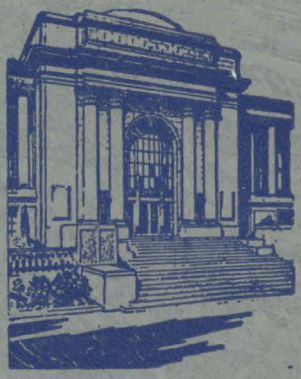
The Manuscript

Winter Edition 1932



Oregon State College Vol. 5, No. 2

THE MANUSCRIPT

Vol. V Corvallis, Oregon, March, 1932 No. 2

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SURRENDER

The tick and the hiss of the clock:
The irresolute pendulum going this way,
And that way,
And never knowing which way is best.

Two steps to the right;
Two steps to the left.

The implacable face of the clock
Won't tell you anything.

You can read nothing important
In the imperceptible gestures
Of two brass hands.

The tick and the hiss of the clock:
The irresolute pendulum
Going this way and that way.

Where to?
What for?

Away from today
And toward tomorrow;
Toward tomorrow;
And away from today.

"Won't you wait a minute
While the bud of ecstasy
Expands into a flower?"

"Then don't,
For God's sake:
I'd be sorry to see it."

"What I mean is,
I'd be sorry to see
Those petals hang their moment too long."

Could you bear it when they fell?

Tick-tock. Tick-tock.
It's just as well.

—Audred Arnold

REMINISCENCES

NIGHT SHIFT

By HARRY MACKAY

My dream of home was broken by a rude jolting. A blinding light flashed into my eyes. From blackness beyond a voice whispered, "Three bells!" An uncouth form melted into a maze of black columns and blue-black nothingness. A star appeared, then another, and the columns became tree trunks. The tent assumed a less fantastic appearance. I realized that Greasy had called me to drive for the night shift. I dressed noiselessly and stepped out into the cool blackness of the night.

I stumbled along the pine-needled path in the dark. By the glow which came through the transparent canvas of the cook-tent I saw other dim, bulky shapes moving to the tent. When I came inside I couldn't believe that it was the mess tent. Where were the cheery rumble and scraping of feet, and laughing, and the clatter of dishes? Merely a handful of silent, grim-faced men sat at the long table while one sleepy cook stole back and forth from the kitchen.

In a little time I found myself following a man who held a lantern. His legs threw swift shadows in the night and fog. The lights revealed many footprints, and I knew we were out on the trail on the steep slope of the mountain. A cool, damp opaqueness was over all the world, but I could sense that on my right was the sheer rock cliff, on my left the canyon, and beyond it canyon and glacier, and more black canyons.

After what seemed miles of that ghost-like march, the light stopped. Looking in the direction pointed by the figure with the lantern I made out the outlines of an immense gray steel battle-wagon. I turned the switch at the dashboard, and the lights stabbed out into swirling fog. It amazed me that I could put life and power into this bulk of cold steel. The motor broke into a roar that seemed to profane the stillness and closeness of the night. One by one the other trucks coughed and joined in the tumult. The power shovel started with a hiss and a crash, and from then on the noise was deafening. The shovel lights blazed to reveal a mass of huge broken boulders. A truck sped under the dipper and was loaded with a resounding crash. I could not distinguish the sound of my own truck. It did not seem possible that men could be working in such a place at this hour.

My turn came, and I whirled the big truck to its place under the dipper. If I misguided it a few inches, my driving would be immediately cut short. The deafening roar of the shovel prevented thought. A rock from the swinging dipper brushed the side of my head. I looked at the shovel-runner, but I could see nothing more than a pair of grim lips and a lantern jaw. Shadows, black as ink, hid the rest of him. The foreman climbed up on the hood beside me. "Look out for the new Joe!" he shouted, "He'll kill ya'!" and he didn't smile. His attitude was tense. I did not understand the night.

An age of this crashing and blackness and blinding lights passed. Perhaps it would go on forever. I couldn't think, but on one numberless trip I came to realize that the grey had dissolved in the sky above. Soon I could make out the tops of trees in silhou-

ette above the ground fog. They looked as if they were hanging in space over the canyon. Suddenly I became conscious of a towering mass looming out of the east. It seemed as large as the whole side of the world. It was the mountain which hung over my head. A few stars, very pale in a film of blur, were still shining. I wondered if I could be in the ordinary world.

Was that a laugh? It was. Dana came up to the foreman and shouted something in his ear. I could not hear anything, because of the thunder of the shovel, but I saw the hard lines about the "push's" mouth turn into a grin. My load was ready, so I backed up and sped to the fill where we were dumping. Someone excitedly waved his arms to stop me. He pointed, and I could see where the shoulder of the road had given way. Jumping down and looking over the side, I saw Joe's truck halfway down the canyon. Blackie stood with his hands on his hips, rocking back and forth. He was laughing. Was that Dana's joke? Perhaps it did look funny to see a powerful truck in that ridiculous position. I laughed, too, and immediately felt much easier.

We could see things around us by this time, for the last of the fog had swirled away into the timber. The sky was indescribably fresh. Yellow and white light sifted over the black on the mountain. Individual trees appeared on the canyon walls. Had this scene been built during the darkness of the night? It seemed absolutely new.

In a few seconds the sun had changed everything. The foreman whistled a ballad. The truck drivers slipped pebbles at him and made playful insulting gestures to the shovel-runner, who replied in kind. Even the trees and rocks became cheerful. I like the night shift.

JUST TRY TO JOIN

By THOMAS MEADE

I strolled disconsolately down the main street of a little Southern Oregon town. I was indeed in the very depths of abysmal despair. I couldn't complete my high school education because of lack of funds. I was out of a job and had no prospects of one. I felt that I had nothing to look forward to in this world. The very birds in the trees seemed to taunt me with their songs. When I am in this frame of mind, I frown upon the best of intentions. Even the large arched sign in front of the local chamber of commerce mocked me with its cheerful "It's the Climate!" I derived momentary amusement by making a sort of anagram of the phrase. I beheaded it and detailed it so as to make it read "It's the Limat!" Yes, it was the limit so far as I was concerned. I wanted nothing more than to go to school. I wanted this one thing more than I have ever wanted anything else. If I could only have seen the future, what worry, what bemoaning of hard luck, should I have foregone!

To my left as I wandered on down the street, I saw another sign. "Join the Navy and See the World," it enthusiastically proclaimed. "Well, why not?" thought I. I had probably seen this sign dozens of times; but, you know, a propitious time for doing these things usually presents itself to me without effort on my part. I do things so much by impulse that I am becoming rather inclined to believe that some particular Providence has taken this fool under its wing.

The local recruiting officer examined me and said I "ought to make the grade" if I didn't develop falling arches or something worse. So far, so good. He gave me literature with which I planned to persuade my Dad that the

Navy was the thing for me. Dear old Dad! Set in his ways, perhaps; a little old-fashioned and not exactly up to snuff on modern things; yet he has always been fundamentally right. He said that I shouldn't enter the Navy; another way would be found to gain an education. He was afraid he would lose his son. He impressed on me, as he finally gave his consent to join, that the Navy would either make a man of me or a beast; only he never used such a polite word. I know that he hoped in his heart that I would not pass the physical examination in Portland. For the first time since I was born he probably wished that I had flat feet, round shoulders, and cross eyes.

Small things have a great bearing on a human life. Can you visualize so small an object as a common, ordinary wood-tick changing a young man's plans? Or such a thing as a little too much excitement—excitement caused by brooding over what was going to happen, as in my case—swerving him from a pre-determined course? Or a slight fever caused by the bite of that wood-tick? All these small, irrelevant details changed a period of my life. Three years, to be exact, were changed, I am glad to say, for the better.

The officers in Portland are a strict group of individuals. It is their business to select only ultra-perfect specimens of young manhood, with whom the U. S. Navy is built. They ask the young, scared recruit a multitude of impertinent questions. They thump him and pound him. They let him jump up and down indefinitely while the doctors hold a conference. When he is all out of breath, they have him hold his breath. One begins to suspect that they really and sadly hope, after an hour's searching, to find something wrong, even if it be an ingrowing hair. At last they were through with me. But wait! Remember, I have a slight fever from a tick bite. Not so good. I am out of breath from that infernal crow-hopping. Worse still. Good heavens! The doctor has a gleam of hope in his eyes. Out comes the blood-pressure machine. My arm is jerked out straight and strangled with a pneumatic cloth. I look to see what the instrument says—

"Keep your eyes to the front," the doctor snapped. I nearly twisted my head off getting back in position.

At last the verdict: "Blood pressure twenty points too high. Here's your ticket back home."

I felt humiliated, whipped, by the turn of events. To go home now seemed impossible, yet that was what I must do. It appeared to me at the time that this failure of mine was a rank advertisement of my physical inferiority. I felt I had no friends in that recruiting office. But I was too hasty in my conclusions. These men had passed on thousands of young huskies. Only so many could be chosen. All this was explained to me in a kindly manner by the man at the desk while I fought back the tears. One more disappointment seemed too much to bear.

When I arrived at home again I registered at the high school as a desperate gesture, a dying hope that I could attend. That confidence released the chain of events which followed, enabled me to finish my secondary education and prepare for college.

I had gone to school not more than three days when the principal obtained work for me on the local daily. My exuberance knew no bounds. Here at one stroke I had gained that thing for which I had decided to join the Navy. Now, lest disputations arise concerning the merits and de-merits of the Navy, let me add that rating depends upon what one expects to get out of it. I was using it as a means to an end. In other words, it was not Navy life I was

interested in, but an education. Therefore, that life would have been extremely hard for me, and I should have been unhappy in it. Hence, I consider it fortunate that I did not pass the examination.

WAITING FOR DEATH

By JEAN DRYNAN

I was a thin and sickly child. Most of my time was spent in bed, fighting attacks of pneumonia and various other illnesses. By the time I was eight years old I was much more serious and sentimental than most children, because of the long periods spent in bed, in which I could do nothing but let my imagination concoct stories and adventures. When I was able to play outdoors, my friends and I would usually act out exciting and adventurous dramas through the method of "let's pretend."

Shortly after my seventh yearly attack of pneumonia, I was going up the stairs in my home, when I heard my name spoken by some friends of my mother's. I stopped, out of curiosity, to listen to what they had to say. What I heard shocked me. Evidently my mother was not in the room; for they expressed their sympathy for her, because of the fact that I would not live longer than five months, as one woman stated, owing to my frailty.

It is queer what thoughts will enter a child's mind. The first thing I thought of was, "I must not let Mother know, or she will worry." I suppose it was because I remembered well the sleepless nights she had spent with me already.

Being a child, I took the woman's remark literally and counted up on a calendar the five months I had to live. I wonder now at the perseverance I showed through that time. For five months I visioned the time I would die. If I had spoken to anyone about my fears, I would probably have been reassured of my gaining health and would have been perfectly happy. As it was, I was tortured through a sentimental idea that I must be brave and fine, not let anyone worry, and, when the time came, die with a reassurance to my mother that I would be happy. I had read a book sometime before in which "darling Geraldine" gave her mother such assurance. I was determined I too would be good and brave as the heroine in the story.

October seventeenth, the day upon which I supposed my alloted time on earth was up, I shall never forget. My nerves by this time were completely exhausted. Mother no doubt wondered why I was so tearful and depressed. Only too soon night came. After I crawled into my bed, I lay in a stupor, tense, cold, wide-eyed, and waiting for that monster—Death. Somehow, I had shown super-perseverance in a child by not going to my mother; but at last I could stand it no longer. I went quickly to my mother's side, and, after waking her, said the words, "I am going to die now," and fainted.

When I regained consciousness, I found my mother softly crying and my father, white and frightened, working over me frantically. Upon being questioned as to my fear, I explained what I had overheard. Can you imagine the warm comfort of my mother's arms, as she sweetly reassured me that I was going to live and be healthy and strong?

She stayed beside me all that night, cuddling me close to her, and I sank into a blissful sleep.

In the morning I awoke, a happier girl with a deep realization of what a precious thing Life is.

KID PARTY

By STEWART NORTON

How excited I was! How grown up I felt! I was going to a party, and not only was I arrayed in long trousers for the event, but girls were going to be there—girls that were to be considered as women and not as creatures with long, switching pigtails. Certainly I was growing up. It would be no time until I had an automobile, a wife, and a contempt for young striplings who had nothing to do other than chase frogs and play tag.

Mother fussed about me, examining my state of cleanliness and smoothing my clothes, as though I were not old enough. Did any of the other young men of the city, about to set out to a social occasion, have his mother assist him in his dressing? Disregarding my protests, however, Mother insisted on treating me as a child, holding my coat for me and cautioning me on my manners.

Remembering that I was now a man of the world, I overlooked these petty annoyances, and with my hat tipped at the jaunty angle prescribed by the most modern fashion experts, I swung off down the street with the knowledge that I was a living double for one of those fairy princes for which every girl sighs.

I arrived at the hostess' house and was relieved of my coat. When I entered the drawing room, I met a sight that disgusted me. All my friends, who should have realized the responsibility of an older youth toward children, were hilariously playing at some childish game. Several detached themselves from the group and began to pummel me and annoy me as young children persist in doing. Resolving to be a good sport and thus inspire these undeveloped young people to act as befitted their age, I entered into the game with as much zest as any of the rest.

Gradually, as the game became more lively, I came to realize that it was not beneath the dignity of a person who was old enough to wear long trousers to play these rollicking, wholesome games. We are young but once; so why not let that beautiful stage linger as long as possible?

All of my playmates were there; and as the party continued we became more active, more enthusiastic, and more energetic. We began to play strenuous games that required that the boys hide behind the sofa, crawl under the chairs, and pull the rugs about. The girls joined us in our scrambling about the furniture, and we all laughed and shouted for all we were worth. The party was a success. The girls were still my old friends whom I used to tease and chase. I had forgotten entirely my resolve to act as a refined grown-up.

As though prompted by an urge to save her house from total ruin, the hostess' mother, just in time, brought in the refreshments, cake and ice cream, which were immediately pounced upon by all of us. Intoxicated with the spirit of the afternoon, we forgot ourselves just enough to start to throw the particles of cake about the room. Soon the floor was littered with crumbs, splotches of ice cream, and torn, wadded napkins.

And then it happened. I can't explain it. I know that I had forgotten my company behavior to some extent, but what could I have been thinking of to forget myself and begin a fight over a piece of cake or some other cause which I cannot now remember. At least I was hard at it with Pugnose, the next door neighbor's boy, before anyone could stop us. With tears of rage adding to the litter already gathered on the floor, I was dragged

from a close embrace of Pug-nose's body and restrained from pulling his hair or tearing his clothes further. During the brief scrimmage we had succeeded in altering the costumes and features of each other, so that we looked like nothing other than two very dirty, very angry tramps. The rents in our jackets, aided by the yellow smears on our pants caused by our rolling in the spilled ice cream, made our clothing unfit for further use.

The mother, now changed into a destroying judge, led us severely into the front hall, handed us our coats, and sternly hinted that we were to walk on the other side of the street when we were passing that block. Dishevelled, hot, and sullen we walked dejectedly together, our fight forgotten in our common misery. Leaving Pug-nose at his home to face the ravages of parental ire, I continued up the street toward my home. I could see its white porch with the picket fence around it, and I felt as a convicted criminal feels when he is led up to the walls which are to be his home for the next ten years. Vainly I attempted to remove the traces of my engagement, not the kind of engagement that I felt mature enough for when I went to this party only three hours ago as a swaggering beau. I was met at the door by a sad-eyed but iron-faced parent who led me to the family torture chamber and proceeded to revive the days of the Spanish Inquisition.

Upon thinking back on the incident as I lay sobbing in my room, I saw that I was yet but a little boy, for I had not been able clearly to see that it was my duty to hold coldly aloof, and thus be an example to the children, rather than enter into their childish pastimes as I had done. We must live and learn by experience. One does not grow up in one afternoon upon becoming the owner of a grown-up suit.

PAINLESS EXTRACTION

By JACK MCEACHERN

I was in a rather depressed state of mind as I trudged down the street on my way to the dentist. I stopped occasionally to look at some boys playing football or to peer into vacant lots where I might by chance hope to see some of my pals. No one was in sight. My thoughts wandered back to my cheerless mission, and I loitered aimlessly down the avenue once more. It was not my idea to pay the dentist a visit, but I had an annoying tooth and had postponed the inspection of it as long as possible. Mother's last words were, "You are going to the dentist this morning, young man." I tried my best to convince her that it was unimportant and that the pain had completely vanished; but she was insistent, as mothers sometimes are.

My presence in the dentist's office was heralded by the droning of the buzzer. Before I had seated myself, a door opened, and I was shown into another room. This room had an adjustable dentist's chair over by the window, and alongside the chair stood the huge grinding machine, which, like a hawk seizing its prey, hovered over the dentist's chair. Fastened on the chair was a bowl in which water was running. Protruding from the machine were two circular shelves. Cotton, alcohol lamp, and peculiar-looking tools were in their special places. The instruments were of all shapes and sizes. Nearby was a cabinet, consisting mainly of thin drawers filled with more instruments, which horror let me imagine were used as a reserve in case those on the circular shelves were broken in the patient's mouth. On the wall to the left of the chair was a panel, covered by controls and gauges, things which meant very little to me. Adjoining this

room was a smaller one, the workshop of the dentist.

Upon entering the room, I was shown to the chair, asked to make myself comfortable, and told that the doctor would be in presently. After a bib was placed around my neck, I settled back into as comfortable a position as one can assume in a dentist's chair.

Presently the doctor entered the room and towered above me. His small, beady eyes shaded by heavy bushy eyelashes gave me a rather queer feeling. After elevating the chair and adjusting it, he asked me which tooth pained me. He then lost no time in selecting two or three cruel-looking instruments with which to explore the roof of my mouth. It required only a few seconds for him to locate the trouble, and when he did, I nearly jumped out of the chair. I thought I would have the tooth filled or perhaps have an inlay put in. When he told me that it had to be extracted I became limp. He said that he had a patient at that particular time, but that I would wait in the reception room for twenty minutes and he would have the rest of the morning to work on me.

Before I had time to reply, I was shoved into the waiting room and informed that there was an abundance of interesting magazines to glance through while I was waiting. I picked up a nearby one and with a glassy stare gazed at it for a minute. I thrust it aside, and my thoughts were turned to the grim reality of what I had to encounter in just fifteen minutes. I enjoyed magazines at home, but this was no place for the enjoyment of anything, as far as I could see. I could see the row of instruments and those small beady eyes.

I kept wondering if he were going to strap me to the chair with those leather straps I had happened to see on the floor in the other room. I was brought out of my reverie by a sharp cry of pain from the next room. I swallowed. The door swung open and a man appeared. His upper jaw was distorted, balloon-like. As he darted out the door I felt the urge to follow him.

I know how those martyrs of old must have felt. They felt as I did when that too pleasant nurse beckoned me to re-enter that den of torture. On the shelf was that alcohol lamp. Was he going to heat the implements of torture and burn out the tooth? Only then I realized that I had gone too far to back out.

The doctor rubbed some aromatic substance on either side of my gum near the tooth, and then, picking up a syringe with a needle fully two inches long, he glared at me and said, "Open your mouth wide." He jabbed this needle into my gum and forced down the plunger on the syringe. Tears came to my eyes.

The dentist slipped into his workshop. I could hear the scraping of the instruments on the grindstone. A queer feeling of numbness spread over my jaw. It frightened me.

Returning to me, the doctor lost no time. A rather large tool went into my mouth. There was a sudden pressure. The dentist's face relaxed. Clutched in that gruesome-looking device, now withdrawn from my mouth, was a bloody, glistening thing. That thing was my tooth. What relief! Calmly into my swirling phantasy echoed the dentist's words, "Now spit!"

THE CRITIC

And nothing is there but a cat
That stands at the door and meows.
Would you be disgusted with that?
I ask—as a keeper of cows.

—George W. Mabee

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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STILL VOICES

Upon the roof the dancing feet of rain
Skip lightly from the ridgepole to the eaves—
But what if I should never hear again
The spring's soft rain, or autumn's scuttling leaves,
The weighted stillness of the falling snow,
The meadow-lark's sweet summer morning cry,
High in the pines the gruff-voiced north wind blow,
Or hear the south wind's faint, melodious sigh?
Yet all this sentient theft I could forget
If in the silence it could leave behind
One sound; without a shadow of regret
I'd be content to live—I should not mind.
But oh! To only sense the thing you ask
Through lips that wordless move within a mask!

—Dorothy L. Anderson

ESSAYS

MORE ABOUT THEMES

By JESSE L. HORN

"I've got to write a theme! Five hundred words. Think of it!" Words to that effect are the usual thing around the campus the eve before themes emerge to confront the instructor's critical eye. Brains race, pens glide, muddy thoughts result. That is the punishment the abused theme must take. You can bet your last dollar, O reader, that theme writing to those who struggle through their English courses via the eve-before method is a tiresome drudgery. I, however, strange as it seems, take pleasure in theme writing.

This contingency may appear more extraordinary when you consider that I am a football addict. Who ever heard of a football player wanting to use his head for anything other than a battering ram? I never have, and one seldom does see a person who displays such an unnatural combination as an esteem for football and an inclination toward theme writing. Perhaps I am mistaken in claiming the miraculous, but you can't tell me that to the majority of football players themes are not a series of hated, disconnected sentences and fragments resembling the action on the field—men tackling, shoulders thudding, players racing, crowds cheering. Yes, most football players are inclined to be ragged in their writings; that is, their themes are disjointed and short, like the staccato bark, "Hep-one-two-three". All that is beside the question, however, and the fact remains that I enjoy writing themes.

I used not to like theme writing as well as I might have; nevertheless I could write themes well, even though their structure was as involved as a crossword puzzle thrown into reverse. My liking for theme writing, then, is a more or less recent development. The reason for this relativity I ascribe to a fuller knowledge of the context of good writing, a desire to test my powers against others, and a wish to express thoughts that find difficulty in justifying themselves by mere utterance.

Writing also affords much amusement when taken in the right vein. I remember writing this passage, disregarding the necessary comma, "His nose which was running . . ." That implies that this remarkable individual had at least two noses and being a sporting old "gent" was training one to be a regular Charlie Paddock. There are times when one writes like this, "His eyes fell on hers; she dropped them, allowing them to wander around the room. He lifted his gaze with a terrible effort, and his glance rested on the other man." I do not know your reaction, but I would be afraid to drop my eyes for fear of bruising them, nor would I allow them to walk around the room, since they might encounter some enemy's, whose spears would subject them to ignominious running defeat. As for suspending my gaze at a desired position and giving my glance a free rest on someone's shoulder, I cannot even conceive of that.

In writing themes I depart from the usual routines. I consider it ridiculous to follow that rule given by many as a cure-all for literary deficiencies: "When an inspiration comes to you, be it in the middle of the night, get up and write it down at white heat." If I could by some miraculous strength or will-power drag myself from bed I would probably stub my toe, which would result in my kicking the dresser

over, throwing the bed out of the window, adding a few pages to my all-too-heavy blasphemy list, and in the end sleeping on the rug among the shattered remnants of my pen. It would be much better to mull the whole thing over, discard the undesirable, and retain the rest. He is a poor creature who cannot remember a few thoughts until morning so that he can put them down rationally. John Milton in dictating, with blinded eyes, entire passages embodying some of the greatest literature the world has ever known adds substantiating evidence to my theory.

My greatest trouble in writing is the selection of the first few sentences. For an example we might take the subject, "Musical Qualities of Writing." In selecting a fitting beginning for that I might think for hours and finally stumble on it in this way. "Let's see now. A—no, that won't do. I—no, that—just a minute. A-e-i. That's it! A-e-i-o-u. Humm. Let me think. A-e-i-o-u, the vowels, soft pleasant-sounding letters of our alphabet, are the greatest source of the assonance in our word combinations."

The difficulty I have in securing an appropriate beginning, however, might be regarded as an advantage rather than as a flaw, since in the search for the desired thought I stumble over material valuable to the construction of the work. Of course, other ideas, which I either subordinate or incorporate into the rest of the composition, occur during the writing of the piece.

I hate plagiarism as much as I do a rattlesnake, and my hatred for a "rattler" knows no bounds. I would go out of my way quite a distance to have the pleasure of killing one. To obtain strict originality of thought is one of my greatest efforts. In acquiring that I follow only one course. I try to say exactly what I want to say in exactly the way I want to say it. That is enough, for to fulfill that requirement would be genius.

Nor is writing at white heat, to me, what it is supposed to be; nevertheless it has its comical twists, which manifest themselves in simple spelling, ridiculous denotations or connotations, lofty, fleecy language, dangling participles, gerunds, and what not. Can you imagine anything more ridiculous than using "no" for "know"? I have done that. Can you conceive of anything more clownish than using, "When riding on a curve I fell off"? I have committed errors like that. Can you help smiling when you read this: "His lies were great, big, enormous things?" They may have been astonishing in their widespread falsity, but they could not be huge, towering structures; lies have no dimensions whatever. I have been guilty, nevertheless, of writing such nonsense in the white heat of insane inspiration. Inspirations are far from detrimental, the good far outweighing the bad, but they should be taken coldly and calculatingly. They should be subdued, added to, subtracted from, else they will not be representative of the writer. They will breathe sincerely only of the emotional rather than the rational machinery of our being. They are not natural or forced but are outbursts of frenzied contortions; therefore, although I am far from condemning them, I advise that they be carefully untwisted and remodeled.

What is there about theme writing that I like, you may ask. That is difficult to explain. In theme writing there is an intangible something that draws me. The beckoner is a hidden power whose occult force I can only vaguely grasp and gropingly try to analyze. I am almost certain that the major attraction is that of competition, competition with or against the desires of

the instructor, competition against my fellow students, and competition against the whole of the literary world in all its enormity. The instructor may advise me to write in such and such a way or about such and such a thing. Perhaps I will regard the criticism favorably and endeavor to fulfill his wishes. That is competition. It may be likely that I will disagree with his point of view; then competition at one stride leaps to position in a supreme contest. My reasoning runs thus, "He thinks he will not like it. I will make him like it whether he wants to or not." I follow the one course—saying as nearly as possible exactly what I want to say in exactly the way I want to say it. The instructor always likes it. I have yet to see the plan fail. That is stiff competition. I aim for the "Manuscript" with every theme. Each time I have fallen short, but I have profited from my falls, and my leaps keep averaging higher. That is keen competition. Competition is the ginger of writing, the spice of expression, and the pepper of my pen. Competition lashes me on, embodying in its sting all: a desire for expression, a fuller appreciative knowledge of the context of writing,—everything.

Theme writing, then, is dramatic and interesting, likewise competitive from beginning to end. It is an undertaking hard to begin, easier to end. It begins with a struggling start and ends with a fine precision, stopping when it has spoken its piece.

THE GRADUATE'S JOB

By FRANK W. DEDMAN

I cannot get away from the information, coming to me daily, that we are in the midst of a terrible depression. Nearly every day I am told by my classmates and professors that there is little prospect of my getting a job when I finish my scholastic career this spring. If it were not for some ideas that I have formed about the matter I am afraid that I should soon grow discouraged, as many other seniors have become, and give up this education business. However, once in a while some real thinker comes along and gives me a new insight into the depression. Neil M. Clark, who, by the way, happens to be president of the American Bankers Association, presents the following message to people who have lost heart during the present hard times. "Study concerns, families, or individuals that succeed in maintaining their equilibrium, whatever the conditions, and you invariably find that they do their own thinking, follow practices they know are sound, in spite of the crowd. They make mistakes, but never the mistakes of thinking 'everybody's doing it, so it must be all right'."

Don't you think that a lot of us have fallen into the habit of thinking, "Well, every one else says times are hard, and it is going to be a tough job for me to get something to do after I get out of school, so I might as well fall into the same rut of thinking that they do?" I know boys who graduated from this college and other colleges on the Pacific coast last spring who have been unable to find a day's work to do since leaving school. This is not nearly so much that there is no work to be found, as it is that they have let the depression rut swallow them. Most of them think that money is made by the crowd and that if the crowd is not making money no one is making it. This is not true. There are said to be more fortunes made during hard times than there are during good times. Fortunes are made by people who do individual thinking and planning, not by people who follow the mob. There is real value in hard times because they teach all

of us the real foundations of success: namely, to plan, save, and live on such a narrow margin that we will be better fitted to handle a bigger job when conditions get better.

Mr. Clark says that there are two things that have more to do with accumulation of wealth than any other special indicators of business conditions. "First, readiness to change with the times becomes a mark of an individual or firm trained for steady prosperity; but, second, rockbound obstinacy with regard to proved principles is equally a mark of that individual or firm." We should be ready to change when the right time comes to change, but not to be swayed by the opinion of the mob, because the mob is generally wrong. It is awfully easy to get into a rut and stay there. There are some people who have gone on living the same sort of an existence for the past decade. They are set in their ways, and when anyone disturbs their set way of thinking, they become lost and do not know just which way to turn. Don't get that way, or you are sure to be one of the graduates who in spite of a diploma have become handicapped with a college education. If you keep a fresh mind and a vigorous body, and point toward a definite goal while you are in college, then this present depression is going to be your chance to get a foothold in the business world while others are mired down under the wheels of depression.

Firms that are foresighted enough to work when others are loafing emerge from depression periods the leaders in their respective fields. There are a good many examples of industries that have been content to sit pat on their past laurels and rest until they have been ousted by some other firm that did not rest. Some examples of such firms are the camphor producing industries on the isle of Formosa, the silk firms of China, and the machinery manufacturing companies of the United States. If they had not been content with the belief that they were eminent and inapproachable in their respective fields, they might still have a virtual monopoly of the market. It is not a wise policy to believe in the old slogan, "Everything comes to him who waits." If it does come it will not be the thing that he has been waiting for. When prosperity comes to us again, the world is going to discover more startling inventions than have been invented during the past. Opportunity is at hand and ready to be grasped by those of us who will not let ourselves be pushed under. If we keep informed of what is happening during this depression period we are going to be more than a jump ahead of the rest of the groggy world.

The industries of the world are ready to employ young men with ideas. When inventions are being turned in daily that are revolutionizing industry, business can't afford to overlook young men with inventive ability. Just think of the ideas that have been originated in the last few years that have meant fortunes for their developers. There are ever-changing styles, colors, and materials in clothing. Inventions have been made by the score in machinery and every form of transportation equipment. Dr. Julius Klein, assistant secretary of commerce, makes the following statement, "Find a way to speed up the business you are engaged in, and it is pretty sure to mean money in your pocket. There's plenty of room for every man and woman with sharp eyes, quick wits, and ambition to make new places for themselves by finding the weak spots and fixing them up with some of the medicine that Father Time is constantly making." The times may be hard, but that does not mean that opportunities do not still exist

for us. In fact, the opportunities are greater than ever for someone with courage and initiative to win the prize.

It seems to me that we are more fortunate than any graduation class has ever been in the past. Let's not let the depression "bugaboo" get us, because after all we have had the education and training to be the ones to make the fortunes out of the prosperity that is bound to come.

THE LONGVIEW ROLLEO

By WALTER J. FALLEN

Down the trails of the forest each year come the lumber-jacks in their calked boots, hickory shirts, and red hats to compete at Longview against their fellow woodsmen in a two-day series of events known as the Longview Rolleo. Inaugurated three years ago, the Rolleo has now become one of the feature attractions of the Northwest. It is an annual carnival, in which woodsmen are the performers, the city of Longview the host, and thousands of people the spectators. July the third and fourth have been accepted as the permanent dates for the Rolleo.

And over all, Paul Bunyan, benign and prodigious legendary giant of the woods, whose mighty feats have been told and retold around bunkhouse fires, until Paul would scarcely recognize some of them, rules with characteristic joviality. By his side, chosen by vote as to her fitness to reign as Paul's consort, is Pauline Bunyan. Pauline is selected from candidates entered by Longview and neighboring communities.

Two weeks before the Rolleo, red hats, hickory shirts, and overalls which are later stagged by the purchaser, are sold for half price in all the local stores. Red hats are seen everywhere. The streets of Longview resemble avenues of huge red poppies bobbing about on stems of varied lengths.

The local Chamber of Commerce, with its kangaroo court, intimidates recalcitrant citizens who refuse to don the accepted logger costume. The young prosecuting attorney was the first victim brought before the court. After the jury had heard the evidence, gone into a huddle in lieu of retiring, and consulted with the acting judge, the prisoner was brought before the bench, a confiscated sawhorse, to receive his sentence: "Prisoner, you are found guilty of treason to the Brotherhood of Loggers, in reparation of which you are to purchase two complete Rolleo costumes. One of these you are to wear on each and every day preceding the Rolleo; the other you are to present to the first man you meet on leaving these club rooms who is not attired in the costume. The foremen of the jury will conduct you on your mission."

The crowd gleefully accompanied the somewhat chagrined attorney to the street. The unsuspecting pastor of one of the Longview churches had just parked his car and was approaching the club rooms, very trim and tailored in a dark grey business suit. Upon hearing the mission of the prosecuting attorney, he asked permission to send word that he would be fifteen minutes late for his appointment and then joined the crowd on their march to the nearest haberdashery. Once there, the minister selected a shirt, hat, trousers, asked assistance in getting the proper stagg on the overalls, and then proved himself a good business man by adjusting his hat at a jaunty angle and inviting the men to attend his meeting of Y. M. C. A. boys, which most of them did.

At twelve o'clock noon on July the third, Paul Bunyan, accompanied by Pauline, leads the way to his canyon on the banks of Lake Sacajawea, where with his broad ax he breaks the chain

which bars the gateway, and with the woodsman's rallying cry, "Give 'er snoos," the Rolleo opens and the lumberjacks are at it.

Log-rolling, from which the Rolleo takes its name, is the first event. Young Bob Craig from Kelso is up with a contestant from Aberdeen. Attired in a bathing suit and calked oxfords, they start slowly, wary of sudden reverses, testing the skill of their opponent. They increase their speed, faster, and yet faster, while the crowd mirthfully awaits the ducking of the loser. At the end of ten minutes both rollers are still up. They are given a smaller log, and again they roll, this time increasing their speed until the log churns through the water, and still Bob is unable to shake his opponent. The boys are now placed on the smallest log used in log-rolling, which is fifteen inches in diameter. Bob is out for the log-rolling championship and he seems to lift the log higher in the water with those nimble feet, until it skims with a hissing sound, half out of the water. A sudden reverse, a breathless minute of undecided balancing, and the Aberdeen contestant is unceremoniously spilled into the lake.

Paul junior and his sister Pauline furnish a great deal of hilarious amusement by their burlesque attempt at log-rolling. Pauline finds it necessary to discard most of her outer garments before she falls, becomes water logged, and is dragged from the lake by Paul junior, after which she makes a shy exit in her flame-colored pantalets.

Spectators on each bank of Sacajawea have a view of the platform built near the center of the lake on which the log-bucking contests take place. Four men work independently at one time. Each contestant, however, is permitted an assistant, who stands opposite him and pours oil on his saw, which insures a smooth, free cutting. Stripped to the waist, with saws poised above the forty-eight inch log, the men await the signal to start. The gun sounds and they are at it. Soon undecided little rivers of sweat, seeking uncertain courses over tensed shoulders, show the earnestness with which the men attack those blocks. Yellow mounds of sawdust accumulate with lightning rapidity at the base of the logs. Lusty shouts lend encouragement to favorite contestants. A steady stream of oil is kept playing on the saws as they dart out toward the assistants with measured regularity. A block drops down; an exhausted bucker drops to the float. Fred Mangs of Silver Lake has set a new record of three minutes, twenty-seven seconds for log-bucking.

At each end of the platform is a hundred and sixty-five foot spar tree, held in an upright position by steel guy lines or cables. All during the foregoing contests, eyes have been turned expectantly toward these trees. Speculations as to whether the trees are timber-bound, who will climb this year, and if the record set last year by "Squeek" Palanuk of McCormick Lumber Company will be beaten, have been cast about from one veteran logger to another.

The high-climbers, whose duty in the logging camps is to top trees and hang rigging, are the only men who have the necessary courage to attempt this most difficult and dangerous task of the woodsman.

A short period, during which the various climbers draw for position and trees, gives the crowd a breathing spell and a chance to find a better position from which to view the most spectacular event of the Rolleo.

The two climbers are standing at the base of their respective trees now, equipped with high-climbing spurs, five-foot topping saws dangling from

the rear of a heavy leather belt, a double-bitted climber's ax, a safety belt, wedge and hammer. One wonders how they will be able to lift themselves from the plank placed just above the water upon which they are standing. Their time is estimated from the time they leave the plank until they descend to the water level.

At last they are off. The crowd seems to sigh audibly. Hal McClary from Weyerhaeuser Timber Company is on the left, Gus Johnson from Centralia is on the right. They appear to creep up the trees but reach the guy lines in an amazingly short time. Ticklish business, loosening those safety belts, throwing them above the cables and around the tree, catching them with the left hand and rebuckling them. A small slip would send them to eternity one hundred and thirty feet below. Almost simultaneously they clear the cables. On again, Johnson's spurs fail to hold, he catches himself by a tightening of his belt and a deeper dig with his spurs. McClary gains. Johnson seems to rest while he adjusts his saw. They reach the top within seconds of each other, grasp their saws, which have been dangling straight down into space at their backs, stick their axes in the tree top, place their belts above their three-foot alloted block, and saw. The fair hair of Gus Johnson is blown back in the breeze. Both men brace themselves, lean far back in their safety belts and saw. They drive their wedges into the block and again they saw. Some estimate of their speed is gathered from the shower of chips and sawdust floating down to settle on the upturned, anxious faces of those on the float.

Those belts above the cutting line are beginning to make the spectators nervous. McClary is nearly through his block; will he move his belt in time? Johnson is having difficulties; his tree is timber bound; his wedge will not force the opening wide enough to relieve the pressure of his saw. The top of McClary's tree is swaying, and still that belt is above the cut. Not a sound is heard; even the breeze seems to have quieted. A jerk, a push, a cry of "Timber." With almost one movement the sustaining belt is jerked to a lower safe level and the three-foot block is pushed into space to land with a roar in the lake below, followed closely by the topper's saw.

Perhaps the most amazing sight is the descent down the tree. Hal McClary comes down that tree in twenty-foot leaps, gains the guy lines, where he is overtaken by Johnson. Below the cables they are neck and neck, while the crowd, now that the men are in apparent safety, go wild. When within thirty feet of the water, McClary, sensing that he is losing the race, throws his safety belt and jumps for the water.

A red hat floating away on the ripples brings a startling sense of tragedy to the crowd. A hand is thrust above the water at which men grasp but fail to hold. A swimmer leaps into the water in time to get a firm hold on the exhausted man's hickory shirt as he again comes to the surface. First aid methods prove sufficient to revive the veteran climber, who, weighed down with his spurs and other paraphernalia, had been unable to pull himself unaided out upon the plank. McClary had failed to shorten the previous record of seven minutes, forty seconds, for high-climbing, but he had given the crowd a thrill. It did not matter that he had taken nearly a half hour to accomplish his task.

Assured of the man's safety, everyone moved toward the carnival attractions, glad to relax, enjoy a glass of lemonade, ride the mix-up, anything to forget the near significance of that red hat floating away on the ripples.

THE TRAGIC ISLE

By JAMES BYRON ADAMS

Hawaii welcomes you with her flower lei. Visit her romantic shores and listen to the chant of the natives from the lanai of your favorite hotel. Spend many happy hours on the beach while the natives are at play, swimming, diving, surfing, and boating in the jade green waters at your feet.

Hawaii invites you to spend the winter as her guest. Bask in the tropical sunlight, dance in the entrancing moonlight, and live, live gloriously in the splendor of this Paradise.

That, my dear readers, is the bedtime story that Uncle Matson puts out to his little travellers who are about to embark on a tour to this island in the Pacific.

The sixth day at sea finds one in sight of the greatly publicized island of Oahu. The ocean is calm, and it is not daybreak when the island is sighted. There is confusion on board as the crew brings the luggage on deck and makes the ship ready for inspection. There is a hush in the noise of the preparation as the sky becomes light and the sun rises. It is at that moment that the visitors come under the mystical spell of the tropical isle. The time passes quickly, and it is at nine in the morning that the boat draws near to the terminal.

Suddenly the air is filled with music, beautiful, sobbing, crying, caressing in the simplicity of its tones. The music softens, and a voice is heard, a voice singing a song of a dying race. A moment ago you were rejoicing, and now you discover a tear on your cheek. It is the realization that you have landed at the tragic isle of Hawaii and are hearing the song of a vanishing race. The songs are sad, as their hearts must be, for they know that they are losing their spot in the sun, losing it because the white man came to their shores and brought his vices and diseases.

You are brought back from this reverie by the docking of the boat. The gang plank is lowered during the last notes of Aloha Oe, and you dash ashore to gain your first glimpse of Honolulu. Lei women surround you, smother you, and deafen you, in their mad attempt to sell you a flower lei. They chatter and screech at you, "Lei, Mister. Lei, buy a pretty lei, only twenty-five cents." They fight and crowd each other aside in their attempts to attract your attention.

Leaving the dock behind, you board a street car or a taxi and motor to your hotel. The streets are amazingly interesting with their many Japanese stores with huge, brightly painted banners advertising the sales that are going on within. Stately palm trees line the streets, and the road takes you past the Royal Palace and Cocoanut Hut, where strangely carved figures stare at you as you pass along.

After depositing your luggage at your residence, you seek the world's most famous beach,—and what a jolt is in store for you. Waikiki Beach is a farce. The narrow expanse of sand is bordered by hotels, hot dog stands, and private dwellings. The water is a beautiful color, but there is so much coral that bathing is enjoyed in only one or two places along the beach.

It is interesting to lie on the beach and watch the beach boys "romancing" with the peroxide blondes, divorcees, and ladies belonging to the perennial twenty-nine club. These boys flatter the old girls by telling them that they are the essence of eternal youth. The poor ladies spend hours with the peroxide bottle in one hand and the wrinkle wiper in the other, trying to rub out the mistakes of yester-year. These youths are mercenary. Their smiles, songs, and physiques are for

the ladies with the most generous purse.

An interesting way to spend your evenings is to attend the concerts given by Mr. Matson at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel for his guests. Hawaiian men and women play their odd instruments, sing, and dance. The music is beautiful, although most of it is sad. Their singing is something that one never forgets. It comes from their throats as if by magic, and you forget your cares and worries. You are transposed to a paradise. You close your eyes and forget that you are what you are, that there is a tomorrow with sickness and death to face. You forget that you are just one of God's puppets dancing on and on into eternity.

And then the music ends, and you awaken to the bitter realization that you have been dreaming. And that is Hawaii. It is false and commercial. It is cheap and gaudy. It saps your strength, and robs you of ambition. It is the most pathetically beautiful place that I have ever seen. Its beauty is tragic, as is its history. But I love the island, long for it, and some day I shall return to it.

Aloha, Hawaii.

VILLANELLE

I shall return at the last to you
Forced by the love that is in my heart,
Struggle, deny it though I do.

Distant lands I wander through,
Fair the city, or bright the mart,
I shall return at the last to you.

Slipper, sandal, or wooden shoe
Heed to the voice that says "Depart,"
Struggle, deny it though I do.

Back from the bay where the sea is blue,
Home from the hills where the rivers start,
I shall return at the last to you.

Careless of grief that will ensue
Love is taking me part by part,
Struggle, deny it though I do.

Someday I know this will come true
Because of the never-ceasing smart
I shall return at the last to you,
Struggle, deny it though I do.

—Paul Shinoda

PERSONS, PLACES AND THINGS

CHARACTER IN HORSES

By ARTHUR WIRCH

One hears much about character types among human beings—about the philosopher, the conscientious worker, the "gold brick," the pessimist, the crank, or what have you—but rarely does one find these terms used in the animal world. Especially among horses may be found the habits, manners, and actions which make possible their classification into distinct character types. Some, of course, are just horses, even as some human beings are just people; they make no definite impression on one. With others an extensive acquaintanceship is necessary to reveal their hidden characteristics, which is again true of some persons.

Born and reared as I was on a large grain farm, I early had the pleasure of handling horses. My first experiences were with Billy, the family pony—a prankish, playful fellow, who never took his life-work seriously enough to prevent his becoming overweight. The halter was a prison to him, the escape from which was worth any effort. A stocky upper neck and loose, floppy ears made it difficult to keep a halter on him. Whenever he was successful in slipping it off he was like a boy out of school, frisking and prancing around the yard, or rolling in the soft ground of the potato-patch, all the while fairly shouting with glee. As regards personal appearance he was a fuss-budget. Somehow or other he kept his glossy coat of sorrel shining like burnished copper. Riding him after a rain was comparable to riding a big cricket. Every little pool and mud-hole was a possibility of bespattering that spotless reddish-brown coat. One could never tell whether he was going to jump over or swerve around such places, and consequently one was never sure of keeping one's seat. On the whole, however, he was quite dependable. One could always depend on him to find the way home on a dark and stormy night; to get into the feed box unless it was doubly latched; or to be gone when one got back whenever one left him standing some place with the reins hanging down.

Bess was as beautiful as a peacock—and she was almost as useless. When the other horses were poor from hard work, Bess was in good flesh; when they were in good flesh she was rolling in fat. She always had some excuse for not pulling her share of the load. Either the weather was too hot, the ground too rough or too soft, or the collar was in poor fit—always there was some valid reason for lagging behind the others. But when the horses were being fetched from the pasture to be harnessed for the day's work she was the nimblest in evading the corral gate. Like a wary fox, she lacked nothing for ambition, artifice, and energy here, and it took a fast horse to outrun, a good rider to outwit her. She has her counterpart among human beings in the business man's tired wife who always has some imaginary ailment, or a chronic case of fatigue; who has to have a maid, being indisposed to work; but who is vitality itself when entertaining at a bridge party or at tea, or when attending some other social function.

Whenever I see an ambitious young man tackle a big task with the energy and determination that admits of no failure, neither looking nor caring what demands the work is going to make of him, I am reminded of Stag. He was the smallest of our work horses. Dur-

ing the working season he shrank down to a mere handful of horseflesh, but a wiry, tenacious handful it was. He made no excuses for his size. What he lacked in physical strength he more than made up for in nervous energy. Like a dynamo of flesh and bone, he was always ready to pull his share. In the art of pulling he was a virtuoso. When hitched with a stronger horse on a heavy load, he made pulling a contest—a contest in which I have never seen him outdone. Yes, once he was outdone. My little sister had been ill with pneumonia. The crisis had passed and she was on the road to recovery when suddenly there came a relapse. A doctor had to be summoned at once. On account of deep snows he could not come all the way with the car. Stag and Blackie, his team-mate, were hitched on a jumper, and the race with death was on. The final two miles of the dash Stag pulled not only the sled but also his exhausted team-mate. The doctor arrived in time, but it was Stag's last run. He died a noble death —in the harness.

Gyp was the barn-yard crank, a pessimist through and through. His narrow forehead, mean, greenish eyes, and low-lying, flat ears suggested a perpetual state of morbid depression. He was a most unsocial animal. Whether in the pasture or at work, he seemed most contented when all alone. Like Thoreau, he had only one companion—solitude. In the harness he was slow, ponderous, unwieldy, but as steady as a tractor and as unintelligent and uncalculating. When he came to the end of a field his mind seemed too preoccupied to realize it, and he kept on in the direction of the furrow or swath until a pull on the line or the rest of the team forced him to change his course. This was an injury to his pride, and the frown in his baleful, rat-like eyes deepened, while his low, threatening ears fell still lower in a mute grumble. Had he been a human being he would have lived the lonely, secluded life of a hermit, as far as possible from the society of his fellowmen.

There are many other horse characters I could tell about. Prince and Mankato Albert who, like two quarrelsome Irishmen, always found occasion to fight, and neither asked nor gave quarter, while Mankato Albert was more patient and long-suffering, fighting only to protect the honor and dignity of his pedigree. Another amusingly interesting horse was Frank, the absent-minded professor, whose mind never seemed to be with his surroundings. Whether this was a natural consequence of the meditations and reflections occasioned by a depth of mind, or whether just plain inanity, I was never able to determine. One little incident will serve to illustrate his character.

It was the haying season, and Frank was on one of the sweeprake teams. My brother Bob, who delights in carrying a practical joke to its limit, was handling the team. Frank was in an unusually pensive mood on this particular afternoon, and Bob was hoping something would happen to bring the old horse out of his reveries. A hole, about a foot deep and two feet square, covered with a few handfuls of hay, lay directly in Frank's path. He stepped into it, stumbled, caught himself, and for the next few minutes he was thoroughly awake to his work, much to Bob's mirth and satisfaction. Soon, however, Frank was again lost in the mazes of his day-dreams. This time Bob guided him over the hidden hole, with similarly satisfying results. The trick was repeated a number of times more on the forgetful, unsuspecting Frank that afternoon, until the final time he got his legs tangled and fell on the rake-pole, breaking it. This

necessitated a two-hour's stop, during which time Frank's meditations and ruminations were uninterrupted.

A favorite trick of his—or was it a trick?—was to hold the last mouthful of water in his mouth until he was being bridled, when he would let it trickle down one's arm. But perhaps I am judging him too harshly, for it is quite probable that the old codger forgot to swallow the last mouthful.

Yes, I am sure horses have character; that they love, hate, and experience fear and anxiety just as we human beings do; and that they have their ups and downs, their joys and sorrows, as all of us have. Any one who has been around them and handled them for any length of time will bear me out in this.

BECAUSE IT IS MINE

By B. M. THOMAS

There is, somewhere in Central Oregon, a large section of seemingly sacred soil which seems to send soft strains of sentiment to the emotional soul. I have permission to invite you to travel with me, for a little while, throughout the realm of this earthly paradise. Let us go, together, into this lovely land of my nativity in a mood that will not hesitate to yield to its emotions. This request is almost unnecessary, for it is nearly impossible for any person of any temperament to pass through this hallowed land without realizing that he is really the inward man walking about breathing through common clay. There is no person whose manners this place can not soften, nor whose words it can not gentle. No heart is too hard to be tempered; no mind is too stubborn to yield. Here is a welcome rest, if the burden of life is weariness, failure, or heartbreak. No matter which way we cast our vision, everything we see within this consecrated land is harboring favors from above. The Master Gardener is there, in His own garden, acting as escort and helping us to understand the deeper meaning in His picture.

The flowers have no more color than other flowers, but they seem to blend in a more beautiful way. As one inhales their fragrance, he can hardly believe that they are restricted to flavoring the air of only a small portion of a material world.

The snow that falls at twilight is no whiter than other snows, but it seems to fall with diviner grace and touch the ground with a more gentle stroke. With a stroke of affection this soft, fluffy blanket which covers the earth during the stillness of the night is spread and is rolled back the next morning only by the advancing sun.

When the snow does not choose to fall, the bright stars make their appearance as if in answer to the sun's glorious and silent farewell. They keep their silent vigil throughout the stillness of the lonely night. At dawn they repeat an encore of twinkles as if reluctant to give up their place to the more powerful sun, which is just as jealous as they.

The birds, soaring in amazement overhead, do not differ from other birds, but they seem to tarry as if in more pure air. When they lift their sweet voices to give vent to their feelings, one fancies they are in tune with heavenly harpers, who are playing on golden harps. Is it possible that they could have caught a strain of diviner music that has wandered away from a diviner land?

The clear, pure mountain streams are calling to the same sea as are streams from other portions of our beloved state, but they seem to linger as if regretting to leave the land of their birth. As they do linger for the mo-

ment, the azure blue of the overhanging sky kisses the deep blue of these timorous streams. This forms, from this earthly paradise to the paradise above, an invisible strand that causes men to wonder; and as they wonder, I see no reason why they should not worship their God, as He, in His turn, has favored them.

HANNAH

By MAUDE BALLY

Every Monday at eight o'clock a rap at the back door heralds the arrival of our washwoman, Hannah. Having rapped, she opens the door, steps into the kitchen, says, "Good morning," and giggles.

She is a sturdy, lumpy woman on whom clothes do not hang well, and her clothes are not well fitted, though she tries to dress modishly. She always carries a handbag and a parcel that contains her apron. Set squarely on her head is a soiled, white felt hat contributed by her stenographer daughter. Removal of the hat reveals crimped gray hair, which has been both blond and henna in the last few years. It is always mottled by scorches from the curling iron.

Having set aside her coat and hat, she dons her apron and descends to the laundry room in the basement. Immediately the noise of running water and the stomping of the electric machine arises. On entering the fog of sudsy-smelling steam which fills the room, one sees Hannah with her hair hanging damply, and a large moist circle on the front of her apron. If she is not aware of the intrusion, one can hear her talking volubly in her broken English and giggling over some intimate joke.

Hannah is very poorly educated and knows little of the nicer side of life. Since her husband is inclined toward Bolshevism and rarely has work, her wages support the family of five. In the last few years her burden has been lighter, because the two boys are earning their own college education. The girls have been badly spoiled, perhaps as compensation for her own hard lot. The older daughter is a stenographer; the younger does nothing but play around, and the housework is always left for the mother to do in the evenings.

On hot days when the car is not in use, we often give her a ride home. Now as she finishes the washing and dries her red, water-wrinkled hands, she glances out of the window to see if the car is idle. Then she says, "My, it's a hot day," and giggles.

THE COVERED BRIDGE

By JULIA FREY

Like a rich, over-fat widow who is vainly attempting to disguise her years, stands the old covered bridge. She is, indeed, a relic of a time long before our own motor-driven era. The sign above her entrance, "Walk your horses," is but one of the indications of her advancing age.

She stands there in the merciless heat of the tedious afternoon, proudly rearing against the sky her hoary, moss-encrusted head—a symbol, like the diamond tiara of the widow, of her worth in the world.

Her fat sides bulge beneath a garish cloak of vermilion red and brilliant yellow, reminiscent of a fancy-dress costume, gorgeous in the half-light of the ball-room, but cheap and gaudy in the clear light of day.

She stands there faintly tired, worn by the long struggle to keep up with the daily advance of the world, determined not to be left behind in the ex-

citing rush of events, yet concealing beneath her vulgar exterior a valiant, indomitable heart.

A NIGHT OFF CATALINA

By JOHN ISAACS

A midnight sky of black, unbroken save for the occasional hazy light of mist-hidden stars, meets blacker sea and vault-like silence, silence as all-encompassing as the unseen limits above and fathomless as those below, silence unmarred by slosh of waves against the boat or flapping of fish in the hold.

At dusk the last fish was gaffed, and now, while my companion sleeps, I sit upon the guard-rail of our small power boat and gaze at unseen water becalmed by so many days of breathless, baking heat that even night gives no relief. For several hours the water has been filled with those tiny organisms which upon the slightest disturbance set out distress lanterns and cause the phosphorescence that attracts myriads of tiny fish, which in turn bring other schools of larger kinds. A match thrown over the rail becomes a nucleus of living fire floating at an indeterminable distance in an invisible medium. Suddenly across the jet surface there shoots a streak of light with comet-like swiftness and a trail which persists for several minutes but fades slowly even as I watch. That voracious fish, the bonito, has passed in search of food. Others of these living meteors flash by, some which seem almost within reach and others far below, yet all suspended in an inky void, giving me the feeling of being poised above a bottomless abyss, from which I shrink, so real is the illusion. Then, without warning, rising with a fiery display of soundless fireworks and sending off the smaller denizens like fragments of a bursting rocket, the form of a seal, bathed in cold luminescence, floats into space below me for an instant, consumes a fish, and descends with great whirlpools of light in its wake, which seemingly recede far into the depths as they in reality grow smaller. Like a ghost the marauder appears again, in nothing, on nothing, near nothing, merely conjured from blackness, surrounded by a ghastly halo. Quietly I reach down at my side; slowly I bring my gun into position; and in the next moment the stillness is shattered by a report. The specter contorts violently and, with a hoarse, gasping bark not unlike that of a wounded dog, disappears with a great splash, setting off new fire, which is slowly quenched by a spreading ominous blotch in the center.

My aroused companion and I watch for a reappearance. The meteoric flashes resume their play. Gradually the black blotch becomes indistinguishable, but there is no return. Soon, however, the brilliancy of the display diminishes, for currents are carrying the tiny lantern-bearing creatures away from us. The shooting stars become less frequent and more indistinct, then cease entirely, and the blackness of the crypt falls again.

AS IT IS

By MARY WHITELAW

A service station, sand, sagebrush, and sky. There you have the picture of Sunnyside as the mere passerby might see it. But I know, and you would know should you chance to visit Sunnyside, that there is something else. There is something that makes it different from other desert communities—something that makes me want to describe it and let you see it as I see it.

Eastern Oregon, Wyoming, and Idaho have vast regions of monoton-

ous desert. Through this desert runs a highway. It is a very smooth, straight highway, which, because of its smoothness, becomes monotonous. As I travel swiftly along in an automobile, the drone of the motor soon makes me drowsy.

Just as the heat becomes almost unbearable, and my eyelids are closing for a long sleep, someone spies Sunnyside. Ahead of us is a little red service station. Above us is a very blue sky from which a sun shines down dramatically in the manner approved for desert scenes. Around us are sand and sick-looking sagebrush.

As I have said, the service station is red. The attempt seems to be one of carrying the glory of the desert after a rain to the next rain. It is pitiful. Pity I have for those people who are trying to make a cheerful spot and a living in that drab, lonely place. It forms a picture of a losing game. Even the wind, though it blows softly, seems to be slowly but surely trying to cover that red paint with dust and dull its cheerfulness. The sun seems ready to burn. Surely rain has never been a visitor.

Behind the station is a small lean-to. From its tin chimney rises a thin line of smoke. Must they have a fire on a day like this? Making its way out of the sagebrush, a black, desolate water pipe toils up to the back of the lean-to. A clothesline between two red poles spans the back yard.

We drive around a bend, and the front of the station comes into view. No, there are no flowers or trees. The front is much the same as the back.

The red paint is marred and greasy. The old-fashioned gas tanks are dilapidated and worn. A forlorn Ford of ages past, void of wheels and pride, lies in the ditch by the drive, half buried in sand. Two oil barrels covered with a sticky grime of sand and oil stand to one side of the door. In spots a faint gleam of the red paint shows through where the grime is thin. On the gravel under the faucets of the barrels are puddles of oil covered with a film of dust. An oily rag lies by the doorstep. A tobacco advertisement is tacked to the wall under the window. A rather valuable collection of antique tires is piled by the far corner.

Yet over it all I can sense a cheerfulness in the atmosphere, although there is nothing to support my feeling but the red paint. My eyes wander across the road. There it is! "Only a sign," you say. But listen to what it says.

"City Limits of Sunnyside
Speed Limit 100 miles Per Hour
Fords, do your best."

This is Sunnyside. Service station, sagebrush, sand, sky, and a sense of humor.

THE JUNIPER

By OMAR M. LLOYD

A peculiar tree is the juniper. It loves the solitude, the rocks, the heat, the cold, and wind. That is why it grows in Eastern Oregon. Give a juniper plenty of rocks to crowd its roots, dry, wicked heat in which to fry, brittle, lacerating cold in which to freeze, and plenty of wind for it to push against. Set it out on a Western desert, plant it in a bed of crooked, jagged rocks, put it somewhere on the bare foot-hills. Plant the juniper where it will not get its feet wet, and where the other trees don't want to live. That's where the juniper wants to be, and that's why it grows in Eastern Oregon.

This is to create a mild caricature of the juniper—that heroic, crooked, drab, aromatic little tree that scowls at one from the midst of rock breaks like some horrible gnome. No cognizance is taken of the cowardly, degen-

erate specimen that takes root in the fertile outskirts of the timbered hills, tapping its sustenance from the generous water-sheds of the Cascades and rearing itself to compete in size and symmetry with the golden pine (for the juniper can assume quite a respectable size and shape if allowed to gorge upon some rich slope, or if pampered with civilization). But rather is this a tribute to that tough, horrid little dwarf that defies the odds of Nature and inhabits the arid foothills, the plains, and the rocky flats.

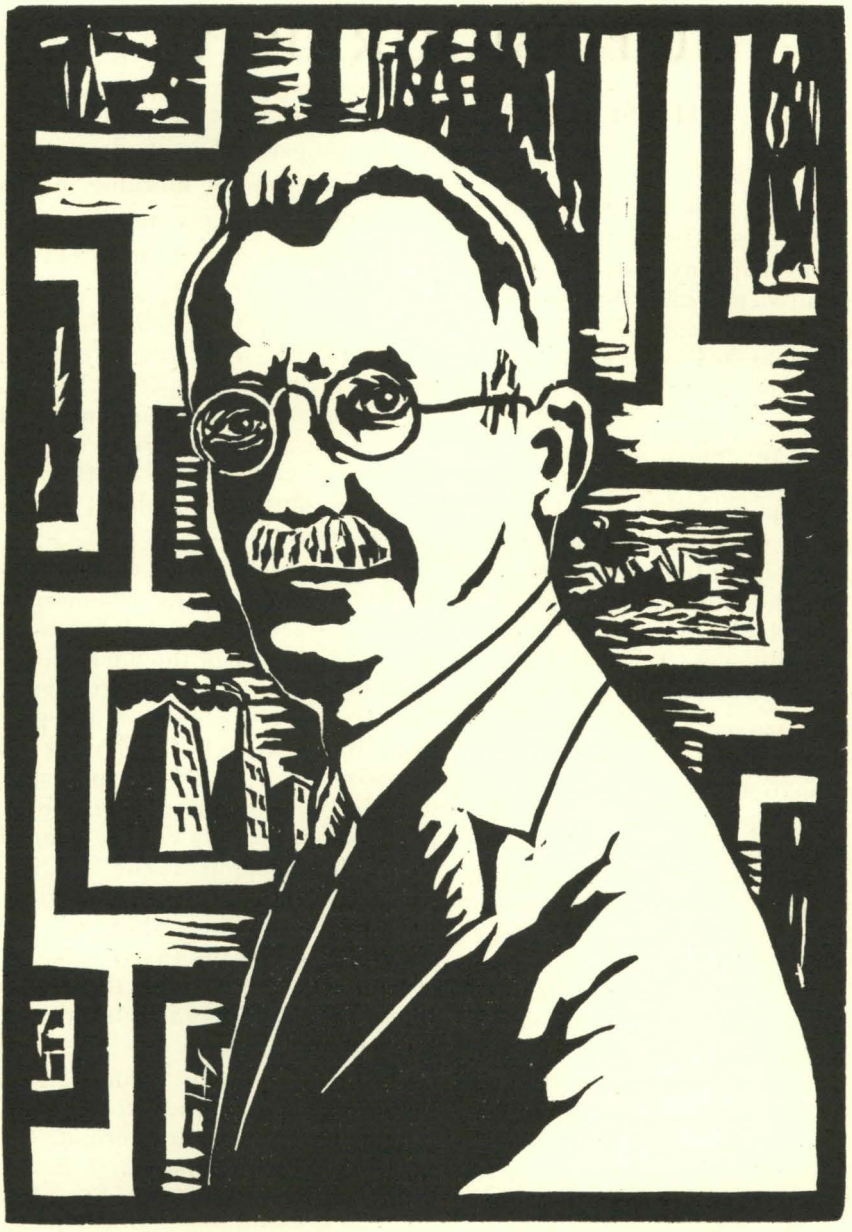
An ugly, misshappen creature of the prairie, this—a fantastical puppet framed in a proscenium of gray. Draped in a cloak of shaggy brown bark, spreading forth its flat, spidery needles and its clusters of hard, pungent berries; bending in swift, angry jerks, it mutters and storms at the wind. This it does incessantly, and is of service to none except the sage grouse that gather to roost on its limbs, and the shaggy black Angus cattle that gain from it scant protection from the wind.

View the juniper from some ridge, looking down on a rugged flat. The landscape is the sallow face of an aged one, deeply lined and pitted in dark olive by clusters of the intrepid juniper. It follows the ancient rivers of lava—beds of broken, jagged stone. These rock breaks are the home of the juniper tree. Climb down over some evil rim-rock, carefully descending the agonizing stages of stone to the bottom of a raw Western canyon. Somewhere in the face of the precipice, reaching maimed arms an insignificant distance out of some laceration in the rocks, thrives a diminutive tree—very insignificant, but as permanent as the rock itself. Some dark night, walk out over the prairie and among the knolls, the sage brush, and the juniper trees. Be guided toward these by the excessive fragrance of the juniper. One usually prefers this aroma diluted with large quantities of wind and mingled with that of the sage. Given this olfactory stimulus, you can always recall the panorama of Eastern Oregon.

RENDEZVOUS

Because tonight is like another night—
We sat together there upon the sand
And watched the silver waves toss high and white
That shoreward surged to swallow up the land;
So young we were, I wonder that we knew
That arms could ache to hold and lips to kiss—
How willingly I gave myself to you,
And would have laughed if you had told me this:
That I would learn and love and be forgot,
And creep back, like a wounded parasite,
In search of what was mine and now is not.
Because tonight is like that other night,
That we should meet is not so strange, my dear;
I came because I thought to find you here.

—Dorothy L. Anderson



JOHN ANDREW BEXELL
Dean Emeritus of the School of Commerce

(Portrait and Linoleum Block Print by William B. Gilbert, student in Engineering at Oregon State College)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

CHASING WILD GEESE

By MILES COMPTON

Looking back over my childhood, I fail to recall many moments of real happiness. Perhaps my disposition was not constituted to grasp that wonderful, carefree joyfulness of childhood; but I believe that I may justly place the blame on my environment.

At the age of seven I was left an orphan. One of my aunts, showing much concern over my misfortune, offered to provide a home for me. It soon became plain that she gave me a home not out of kindness of heart but to make an impression on the community. This fact was very emphatically told me, and to impress it still more I was given so many chores I had no time for myself.

The years passed very slowly. I became more obstinate each year with the determination to break the ties that held me. My hope was that when I became old enough I would run away.

Until I was eleven years old, it never occurred to me just what my plans would be when I ran away. The thought came to me one day in a most unexpected way when watching a flock of wild geese pass over. A few flocks always passed over the farm in the spring and fall on their way north and south. On this cold, windy November day I was working alone in the field when I heard the honk of the geese in the distance. As I stopped to watch them pass over, the thought came to me that I wanted to follow the life of the wild geese. It seemed to me that to be able to go and do as I liked would make life worth living. Perhaps it was not a very high ambition, but it can be easily explained by the fact that I had never been more than ten miles from the farm.

Four more years passed, and I anxiously waited to be off after the wild geese. One Sunday morning in June I started out with my few possessions in a bundle, mounted on an old worn-out bicycle.

My first stop was about eighty miles distant at Alfred, New York. Luck seemed to be with me, for I obtained employment on the campus of the University of Alfred. From then on I worked in restaurants, on farms, and in shops until I completed my high school education.

Looking back now I can still recall the thought of having conquered the world on receiving my high school diploma. The honk of the wild geese still rang in my ears, and so after graduation I once more packed my possessions and went to Rolla, Missouri. Here I worked on a road construction crew until fall, and then the idea came to me that I should have a college education. With this thought I enrolled in the Missouri School of Mines. As studying never was a serious thing to me, it soon dawned on me that I was far behind in my classes, and that the best thing I could do was to withdraw from the school.

Without giving much serious thought to my withdrawal from school, I immediately went to Vernon, Texas. Here I obtained employment in a new oil field that was just opening. It was a rather rough life among the boomers that follow these oil strikes, but it was just the life for which I had been wishing. Within a few months I had saved some money, as wages were very good. About this time I decided a change would do me good; the call of the geese had sounded once more.

In my high school days I was always

filled with the desire to see the wilds of Canada, and now seemed to be the time for such a move. Arriving in Toronto, I traveled around a few days and then obtained employment with a lumber company. They were sending out a crew to work all summer in Labrador. The work consisted of cruising timber and mapping. Miles away from civilization, it was truly in the wilds of Canada. I believe that I received more enjoyment per minute that summer than at any other time in my life. The early winter in Labrador brought us out of the woods in October. The crew was discharged, and it was necessary for me to find a new position.

From Toronto I went to Buffalo, New York, and during my first day there I obtained work with the Western Union Telegraph Company. My new work was with a crew of linemen, and it was the first time in my life that I really became interested in one kind of work. By putting all my efforts into the work, I soon earned the highest wages paid to linemen. The foreman of the crew evidently had observed my efforts. He arranged to have me transferred to New York City. In New York I worked on the ticker service of the company, or perhaps better to explain it, I installed and repaired the tickers used in the stock exchange offices on Wall Street. For two years I worked in and around New York; then the company transferred me to what was known as the "floating crew." This crew of men traveled anywhere in the United States to install telegraph office equipment and stock tickers. My traveling with them took me into nearly every state of the Union and all the larger cities.

Two years of traveling with never a stop longer than two weeks at a time became as monotonous as being located in one place for any length of time. Finally after following the wild geese for thousands of miles, I stopped to rest my roaming feet in Los Angeles, California.

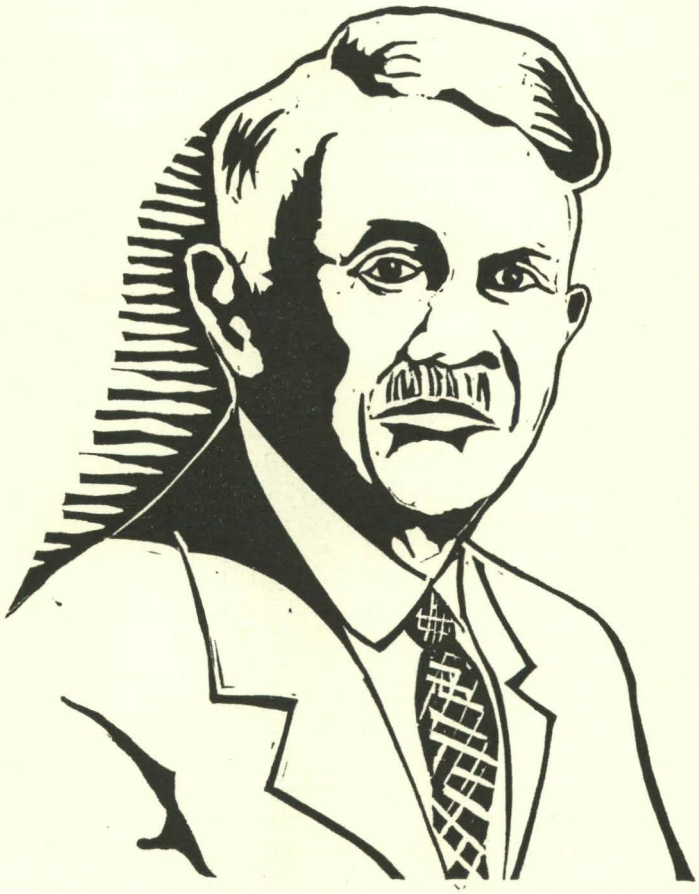
I realize now that in worldly possessions I am but little richer than the day I took flight; however, I believe that, like an old goose, I may say that I know the way of the roads and where they lead. Also I realize that I am late in starting to strive for a college education, but I have this consolation to lean upon: my hardest education is over, and I have a degree from the College of Hard Knocks.

ME AND MARKER

By MARTHA SLEETH

There were two personalities combined in my one person. As far back as I can remember, I have been conscious of another person who seemed to be part of me. When I was a child I named her Marker; consequently I was both Marker and Martha in my own mind. I found myself fascinated by her personality, as she often influenced me into doing things that I knew I should not. We used to hold real conversations and arguments for hours.

Marker was a very determined character, and generally won the arguments with Martha. During the years of my childhood I was under her spell. As I grew older she faded into my mental background, but did not entirely vanish. At times she would appear with almost all her old dominance, and once more I would yield to her power. Upon these reappearances I found that her character had changed, that she was no longer a bad influence, trying to tempt me to do what I knew was forbidden. Marker instilled in my mind ambitious longings for the unusual, beckoning me into unknown paths. As she vanished entirely with the years,



ARTHUR BURTON CORDLEY
Dean Emeritus of the School of Agriculture

(Portrait and Linoleum Block Print by William B. Gilbert, student in Engineering at Oregon State College)

I often found myself wishing for her return. Though she vanished, my remembrance was so vivid that I sometimes thought she was really by my side.

The loss of Marker was so great that I was impelled to find a friend who would help take the place of her. When I entered high school I became acquainted with a wonderful girl. As I came to know her my lessons were secondary with me, for her presence seemed necessary in whatever I did or wherever I went. I would often study my companion, and there I would recognize peculiarities similar to Marker's.

Together we discovered new fields. During our high school years we became fascinated with aviation. Whenever we had a spare moment, we went to a nearby air port, sat in some secluded spot, and with keen interest watched the ships take off and land. When we finished school we obtained positions at an air port, and worked for flying time. During the summer months we progressed very rapidly, and, before long, we were flying alone. We spent the summer in the air taking several cross-country trips. To be able to float among the clouds alone was certainly gratifying. We made many plans for the future, one of which was to have a girl's flying school of our own.

As the months flew by, I realized that my job could not last. I was to be sent to college without my companion. What a tragedy! Our plans had crumbled! My life had ended; there was nothing to look forward to—nothing!

Then one day I realized that I could use my college education in the business of managing an air service. While I was preparing for this my friend could be accumulating flying hours, in order to become a licensed instructor.

After all, my life has only started. I am looking forward to a very eventful future.

I wonder what Marker would think of me as a mistress of an air service.

NEIGHBORS

Don't thank me
For the food that you eat;
Don't thank me
For the shoes on your feet.

Don't thank me
For the pillow under your head,
Or that I rooted a tree
To mark your grandmother dead.

By the lamp in your hand
My own eyes see,
And the food that you eat
Nourishes me.

—Audred Arnold

INFORMAL ESSAYS

CARTER HAD OATS

By FLETCHER WALKER

I once lived in a locality where figures of speech seemed to be extraordinarily prevalent. Some were good; some were bad; and there was one in particular which I don't like. Now don't conclude that I am opposed to figures of speech or anything like that. I don't know enough about them to have formed an opinion for either side excepting this one to which I just referred.

When a native wanted to express the idea of supreme abundance or magnificent superfluity or any such thing as that, he would say "than Carter had oats." Suppose a man had a lot of rabbits and was boasting to his neighbor about them. I won't try to explain why anyone should have a lot of rabbits in the first place, or why he should be boasting about them even if he did have quite a few. In fact, I won't even swear that this man did have a lot of rabbits. But let us consider the two men. This man who may have had numerous rabbits would say that he had more rabbits "than Carter had oats," and he would feel that he had conveyed the idea that no other person in the world had more rabbits than he.

I don't doubt that some would find this very satisfactory, but even that fact won't make me like this expression. When anyone pops "than Carter had oats" at me, my train of thought goes off on a spur track, and I forget what my friend was talking about. I have never been able to figure out who this man Carter was, and I am worried. Was Carter a grain broker or a farmer? How does everyone know he had so many oats? I've never read about him anywhere. I didn't study him at school. How does anyone know there is any such man as Carter, and if Carter really exists, how does anyone know he really has any oats? Above all, if we believe that Carter was or is yet a real person who had quite a bit of grain, how many oats did he have, and how did he get them? That's just about the way my mind functions when anybody mentions Carter and his oats to me, and by the time I have become hopelessly lost in this labyrinth of thought I have forgotten what my friend is talking about. If I look up with a blank expression on my face and mumble, "Uh, what were you talking about?" he will probably leave me and never speak to me again. On the other hand if I just listen to him, I will never catch up with all he has said, and I am the loser either way. And Carter and his oats are responsible for all of this.

When I try to use this expression I am doomed to failure. Perhaps because I doubt its veracity I cannot make it sound impressive enough. When I concentrate on saying it impressively I blurt out something like "than Coxey had armies," which I immediately realize is the wrong thing to say. Anybody knows that Coxey had only one army, not a very large one, either. Even if I would displace Coxey with Napoleon it wouldn't sound so very impressive, because even Napoleon found there was a limit to picking up armies. When I talk this way people won't listen to me, and they shake their head sadly and leave me talking to myself. Therefore, I find that this expression is worthless to me, and perhaps other persons experience similar difficulties.

To overcome this "Carter complex" I make this suggestion. We should

change Carter and his oats to Carter and his inks or Smith Brothers and their cough drops or some such expression which is easy to remember and sounds logical. This will require the cooperation of everyone, though. It would sound just as bad as ever for me to be talking about Carter and his inks while everyone else is saying "than Carter had oats."

COURTESY AND TACT

By CLYDE ROBINSON

Courtesy and tact have at least one point in common, and that is the fact that both are good manners. From that point on, however, they are quite unlike. Courtesy is an outward show of politeness, while tact is that deeper sense of saying or doing exactly the suitable thing under any circumstances. Courtesy acts in the present; tact looks ahead to prevent embarrassment or hurt feelings in the future. Tact often turns a difficult situation into a humorous one merely by a well-chosen word or act, while courtesy keeps silent at such times.

I have walked into a room full of strangers every one of whom was extremely courteous, yet I have felt alone and very much out of things. At another time which I remember distinctly, I went to a party where several did not even speak my language; yet after five minutes there I felt as if I had known the whole group for years. The reason for this, I afterward decided, was the tact of one person who made me feel at home. The difference between tact and courtesy came to me very clearly that evening, and no doubt others have had it impressed on them similarly.

A story is told of the tact of a prominent hostess who gave a formal dinner for a distinguished man. The conversation at table turned to the beautiful and costly china which was in use for that special occasion, and the guests all remarked on its beauty and rarity. Just then, the guest of honor inadvertently let a cup slip from his fingers, and it shattered into fragments on the table. Instantly the hostess tapped a spoon against her cup, which also smashed. In the ensuing horrified silence she calmly remarked that the one fault of the china was that it was brittle as an egg shell. Courtesy might have overlooked the breaking of the cup, but it needed tact to make the guest feel that his blunder was not so bad after all.

BOTANY LURES

By LOUVERA HORN

The first tiny blue racemes of modest Spring Queen lifting fairy bells above its moist blanket of fir needles is the calling card taxonomic botany presents me early in February. For six months she will remain as a pleasant, entertaining guest. In previous summers she has familiarized me with numerous wild flowers of the Willamette Valley, and each succeeding year she acquaints me with more. If I ever find myself in a new locality, she will be there, too, furnishing me with a recreation more worthwhile than the ubiquitous bridge games or ephemeral summer flirtations.

With the hope that somewhere a specimen, unknown to me, may await, taxonomic botany lures me to marshy river-banks, up saxatile cliffs, even through echinate underbrush. The discovery of one unfamiliar flower compensates scratched fingers and weary feet. If I can return home with several new plants, carefully wrapped in damp moss and fern fronds, I am elated.

A sharp razor blade, a large embroidery needle, and two floras, the classi-

fied directories of the plant world, are the accessories I use in obtaining a scientific introduction to a new specimen. I scrutinize a plant more circumspectly than a sorority appraises a potential pledge. I probe with the needle, slice with the razor blade, and measure by millimeters, until every distinctive feature and individual peculiarity is known. By such careful observation of minute characteristics and the gradual elimination of all irrelevant attributes, I am finally able to call the flower by its complete appelation, the name of its family, genera, and species.

Amusing situations have occurred while I was engaged with botanical taxonomy. One day I brought home a weed pulled up from a neglected yard. Its square stem and irregular corolla immediately placed it in the mint family, the Menthaceae. As I sat on the porch, tracing the genera and species, the cat suddenly pounced upon my specimen. I, almost as quickly, retrieved the mutilated plant in order to continue its appraisal. Finding it was "Nepeta cataria," catnip, fully explained the feline piracy.

Before I made the acquaintance of botany, a walk in the woods was only a walk, a weed a meaningless plant, a cultivated garden merely a floral farrago. Now, a walk is an adventure; dusty roadside annuals are botanical friends; and a perennial border holds interesting, individual entities. Each species is unique. Even the lowly, common dock has significance if it may be called "Rumex."

When the plants go into hibernation, I tell my inimitable summer avocation good-bye. The floras and their concomitants are put away until spring's chinooks call up "Dentaria" and "Viola." Then, with eyes alert for new flowers, I again welcome taxonomic botany.

McWINNERY WALKS

By ENELSE JANZEN

"We are all a little bit crazy," remarked McWhorter's half-brother, McWinnery. He, McWinnery, was a poet, albeit not quite as good a poet as he was a philosopher. He said as much to the little black kitten that soft-pedalled beside him on the rainy walk, occasionally bumping a sympathetic, if uncomprehending head against his legs.

"Here is this thing, animal if you will, called I-I-I, as our brother Walt would have it. And here are you, animal also, caressing me quite as if you were Human, or shall I say as if I were Cat. Yes, that would be better. But then, we must allow for size. Yes, indeed, we must come to a common level. Shall we say as if you were a horse and I were another horse? That is bravely thought of, isn't it, Dobbin?" And McWinnery raised his chest a little higher, took out his pipe, and continued walking.

"And now that we are on an equine basis, perhaps we can talk horse-sense. To begin with, let us consider last night. I was contemplating the probability of enjoyment to be found in walking along the high wall of China, and looking down on the other side. The ratio was two to one in favor of its not pleasing me. I came to this conclusion upon measuring the distance of the fall in the event that I should lose my balance. I measured it to be a Long fall with a Long period of sleep after. And what if the Prince Charming should forget his duty to step lightly up and wake the Sleeping Beauty? Ah, I am forgetting myself, and turning myself in on a fairy world. But at least it was a good guess, wasn't it, Kitty?

"I beg your pardon. We are still on equine terms, are we not? Perhaps

eventually—but no more of that now.

"Then tomorrow night, I am planning a project to the mountains of Hyperborea. This is indeed a delicate undertaking, worthy of the most skillful technique. For some say, once Jove, still young and belligerent, threw two bowls of fire at Hyperborea, aiming at the giant statue of Apollo which stood in the courthouse square, but missing the image, struck Freya's cousin Frigga so surely that the fires were nearly put out by the impact. However, the bowls were saved from breakage and have been put on the roulette table in the Temple of Gerth. And I, horsey, this thing called I, am leaving tomorrow night on the 7:25 Greyhound stage for Hyperborea to obtain those magical bowls, expecting to get there by midnight of the following Tuesday.

"Which reminds me, I have an appointment with Circe at 11:52 sharp. Don't let me forget. But it's only 7:30 now, and my pipe has burned out. Got a match, old pal? Thanks."

McWinnery extracted a match from his vest pocket and leaned up against a weeping willow tree to scratch his back. The cat, or the Other Horse, took the hint and arched itself prettily and gently against McWinnery's leg. The rhythmic motion aroused an unusual sensation of tenderness in the philosopher, who stooped and stroked the kitten.

"To be sure, I am not greatly thrilled about this prospective encounter with the lady mentioned above. She has her charms, but so had Pamela, and Brunhilde, and Mary Alice, and certainly their names leave me cold and still. Nevertheless, her golden hair is a virtue not to be sneezed at. Yes, I shall see Circe tonight."

A little Austin trundled perilously close at that moment, and the Other Horse shrank timidly against McWinnery.

"Occasionally, pal, I think how pleasant it would be, if it were not so very necessary that I exert myself to these various excursions, and instead might sit in an easy chair with you purring on my lap, and I stroking your soft fur. But then, not engaging in the realities of combat, I should surely dream about them, thus dividing my powers and depriving you of your justly earned affection. Such disintegration of energy would be most unsportsmanlike; and so to avoid that messy feeling of accomplishing only half of that which I desire, I must choose between the multi-coloured satin of joy and the solid-coloured cotton of contentment.

"And now that that question is settled, let us consider the horizon. Lift your chin, Dobbin—do your eyes contact that line of poplars yonder? Graceful, are they not? Somehow I have a strange sensation in the bend of my elbow that tells me I have seen them before. On a blue wall. Of a tiny, fragrant room. Yes, yes, one and one do make two. They are to be found in a wall-hanging in Judith Marie's bedroom in Kansas City. Now **there** was a sweet child: fresh as a new morning, and superstitious as a gnome. Indeed, now that I pick up the thread again, I remember there were mornings over the coffee when I felt she must be a direct descendant of that ancient race of gnostics.

"Well, well, I shall be catching cold if I don't get back to the house, and Gog and Magog will be stuffing hot, unsweetened lemonade down my throat—Really, pal, occasionally I could wish to be a less brilliant animal, unsusceptible to atmospheric irregularities. But Atropos did not consider equinoctial changes when she planted the seed of me. She simply waved her brass wand above me, and shrilled, "Little acorn, into big oak grow"—and

here I am. No, she made no provision for the growth of twisting branches.

"Next week, when I return from Erebus where I expect to meet Kid Helen in a fencing bout, I'll finish this epos, Dobbin, old boy. So now, auf wiedersehen."

McWinnery turned and walked rapidly across the grass. When he reached the steps of his house, there was the black kitten beside him. McWinnery chuckled, tucked the innocent under his coat, and slipped noiselessly into the kitchen.

THE MAGIC OF DISTANCE

By GEORGE ELDREDGE

There is a mountain that can be seen from my home town. It stands, blue on the horizon, in the shape of the sight of a gun. I used to imagine it as a great sight and wonder what very far thing I could look at through its cleft pass. This hill is to me the very symbol of distance and its enchantment.

I have looked at Gunsight Pass and with it as a sort of seer's crystal have tried to visualize the great places of the earth—the Argentine country with its gauchos—the plains of Russia with their Cossacks, lance carrying, cruel Cossacks—the dry Sahara, and the nomads who eat dates. And gentler places—the middle west where the characters of books live, and New York with its skyscrapers. I have tried to imagine the roundness of the earth, which has no end, with all its people going about their separate ways, not knowing that I was thinking about them.

Into the blue sky over Gunsight Peak I have looked and felt the enchantments of distances unearthly. Astronomers treat their measurements so casually. The moon, they say, which shines so brightly, is beyond a quarter of a million miles of empty space. The sun's heat is diminished by ninety-two million miles of cold. And this distance from the sun to the earth they call a unit and put the fairy moons of Uranus—Ariel, Umbriel, Titania, and Oberon—eighteen units away. Then they give up all earthly measure and scale the heavens by light years. Millions of light years away there are island universes of suns which soundlessly whirl in million-year cycles. These distances are facts, they say, and these suns are true, but to me it is wizardry—and barely sane.

And there is distance in time with its enchantment. I have been in the spell of thoughts of the past. I have thought of the Carboniferous Era, when the coal measures were laid down. Picture the brainless insects that chirped and fought, then, on rotting marshes under the fern trees for so many aeons. Think of the glaciers with their great burden of ice that covered the land, and of the first men, grunting, ugly men, who were here when the glaciers left. They starved and struggled, unmindful of their heritage. I have thought of the birth of the earth in millions of miles of glowing gas, and of how one change melted into another, always continuing, until the present. There is the time to come with its extent. There are the unimaginable things man may do, the great cities he may build in time, the places he may go, or may not. There is the great cold, set for the earth in three million million million years. At the end of all will come the fearful entropy—death, to which the universe is constantly tending, after which all movement ceases.

These far things are to me the essence of all romance. In them I can forget any small friction in everyday life. Boredom disappears, and even monotony ceases in the presence of the enchantment of distance.

ARMS AND THE MAN

By MERVIN WATERS

My hobby, which is to me almost a passion, is that of collecting guns. From the days of my early childhood I have been interested in firearms. I started my present collection when I was only twelve years of age. The make or type of gun matters not to me; and as soon as I get sight of a gun, I at once become filled with a desire to hold it in my hands. I have in my collection at least one gun of every war that the United States has participated in. I recently acquired a musket that had been used by a soldier at Valley Forge. It is a queer looking piece and has a profile of George Washington crudely carved on the stock. I have also some revolvers that are quite historical. One of them, a repeating cap-and-ball pistol, was taken from the body of a dead Confederate major by my grandfather.

I met a young lady at a dance, and after seeing her home, was invited to call on her the following Sunday. On that day I met her father, and, in the course of conversation, I found that he too had the gun-collecting habit. I fear the young lady was sadly neglected that afternoon, for her father and I immediately retired to his den and talked guns. We negotiated a trade which consisted in my giving him an excellent Civil War rifle and in my receiving in return a dragoon pistol. This pistol is of the repeating, single-action, cap-and-ball type and, though it has no history, is one of the most beautiful pieces I have seen. It is of .44 calibre and is engraved with scenes of nature. It has a good finish, is silver plated, and takes a polish that fairly dazzles one. The hammer is curved to fit the thumb, and it has a hair-trigger. The ramrod is carried under the barrel, and the cylinder is of the side-swing type. The gun itself is balanced perfectly; and, though I have never shot it, I imagine it would make an excellent target piece.

My most prized possession is a machine gun taken from a German plane, which was shot down by my uncle in the world war. After forcing the other plane down, he landed near it and removed the guns. The plane was a two-seater, and in the rear cockpit was found the bullet-riddled body of a young woman. She bore no identification tags, and her presence in the plane remains as one of the unexplained mysteries of the war. Perhaps she was a spy being ferried across the lines to be landed in some desolate spot. This machine gun is in excellent condition and is of the water-cooled, clip-loading type. Most aero machine guns are of the belt-feed type; that is, the shells are fed into the mechanism of the gun by a belt. Other types use a drum which holds the shells and clamps in a horizontal position directly over the breech. This gun, however, is fed by a long clip which holds twenty-five cartridges and which is replaced as often as needed by the pilot. The gun had been synchronized to shoot through the propellor, and the synchronizing gear is still intact.

I keep these guns in an orderly array in cases built by myself. The weapons were nearly all presented to me by relatives and friends. Some of the guns I traded for; others I bought; and still others have been in the family for years.

One gun that I value very highly is a rare piece. I have never seen another like it. It is a flint lock, muzzle loading pistol. It is some eighteen inches in length and was used by a Chinese leader in the Boxer Rebellion. It was captured, by a relative of mine, along with its owner. It saved this relative's life by not going off when pointed at

him.

I prize my collection very highly, although it has cost me little except a deal of labor. It now numbers thirty-nine pieces, consisting of six shotguns, nineteen rifles and muskets, thirteen revolvers and pistols, and one machine gun.

DISCOVERY

By ANITA POST

Hobbies—intriguing side-lines, most people revel in one or more. And there was once a young woman at an agricultural college, who considered herself reasonably well educated and informed, who nourished the hobby of leafing past all pages bearing poetry with a quick defiant flip. This practice gave her a smug sense of satisfaction and consistency. Poetry bored her vastly. Poets were queer people who wandered through the world scribbling odes and sonnets, glorifying the daisy and the nightingale, who invoked the moon as Luna and babbled of limpid waters. They lived irregular lives and penned passionate lines about their mistresses or scratched verses while drunk in country inns. They married unhappily or more often neglected the sacred rite, became drug addicts, lived strange secluded lives and generally disregarded their responsibilities.

Then once this proud young woman was caught—trapped, and for weeks was smothered in poetry. No escape the steady beating and swelling of the cadences surging over her head as the voice read on undaunted. There began to filter through her persistent prejudice a vague notion that soon became a shamed admission that she was an indigent, arrogant fool. She could have wept as she realized what she had deliberately denied herself. Crushed and forlorn, she viewed her own inanity in dismissing poetry from her consideration.

There were lines she could not forget—lines that seemed carved of ivory and jade, of opal and marble. Verses pictured her thoughts, her dreams, her memories more adequately than she believed possible. Words and lines were more perfect than pictures; fascinating details peeked from behind the singing phrases. More sensuous than perfume, more true than reality read the lines she might have treasured centuries of hours ago. Poets, she found, had snared with a gleaming net of silver the words that escaped from her groping mind and piled them on golden platters till they overflowed with poignant beauty. She was filled with a gratitude, a contentment—like a sigh escaping, like a rest after a struggle. Here were desires fulfilled, dreams materialized, lost scenes regained.

And she saw that poets were crystal gazers with magic quills to record the shimmering pictures. Poets were magicians that conjured up round, beautiful tones and exquisite movement; they possessed the divining-rod of true vision, the water-of-forgetfulness that carried her to a secret world.

She found that she had the magic words in her power that could transport her "miles away" from the college, from worry. In long quiet hours before a crackling fireplace, basking in the heat of the sun, relaxing from fatigue, she spoke the magic words and rested in the sincerity and beauty of Robert Frost, or viewed the world through the clear piercing eyes of Carl Sandburg, or walked with Amy Lowell in a world of dazzling colors and swift darting words. She found that the star-dust of all the centuries was scattered for her searching fingers to clasp, and the magic word was desire.

ODD JOBS

By JACK NAYLOR

Parting company with dignity and artificiality must be the first procedure in packing one's bags for a journey to that evasive, nigh mythical, land of true satisfaction and contentment. That is merely a personal contention, of course, a contention, however, which is strongly supported by the fact that lying fundamentally beneath the leisure activity and recreational ambitions of multitudes of men is a rebellion of soul against system, white-collared civilization, and the exacting complexities of modern industrial life. Such philosophy lends itself excellently to fact. At any rate it should not be amiss to consider one whose desires seem to exemplify it.

Since we deal with a characteristic rather than a personality, it will suffice to speak only of a friend. Refinement, education, and culture were his to a moderate degree. But these were merely the objects of a memory which was characterized by extreme laxity when he was perfectly at peace with the world, truly living—vocationally. Seeing him buried from head to hips among grease-lined, muck-coated organs of a wheezy machine, or faintly discernible midst a miniature tornado of dust out in the garden patch or poultry yard on a blistering mid-summer's afternoon, or spattered from head to foot with sticky oil paint, perhaps but recently emerged from a shower of brilliant calcimine, or possibly knee deep in a sticky rain-soaked trench draining an ill-contoured farm yard, one might vouch that his was a contented heart.

Physical activity provides one of the greatest stimulants for promoting mental tranquillity and discourages all but that which is optimistic. In that respect there is little which provides more perfect satisfaction than just odd jobs. They usually require but little skill and little care; they are crude to an extreme. Filth they transmit aplenty to him who indulges enthusiastically. The activity, the invigorating influence of perspiration and motion, and the sense of completion when a task is accomplished leave no room in an individual's emotions for that which is morbid or disagreeable. Greater joy than these provide, however, characterizes a task's aftermath, the realization that one has gaind results, that one's efforts have been transformed into visible accomplishment, that a reasonable quantity of rest and recreation can conscientiously be enjoyed. Again clean and polished, mentally fresh after merely some odd tasks achieved, one can look the world in the face and feel necessary.

The friend of our consideration lacks little to provide happiness. The blessing of odd jobs has been witheld from none. It constitutes one of the great attractions of home. There, innumerable and apparently insignificant tasks spring up about me like sabres in a Moslem ambush; home is a veritable battlefield of duty. System, supervision, and personal care may be cast away and one may act wholly unencumbered by artificiality. Appreciation constitutes the sole remuneration—but wait! The content of soul, and peace of mind, health of body, and pride of achievement which odd jobs inspire are rewards greater than the unprincipled spoils of capitalism can ever in themselves provide.

Unharnessed from duty and at command of their own time, some men cast their eyes towards creative goals; some collect, repair, or play; some, like our friend, find all that they seek in the yard, in the shop, and in the shed. For him there exists more inspiration, more fundamentals hidden away midst the

mud and manure of the farm or the house-yard than are harbored in the most glamorous of social retreats. With him some of us agree unreservedly. But, friend, the choice is yours.

ALWAYS AN ENGINEER

By DONALD R. MONROE, JR.

Although I did not formerly know it, it seems to me now that I have always been an engineer. Ever since I was too small to reach my father's hand without looking up, my interests and hobbies have been in things mechanical. It used to fascinate me to watch a wheelbarrow pushed across the lawn. The very sight of a wheel in motion made me want to know not only how, but also why it worked. I remember once, when I was very small, my father was cleaning the carbon from the engine of our car; I was so awed by the complicated machinery that I rushed to my room in tears, distressed that I was unable to understand it. I was comforted only when Dad told me he did not understand it either when he was my age. It did not occur to me that when he was my age there were no autos to worry about. All that people cared about then was how many miles they would get to the bale of hay.

Any boy who has the interests I had is afflicted with the mail-order bug. I sent away for so many gadgets just to see how they worked that I hate to think how much novelty companies have profited from my business. Any such alluring advertisement as, "Boys, throw your voice," or "See our new X-Ray machine for ten cents; see through wood, stone, anything," would send me running for writing paper.

When I got into high school I had the good fortune to have a study hall in the same room in which the physics class recited. I call this good fortune in view of the fact that I spent many hours to the pleasant sound of such terms as ergs, kilowatts, and B. t. u. when I should have been studying. After I started to study foreign languages, ancient and modern, I soon found out that my interests did not lie in that direction and turned my efforts toward science as much as possible.

Then I got my Ford. It was one of Henry's time-honored Model T's. I believe that I could not have derived more pleasure from that car if it had been a Packard roadster. Whether it needed it or not, I would tear it apart, clean it, grind the valves, and put it back together again. I would glow with satisfaction if there was any improvement in the way it ran. The old bus never failed me for want of repair. There was always something to be done. When it wasn't a flat tire, the valves needed grinding; and when the engine was in perfect shape (to the best of my knowledge), the rear end managed to go back on me.

After all this manifestation of engineering ability I was foolish enough to sign up for a business course on entering college. It was only my father who saved me from utter ruin in the ranks of the commerce crowd, for he knows me better than I do myself, and persuaded me to register as an engineering student.

I sometimes wonder how it would feel to be different and derive my pleasure from trading among my friends. I know there is romance in selling and bartering, but to me it is dead compared to the romance in designing and building machines.

MOTHER'S DAY

Why can't it ever be thus in life,
That I do and say
Forever the good things I think
On Mother's Day?

—George W. Mabee

NARRATIVE

ROASTED 'POSSUM

By HOWARD GIBBS

"Sickum, Napoleon, sickum! Dere 'e gwine! Ketchum, boy! Slide he up dat tree dere. Now we is got he fo' shoah."

Mossy-Mose had ransacked that old twisty forest for hours, spurred on by the thoughts of a plump, greasy 'possum sizzling and dripping on a service-worn turnspit in an ancient fireplace.

Napoleon was an enormous, somewhat lazy hound, who was actually fat in spots. He could hunt by night much better than he could in the daylight, and he absolutely refused to share his work with another hound. When an opossum attracted Napoleon's discreet sense of smell he might just as well give up right then, for Napoleon would never stop until he had finished his job.

"Now, Napoleon, you-all stan' back whilst ah clambs dis yere tree an' grabs ol' mistah 'possum by he tail. Shet up, boy, you is done bahked enough fo' one night."

The cold sun was red in the eastern sky when Mossy-Mose and Napoleon came slumping across the wobbly footbridge to the cabin door. They had a warm feeling of satisfaction even though their feet did ache and their hide throb from brier scratches, for there, dangling from a stick on Mossy-Mose's shoulder, hung a big fat opossum with a pink belly.

Mossy-Mose shoved open the door and hurried in. He dropped his treasure by the hearth and poked under a black pot at some coals that snapped and jumped angrily. He lifted the old black pot from the coals and smiled at himself in the shiny lid. Then he kindled the fire into a roaring demon, because the morning was nippy with frost.

While Mossy-Mose was eating a light breakfast of corn pone, pot liquor, and molasses-sweetened water, brother Kerfew stuck his head through the doorway and bellowed a startling "good-mawning." He sniffed the air, while his big eyes rolled with pleasure.

"Do Jedus, you-all is done gone an' ketched a 'possum. Gawd, how ah do lub roast possum. Is you-all gwine hab comp'ny fo' dinnah?"

"No, ah ain' gwine hab no comp'ny fo' dinnah, an' you-all don' need to go castin' no hints toahds me. Me an' Napoleon, we gwine eat dis yere 'possum all by weseves, same as we-all ketched it by weseves."

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, brothuh, you-all is gittin' wuss meaner eby day! You-all is plumb flabuhgastin' stingy."

"Shet you mouf, brothuh Kuhfew. You-all am de one what am stingy. How 'bout de time young Missy fum de big house runned thu you-all's tuhkey flock an' kilt two ob de very bes' ones. You-all didn' imvatation me noah nobody else to hep eat dem up. You-all jes gouhged yousef twill you was sick like ol' Missy Columbus's pisoned pup. Go on! Git out'n mah house afoah ah busts you haid wif dis yeah skillet! You stingy ol' tick-louse!"

Brother Kerfew shuffled out and across the rickety footbridge, while Mossy-Mose angrily jerked the slick soft skin from the poor limp opossum. In a few moments the opossum was ready, and Mossy-Mose stuck it into the turnspit over the fire.

While the opossum sizzled and browned and bright drops of grease fell into the pan beneath it, Mossy-Mose sat in his easy chair with its saggy raw-hide bottom and nodded wearily. It had been a long hunt, and now it was time to rest. Napoleon, too, was stretched out on a pile of dried corn husks, catching up on lost sleep.

Hours passed, and still silence prevailed within Mossy-Mose's cabin. Finally old brother Kerfew came waddling back across the footbridge. The smell of roasting 'possum was so heavy in the air as almost to hypnotize him. Maybe Mossy-Mose would relent a little and give him at least a tiny pinch of that 'possum. He slowly pushed open the door and peered into the room. There sat Mossy-Mose with his arms dangling and his head away back. He was asleep, but a wide grin wrinkled his shiny cheeks, and eager slobbers oozed over his chin. It was quite evident that he was dreaming about eating roasted 'possum. Well, what else could he dream about in an atmosphere filled with the odor of that delicately browning flesh?

As he took in the scene an idea came to brother Kerfew, and he immediately set to work. Tip-toeing waveringly across the floor to the fireplace, he jabbed a sharpened stick into the 'possum and found that it was done to a turn. Then he dipped up some of the grease from the pan and cooled it a little. With a few deft strokes he swabbed the still-warm grease over Mossy-Mose's dangling fingers and smiling lips. Then he jerked the roasted 'possum from the turnspit and wrapped it up in his white muffler and hurried quietly out the door toward home with that precious bundle under his jumper.

Half an hour later Mossy-Mose was awakened by Napoleon's scratching at the front door. He looked at the vacant turnspit and then at his greasy fingers and rubbed them over his equally greasy mouth. Then he felt wonderingly of his empty stomach.

"Dat 'possum sho' am gone. Mah finguhs am greasy. Mah mouf am greasy. Ah shoah did glom dat 'possum, but ah still don' feel lak mah innahds am full."

HELLO, STRANGER

By Dorice Gunzel

"Hello, Stranger, —new around the big drag?"

"Yah," acquiesced the Stranger, a big, blond, twinkling-eyed, grinning kid of eighteen years, as he reached down deeper into his baggy blue jeans, shuffled his big feet, and forgot to drop his German. "How did you know I was a stranger?" the youth ventured.

"Well, now thet ain't hard ter' figger' out, seein' ya' standin' in front o' this here map a studyin', and a starin' up at the tops o' them tall buildin's. Take a squint at yer clothes; we ain't seen a pair o' them baggy jeans on any bloke but a Heinie since Brooklyn lost er' bridge.

"Listen, you—where ya' shippin' off to? Goin' west? Better stick around in li'l ol' Noo York—she ain't so bad after ya' get acquainted. See here, I'll knock ya' down to some o' the gang. We'll play a little game o' pool. How ya' fixed with yen—need any?"

"Sure, I got plenty with me, but I oughta be hunting for a bunk. Want to be setting sail before long. I'm not much good at pool anyway."

"Well, while yer' decidin', we'll play a little game, and I'll fix ya' up fer the night. Come on."

The two made their way down the narrow street, filled with a curious mixture of alien-looking men, all creeds and all colors, with their hungry looks and stary eyes. They twisted and retraced steps through dirty alleys where the population became denser and the surroundings more squalid.

Then a turn to the right brought them to a marred and dirty entrance of a ramshackle old building. In a moment they entered a dingy, low-ceilinged room, so filled with smoke and stuffy, foul odors that it was almost impossible to get a deep breath.

Around a table some hard-looking men with fags drooping from their mouths were apparently shooting pool. Some had grooved and hollow-looking faces with beady, dark eyes. Others wore slouch caps and dirty, ill-fitting clothes. Orientals and whites mingled. Their stares were chilling.

"Well, boys, here's a guy who wants to shoot a little game. Who's on with a little bet? Who takes a challenge?"

At once several guttural acquiescenses were heard, and some shuffled up for the game.

The boy realized he had let himself in for a bigger bite than he could chew. He at once wished he hadn't come. After all, he hadn't consented; he had been talked into it—forced.

The game was on. It started at quite a large stake, and as it progressed more money piled in. Men cursed gruffly. The game wasn't going so well. The German was winning out. He had staked all he had to his name—three hundred and fifty dollars, many miles from home whence could come more.

The stake had reached a considerable amount. Smilingly he began to rake it in. Dutch luck.

Suddenly there was a hush, and apparently a signal was given. The men closed in. The Stranger spoke up. "Well, Heinie, I guess you lose de game. Sorry we gotta' call dis all fer today."

"Yah, but I won the game; this makes me a rich man."

Nothing was said, so he reached for the stake. As he did, he felt something hard and forbidding pressed to his ribs.

"Naw, ya' don't. Now beat it—scram!" snarled a wizened rat.

The youth looked around from face to face as they kept closing in on him, their hard eyes glued to his face. He noticed that each pocket in each man's coat had a hand in it with a business-like bulge pointed squarely in his direction.

He stepped back, and the money slipped through his fingers.

"Yah, I guess you win. I'll be on my way," he managed to utter.

Sick at heart and with a gloomy outlook on the prospects of getting any further, and as thoroughly angry as a hot-headed German can be, he found his way out of the ill-smelling den to the clear street again.

He saw two policemen standing at the corner, swinging their clubs, so he walked up to them and gloomily explained his plight.

The policemen were sorry that it wasn't on their beat and that they could do nothing about it.

"Yah," said my father, "they get a rake off the stake, mebbe, too."

MORE MATTER, WITH LESS ART

The hills that live about our town
Are sometimes green, and sometimes brown;
Their backs are old and slightly bent,
But I am sure they are content
To be the hills about our town,
And sometimes green, and sometimes brown.

—Dorothy L. Anderson

VARIETY

SPINACH

By SAM PEARSON

Just what is spinach and why must we eat it? Many people just take spinach for granted and never stop to analyze what it is or why we should eat it. As the dictionaries would have it, spinach is a chenopadiaceous pot herb (Spinacia dacorea) cultivated for its leaves, which are eaten boiled—with a dash of salt, vinegar, and sand. There are other plants traveling under the same name, but they are cheap imitations. This particular green has a very high iron content and is consequently good for one's health. Maybe the last stated fact is the reason why so many people, especially young people, shun it. Small children seem to have a particular dislike for it despite the fact that it is a muscle builder and is supposed to keep one healthy. For example, take Popeye and Bernarr MacFadden; they have been eating spinach since they were small children with the result that they are well known as specimens of physical perfection.

Spinach is a dish of international significance, the word itself being derived from words in French, Spanish, Armenian, and Persian; however, it tastes the same in any language. It is often spoken of abhorrently, as if it were something poisonous and repulsive; on the other hand a few people mention it with respect to the fact that it is very healthful and quite palatable. One must admit that a liking for spinach must be acquired, since at first it reminds one of eating so much cooked grass. This flavor is easily overcome, however, by adding vinegar; enough of it will completely disguise the flavor of the spinach, and one who likes vinegar can enjoy his repast. If a person does not like vinegar, the chances are he will never enjoy his spinach. In my opinion, spinach without vinegar is like pretzels without beer or corned beef without cabbage. But after all there is nothing radically wrong with spinach except the thought of eating it. It is in bad repute because people seem to have an inbred prejudice against anything that is supposed to be good for them. Were it considered a delicacy like artichokes or asparagus, neither of which has any better flavor than spinach, people would be clamoring for it. As far as I can see, the only solution for this plant's problem is for some famous chef to prepare it in a new way which I have discovered; the recipe is as follows: mix a quantity of spinach with an equal amount of onions; add a few tablespoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce and salt to taste; place in a casserole and sprinkle with grated limburger cheese; insert in a hot oven and bake until done. This creation has a new and distinct flavor and is served under the name Espinache a Oloracea; with this title it should be able to insinuate itself into the dining rooms of society and from there to practically every garbage can in the civilized world.

ROOKED AGAIN

By WINIFRED WARNER

Last night I attended the annual Rook dance. Ah, what memories! Mustard plasters on both feet would be intense delight compared to the aching, pulsing, burning anguish they are now going through. Every ounce of enthusiasm is gone as I sit here, thinking of the pleasures of youth.

For weeks ahead, the dance is dis-

cussed. There will be no fussing. Chaperons are guests and should be treated as such. No girls will have to be wall flowers. Only freshmen will be allowed at the dance. All rooks must take a girl home, and those who do not must give serenades the rest of the night.

The great day finally comes, and the rookesses go around in a daze thinking that at last they will get a break. Who started all of this "three boys to every girl" stuff, anyway, and what brought about half of the female population to good old O. S. C.?

After hours of "What on earth shall I wear?" "Do you really think some one will dance with me?" "What if I have to come home by myself?" Kidder Hall, in a great dither, finally prepares to depart for the dance. One last encouraging word is sent out: "The preceptress says that every girl has about ten boys standing around her at once."

Strains of soft music float up as we prepare to descend to the dance floor. The music isn't so clear now. What is that distant rumbling, growing louder and louder? What is that scraping and shuffling? The mystery is explained as we come into view of the dance floor. The Fountain of Youth! What could more aptly describe this bubbling, seething, foaming, even damp and trickling mass of humanity?

We prepare our elbows for the battle and start shoving through the crowd. The old family friend is upon us, and we make our way to the field of combat. By the time the music ends we have been thrown for a ten-yard loss, the ball is given to the other side, and play is resumed. The next victim is "terribly sorry—but you know I'm just learning to dance," and after mentally subtracting another seven dollars or so from the diminishing bank account for new shoes, toil is once more taken up.

This goes on for hours. Chaperons and guests are kicked under foot. The punch gives out the first half hour. Upperclassmen swarm through the room. Black 35's, evergreen branches, lost handkerchiefs, neckties, and even belts and shoes are churned under foot. Sad-eyed girls along the wall gaze with envy at the dancers. Perspiring, pimple-faced boys rush about vainly searching for dates.

Ah, the sweet echoes of "Home Sweet Home, be it ever so Humble," and the dance is over. A mad clamoring for coats ensues, accompanied by more crushed feet, torn skirts, and jabbed ribs. Rook "bibles" are stamped, and we hurry out into the fresh air—and rain. The Rook Dance becomes another part of the delightful memories we have of our freshman year in college.

MAD MOMENT

By Betty Losse

The question is: what is it that every campus has, co-eds boast of, townspeople gossip about, he-men and athletes sneer at, and collegiate clothing shops pray for? The answer is unanimous: the college "mad-moment." He is the one great heart-throb, with an athlete's physique, but no accountable activity, a flair for the latest fashions, and an unsurpassable skill as a tea dancer. He has a smooth line, with that flattering ability to make any girl feel like the one girl, although she unwillingly admits that he is merely relapsing into his already worn-out phrases. He can croon fraternity songs, hit-of-the-week songs, any songs, in a low, soulful whisper. He has a look of having been, having seen, and having conquered. His is the ability to alternate between worldliness and simplicity, between joking and sincerity, to string three or four girls along success-

fully for months at a time. He makes dates and breaks dates at last-minute notice. He is a "chiseler," a cut-throat, but a darling. He can break a girl's heart, and, a week later, pull the same trick on her best friend. Girls fight over him, men could take him for a ride with pleasure; but he out-smarts them by not giving them a chance. He drives his own under-slung phaeton, and blows his electric moo-horn egotistically. Really he is a coward, for he hates scenes unless he is the chief tormentor. He would run from a man half his size, yet he is a dyed-in-the-wool woman slayer. Can he help it? What will he do in ten years when his youthful swagger seems childish, and his wavy hair is streaked with gray? What glory will be his when that Greek-god physique is swathed in fat? Probably a memory book bulging with snap shots, letters, and dance programs will be his sole souvenir. Still, do we feel sorry for him? No, we envy him. None of us would refuse a date with him; he will always be our college problem, our weak point, and our great desire.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

By GORDON GRANT

Well, here we are again, folks, back on old Listerine Field for the gridiron battle of the year, and speaking of gridirons, remember, folks—for those de-e-licious waffles after the game go to Poison Pete's Place—bring your friends and families—you know the old saying—"Poison Pete's for Peppy Parties"—heh heh—By the way, radio friends, this is Brayem Masslamee broadcasting through the courtesy of the Moochem Cab Company of this city—remember to call for a Moochem Cab—Flatwheel eight one one three—"More Miles for the Money with Moochem"—It's a great day, folks, and the field in perfect condition—the weather man was so good to us today he must have taken his Peppy Pellets this morning—heh heh—"They make you laugh and play and feel glad to be alive"—Get a box today and feel like a new man tomorrow—

Here comes the home team on the field—the rooters are going wild—looks like we'll have plenty of the old spirit today—just a minute, folks, and I'll have Barry Bumpoff, captain of the Tigers, give us a word or two—Say something to the audience, will you, Barry?—

"Hello, fans, this is Barry Bumpoff—I just want to say that I've smoked Hayburner cigarettes for six years now, and you'll see for yourself that they haven't hurt my football playing any—Hello, maw, sorry you couldn't come see us beat these guys"—

Thanks, Barry—And now, folks, they're lining up ready to kick off—Here comes a yell from the Tiger stands, so I'll turn the mike around and let you hear it—

"Give'm Scott's Emulsion!
Give'm Scott's Emulsion!
Where can you get it?
Any drug store—Any drug store!!
Rah-Rah-Rah
SCOTT'S EMU-UL-LSION!!

Here's the kickoff—the Tigers receive the ball on their own twenty-two yard-line, where Bumpoff is downed by Czensky—first down and ten yards to go—and let me remind you here, folks, that before **you** kick off—the Sunrise Life Insurance Company offers—etc. etc.

(And they call it amateur football)

MY FIRST HAIR-CUT

By ALICE MERRITT

Mother combed my corkscrew curls with long, loving strokes. Then she went to the kitchen to get the scissors out of the sewing machine drawer. Everything seemed bright and shining to my ten-year-old eyes, for the eventful day had come, the day when I would have my hair cut. I sat in the bright noonday light which shone through the dining room window and watched a cobweb sparkling in the sunlight and a brilliantly glistening icicle hanging from the eaves outside the window.

I heard a board squeak in the doorway, and mother came back into the circle of light. She put a clean, red-checkered towel over my shoulders. As I followed the red lines with my eyes, I felt the cold scissors on my neck. I heard the snip-snap of the scissors, and a long strand of hair fell to the floor. One side of my hair was cut off to just below my ears. Mother gave me a mirror to study the results. I looked into the mirror, and oh—I was a stranger! I did not look like myself at all. My head looked short and my hair looked straight and stiff on the ends. I felt a tear trickle down my cheek, and I brushed it away for fear somebody should see.

Mother cut the other side, and then she took the towel off my shoulders and prepared to sweep the hair from the floor. Looking at the thick, soft pile lying there on the floor, I felt a crushing sense of loss. The tears trickled down my face, and my eyes filled so that I could not see. I smiled half-heartedly in an attempt to seem pleased, then I grabbed frantically at the towel and ran sobbing from the room, for I was ashamed to let my mother see me crying after I had begged so long to have my hair cut.

I hid myself in the bedroom for half an hour, then I emerged somewhat pacified but still sorrowful. Mother gave me ten cents and told me to run down to the store to buy her a loaf of bread. With the dime in my hot, sweating palm, timidly I ventured out of doors. Whom should I see but Lucille. She was boss of the neighborhood gang, the oldest of the group, and president of all existing organized clubs.

But she did not scorn me and turn away. Instead, she ran to me and threw her arms around me. "Oh, it looks swell," she gushed. "Why didn't you tell me you were going to do it?" I tore myself from her grasp without an answer, and with haughty, mincing steps I trotted down to the store for bread. I held my head high, and I tossed it about so that my short hair might better proclaim its shortness.

THE SQUIRTIN' BEE

By H. F. CAMERON, JR

Nestled among the somber pine clad hills in Maine is a farm. And such a farm! Almost every bit of ground is hallowed by the memory of some childish prank. Every tree and bush played some part in modeling my life. Every knoll, each little twist of the brook, the paths through the woods, the long stone walls, all conjure up dreams of childhood. The house is long and rambling. Its staunch frame, hand hewn by some Pilgrim's hands, is a lasting tribute to the workman's skill. Across the road sits the barn. That was our castle, our fort, our dungeon, in fact, whatever our childish imagination needed for the completion of some game. The tunnels in the hay, the aisles between the feed bags, the horses' stalls, and all the various machinery were anything we wished them to be. But my mind always turns to the row of stanchions. There it was

that I first felt that exhilaration of success, and then drained the dregs of bitterness in defeat.

Every evening I dogged the hired man at his chores. I stood spellbound while he milked, watching his quick, sure motions that sent the streams of milk so unerringly into the bucket. Often I pestered him until he let me try to milk. It seemed as though I would never be able to make a good job of it. But perseverance will always win in the long run. One day I discovered that I could do a creditable job. I could even squirt it about five yards. Then I knew how a mountain climber feels when he reaches the top of a new peak. Running just as fast as I could I hit for home. My exultant shout of, "Mamma, come see me milk," still rings in my ears.

Mother was going to a dinner that night, and she had just put on a new dress. In vain did she argue. She could not evade coming. I was adamant upon the point, and at last she reluctantly followed me to the barn. With all the pride and dignity of a drum major I strutted over to a stool. Placing a lard bucket between my chubby knees I started milking. The milk zinged into the bucket in a manner that would tickle an expert's heart. With each successive stroke, confidence in my ability grew within me. Straight milking was not enough. I must show my ability as a marksman. With a proud, "Watch me squirt, Mother," I half turned on my stool, and judging the range to a nearby cat I pulled the trigger. Aghast, I dropped my bucket! My trusty aim had failed! Mother's new dress was spattered from top to bottom. Then I regained control! With a jump I started on my way. But for once I started too late. For several days a milking stool was much too hard. I needed at least three cushions for real comfort.

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a very brief story

he stopped kissing her
and lit a cigarette

when a man
stops kissing you
to light a cigarette

you might as well
pull on your gloves
put on your hat
repair the ravages
time and his technique
have made

and go back home
to harwood court

and so she sighed
pulled on her gloves
put on her hat
reddened her lips
went stoically back

to harwood court.

—Paul Shinoda