn't marrying her for her cooking. Whew!

And so he said to her, after thirteen avowals of her true and faithful love no matter what troubles beset him—

"Be not dismayed, whatsoever I sayd, to you whan I began, I will not too the grenewod goo, I am noo banysshyd man."

HERITAGE

By Wilma Post

I shall never be a heroine. All the world is a stage on which I may play only a minor role. I shall never be able to indulge in a magnificent gesture or a noble sacrifice, nor will my centuries of good breeding ever come to the fire in a difficult situation. It is rather a disappointment to me, for when I was young, I fondly believed that life is a fascinating book in which every one is the hero of at least one story. But now that I am more widely read, I know better. I shall never be a heroine. It is inevitable, for there is not one drop of blue blood coursing through my veins.

Truly, there never was a heroine whose story was not reinforced at every step by her noble lineage. The barefooted peasant girl and the struggling stenographer are always found in the arms of the hero at the conclusion of the story with their descent from a love-child of Charlemagne or some equally famous monarch well established. Every Kentucky mountain girl or pioneer woman you meet within the covers of a book springs from the first families of Virginia or Boston. To be sure, during the brief era of stark stories a few years back, a peasant heroine appeared now and then, but her lot was always a futile one. Her plebeian weaknesses, her lust or her greed, always brought her to a sorry end.

It depresses me a little to think of the nobility which unlocks the door to romance. I'm afraid that I shall be overworked and rather lonely in the minor roles to which my humble ancestry has consigned me, for everyone else that I know can vouch for aristocracy somewhere in the background of his family tree.

I have never met a southerner who could not remember better times when there were a red brick mansion, a widespread plantation, and myriads of devoted colored slaves in the family. I have never known a seafaring family that had not been in the navy since the days of John Paul Jones, or had not owned the early clipper ships that sailed to China by way of Cape Horn. There were seafaring men in my family, but they were only fishermen who preferred beer to cognac and raised an incredibly large number of children. I don't know how many people have told me of crumbling ancestral castles in Scotland or on the Rhine, grandmothers who were ladies-in-waiting to an empress, and grandfathers who rode

to hounds. My grandmother was a burgomaster's daughter, but that smacks too much of a light opera to be even thought of.

I am more than depressed—I am desolate. When the boys and girls with whom I played "Run, Sheep, Run" are the heroes and heroines of the romances to which their noble heritage entitles them, I shall be merely a bit of mechanism in the plot, the person who delivers the fatal telegram, perhaps. Life has lost its savour. It will be scarcely more than a book to me, for I shall never be more than an onlooker.

OBLIVION

By BEVERLY SCHOENBORN

I am not particularly interested in heaven nor even concerned with hell, but the idea of being a ghost appeals to me. The state of being a "mere shadow of one's former self" hints of delights forbidden repressed mortals.

Most ghosts reside in a metropolis of the dead, an ugly place of crude skyscrapers and commercialized flowers, and spend their nights in mad orgies. And, I suspect, the ghosts of conscious humorists are the ones which indulge in Puck-like antics at the expense of helpless human beings.

I'm afraid I'll be a romantic ghost with introvertive and pantheistic tendencies. That is natural enough, for I will be alone in a forest, covered with moss and maybe anemones in spring, with a fir tree near by and tangles of vine maple. But a grave is so narrow, and the sky is so wide, that I'm sure that when I feel the last warm rays of the sun slip from me, I shall creep out, soundlessly. I don't know how I'll look, but I shall feel very tall and slim and light when I run in the wind, tinkling with raindrops.

And you, who love me now, will have forgotten me. But I shall look for you, determined to haunt your dreams with faint whiffs of lavender . . . the strange blue of winter twilight . . . a drowsy laugh . . . the shivering ecstasy of your mouth on mine . . . a flash of northern lights . . . snatches of words, "how strange that you should care" . . . and autumn leaves . . . But when I find you, sleeping, your shadowed mouth in its twisted smile, all the hurt and bitterness of worn-out years will leave me, and I shall press my hand against your tired eyes and let you sleep. Then I shall go, as silently and swiftly as only a memory can, and lie down forever in a "stillness without peace" —and oblivion.

ARTICULATE

I hope when my feet are laggards, and will no longer go,
And when the sleet of my hair is on the verge of snow,

And when fantastic shadows cross the foothills of my face,
That my spirit shall not dawdle, but with vigor, and with grace

Shall stumble to the pastures of the tranquil alpine goat
And sing out all the misery that fumbles in my throat.

—Audred Arnold

FICTION

EFFIGY

By ARDYTH KENNELLY

Listen about Bella. Let me tell you about her brown hair that wasn't thick or curly but clean and flat. Let me tell you about her eyes that were only blue and not set with frail flames and little amber light. Let me tell you about her neat straight body and the faintest droop to her shoulders. Let me tell you about her unpretty mouth and her teeth that weren't awfully even but very white.

Weep for Bella. She doesn't know about weeping.

She never thought about things. They were, and what were you going to do about it? She didn't know what she liked and what she didn't like exactly. Once she read a poem in a magazine about nut-brown bread and a glass of milk and simple things. She didn't often read poetry, but that one did something queer to her, and she cut it out and kept it in her box of snapshots. She liked Henry's wife and she liked Henry and she liked Henry's kids. She liked pinning clean diapers on the baby Darline. It was fun, making them go tight across her fat stomach, and pulling up her little wool stockings and pinning them, too, as she pinned the diaper. She liked to bathe Patricia Ann and put her nightgown on and make candy for Bobby.

She would be a wonderful wife. Someday she would get married in a pretty dress and have her wedding in the front room. She and her husband would be like Henry and Dorothy and they'd have kids like Darline and Patricia Ann and Bobby. That would make Mom happy. Mom thought she was kind of funny anyway. Twenty-one, you know, and no steady.

Bella was a lucky girl. She had got to go to high school, and she had nice clothes—as nice as anybody's—and she could do as she pleased. That was one thing about Mom. She didn't nag at you. You went where you wanted to and did what you wanted to. Bella had her own room. Always had had. Mom had shared her room with Lily and Theresa and Bess when she'd been a girl at home. They'd each had a bureau drawer for their things, and nothing was private property.

It was a small town, and dances came on Saturday nights. Girls went unescorted and in groups mostly, except the higher-ups who had dates with their own crowd. It was fun going by yourself. When you went with a guy you had to dance almost every dance with him. There were a lot of men. They came from other small towns and parked their for the most part shabby cars, or very new unpaid-for ones, and went in, and you danced by and smiled a little tiny bit, and they came and asked you to dance. The orchestra came from the nearest city, and was guaranteed forty dollars. You had to go upstairs, and the girls paid a dime and the men paid a quarter. It was exciting . . . so dark—my, how dark it was. And fans going, and purple and red and green crepe paper blowing, and the music simmering or blaring and nothing in the world mattering except would you get a dance with the tall boy in cords who looked like he'd been to college.

Bella dressed carefully. She knew she was terribly happy. She didn't know how she knew it, or why she was, but she was. She hadn't missed a dance for three years almost, ever since she began to go. She seemed always to have known how to dance, and anyway the new difficult steps she practised with Loretta. Life was very

beautiful. She didn't, in her mind, say Life was beautiful. She didn't even think about it, but somewhere in her she knew it was.

In her new white petticoat she powdered her neck and face. She combed her hair, and put rouge on smoothly, and wet her eyebrows and combed them with the comb. She darkened her eyelashes. They weren't very long, and they didn't curl, but it made her eyes look nicer to have them black. She held her mouth very still, her lips slightly parted, and rubbed dark-red lipstick in three little spots, two above and one below, and blended them in with her little finger.

Then she slid into her brown dress and pulled it down over her hips. It was too tight. She knew that. There wasn't any way to fix it without ruining the dress. Maybe she'd get thinner. Most of the girls smoked. Mom would have a fit if she smoked. She didn't want to, anyway. Inside she was very clean and mild. She didn't want to smoke, or drink beer or wine or whiskey as some of the girls did.

She had to comb her hair again and smooth her eyebrows and put some more powder on her nose and put a fleck more rouge on. And perfume. It was nice. It cost a dollar a bottle and had a pretty name. The name was in French, but it meant Love Dreams or something.

Then she put her black coat on with the fur collar and the belt around her waist, and her black hat that went off her forehead and over her ears and tight across the back of her neck. She looked in the mirror before she went downstairs. She was glad she was clean, and glad for the coarse, white, very sweet powder on her body, and glad for the perfume, and glad for the dance. But she didn't think about it. She almost never thought. She leaned closer to the glass and pursed her lips to see if they were red enough.

Loretta was all ready when she got there. Loretta hadn't bathed. There were a great many children, and a lot of dishes to wash, and Pop had had one of his ornery spells. But Loretta was pretty. She was very tall, and her hair was black and her eyes were, too, and her legs were very beautiful. She had her best red silk on.

"You got lipstick?"

"The real deep red. You don't need to take yours."

They walked along. She hooked her arm through Loretta's. Their heels made a nice clicking noise on the pavement. Loretta wore such very high heels.

"Hey, wait a minute. I'll get up there in the light from the drugstore and you look and seen if the seams in my stockings are straight."

"Sure. They're always straight. New, too, aren't they?"

"Blair's had a sale. Didn't you go?"

Oh, life was beautiful. It was too beautiful.

"Remember that red-headed guy with the dark blue suit that wanted to take me home last time? He's going to be there. He drives a truck for an oil company. He said he wouldn't miss this Saturday for anything."

It was nine o'clock. They could hear the music dimly down the block.

"I bet there's a crowd. Look at all the cars."

Then they were going up the stairs and Loretta was holding tight to her arm. My, it was dark, and the red and green and purple crepe paper blowing, and the music was beating and tumbling in great esctatic waves. There was a crowd. There was Leslie Fox dancing with a girl in a formal. Somebody new. And two girls in sweaters were dancing together, and girls and men and girls and men very close together. That was a swell piece.

And look at all the boys. Standing close together in a bunch by the door. She and Loretta went unsmilingly past them and to a vacant bench. They did something to their hair.

"Do I need powder?"

"No, you look swell. How about me?"

"You don't. Shall we dance this one? There's only a little more."

They danced together and smiled a little tiny bit at people.

It was over and people came back to seats. Girls did, and men stood in that bunch by the door. The lights went even dimmer. That meant a waltz. Waltzes were fun. The music was too beautiful. Everything was.

A tall man in a green sweater came towards Loretta. He said, "May I have this dance?"

A boy in a dark suit and a very bright tie came over to her. He said, "May I have this dance?"

He'd been drinking. So many of them had. She didn't feel ill and disgusted about it. She didn't feel anything at all about it. He said, "Where have you been all my life?"

Some of the girls said, "Looking for you." But she didn't. She just smiled at him. He held her awfully close. He said, "Your hand is cold."

"I walked down. It is, isn't it?"

They danced very well together. He hummed the piece they were playing. He said, "You're pretty smooth, baby."

Some of the girls said, "Aren't we all?" brightly. She thought of that, so she said, too, "Aren't we all?" He laughed. She was glad she said it. She felt warm and happy.

"Will you dance another one after while?"

"Sure."

That girl in the formal with Leslie Fox was very pretty. Bella had loved Leslie Fox in high school. He'd never known about it, he never looked at her, but she did. He was one of the higher-ups. He had gone away to college, and now he was home and he drove a tan roadster and played golf. He never had danced with her. The girl's hair was a round red flame against his wide shoulder. Her neck was thin and white and so were her hands. Bella didn't feel envious of her, or of her green pretty dress, or of her silver slippers. She was too happy. She was always happy. There was that short man with the bald head smiling at her. She smiled back. He'd ask her for the next dance. She didn't like dancing with him, but you couldn't refuse hardly anybody if you wanted to get dances.

"Who're you going home with? If I find a date for the girl friend would you go home with me?"

"Maybe." She wouldn't, but that sort of kept them interested. She'd found out that they didn't pay any attention to you any more if you told them no. That was funny. Look at the way those paper streamers blew under that fan. Gee, it was pretty.

She clutched Loretta's hand. "That short one coming with the bald head. I know he's going to ask me."

He did. He'd been drinking, too. He held her so tight she could hardly breathe. But he was a good dancer and she didn't miss any steps. "Swell music."

"They're good, all right."

"Yeah. I brought a bunch over from Providence."

"Do you know Pete Sorenson?"

"He works on the same dairy farm I do."

There was that flame of hair against Leslie's wide shoulder. That girl danced so easily and tilted on her toes.

Next came the man in the green sweater who had danced with Loretta. He said, "Your girl friend is some gal. Do you live here?"

There were very many more. Girls

sitting out on the benches, girls who didn't get any dances, said, "Bella and Loretta get every dance. How do they do it?" They looked out over the dancers with a far-off look in their eyes . . . anyway . . . I just came to see who was here . . . Most of them had very red lips. Most of them had curled hair and thin silk stockings on. When they smiled, the smile lingered a very long time around their lips and made their eyes look tired and bleak.

At intermission she and Loretta went to the rest room and combed their hair. So many of the girls were smoking. She didn't hate them for it, even the girl who was a little drunk. If they wanted to, it was all right, she guessed. She looked in the mirror for a minute. Again she was glad in a vague unaware way for the coarse very sweet powder on her body, and for her bath, and for being mild and clean inside. She smiled at a very blonde girl with small blue eyes and long fingernails. "How are you?"

She and Loretta walked slowly back into the hall and over to their bench. The orchestra men were leaning against the stage, talking and smoking. The boy in the dark suit was there again. "How about it, baby?"

"How about what?" She looked at him. He was a pretty boy and very drunk. Maybe he was twenty or twenty-one. Unexpectedly she felt a vague unhappiness.

"You're going to let me take you home, aren't you?"

"No." On her lips were other words. "Dear boy . . . " But you couldn't say that. Women in shows said that, and women in books. She wasn't in a show and she wasn't in a book. "Did you think I was going to?"

"Well, dance this, anyway." And she did, and then he danced with everybody else and he didn't dance with her any more, and she didn't care. Once she sat down by an intense yellow-headed girl in a made-over black velvet dress. The girl said, "I hate this damn town and everbody in it!" She felt mild and unimpressed. Odd, hating a town and everybody in it. "Look at Leslie Fox and that snooty dame from Los Angeles. They give me a pain!" They didn't give her a pain. She had loved Leslie Fox in high school, and now she felt rather kindly and warm toward this girl in green and silver with her flame of hair.

She didn't quite like the man with the smooth voice and the black eyebrows who had offered her a drink. He said, "Say, what are you anyway? An angel?" No, she wasn't an angel. She hadn't thought about it at all, but she wasn't. She hadn't even thought about being good.

Most of them held her very much too tight, except the college boy who held her away off and talked all the time. He said things like, "Why, you little introvert!" and talked about his fraternity house. The ones who held her too tight didn't annoy her awfully. Two boys after the first one asked to take her home. She told them both no. That was an unexplainable part about her. She didn't go home with any of the men who asked her. There wasn't any real reason why she didn't. She didn't think it was so awful. A lot of girls did, and then had a date with them for a Sunday show. But always she and Loretta walked home alone and talked about the dance. And that was beautiful, too.

The last one had auburn hair. He said, "And whose Big Moment are you?" He worked in a logging camp and was very big, and his hands were thick and red. She said, "Why?" He said, "You're quite a gal." She laughed a little. She said, "Thanks." He said, "Glad to do it for you." And then they both laughed, she thoroughly and hap-

pily. And then he said, "Do you like me?" And she said, "Sure."

Oh, it was all beautiful, all right. When unhappiness came it was a thin little finger that went between your breasts and traced little foolish lines.

They were cold walking home. "I guess that's showing the Gillespie girl and her crowd. We got every dance."

"That's a hot orchestra. Say, listen—did you see me dancing with that guy in knickers? How did I look?"

"You looked swell. I heard a fella say you were the best dancer on the floor."

"Aw."

"Yes, sir. Say, that Austin girl—the big one in the lace dress—she didn't get a dance, did she?"

"Has Lita got her divorce yet? Did you see her dancing with Charlie Waring?"

"I don't know whether to get a permanent or not."

"Let's both. For next Saturday night. Shall we?"

She kissed Loretta at Loretta's house. "I'll come over tomorrow afternoon right after dinner. We eat at one, and I'll have the dishes done by half-past, and we'll go to the show." And afterwards they'd come back to one or the other's shabby house and dance and dance until each could be led as lightly as a sylph in the new steps.

At home she hurried up to her room and undressed. Then she put on her clean pink cotton nightgown and turned down her white spread. She was very happy and warm. She turned out the light and got into bed. She lay there a moment with her eyes open. That girl with the thin white hands and the red hair and the green dress . . . pretty how she tilted on her toes when she danced.

Next Saturday she'd wear her blue with the lace yoke, and she'd have a permanent. Tomorrow Henry and Dorothy were coming for dinner. She liked to hold Darline in her arms. She didn't have a steady yet. Life was very beautiful. She didn't, in her mind, say Life was beautiful, but she knew somewhere in her that it was. Gosh, Leslie Fox was good looking.

She crooked her arm across her wide-open eyes. It smelled of the coarse white powder. She shifted her neat straight body. A thin finger came between her breasts and drew little foolish tracings.

Maybe — maybe there was something more than she had. Vaguely she knew that there was. Maybe there always had been. Something like a light, maybe. A sweet round candle-flame that trembled and blew thin and red in the wind. Or moonlight on the floor and across the wall. More beautiful than even that. Something like a lot of diamonds, all in a heap on velvet, or pretty flowery perfume. More beautiful than even that. No love or kissing someone you were in love with. Not that. Something higher and paler and so wonderful it hurt to think about it.

She'd never be able to touch it. She wouldn't try. It wouldn't do any good. Oh, it would be sweet to touch it with her mouth, the tips of her fingers maybe, or only—only stand very still and look at it without hardly breathing. Before she got old and forgot about its ever having been. Before she married Elmer Dawson, or someone very like him, and had her mild children.

She put her lips tight together and shut her eyes. They stung. That was a cute step that guy with glasses and the girl in the yellow pleated dress had been doing. It wasn't a bit hard to do, either. Two steps and a dip, two steps and a dip, and whirl. . . .

OUR SERIOUS THOUGHTS

PIDGIN ENGLISH

By STANLEY CHONG

It was early in the year of 1920 that a travel-worn young Oriental had his first glimpse of the land of dreams—America. He was young Wong Lom, who just two months previous had been the much esteemed son of the elder Wong in the land of his celestial forebears. Wong Lom, or if it had been written in the English manner, Lom Wong, since Lom was his given name and Wong his surname, had from his earliest childhood been brought up with one idea predominating, that of paying proper respect to his parents in a way that would bring joy and happiness to their hearts. This was the reason that he had embarked on the gigantic steamer at Canton bound for the United States, where he was to learn the language and customs of the white man and later return to China in order to undertake diplomatic services for his country. How Lom was able to survive the voyage remains a mystery even to him. His first impression of Seattle as he staggered uncertainly down the gangplank was one of bewilderment. He was abashed by the unfamiliar types of buildings that towered above, the hustle of the crowds that jostled him from one place to another, besides the terrifying noise of factories, streetcars, and taxicabs all jumbled together into one appalling din. Small wonder, then, that Lom's staid, Oriental composure should have been badly ruffled when a none-too-sympathetic immigration officer took him in tow. Later, in the office of the assistant immigration inspector the examination began. The inspector asked questions, and Lom Wong attempted to answer with his meager assortment of words.

"What is your name?"

"Wong Lom."

"Where are you from?"

"I come Chinee."

"Have you any friends here?"

"What say?"

"Don't you know anyone in town?"

"Yes—ee."

"You don't know where Chinatown is, do you?"

"Yes—ee."

"Well, you might just as well go along then, since your papers seem to check, and you evidently know the way to Chinatown." With these words the assistant inspector would have ended the examination, but Lom Wong was not going to be turned out into an entirely strange city in that matter.

"Missetah, I no go."

"What's this? Won't you be able to find your friends in Chinatown?"

"Yes—ee."

"Do you know where Chinatown is?"

"No sabby."

"Say, what kind of a guy are you? First you say you know where Chinatown is, and now you say you don't. Haven't you been here before?"

"Yes—ee."

"Can't you find your way about?"

"Yes—ee."

"Haven't you any money?"

"No got."

"Why, you little beggar, look at that fat purse in your pocket." Lom Wong would have been turned out then and there if the Chinese interpreter had not chanced to enter the room at that moment. Like a torrent unchecked, Lom Wong poured out his troubles. The final outcome of the conference resulted in Lom Wong's being sent to Chinatown in a cab and the assistant inspector's receiving a lesson in the use of "yes" and "no." "Yes" and "no"

are two very common words, but the "yes" and "no" of the Orient differ radically from the same words of the Occident. The Occidental "yes" when answering a question means an answer in the affirmative, and "no" an answer in the negative. The Oriential "yes" means "no" just as the "no" means "yes." Lom Wong was justified in answering "yes" to the question, "Won't you be able to find your friends in Chinatown?" for what he meant was, "Yes, I won't be able to find my friends in Chinatown." If his answer had been "No, I won't be able to find my friends in Chinatown," the double negatives would have neutralized each other, and he would have meant, "I will be able to find my friends in Chinatown." Yes? No??

THE OLDER STUDENT

By BRYAN E. EGAN

The problems confronting an older person upon entering college or upon reentering after an absence of several years are somewhat different from those with which the student of average age is faced. Time and experience have given to the former certain advantages in the business world, but these are of small value in a college environment where the mature person finds himself wrestling with the difficulties of choosing a course to the best advantage, of adjusting his mental attitude to a new order, and of managing the actual class work and study hours. Success in college depends upon squarely meeting these problems; and the older student, having learned to rely upon himself. quietly sets about solving them by such analysis and remedial procedure as are outlined in the following paragraphs.

The first difficulty encountered is the choice of a course. To this problem, the nature student brings a serious mind. He cannot choose lightly because time is an important factor with him. He will have no opportunity to experiment with subjects, to select at random and weigh values later. He must choose the right course at once, for he knows that he must get the most out of college in the shortest time possible. He must soon get back into the struggle of life, better prepared to combat the forces that he must conquer in order to win success. His years of experimentation have passed with his first youth, and the years that remain seem all too short to attain his goal.

Yet this very urge toward maximum accomplishment in minimum time leads to the first grave danger, that of overloading. Fundamentals, learned years before, have been forgotten, or, at best, are indistinct and hazy. Recall is most difficult, but vitally important, for the new learning structure needs the foundation blocks. Only constant and specific review can overcome this serious handicap. Perhaps the earnest attitude of the mature student helps to gain the good will and sympathy of instructors, for he usually finds them most willing to assist at every opportunity. Their spare moments are few, however, and it seems unfair to ask them to explain problems which should be common knowledge. The only recourse is to seek out the old texts and dig from them the facts one may require. This is a slow process, and in an era when everything, including education, is continually pushing for speed, the student whose mind is used to a slower working rate is hard pressed.

The time factor thus assumes great importance. Long and late hours of study leave but few moments in which to snatch a little recreation. In fact it often becomes difficult to find time to do the regular things of life. Sleeping hours are cut to a minimum consider-

able below that recommended by physicians. Minutes, only, are allotted to meals, and even these are given grudgingly. There is no time for campus activities even though enthusiasm is not lacking, since to the older student just being a college student means little. College, to him, is a place where he is to gain knowledge by which he may make the serious side of life brighter, and by which he may obtain the better things of existence.

He is not assisted in his struggle by the fact that he has a tendency to retain a fixed set of beliefs gained through personal contact with the outside world and its problems. He is prone to question statements which ordinarily are taken for granted by a younger individual. His older mind is less plastic. New ideas are not assimilated with ease and speed, even though he may console himself with the thought that once learned they may be less easily forgotten.

Faced with these problems, the older student seeks a remedy, but finds this a harder task than his analysis of difficulties. The first suggestion that comes to his mind is that of limiting the number of credits which can be carried during the first semester. This would be a real protection to his inexperience, and is entirely feasible. The college administration can do little beyond such restriction. Any attempt to schedule special classes or instruction would be expensive both in time and in money, and the small number of persons needing such assistance would not justify the undertaking. Its futility is apparent when one considers the number and variety of courses offered, and the wide range which remedial instruction would have to cover. College schedules are, and must be, designed primarily for students just out of high school. Hence the older person must accept and carry the responsibility of solving his own difficulties. He can help himself greatly by spending much time in review before actually beginning school work, and by taking advantages of several night courses offered by the high schools and junior colleges in his locality. If these courses do nothing more than to get him back into the habit of clear thinking they will be well worth while. The majority of older students, as well as the rest of the world, learn largely by experience. They may be consciously aware of their deficiencies before entering college, yet may never find time to do the remedial work suggested. However, if they are honestly and earnestly seeking an education they will find the means of carrying on to their goal when they are confronted by actual present problems.

BROADENING OUT

By BERT EVANS

When a river, swollen by floods, becomes powerful in its own channel, it becomes possessed often of the idea that it should broaden out. It overflows its banks; it floods over land that is claimed by other things: it goes where it does not belong; it does damage. Sooner or later it becomes so scattered that it sinks into the ground and is heard of no more. If it had stuck to its course, it might have gone on forever; never washing it banks away, it might have continued a powerful thing, rather than become a scattered thing of no importance.

So a man, rising powerfully, becomes possessed that he should broaden out and take in new territory. For awhile his sheer weight carries him along over every obstacle; but eventually, in some of the fields he has washed himself into, he must find himself ridiculed, and in others he will

sink into the ground and drain his original rich channel.

A man who has made himself wealthy in business, not content to advise others of his method in that field, often seeks to prove that he is superior in all other lines. Thus he may tell that there is a God or that there isn't a God; and people believe him. He may tell that marriage is unnecessary; and people create a furore to follow his idea. He broadens until he becomes thin—a mere sheet stretched over a broad expanse. He breaks and runs through certain fields in tiny rivulets. A child already in a particular field may take a stick and guide such a rivulet wherever it may choose.

GUN-MINDED

By A. W. WIRCH

To my mind, a hobby must accomplish at least one of three things: first, it must provide a field for the acquisition of knowledge; second, it must furnish the possibilities of acquiring or collecting various representative objects; and third, it must satisfy the desire to create things, and especially, to create things with the hands. Few hobbies possess all three of these requisites. Among these few, however, is the hobby of gunnery. I doubt if there is any other pursuit which claims as many adherents. My memory fails me when I try to recollect when I joined the ranks of the "gun-minded." I do remember, though, that the summer I was ten years old I spent many happy hours in our old workshop, constructing a toy cannon. This won for me the second prize in iron work at the county school rally, which greatly heightened my interest in guns. I could hardly wait until I had a real gun of my own. When I was twelve I finally got one— a twenty-two caliber single shot it was—and the fact that I still have it should speak well for the care I gave it. It was the beginning of a collection which by now has attained the modest size of forty-eight firearms, comprising guns of practically every type.

While most of my guns were made under modern methods of scientific firearm construction, two of them date back to "ye olden tymes" when guns were created, not manufactured. I am referring to a pair of duelling pistols bearing the inscription, "Baker and Son, 1588, London." These are my prize possessions. How often I have wished they could tell me their life history. What a history that might be! They would tell me first of a little work-shop, fitted out with the crude gunsmithing tools of that age; of the busy master and his son, and of how these spent many days over the work of shaping the fine steel with the patience and skill of master craftsmen. Finally the task was completed, from the shining blue barrels to the fine silver inlay on the stocks, and they were displayed in the little shop window, where they might attract the eye of the passers-by. Who was it that finally claimed them for his own? At this point I like to conjecture: were they tucked under the silken sash of a daring sea rover—perhaps under that of Captain Kidd himself? or did some explorer, for instance, Sir Walter Raleigh, or Captain Smith, claim them, to be used in his adventures on foreign soil?

I never see a gun, be it in the show case of gun dealer, in the hands of the hunter, or adorning the walls of somebody's private den, but that I want to handle it—to sense the hang of it, the weight and balance of it. Similarly, the information that a well-known firm has added a new model to their line, or is featuring some improvements on an

old standby, sets me agog with interest and eager expectation. If the new model is one for which I have felt the need, the matter of giving it a try-out becomes an obsession with me. During my waking hours I visualize the performance I may expect of it, and at night it enters into my dreams in various strange and fantastic forms.

To my mind, there is nothing the individual can do that will give him more satisfaction and pleasure than the pursuit of his hobby. My hobby has given me at least a superficial knowledge of the art of gunsmithing, past and present. Furthermore, it has provided me with an absorbing and pleasurable occupation during my spare time. But it has meant infinitely more to me. Many a time, after coming home from a hard day's work in the field, tired and aching in every muscle, I have spent an hour or so in my den in the company of my guns, and left it refreshed in mind and body. Or when everything has seemed to work against me, and the cares and worries of the days have worn my nerves to a frazzle, I have found contentment and reconciliation in the quiet and solitary companionship of my little arsenal. Some may call the pursuit of some such preoccupation selfish and purposeless, but I have found it a necessity. It has helped make life enjoyable and interesting.

A VIKING LAND

By VERNA THORALL

What kind of reading do I like? Anything written, but I have my distinct preferences. Willa Cather's novels of the Nebraska frontier are very much to my liking. Pioneer life, new worlds to conquer, secrets beyond the farthest mountain ranges, the magnetic spell of the raw frontier have a special hold on my heart.

In My Antonia and O Pioneers! Miss Cather has caught and proffered to her public the romance of another day. In stark pageantry the vanguard of civilization sweeps across the ruddy swells of open prairie, with a backstage drop of blue skies and sunflowers marching; of seering August drought and insect horde; of Indian summer and its calm fulfillment; of bitter, ruthless cold and sleeping fertility. This vast land, so effectively portrayed by Miss Cather, impresses me as having been secretive and somber, with a depth and immensity that was beyond the grappling of an ordinary personality. It was Viking country, personifying the imperturbable and stoical Scandinavian. It seemed to swallow up the settlers, and to those of its kind it was tolerant, even submissive, but the weaker folk it spewed back into an easier life—or crushed without mercy if they too long refused to own defeat. Its physical surface was inscrutable, even as the Norseman, with a character and capacity but half-guessed by those not of its kind. The rolling, shaggy, red grass strove to dissemble the very fertility of the soil, loath to yield it to the pioneer's plowshare. It struggled without ceasing, and if its adversary died, a victim of heart-break and intolerable labor, it added insult to injury and obliterated his grave.

The dark prairie country must be a lone land still, where one can break away from people, their trivial passions and desires, their needless, ceaseless hurry after things that do not really count in this life's gain. An aloneness, a sufficient-unto-itself-ness, with only the keening of a wild wind and the pulsing of earth-bound ages to give trend to vagrant fancy, it embraces and completes the impenetrable soul of the Norseman.

PICTURES AND PLACES

BY A DAM SITE

By RALPH BODEN

Although one may secretly yearn to live in the lap of luxury in some big city or fashionable resort, he will usually boast of his home town when talking to strangers and will fervently declare that it is the best place on the face of the earth. He probably believes that, because by living in the town he is enabled to satisfy his desires of comfort and pleasure.

Thus it is that the writer must confess that he believes life to be best near the site of a dam, because through the construction of the dam he gains a living, not directly, but through his father. The father in this case happens to be a government engineer, and, after all, even an engineer must go where there is work before he can draw a pay check. At present the scene of his labors is in Oregon.

While public attention is focused on the highest dam in the world, the Hoover dam in Boulder canyon, too few people realize that the world's second highest is located in our own state. Thirty miles from Nyssa in southeastern Oregon the government is building a mammoth dam of concrete to block the canyon of the Owyhee river. The Owyhee dam, as it is called, will impound the water of that river in order that farmers for miles around may cultivate the land now classed as arid waste. Water is precious in that section, and no one will doubt this statement when he learns that $18,000,000 are being spent so man may control one small river.

To the traveler motoring for the first time to Owyhee, the trail appears barely able to hold its course. On one side is an unsurmountable wall of rock near which the motorist keeps his auto, to prevent its lurching off into the river below. Ahead and behind him stretches the never-ending gorge.

Suddenly, as the auto rounds a corner in the trail, he sees set on the floor of the canyon a village of neat white houses surrounded by lawns, flowers, and trees. It is the construction town Owyhee. Here the government offices and residences are located.

Farther up in the canyon the tarpapered shacks of the laborers are huddled. Tin wash basins, dippers, and bars of laundry soap lie on the little benches in front of the bunkhouses. Tobacco tins are strewn around. Faded overalls of every description hang drying on clothes lines.

Within the huts are double-decked cots with the coarse blankets left as the sleeper tossed them in the morning. Western story magazines rest on boxes, window ledges, and straight-backed chairs. It is a typical working man's "home."

With a government engineer as guide the visitor passes these buildings and goes through gates where signs are posted: "No Admittance without Permit." He steps cautiously between hose, cables, chains, railway tracks, loose lumber, piles of rock, and rivulets of muddy water. He finds himself in the midst of the humming activity which pervades the place.

Chugging locomotives bring their noisy gravel trains to a halt with the shrieking of brake shoes and a rumbling of rock. Metallic bangs are heard constantly, for on construction jobs the equipment is tough and built for the hard usage it receives.

Above rises a huge tower set upon wooden uprights. A long belt conveyer carries the gravel from the train just arrived up to storage bins above. Curiosity urges the spectator to ascend

the system of ladders and narrow catwalks to the tower, which contains the giant, swirling concrete mixer, where water, gravel, and powdery cement are mixed with scientific exactness to make concrete. The roar of whirring motors, loose pebbles bouncing about everywhere, and flapping belts speeding about mammoth wheels make talking impossible. The black grease flying from cracks in machinery and fine cement dust mix well to give the visitor's face a new color.

Men walk boldly about in the midst of all this movement while the onlooker is riveted to the floor, held partly by amazement at the proportion of things, partly by the fear of the noisy, heavy, speeding machines about him. A hand reaches into the center of spinning wheels and flopping levers with an oil can to lubricate the bearings. The visitor turns away with a shudder, remembering that but a few brief hours ago a similar hand had been thrust forth in a similar manner and would never be thrust forward again. But the "show" must go on, and so another man was selected from the unemployed to play the role of oiler in the staging of the dramatic "construction."

However, not all of Owyhee presents a fearful aspect to the observer. He climbs aboard a gasoline locomotive which is hauling the mixed concrete to the dam. As the engine takes a curve in the track, he sights the dam itself, mammoth, gigantic, colossal. It presents a study of proportions, the proportion of man to his makings, and of his makings to the age-old works of Nature. One can hardly comprehend that this man-made wall of rock will stand side by side with Nature's rock wall, lasting like the Sphinx into eternity.

The whitish-grey of the concrete dam, the dark brown walls of the canyon, the white mist and spray above rushing water, the deep green of slow-moving water, and the glorious crimson of the setting sun reflected on the upper cliffs carry one away with their beauty.

These are the monotonies and varieties, the drabness and beauty, found at such a gigantic structure. For the writer, "East or West, Home's Best" by a dam site.

I DISCOVER A BOG

By FAITH COOKE

The sheer physical force of that rugged glacier land gave one an intoxicating feeling of strength—land that had stood and watched thousands of tons of ice push around it, leaving scab rock massed like crumpled paper with soil only on the tops. Later, rains had added fertile valley pockets where soil-saving farmers grew world-famous wheat. Two of us had braved the cold drizzle that fell in the dry atmosphere on late spring's remaining snow to climb moraines and hills, tearing our way through thickets of close-grown dogwood, birches, pine, and poplar, until, skirting one wheat field that lapped a narrow way between two hills, we found ourselves unable to distinguish one pile of rocks from another. Not one sign of smoke, not one sign of habitation had we seen, nor any animal, and less than half a dozen birds. We had stopped talking, and there had been no other sound save once in a while that of a bird or breaking stick. The cold was becoming insistent; our raincoats were nearly torn off on the trees, and our breath hung condensed about us.

One hour later, when the dusk had darkened the fog to near opaqueness, found us clawing up flint-edged rocks piled about thirty feet high and miles long. A narrow path on the top, and

right before us thin wisps of evil-smelling vapour! No going back—and who would want to pass through that unknown way ahead? On and down the rocks, a pile of bleached-out willows stretched like bones along the edge. I was primitive—superstitious, solitary, crafty. Every nerve tingled with the sole idea of self-preservation. My legs had become uncannily cunning. Faint hissing sounds came intermittently from all around us. The ground, patched in drab on dun, was smoking. The ground was wet, yet it was burning; wet, yet it crumbled in my hand. It was less than a hundred yards to trees on the next slope, so with my companion (but we were each alone) behind me, we skirted the willow bones and started across the quaking moss, little tufts of treachery that threw one into the ash traps left over the smoking coals of sleeping or soon-returning witches. A few false steps, instant retreats, and on! Once my boot slipped down to my knee in a puff in ground that felt hot but was cold, and thin as froth. On and on, one step, one second, dreading to wake the brooding evil ones—then to grasp barbed wire, and safety.

SWANEE-BELLE'S

By HOWARD GIBBS

Floating lazily with the dark water that soothed its green banks and beat green and silver kisses into the stillness of the woods, I was alone and happy, glad to be alive and a part of the earth.

God made Swanee River, and He caused those wild cherry trees to blossom along its bank. He put the big cypress trees with their moss there and the honeysuckle vines that crept through the rough branches to throw their blossoms on the water.

The morning sun was vigorous, sending golden strings of light through the trees, and here and there arousing a dewy bee to his day's work.

Slowly my boat slid over a mossy rock and turned its searching nose into a wide opening where the water lay still and soft like the sky, a sky clear as crystals and bluer than fresh wild flags.

A mocking-bird, high up in a cotton-wood tree, did not mind my intrusion. He just sang on with his loud, clear voice and puffed out his chest in the sun.

The low, steady hum of the bees in the honeysuckles lulled me, while my fishing pole dribbled carelessly in the water. My reason for being there was to fish, but I didn't really care whether I ever caught anything more than the perfume from the flowers on the bank.

Gradually the current carried me on to a place where it crept around wide, Greek-like curves between sloping green-and-yellow banks and sucked at tender lily pads. When I had drifted half-way around the last curve, Swanee-Belle's farm spread its dark, plowed fields before me. It was not a large farm with half a dozen huge barns and scores of lesser buildings. It was just a little place, a tiny place with well-kept fields bordered by a lacy green forest on three sides and by the river on the other.

There was a magnolia tree there by the river, a proud, arrogant tree bathing her bold white blossoms in the sun. Just back of the magnolia tree hunched an ancient moss-grown cabin, Swanee-Belle's home.

A well-defined path wound from the door of the cabin to a landing by the river bank, where a light skiff idled leisurely on the soft water. A pair of white pigeons drifted down and settled in the vines on the sagging roof. As the dilapidated door opened wearily and

let a gust of wind shake the newspapers on the walls, Swanee-Belle's voice rose in song—a loud, free song about "walk all over God's Heaven."

Swanee-Belle was at home, and that meant there would be food prepared in a way that only Swanee-Belle could prepare it. As I approached the landing my mouth began to water, for, sure as there's a God, I smelled roast chicken and fresh gingerbread cooking on Swanee-Belle's steaming hearth.

WINTER'S KINGDOM

By MARY M. BARRETT

Winter had set in on this lonely spot in the forest. The temperature was below zero; the trees and underbrush shivered with the cold. There was not a sign of life anywhere but a peaked rabbit, a weakly chirping sparrow, and the pinched figure of an old man hunched on a cotton-white log. The ancient person was protected from the murderous storm by heavy furs; he enjoyed the devilish weather. Each year he saw some new beauty in this realm of white. When the wind had died down, the forest looked like heaven to him. The snow-covered tree trunks were the massive pillars supporting the eternal world. The nodding branches were angels' wings, and the drifting turf was the marble-white path leading up to the gate. But again the north wind sent a hair-raising blast across the bleak scene.

"Ah," sighed the old man, "that is the angry voice of God rebuking his worldly sinners."

I could see no heavenly beauty in this picture. It held only a terrible fascination for me. Each elm tree was a careworn old man bearded to the knees. The firs were monster dragons who, with each blast, took flight from some dark den, and swooped upon some invisible prey as the wind died down.

The wind did not scream as he raced across the wintered earth. He was a silent, sneaking spirit of cold and suffering. The screams and moans that came with the wind were those of all living creatures. They were cries of pain and anguish from the biting, pinching blows of the blast.

"How beautiful winter is," mused the old man.

"Yes," I agreed with him, "but see what suffering it causes. It is a very treacherous season."

"All beauty is treacherous." He looked at me with a wise smile.

"See that great pine over in the middle of the clearing," he continued after a moment's pause. "That is a medieval castle. Winter is lord. Notice the rabbit and ground-squirrel burrows at the foot; they are all serfs' cottages. Those animals are winter's slaves. See how they shiver and tremble at the sound of his voice? Ah! he is the king of all. The worlds of spring and summer are republics, but winter is a divine monarchy."

DEFINITIONS

SENTIMENT AND SENTIMENTALITY

By VIRGINIA MALL

There is as great a difference between sentiment and sentimentality as the difference between day and night, hot and cold, genuine and imitation. Perhaps sentiment and sentimentality may best be likened to genuine and imitation: sentiment is the expression of genuine love and tenderness; sentimentality is a forced and insincere expression of love and tenderness. I think that is what Theodore Roosevelt meant when he said, "I abhor sentimentality, and, on the other hand, think no man is worth his salt who isn't profoundly influenced by sentiment."

Sentimentality is sentiment so overindulged that the result is too sticky-sweet to be pleasant. Sentiment leaves one with a warm glow of happiness and contentment; sentimentality leaves one with a vaguely uncomfortable feeling of hypocrisy. Sentiment gives an irresistible charm to the most simple of acts or ideas; sentimentality detracts immeasurably from the most brilliant of acts or ideas. Sentiment is the genuine, human expression of love and is often expressed in crude, even clumsy ways. Its crudeness or clumsiness does not, however, detract from the real sentiment of the idea. Indeed, it sometimes seems to add to it. Sentimentality, however, when stripped of its outer covering of finery, leaves nothing but shallow insincerity.

Sentiment belongs to the quiet, cozy warmth of one's own fireside and friends; sentimentality belongs to the circus with its noise, gaudiness, and big crowds. Sentiment is like a lovely wild flower which grows in unexpected places; sentimentality is like the underbrush which tries to crowd out the lovely wild flower. Sentiment is like a lovely old walnut table which grows lovelier as one inspects it closely; sentimentality is like a veneered table which loses its charm when one inspects it closely. One is real; the other is a poor imitation.

COLLEGIATE

By VIRGINIA COOPER

"Come in," she gayly called in answer to my knock, and I entered the little room now called home by my old high school friend. There she was, the same mischievous twinkle in her blue eyes, a little more sophistication in her hair dress, which kept in place the same unruly golden ringlets, and the familiar grin that attracted flocks of friends wherever she went. She had not changed even in her provoking laziness, and did not bother to untangle her long legs from the back of her couch or remove her head from a cozy nook of pillows which fairly boomed out, in blazing orange and black, the colors of her Alma Mater, but motioned me to a convenient chair, cushioned with the same startling stuff, and began the ceaseless flow of chatter with which all her acquaintances were so familiar.

She was of medium height and very healthy looking, still retaining her tan from summer months at the beach. Her clothes, of the latest California style, became her type of lithe beauty, but the matter of dress became of secondary importance when weighed with the charm of her smile and the friendliness of her grin. As she talked, a dimple came and went in her cheek, and finding even myself becoming sentimental as I watched it, I fastened my eyes on the contents of her dwelling place.

From the bright pennants, posters, and photographs on the walls, the

bright rugs, pillows and cushions in orange and black, and the shiny typewriter placed on a small stand, to the large, well-littered study table stationed by a gaily curtained window, her room personified the collegiate. It was not neat. You could never think of Nancy as being neat. As far as personal appearance went, she was scrupulous enough, but far be it from her to run the dust mop over the floor unless she could plainly see the dirt on it, or keep her books and papers neatly confined to her desk after room inspection. She even retained the old habit of scribbling between the lines of her French text and drawing pictures on every notebook and piece of paper within reach.

There being a box of chocolates on the table, I lavishly helped myself, knowing that no invitation would be forthcoming from Nancy. It was her idea that everyone was welcome to anything she had, and "if they didn't want it bad enough to take it—why, they didn't deserve it."

All this time, she chattered on and on, and asked me scores of questions, answering most of them herself, as her white teeth flashed and the dimple came and went. All of a sudden, a whistle blew; Nancy leaped from the bed, darted for a comb, powder puff, hat, coat, and gloves, all practically at the same moment, and with a hurried "goodbye,—see you later", and flash of skirts, was gone on the run to her class. When I caught my breath, for I was rather dazed by the suddenness of her departure, I espied her book and papers on the desk where she had forgotten them. Well—Nancy would.

POETRY

By Julia Ness

Though it may be presuming a great deal on my part to undertake the explanation of a term not too satisfactorily handled by experts, nevertheless some chance word or phrase in the way of enlightenment on this subject of poetry may justify my attempt. There were at one time, many years ago, set rules to which a composition must conform to be called poetry, but such rules no longer exist, which results in our being left in a state of mystification as to what to call poetry and what not. It is agreed, quite obviously, that poetry is a form of literary composition. To go further, it is the artistic expression of a mental experience in rhythmical, emotional language. The necessity of rhythm is questioned by some who maintain that invention or creation is sufficient to make a work poetry, but, generally, we class this type as poetic prose. The element of inspiration is not to be forgotten in defining poetry. It is this quality which distinguishes the genuine poet from the mere versifier. Too much of our so-called modern poetry lacks that finer feeling and spirit which come from inspiration. Words, cleverly fitted together, can never make a great poetic work. Another characteristic to be considered is the appearance of the individual in poetic composition. Although in prose we have occasional glimpses of the character of the writer there is nothing quite so intimate or personal as the emotional song of our imaginative poet. The poet is a singer of songs whether concerned with the smoke stacks of Sandburg or the immortality of Wordsworth.

A CRAB

By GEORGENA SAMSON

There are two kinds of crabs: first, the crustacean, callinectes sapidus, who lives peaceably on the ocean floor and who troubles no one without reason; and, second, the human crab, homo sapiens, who lives in all parts of the earth, and whose characteristic sound is a continual growl. He inhabits particularly the more populated sections of the world and harms nobody but himself, although occasionally people feel a wild urge to choke him. Some specimens are found in every college; Oregon State is no exception to the rule. Crabbus Oregon Status is a perpetual growler. Like most of the other animals he often growls about the food. In dorm or house he is found making unfavorable allusions to the food. He manifests peevishness at the slightest provocation. During the football season his growling is louder that at normal times, and he flouts team, coach, and college for rotten sportsmanship and wishes he were attending the U. of O. (base varlet!) This species does not attend "pep" rallies or convocations. He continually complains that the college has no more spirit than a wet hen, but he does nothing to help cure this dreadful condition. The crab thrives especially in class room and laboratory, where he growls about the hard assignments given, the poor grades earned, and the "dumb" professors who do not know better than to give D's to such a bright and shining example of the intelligentsia as he. In a social way the crab is a solid-rubber example of the far-famed flat tire. He crabs about the poker or tennis game he loses or because a fraternity brother has a good-looking car, and he himself can afford no more than a little Ford. After college this human crustacean goes through life in the same manner. His job, his boss, his home, and his wife are all causes for more of the prolonged growling. And the worst of it all is that it gets him nowhere, makes a pessimist out of him, and so warps his mind that he magnifies his troubles out of all proportion to his good times and happiness. It is to be expected that on his death bed he will crab that Saint Peter has not opened the gate to heaven wide enough to admit him.

THE CLEVER PROFESSOR

By EMILY ISAACS

The clever professor is the one whose lectures you enjoy. He is the first to have his classes closed on registration day, not because they are "pipe" courses, but because of the professor himself. Some professors are naturally clever, while others learn cleverness through observation and experience. In the first place, he keeps his intellect well covered. Although he knows his subject thoroughly, he never parades that knowledge. He lets it gradually sink into the student's head that, after all, the professor does know what he's talking about. In that way he wins real admiration and respect. The student feels that he, too, can learn the things he is being told about, and that it won't be a case of striving until he is grey-headed in order to do so. Secondly, the clever professor has a workable classroom psychology. No one can expect to have an appreciative and attentive audience who does not give them something they enjoy appreciating and absorbing. There is a predominating group of students in each class, and the clever professor, although he seeks to interest everyone, fixes his attention on this group, as they sway the class. If they are bored and idle, the class in general will be so.

Next, the clever professor is interested in people, and preferably young people. He likes them and their ways. He thinks them stimulating and enjoys observing the effects of his class upon them. He is quick to notice attention to what he is saying and works to hold and increase it. He enjoys molding thought and correcting it. In short, introspective people do not make clever professors; people do not inspire them. Can you imagine a professor who is annoyed by people, who thinks them stupid when compared to him, and who would rather be shut away with his research, really giving an interesting and absorbing lecture, or unfolding a new thought before you? Lastly, a professor who is really clever never knows his students very well. He is courteous and charming but always a bit of a mystery. And you've no idea how a touch of the unknown assists the clever profesor. The fellows bet he'd be a good Joe, but they never find out, and so they go on thinking it. The girls think he'd be nice to know, but they never know the truth; or if he's married they wonder if he's happy and continue hoping that he isn't.

"OH, YEAH?"

By BEULAH SHARP

"Oh, yeah?" It's decidedly not good English but it's heard in all circles. "Oh, yeah?" has become the Great American Challenge, the cry of the coward and the quick retort of the bully. The phrase began its life as a bit of collegiate slang, but where is it now? One gang of neighborhood urchins hurls it challengingly to the group across the street, who hurl it back with equal gusto. It is the insinuating drawl of the bored and disgusted man with a maid; and it is the sarcastic retort of the maid angry with a man. The Great American Worm, who fears to turn because of his inferiority complex, hisses it maddeningly under his breath at his tormentors and is satisfied in his bravado. "Oh, yeah?" is the last and final word in the bickering household, the pianissimo reply of the henpecked professor husband, the amused reply of the "put-in-her-place" wife, and the impudent echo of nagged and scolded children. It is the rallying cry of the cynics and the crushing insult in Big Business. The desperate gentleman golfer and the despairing parson both mutter bitter "Oh, yeahs?" at opposing problems. The bored and exhausted class and the long-suffering teacher claim equal rights to murmur deprecating "Oh,yeahs?" at each other. They cry, "Enough of this," and I cock one arrogant eyebrow—"Oh, yeah?"

FALCONET

Up and down the avenue
  Gleaming motors lurch. . .
Up and down the avenue
Stroll the clothiers' models who,
When it was the thing to do,
  Used to go to church:
So the stylist parvenu
  Finds a broader perch.

—Dorothy L. Anderson

TECHNIQUE

My brain is taxed,
    It aches, is sore:
I will not write
    A poem more.

My brain is whetted,
    Keen, and strong,
Because the heart
    Inspired this song.

—Audred Arnold

A VARIETY

THE CHANGEABLE COWS

By FLETCHER WALKER

Pushing and shoving, I made my way through the jostling ring of people, and there, surrounded by a great crowd of onlookers, were two tramps, dirty, ragged, and obviously upset about something. One was sitting on the street curb, and his body was shaking with sobs, while his companion stood near by with tears streaming down his face. At last when the man on the curb gained control of himself, he quieted his emotional companion and looked at the people about him.

"But for one unfortunate incident," he said, "we two men might have everything today that anyone on earth could ask for. Wealth, power, position, everything that we could possibly desire was once within our grasp, and then it faded away from us like a dream." The old tramp wiped a tear from his eye with his ragged 'coat sleeve, and looked about with sorrowful eyes as he continued his story.

"When we two were young men, we had a modest fortune between us, but we were not content to let our money lie idle. We wanted to invest our wealth so that others might benefit from it, too, so together we worked out a simple investment plan. As the first step we invested our money in cattle from the finest herds in Europe, and in 1919 we shipped them to the United States to begin our work.

"We fed them the usual diet of grass and hay until they had become accustomed to their new surroundings and then commenced on our plan. Every day we fed less and less hay and greater amounts of grain until we were feeding no hay at all and our cattle were living on grain alone. We saw that they were thriving on their new diet, so we added a little malt to the daily rations, and, strange to say, the cows actually enjoyed it. They seemed to be happy, prosperous, and contented cows, so we proceeded with our scheme. Along with the grain and malt we began to feed our herds increasing amounts of yeast, sugar, salt, and water. This diet may seem strange to you, but you must remember that we accustomed the cattle to it gradually, and they didn't mind it in the least.

"At last our predictions were fulfilled beyond our wildest hopes. Our plan on which we had risked our entire fortune had been successful, and now our dreams had come true. The cows which we fed with barley and rye along with the malt, yeast and sugar, instead of giving milk as you might expect a cow to do, gave beer. It was beautiful golden-brown beer, and one foaming glass would convince you that life was worth living even if our beer were the only thing left on earth. The part of our herd which we fed with corn fulfilled our expectations equally well, but instead of beer they gave some of the best corn whiskey you ever tasted. Well, we thought that with our sure-fire plan our troubles were over for the rest of our life.

"Just think of it! We had a herd of cows here that kept a steady production of over a thousand gallons of beer and whiskey every day, and this was just after 1920 when the great American liquor market was opening up. Our profits for the first month were nearly one hundred thousand dollars, and we didn't have to worry about the retail market at all. Jim and I had found a good wholesale market for our products, and we had decided that about all we would have to do then

was to sit back and pat ourselves on the back.

"At the time we still were doing a little experimenting on the side before we settled down to steady production. Of course it was nothing serious, just a little work to improve the flavor and color of the products. Hops were pretty good to improve the beer, but we had quite a time finding anything to help the whiskey. I don't remember how we happened to try chocolate, but I think that when one of the cows ate a candy bar one day we placed her under special observation. The results were amazing. It gave the whiskey the flavor that was previously secured only after years of aging, and it looked as though we had found the secret at last. Immediately we fed our cows a bar of chocolate every day, and it seemed that now we had everything that we could desire.

"We had been feeding chocolate for nearly a month when the great catastrophe befell us. Jim was the first to discover it, and the shock was pretty hard on him. It was quite a while before I recovered, too, and we were both dazed for a long time. Show them how you acted, Jim. Instead of giving the usual beer and whiskey, our herds suddenly commenced giving only chocolate malted milk. Try as we might, we could not stop that chocolate malted milk. Change in diet only increased production until the market was flooded. Then the bottom dropped out of the prices. We shipped our product all over the world, but everyone was oversupplied, and we could only sell at a loss. No matter where you went, you would see our chocolate malted milk. In Timbuctu they gave it away; the Eskimos could buy all they wanted for a nickel; I was told that in Hoboken people were paid to take it out of the stores. We were losing more money every day, so finally we gave up in despair. We were forced to kill our herds for beef to pay our creditors, and when Jim and I settled everything, we found that we had $13.78 between us. Just through one little mistake in feeding our cattle we let the one great opportunity of the century slip through our fingers, and with it went our plans, fortune, everything that we owned, and now we're just a couple of tramps."

The tramp turned from us, and his body again shook with the force of his sobs, while his companion attempted to console him.

Finally he turned to us again. "When I think of those old times and what we might have had, I am forced to give away to my emotions. I hope you will pardon this little weakness and help us out a little. Jim and I think that we have a good plan for making French pastry out of sawdust, but we are a little short of capital just now. Would it be too great an imposition on our part if I asked you to contribute a little change when Jim passes the hat?"

TRILOGY

By James Byron Adams

The modern youth, beneath his cloak of sophistication, pictures himself as some day presiding over a home with a little junior running about. It is a beautiful picture one fancies in his mind, this picture of the faithful wife, the mischievous, but lovable, little one, and the cozy home in the suburbs.

Perhaps this unfortunate youth plans to have a garden where he can dig on Saturday afternoon. It is a picture that authors have ranted on for years. It has become the standardized hope and aspiration of the altar-minded youth. That same youth fails to see the grimmer side of the altar. The cozy home is covered by a mortgage. When little

junior comes, he is followed by doctor bills. The mother nurses him through the mumps, measles, and whooping cough.

Sunday afternoon the family climbs into the second-hand Ford and runs over to Ed's house. Ed and John sit on the front porch and talk shop while the two girls sit in the bedroom and discuss how old fashioned last year's coat is going to look next winter. Junior breaks the visit short because he uses up all the diapers. The family goes home, and junior is put to bed. John hashes over the Sunday paper while the good wife wrings out the diapers.

Years pass, and junior is sent to college to learn how to do away with the sentence fragment. He is taught to give a squad right turn. He discovers, to his great surprise, that he is associating with the intelligentsia of America. His fraternity brothers tell him what suit to buy, what necktie to wear, and what line to hand the women. At the end of four years, if he is fortunate, he is handed a diploma stating that he knows all about split infinitives and military commands. He has become a life member of the intelligentsia. The simple youth immediately hies himself to the altar to take a wife, or somebody else's wife, it matters little, and goes through the same old ordeal that his father went through.

I have divided my life into three possible futures, and none has a junior or a house in the suburbs! It is my hope that within the next three years I will have definitely decided on my life work. That work must satisfy all my interests, or I shall not want it. I want to feel that I am going to accomplish something new and interesting each day. If I cannot find that work, I will turn to my two remaining choices.

It has always been my desire to marry money. Marriage based on love has never occurred to me. I have no particular specifications as to what the bride should be. Her only reference need be a bank book. I would prefer to marry a person much older than myself. I realize that a person who marries an elderly woman gives up his self respect. He is talked about, insulted, and often scorned. His life isn't a bed of roses, but neither is it a life filled with juniors and diapers!

In great many respects I am an introvert. I feel that money would afford me the means of doing that which I am interested in. I would travel. I would spend much of my time reading good books and doing creative writing. I would visit the theatre often. Through the medium of books and the theatre I could supply myself with the life that would be denied me because of my marriage. I would be in the position to give my family the comforts that they have always longed for. In doing that I would receive a satisfaction that would help counteract the bitterness of being scorned. I am very fond of the company of older folk, so I would not have a future filled with monotonous days listening to the prattle of a woman old enough to be my grandmother. I would never be unfaithful to her! If a marriage of this sort could not be arranged, I would be forced to turn to the future that makes up the trilogy.

To me, life is not a valuable gift that one must cherish above all else. Death is not a horrible plague that stops at everyone's door. Often it is an unwelcome visitor that causes us much sorrow, but it is not the grim reaper that mows us into the depths of hell or to the sublime realm where everyone plays a harp and flits about with huge wings flapping in the breeze. I wonder, though, is there any wind in heaven?

An accidental death would be most profitable to my family. I am insured for eleven thousand dollars. It is a very

good investment because of the way I drive a motor car. I cannot fear death. I would hate leaving my folks behind, but I am so selfish that I would rather leave them than to have them leave me.

So ends the trilogy of career, marriage, or death.

WORDS UPON WORDS

By RUTH MISPLEY

"What are you reading?"

I hear some one lean over me and ask that question. Somewhat embarrassed, I grin and tell her, "A dictionary." She looks a little surprised, raises her eyebrows, and walks on. I can tell from the expression of her back that she thinks I am a little queer. Who wants to spend a part of her precious spare time reading a dictionary! But she doesn't know the fun there is in it.

Here is a big book with page after page of words I can never hope to know. Even those whose definitions I read, I don't expect to remember. Think of turning a page and unexpectedly coming to a word such as "symposium" and discovering that all it means is a banquet! Or imagine finding a common word such as "math" and being impressed with the fact that it is not a synonym for "mathematics" but is "a mowing!" Sometimes I come across a definition that reminds me of a treasure hunt. The word is there, the definition is given, and all I have to do is to define the definition. One of this type is that given for "lactucarium." This is "wild lettuce or its inspissated milky juice, used as a sedative." After looking up "inspissated" I find it means "thickened." Thus ends that definition hunt, and I'm ready for another.

I first began to read the dictionary when I was quite young. I didn't read it according to Webster, but I read it. All the boys and girls in the neighborhood used to come over and we would play hospital. The only thing we knew about a disease was that it had a long name; the only thing we knew about a dictionary was that it was full of long words. So, every time we had a new "patient" we found his ailment in the dictionary by giving it the name of the first long word we found. Many was the time I treated a patient suffering from "millefiore," or was treated for a dread disease such as "sympiesometer" with complications.

From this grew one of my favorite preoccupation. My natural curiosity, some spare time, and this big book of unknown words all worked together in showing me a pleasant, profitable way of spending twenty or thirty minutes once in a while.

TRUCKING AT SUNRISE

By MARY KATHERINE JOHNSON

Ding—ding—ding—ding rang out the alarm clock. Conscious of nothing except that it was still night, and that the luminous dial so near to me was responsible for my disturbed slumbers, I reached out a sleepy hand and tried to chuck the offending clock under the first convenient pillow. Still I could hear the discordant clang. Slowly the fog in my brain cleared. I was aware of that pleasant feeling of anticipation that comes when you first awake and open your eyes upon a long-awaited day. What was it? Oh, yes! Today I would ride truck, today I would see the morning shift of the road construction gang—the "graveyard shift," the men called it—at work.

I gave my bed-fellow, the only girl truck-driver in the United States as far as I know, a convincing shake.

"Come on, Marge, you've got to get up now. Hey—don't you dare go back

to sleep. It's after three already. Come on—that's the old girl."

And in half an hour we were leaving the warm cabin with its yellow lamplight, crackling fire, and coffee-and-bacon fragrance, and stepping forth into a dark, cold, dripping world, where men turn night into day, and hissing steam shovels wrench and groan, gorging whole hillsides, or taking dainty bites at obstructing boulders, that we of the State of Oregon may have our roads!

It was a full half mile that we walked up that dark, lonely road from camp to the big cut, with only my big German police dog for protection against the living shadows and ghostly trees that reached out their tentacles to suck us into their blackness. Finally, just as my courage forsook me, we rounded the loneliest, spookiest curve on the whole road and found ourselves looking upon one of the most exciting scenes in my memory.

There, like some sacred animal of old, stood the steam shovel, its great Delco-electric eyes blinking, sparks shooting from its nostrils, and flames leaping like many curved serpent tongues from its mouth. In the red, flickering light from the fire-box, the fireman, dwarfed by the giant he was serving, was feeding wood to this hungry monster.

Truck drivers, shouting and swearing, were hurrying around in the uncertain lights from their cars, tinkering and pounding the big trucks into shape for the day's work. The whole peace of the world before dawn, the sweet fresh smell of spicy pines and the quiet woods were almost obscured by the noise and clamor and the smell of burning gasoline, coughing and spitting in cold engines.

In a few minutes the trucks were ready. The drivers clambered into their unroofed seats and raced one another to get into first position behind the shovel. Everything was ready to go, and yet everyone was waiting tensely for something, waiting for the thing that made the whole work possible —steam! Frantically the tiny fireman hurled wood into the red hot firebox, while the pitman scurried back and forth with huge loads of pine logs. Finally the fireman shone his flash light onto the meter; then he stepped back. With a deafening hiss, a long, white geyser of steam shot up into the quiet coolness of the night. The first truck thundered into its place under the shovel. That sleepy animal slowly lifted its head, lying motionless before, and looking majestically around. Then spying a projecting place in the moist bank of earth, it opened its gigantic mouth and with one bite and swing of its head piled the truck below high with dirt.

A minute later our truck rolled into position. The angry monster above us groaned and shrieked, sparks flew past us into the night, and the huge jaw of the bucket dropped its five-ton load down on our truck. I was glad that we could have a part in the building of a safe road to the Roosevelt highway, that road that plows through mountains and bridges rivers in its majestic sweep from Canada to Mexico.

CROSSING COOS BAY

White gulls above the bay,
Little ships and flying spray,
And I did seem akin
To ships, and seas, and wind.

—Helen Russell

CRITICISM

"TRADITIONS"

By WILFORD P. EMMEL

In the mural "Traditions," J. Leo Fairbanks, professor of art at Oregon State College, has held quite strictly to many of the finest principles of art. A picture should awaken our understanding and sympathy. It should appeal to our imagination and reflect an emotion which we have some basis of appreciating. The color of a picture should be pleasing but not so bright as to appear gaudy nor so dull that it appears melancholy. The composition of a picture should be balanced and restful.

The central theme of "Traditions" deals with an incident which finds a parallel in the personal experience of us all. It shows an Indian explaining the use of an arrow to his son. The boy is wrapped with interest yet has a look of self-reliance. He seems to listen to his father and at the same time imagine the special way in which he will use the arrow himself. But the artist has so delicately caught the spirit of the simple gesture that one grasps a principle of human attitude. One puts himself in the picture and re-creates in his mind the happenings suggested here.

The father has the patient, understanding attitude with which reflection clothes our own teachers. One can feel that the Indian knows the unavoidable dangers his son must go through. He wants to protect and arm him to the best advantage, but realizes that his son has a mind of his own and will reject the teaching if it is pressed upon him too insistently. The father must first arouse a desire for knowledge. The whole foundation of traditional instruction is inferred from this incident.

The composition of a picture should give one an esthetic experience of beautiful color and balance of forces. The large left-foreground figures are easily balanced by the background figures to the right. The light of the fire is balanced and repeated by the glow of the evening sky. The brown of the majestic fir appears again in the rich color of each figure. The blue of the sky, the lake, and the shadows is woven like a silken veil. It unites and harmonizes the whole into a delightful esthetic impression.

One's fancy easily fills the misty woods with many peoples of the past centuries who have given their traditions to their children. And it is not difficult to picture the coming inhabitants, who, in their turn, will hand down traditions. The whole mural gives one a feeling of quiet satisfaction and prepares the mind for meditation. There is not a line of disturbing action. All is stable and full of repose. Everyone is standing or seated comfortably. The air is still and warm, the horse and dog are sleepy, and the Indians are doing their tasks in a peaceful manner. One's eye is led gently in an easy "S"-curve from the foreground to the sky and back to the starting point. There are flowing lines of color which weave the parts together into a close-knit whole. The black-haired heads of all the Indians are placed in an apparently random line yet they form a charming curve of quiet force.

Much of the picture is left to the beholder's imagination; thus it can please him when in a variety of moods. The elusive quality of blue is effectively used. It adds mystery by half revealing, half concealing, the actual details. Thus one can remake the scene to fit his own experience and desire. This self-identification with a work of

art holds one as securely as the interwoven threads of an Indian blanket. The psychologists say that one can never forget an experience of this nature, and that a great picture really lives in the lives of those who appreciate it.

A mural should seem to fit and belong in the place it is located. "Traditions" is certainly suitable for a library where the knowledge and beliefs of thousands of writers are kept. Its heroic size blends so well with the library wall, owing to an excellent scale and proportion, that it is hard to believe that several of the figures are much larger than life.

The ideal of simplicity is approached by the reserved introduction of figures and colors. There is not a detail included which does not help further the picture's theme. On the other hand an additional figure or object would seem superfluous. In other words "Traditions" satisfies the longing for completeness. The bodies of the father and son form a stable pyramid which holds the attention quietly but allows the eye to travel over the rest of the scene. However, the central interest lies in this pyramid and the eye is constantly led back to it. This chief point of great interest tends to strengthen the singleness of impression.

The entire mural has the abiding charm of familiar things, and serves well its purpose as a decoration, a portrayal of human experience, a stimulus to the imagination, and a pleasing esthetic impression.

THE GOOD JOE

By Dorothy Jane Stevens

My interpretation of a "Good Joe" may not correspond to your definition, but the term is so general that my definition is likely to be as good as yours. He is never absent from class; he never carries a notebook, and he makes his house grades by getting the B instead of a C on the professor's decision. His library conversations are so interesting that they could not be about studies. A Good Joe is well liked by his professors, who often ask him to join them at their favorite eating places for a friendly chat over their morning coffee. When a pledge can rate a date with a Good Joe, she is the envy of the house. He never lacks invitations to any sorority affair of importance: so he manages most of the dates for his house pledges. He would rather go on a camping trip with boys than to any sorority tea. A picnic is seldom planned without him. He is the life of a party. You may miss him in a crowded ballroom but never in a small crowd. The Good Joe is familiar with the conference games and the important players. He is intimately acquainted with his varsity players, and although he watches his team play from the players' bench, he does not play himself. The Good Joe could never wear his clothes like the Prince of Wales, attract attention at a beauty contest, or play the hero in a play. It is his personality, his adaptability, and his good manners that make the Good Joe.

SALT AIR

I met a stalwart sailor lad
Upon the road to Dover;
"You'd best stay home tonight,"
says he,
"I think I'm comin' over."
He bent a bit to chuck my chin,
And gave my ear a tweak,
And put a stalwart sailor kiss
Upon my blushing cheek.
Then whistling down the pike he went
And never heard me say,
"It's sorry luck for you, my lad,
I'm sailing for Calais!"

—Dorothy L. Anderson

DISILLUSIONMENT

I walked one morning to the Eastern gate
To interview the donor of my fate.
I held it out, the once so priceless boon,
Torn and crumpled, like a pricked balloon.
"Take it back; I want the dream," I said.
The donor stared and shook a puzzled head.
"I don't quite understand what you're about.
Try that other gate, the one marked 'out'."

I walked at evening to the Western gate.
The way was rough, but I clutched fast my fate.
The keeper, unsurprised to see me there,
I greeted: "Sir, a pressing small affair . . .
This life, it had a most deceptive gleam.
Exchange with me, and let me have the dream."

He looked at me. His eyes were old and dead.
"Dreams are for those who have not lived," he said.

—Emma Wintler Johnson

HAIL AND FAREWELL

I'll say to you, if ever we shall meet,
You are to me no more than is a cloud
That wends across a tranquil summer sky—
Since we are you and I, and I am proud.

Just this, and nothing more I'll say;
And you, who are not meek, will tell me I
Am little more to you than a tall ship
That on a quiet sea goes drifting by.

But what if you remember on a day
We built of clouds a castle in the blue,
As I remember days beside the sea
And what you said a tall ship meant to you?

—Dorothy L. Anderson