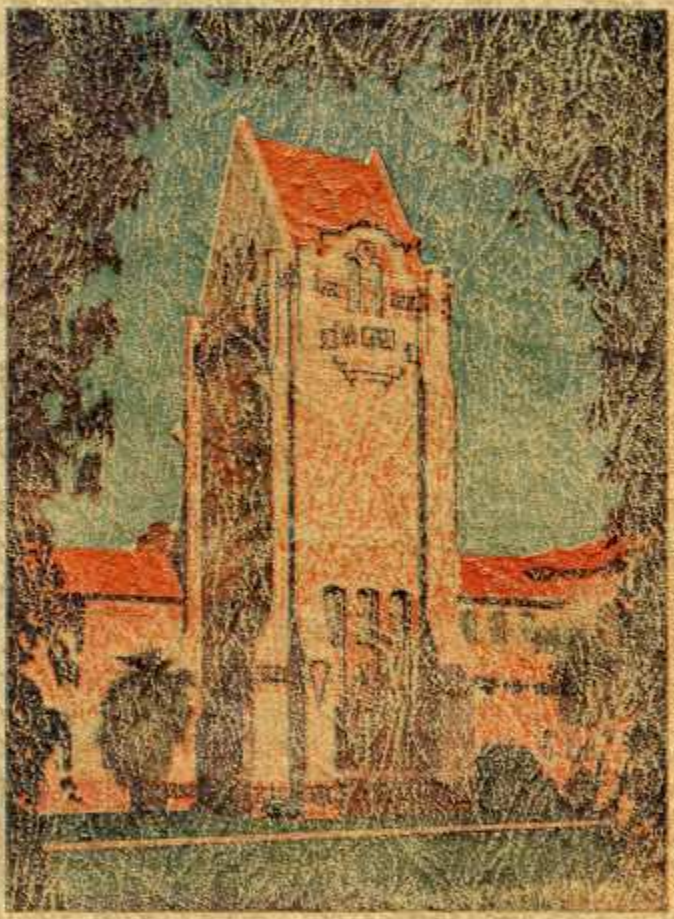
EL PORTAL



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EL PORTAL

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SPRING

Curved, swaying shadows on a smoothed pool,
White crystals round a sudden darting fin —
What have I learned while Time was keeping school
Though never stern to call her pupils in?
Have I sought truth in rooms where thought is thinned
With idle words poured into books in rows?
And all that while the free, athletic wind
Was running over tree-tops on his toes.
Down by my knees his supple younger brother
Slides through the grass, green, touched with silver grey —
What were those words that bothered one another
To prove that God had died— or moved away?
The birds wing by — one drops a shining feather;
God's soul and mine laugh quietly together.

VIOLA JOHNSON

TOURNAMENT

ANTHONY ARIOTO

"Paging Mr. Cornell for semi-finals! Paging Mr. Cornell for semi-finals!"

The small ball-boy marched through the exhibition courts, crossed the spacious lawn, dodging the bridge tables, squeezed through the throng on the veranda, and stood despairingly in the lounge room of the Vancouver Tennis Club.

"Paging Mr. Cornell," he shouted as he sat on the cold hearth and mopped his brow.

Why was Bill inevitably late for matches? Court number one was empty. The grandstand on the opposite side was a mass of expectant and impatient humanity. The sun-baked referee stood in the shade of the stand with score pad and pencil. Linesmen sat blinking and cooking in the hot August sun. Bill's opponent, blonde, lanky, and British, sat in his low wicker chair with his four racquets on his lap. He knew that victory for him would be only a matter of luck, and hoped that Bill would not put in an appearance until the twenty minute grace period had elapsed. Yes, a default would put him in fine shape for the finals, especially after those unexpected easy men he had swept out in the first rounds of play.

He was due for a disappointment, however, for, a few moments later, the roar of Bill's great roadster was to be heard rumbling over the coarse gravel drive. With a shrieking of brakes the car lunged forward as the wheels stopped — then settled comfortably back to normal position. Bill bounded out, and banged the door. Both arms drove into the rumble and pulled out his bag and racquets. With five running strides, he was inside the main entrance, grinning impishly. Albert Lenoire, manager of the tournament, stood before him, arms akimbo, trying his best to look stern.

"Do you know—?"

"I'm not late by any chance, am I?"

"Oh, no, sir, you're not due to play until four this afternoon, I'm sure," Lenoire murmured sarcastically. "Get into your clothes in five minutes if you know what's good for you, you young scoundrel!"

He laughed and slapped Bill a whack on the back. Bill, still grinning, cocked his head on one side, shrugged his shoulders, and made for the locker room.

He had followed tennis since he was fourteen, had eaten, slept, and dreamed tennis. His room at home was full of junior trophies from all parts of the country. Now, no longer able to compete in junior

competition, he was unmercifully taking all titles for which he played. This year was his most successful. Not counting small wins, he had taken titles from Southeast, South, Southwest, and Pacific, and was now trying for the Northwest championship.

He was a likeable chap, not handsome, but strangely attractive. His sandy hair was a bit too sandy, and always fell about his ears in a most amusing fashion. His deep, widely set eyes were a vivid blue, and his features were heavy with a determined chin for a foundation.

He crossed the lounge nonchalantly, nodding and smiling to acquaintances, but once in the locker room, he threw off his clothes, and quickly hopped into sparkling white shirt and ducks — he could not get up the courage to play in shorts in conservative Vancouver. Mechanically, he slipped on his woolen socks and sneakers; then, swinging his sandy mop back to normalcy with two sweeps of his comb, he picked up his racquets and dashed for the door.

It was exactly two minutes later that he and the Briton strode through the gate of court number one amid the cries and cheers of the crowd in the grandstand and on the lawn. The match, from the standpoint of battle, was a complete failure. Bill's variations of stroking completely overwhelmed his opponent. Throughout, Bill's game was aggressively offensive, while the young Briton played an utterly poor one at defense. It took Bill forty-five minutes to win, and, in each of the three sets, he allowed his opponent no more than one or two games. After the final hand-shaking, Bill picked up his racquets and marched toward the clubhouse. Amid such cries as "Marvelous," "Such control and force", "A veritable panther", and a chaos of congratulations, he finally reached the locker room.

He pulled off his sticky and bedraggled whites, and stepped into the marble shower. After adjusting the knobs so that the stream gave forth a comfortably warm flow, he let his thoughts run back to the scene that had led to his quarrel with Ursula. Ursula — God, how he loved her! It was hard to believe that their affair, growing, as it had, out of a high school acquaintanceship, could have ended with such abruptness.

Ursula Stewart was making the tour of tournaments along with Bill and the rest of the crowd of tennis "sharks". She was a wisp of a girl, with dainty, but finely moulded features, and a wealth of unruly auburn hair. She came, not for tennis, but to be with Bill, and to meet the younger set in the large tournament circles. So, when Bill was saying good-bye to his parents, and thanking them for the fat check they had presented to him for his expenses, Ursula was busy filling the leather trunk that fitted behind Bill's roadster with flimsy dresses and other things she would need during the six month's summer trip.

All had gone well until she became good friends with Lee Bundage, another member of the troupe, and, incidentally, the fellow who had given Bill more trouble in winning his cups than any other contender. The affair had started as little more than a friendship, but had culminated in Lee's taking Ursula to the dance following the first day's play at the club in Vancouver. Bill, having taken Ursula to all social functions, felt deeply hurt at this turn of events. Their quarrel had taken place on the next morning. Bill recalled with a pang that she had told him in the future she would go anywhere she pleased and with whom she pleased. He could still hear the click of her heels as she trod the bright flags that led to the hotel at which they were staying. He had sat completely nonplussed in his roadster, little knowing that when she reached her room, she had cried and cried. All the way to the club, he had treated his car as he would have liked to treat himself. He had raced the motor until it groaned at the terrific speed the open throttle demanded, and the tires gave forth little squeals of despair as the turns were rounded. When he had swerved into the drive of the club and had clamped the brakes with a grit of his teeth, the roadster had seemed satisfied that the journey was over, and had proceeded to tick as it cooled.

Throughout that day and the next, he had tried not to show his feelings, and to go on being his jovial self. Only when alone, as he was now, did he allow his mind to wander. Now, on the spur of the moment, he decided to see Ursula as soon as he was dressed, and try to mend their quarrel. Accordingly, he turned off the shower, stepped into the dressing room, and hurriedly began to dress.

Presently, he was to be seen near the French doors that led to the veranda, trying to get his hair off his ears with his fingers, and, at the same time, to see if he could locate Ursula in the throngs of bridge players on the lawn. At last he found her, sitting alone, and watching the semi-finals in men's doubles that now occupied court number one. He grabbed two cocktails at the bar, and threaded his way to her table. After placing the glasses on the table, he fell into a chair.

"Have a cocktail?" he gurgled.

"No, thank you," Ursula murmured, trying her level best to look frigid, "I'd much rather watch this match."

Bill frowned, shrugged his shoulders, and picked up the nearest glass. As he slowly drank, he peered over the rim of the glass at Ursula, who was still trying to concentrate on the tennis. He decided that she looked sweet with that determined air of interest about her, but he knew that she was no more watching the doubles than he was.

"What's the score?" he queried.

"Why-a, I think it's about — why, I must have forgotten it."

"Um-hm," he hummed, as he dragged his chair around the table to her side.

"Ursula," he blurted boyishly, "Why do we have to stay quarreled?"

"Had we really quarreled?" she teased, still gluing her eyes on the game before her.

"Gosh, if you only knew how sorry I am, and what a cad I think myself . . ." he continued.

Suddenly, he took her hand and said, "Let's go for a spin and forget it, eh?"

"But I'm watching this match, and besides . . . ."

"Come along, you know you're not interested."

Bill pulled her up, and fairly dragged her around the club house to where his roadster was parked. That did the trick.

"Not so fast!" Ursula squealed, but when they reached the car, she laughingly slid into the seat while Bill banged the door.

The motor hesitated — then roared as it picked up speed on its journey to nowhere.

That evening, Bill sat in his room reading the papers. He was happy. All was now mended between Ursula and himself, tomorrow would be finals, and then home and New Orleans again. As he sucked his pipe and read the article that spoke of the tournament, he lamented the fact that he would have to play Lee Bundage in the finals. Bill had hoped that, at least in this last tournament, he would meet him in the first few rounds. The committee, however, had seen to it that the finals would be a real battle, and so had seeded Bill and Lee in separate brackets. Bill's only consolation was the thought that tomorrow at this time it would be all over. Lee worried him, and he feared his attentions toward Ursula even though she might resent or ignore them. Lee was not the sort of person who gives up easily.

In the midst of his musings, Lee Bundage, with Bud and Dope, the latter also members of the troupe, entered unceremoniously.

"How about a little poker?" Lee drawled as Bud slammed the door.

"O. K. with me. I was just hoping somebody would pop in," Bill lied.

"Oh yeah?" Lee began shuffling the cards at the always ready card table.

After about two hours of dull play, with all four corners, holding their own, the quartette appeared ready to quit at the slighest suggestion.

It was Lee who broke up the game.

"How was it that you weren't at the dance the other night, Bill?" he asked.

"Oh, I thought I needed the sleep for the next day's play," Bill

lied again.

"Say, my taking Ursula didn't have anything to do with your not being there, did it?" Lee asked leadingly.

It was exactly the opening that Bill was hoping for, and his face flushed as his anger rose.

"You know damned well that it was!" he blurted. "And you're pretty well aware of the fact that I've taken Ursula everywhere since we've been on this trip. Why can't you use your eyes and act accordingly? I love Ursula, and I'm serious. I'm not so damned sore about that dance, but I hope you'll use some sense and lay off in the future."

"Well, I like that," Lee interjected. "If you must know, I'm kind of crazy about her myself, and I think that I have the right to try to win her over to my side of the fence as well as you have. Let's be reasonable. After all, it's Ursula alone who will make the final decision. You know that as well as I do. She — but wait a minute! I've got an idea. We play finals tomorrow, don't we? Well, let's make it a double victory for the one of us that wins. The one that succeeds, wins the Northwestern cup and the right to Ursula with no trouble from the other. You've trimmed me all summer; so I think that I'm the one who's taking all of the chances.

"It's absurd," Bill blurted. "I wouldn't even think of it."

"Sounds pretty much like a duel over the fair damsel who is ready to fly into the arms of the victor," Bud murmured.

Dope merely shuffled the cards beneath his fingers and looked bored.

"You won't consider it, eh?" Lee asked.

"Naturally not. We'll battle for the cup and that's all," Bill said firmly.

"All right, if you feel that way about it." Lee rose and said, "Well, fellows, I guess this means our exit. Come on over to my room. I've got a couple of good bottles of beer."

"Say, that is something!" Bud and Dope shouted simultaneously.

"So long," they remarked as they passed through the door.

Lee passed out last, and, as he closed the door, he said, "Give me a ring if you change your mind."

Bill stood facing the opposite window until the door closed with a thud.

For two hours that seemed like two years, he paced the floor. He could not remember how many times he had lifted the receiver of his telephone to call Lee and agree to the bet. Each time, he had reconsidered and replaced the receiver on its hook.

Now he was thinking differently. Why not make the bet? His chances for winning were better than Lee's. He wondered how Ursula would take it if she ever found out. Oh well, how could she? He

and Lee would not, and he was certain that Bud and Dope were not weak enough to tell it.

Resolutely, he picked up the receiver and said, "Room 514, please. Hello, hello, this is Bill. Say, that bet — it's O. K. with me now."

He did not wait for an answer, but hung up. As he undressed, he closed his mind to the matter. It was done now, and he would win. Certainly he would win.

He put out the light and crawled between the cool sheets. Two minutes later he slept.

Next day, Bill was not late for the final match. He and Ursula had driven down to the club at ten and had eaten a light lunch at eleven. Bill was nervous, so nervous that Ursula noticed his fidgeting. He explained that it was probably due to anticipating the match.

"Do you realize that tomorrow at this time, we'll be on our way home?" Ursula asked, trying to draw his attention from tennis.

"Do you think it's been worth the trip?" he mused.

"Oh, I wouldn't have missed it for all the world."

"I don't know. In some respects it seems successful, and in others it seems a total failure."

"Don't be so morbid. And besides you'd better get changed. Here, let me hold your racquets."

Bill drew a deep breath and went off to the locker room. As he started to change, Lee came in. Bill decided to steer clear of the bet in their conversation, and their talk was limited to Lee's prattle. Lee was in good spirits, and Bill's sullenness seemed to add to those good spirits. When Bill was fully attired, he left Lee finishing dressing and whistling "Yankee Doodle". There was nothing that Bill hated more than "Yankee Doodle" at that moment.

"It won't be long now," Ursula said as he approached her. "Let's see you win in straight sets —you know, I don't want you too tired to drive tomorrow.' '

"Oh, I suppose I'll win, but . . . Why of course I'll win! I've beaten him all summer long, haven't I."

"Certainly, and now let's see a grand finale. Here comes Lee now. Go out and do your stuff."

"I'll need to," Bill said to himself, but he whispered in her ear, "Watch my smoke, and meet me in the car right after the match — I'm not going to shower."

Ursula opened her mouth to ask why, but he stopped her, saying, "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies. Meet me in the car!"

He dashed off, leaving her open-mouthed.

The crowd applauded vigorously as he and Lee marched to the stand, selected their racquets and began to rally.

Bill's nervousness began to take shape in stiffness. He must win!

How could he pick a quarrel with Ursula if he lost? No! he simply had to win.

He lost his ease and played tightly and mechanically. Each time Lee came to the net for volleying, Bill sent the ball flying into the fence.

"I'm sorry," he would say.

As the referee shouted, "All set? Play!", Bill gritted his teeth and proceeded to play a most unsteady game. His drives were too long, and his lobs too short. He smashed into the net, and served doubles. Lee, suave and smiling, took the first set, six games to one.

The crowd was wild with excitement, and everyone was wondering what had spoiled Bill's game. Where was the stamina that Bill had portrayed the day before? Would Bill, seeded number one, fail? Why was he so stiff and nervous? He had played Lee all summer, had he not? Oh well, it must be just one of those days.

But after starting the second set, Bill seemed to control himself, and his tennis became more flexible. The audience began to murmur that he was coming back, and applauded his good shots. The set went to five all. Then both players set to win their own service game. And so the score went to nine all. Nine all! Bill had to take it now. It was his service. In his desire to ace Lee, he forgot to watch his feet. He threw the ball into the air, and swung for the service. The ball, not being thrown true, curved inwards toward the court. Intently watching the ball, and wanting to send a cannon service, Bill was forced to slide his left foot over the service line in order to reach the ball at the highest possible point.

"Footfault," shouted the linesman.

"Love fifteen," the referee gave the score.

The incident so put Bill off balance that he served two consecutive double faults. The score stood at love forty. He must serve a good one. He did. Lee was barely able to return it just over the net to Bill's forehand — a perfect set-up for a cross-court ace. Bill swung back, his eyes glued to the ball. Pang! The racquet struck the ball soundly. He paused satisfied, only to see the ball strike the wire of the net, roll along the top for a few inches, and then resolutely drop back into his own court.

Game to Lee with the score at ten games to nine.

Lee was ready for the situation and flew through the next game.

"Game and set to Mr. Bundage. Mr. Bundage has taken both of the first two sets in this final match, the scores being six to one, and eleven to nine." The referee jumped from his perch and proceeded to "lap up a bit of watah," as he put it.

Ursula was astounded. What could be the matter with Bill? She had never seen him so inconsistent. Realizing that, playing as poorly

as he was, he was as good as defeated, she slowly walked to Bill's car and sat down to wait and find out what the trouble was. Poor Bill, he would need a lot of comforting.

In the third set, it was easy to discern that Bill **was** a beaten man. The sudden burst of recovery that he had displayed in the second set was short lived, and he slowly, but surely, reverted to the stiffness he had displayed in the opening set. He lost control, and struck the ball wildly. At last, he conceded defeat to himself, and continued to play in a mediocre fashion. Strangely the poorer Bill played, the steadier and more aggressive Lee's game became. It was plainly Lee's day, and he took the final set at six to two.

"Nice going", Bill exclaimed to Lee as they put on their white sweaters that awaited them on the stand, "you certainly came through like a flash."

"Just caught you on an off day," Lee said, "I was expecting you to wake up and trim me even to the very last. What's the matter with you today, anyway?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just out of sorts, I guess."

Bill could not understand, for the life of him, why he did not mention the bet. He came to the conclusion that Lee was trying to make him feel worse by ignoring it.

He picked up his things and started toward the drinking fountain on the lawn. God, what a mess he was in. Well, he hoped that Lee would not ask him to quarrel with Ursula until they reached home. He could be that courteous, at least.

He stopped to drink the warmish liquid stuff. As he drank, he could not help overhearing the conversation of two men who were playing double solitaire close by.

"Funny thing", said one," about eleven-thirty last night someone called up my room at the hotel and shouted, 'Hello, this is Bill. Say that bet — it's O. K. now.' Before I could ask who it was, he had hung up. Funny thing."

Lightning struck Bill. Of course, he remembered now that Lee's room was 415 and not 514. As the full impact of this revelation struck him, the water choked him, and he coughed convulsively.

The gentleman who had done the talking jumped up and proceeded to pound Bill on the back.

"All right now?" he asked as Bill recovered.

"Yes, thanks a lot," Bill responded with a double meaning in his answer.

"Too bad you lost, but I guess everyone has off days."

"I don't know. It doesn't seem so bad now. In fact, I think I'm pretty lucky."

He dashed off toward the roadster and Ursula, while the older

man turned and wondered.

Bill jumped into the car, threw his arms about Ursula, and violently kissed her again and again.

"What's come over you?" she gasped as she caught her breath. "You play the most miserable tennis I've ever seen. You lose the match and then fly out and act as though you had won."

"But I **have** won!" Bill was shouting. "Yes, won!' And now, I'll tell you what were going to do. We're going to be married — now — here — today!"

Ursula was going to blurt something, but she found Bill's great index finger against her lips. She succumbed and snuggled closer to him.

"Let's go for a little spin and plan our honeymoon trip home," she whispered.

"O. K.," Bill whispered back, as he put his arm about her, "but let's not make it too long."

Slowly, the roadster pulled out of the drive, and seemed to guide itself as it rounded the turns.

BUTTERFLIES COMMUTE FROM CANADIAN ROCKIES TO PACIFIC GROVE

MARY LOCKHEAD

The private life of Monterey Peninsula's most plentiful winter visitor, the great Monarch butterfly, is still somewhat of a mystery to scientists, but enough is known about the beautiful brown and black insect to explain the arrival at Pacific Grove last fall of a flight of several million of the creatures.

A dark cloud in the sky over Monterey bay at about four o'clock Sunday afternoon was the first hint peninsula residents, familiar with the migrations of the butterflies, had that the army was coming.

A few minutes later, a little after four o'clock to be exact, the vanguard of the flight was dropping into the "butterfly trees" which stand in a grove of pine and oaks between Lighthouse avenue and Jewell street, Pacific Grove.

The creatures are now settled down for the winter and will forage all over the peninsula until some time in March, when the time comes

for their trip back to the summer headquarters in the Canadian Rockies.

Hundreds of peninsula people, and many others from various parts of California and as far away as New Zealand, go calling on the Monarchs during their stay in Pacific Grove. A particularly heavy flight arrived this year and a dozen odd trees in the favored winter quarters of the butterflies are nightly laden down with the sleeping insects. As soon as the sun warms them in the morning, sometimes between 10 and 11 o'clock, they start off on their daily flight in search of food.

The insects spend the night so closely packed together on their "roosting" trees that leaves and pine needles are obscured from sight.

Whys and wherefores of the annual northerly and southerly migrations of the Monarch are still somewhat in doubt, but their powers of sustained flight for thousands of miles are not questioned. They have made the long journey over the Pacific Ocean to Australia and other far countries from North America, scientists report.

The life span of the Monarch butterfly is a debatable question. But it is known that large numbers of them have hatched during the stay on the peninsula and on the journey back to Canada, and that no young are born in the far north. Presumably the adults who come south in the fall die on the journey northward, but it is not certain. The adult insects which reach the North in summer are certainly the same insects which return to their "homesteads" in Pacific Grove each fall.

Mrs. E. R. Schneider of the Pine Grove Auto Camp, who has observed the insects for years, reports that "scouts" always arrive well in advance of the main flight. These early arrivals select the trees which will later be called "home" by the main party of Monarchs.

The insects do not always return to the same individual tree, but for many, many years have wintered in the same grove of trees in Pacific Grove. Immunity from frost, wind, and fog is credited with their selection of this particular winter home.

The Monarch must have the assistance of milk-weed plants to raise a family, and the young caterpillar is a voracious creature. The adult Monarch has, however, a light appetite, and a dash of flower nectar and a drop or so of sap from a tree will keep him going for several days.

The southward migration of the Monarchs begins long before cold weather strikes the north country where the insect spends its summers. The insects gather in great hordes and move slowly southward.

The return trip is begun just as suddenly and unexplainably. Mrs. Schneider says she has never seen the flight depart from Pacific

Grove, but that one day the insects are on hand and then they disappear — overnight.

The insects winter in several parts of California, but the Pacific Grove butterfly trees are best known. That the insects have regular hours for flight, during their migrations, is believed by Mrs. Schneider, who reports that they always arrive in Pacific Grove at about four o'clock in the afternoon. Invariably they cross the bay from the direction of Santa Cruz.

Butterfly trees in the grove may be distinguished by those interested by bands of newspapers placed about them by Mrs. Schneider. There are several such trees this year.

DESERT CHANGES

MARJORIE Mc DERMOTT

The long stretch of sand between California and Arizona is termed "Desert" by the majority of people; but it is not a desert, inasmuch as it is not just a monotony of sand dunes.

Frequently from this red sea of sand rise great rock mesas, generally Gothic in outline, resembling vast cathedrals. These are not crowded together in disorder, but placed in wide open spaces, long vistas between. This mesa plain has an appearance of great antiquity, and of incompleteness; as if, with all the material for world-making assembled, the Creator had desisted, gone away and left everything on the point of being brought together, on the eve of being arranged into mountain, plain, plateau. These great tables of granite set down in an empty plain are inconceivable without their attendant clouds, which are a part of them as the smoke is part of the water or the foam of the wave.

There is always activity overhead, clouds forming and moving all day long. Whether they are dark and full of violence, or soft and white with luxurious idleness, they powerfully affect the world beneath them. The desert, the mountains, and the mesas, are continually reformed and re-colored by the cloud shadows. Under this constant change of accent, this ever-varying distribution of light, the whole country seems fluid to the eye.

Now looking over the tawny rocks, and the wide plains, we watch the sun go down; watch the desert become black, the shadows slowly creep over the country. Abroad in the plain the scattered mesa tops, red with the after glow, one by one lose their light like candles going out. With anticipation we wait for the golden rim of the moon to appear on the deep blue velvet of the night.

A SONNET FOR CHRISTMAS

When long, curved roofs are purified with snow,
And bronze shines thru the white in dazzling flares,
Rose-colored smoke wreaths from the incense glow
Float to the roof in fragile, silken snares.
Then deep-toned bells will peal out tidings gay
From the small shaft that towers in the blue,
And melody will go its shining way
Revealing gems of tone as organs do.
We two will kneel in shadows by the aisle
And watch the myriad candles wink and glow;
Each other's hands we'll clasp and shyly smile
As heavenly harmonies around us flow.
There in the church we'll meditate and pray
To Him whose birth we cherish on this day.

JUNE GLENN

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER DOLLAR

HERMAN WISE

When the first streak of dawn broke across the distant horizon, Private Dyche found himself stumbling out of the squad tent ready to take his place beside his buddies and answer "Yo!" to Reveille roll call.

"Another day, another dollar," thought Private Dyche, as he was preparing the operating room for the day's business of salvaging human beings from that great mass of "gun fodder"—for such, in part,

was the work of Hospital Corpsman.

"Private Dyche," said a sergeant, "Report at Company Headquarters at eight o'clock." The sergeant disappeared as quickly as he had appeared, leaving the corpsman to ponder the possible reasons why he should report at headquarters.

Eight o'clock came. "Your name?" roared the voice of the Second Lieutenant at the soldier standing before him.

"Private Dyche, sir."

"Oh, yes," blurted the shave-tail as he glanced over his list of offenses. "You missed bed check last night. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

The corpsman thought of the preceding night. Of how nine o'clock, ten o'clock, and on until one thirty that very morning had found him "doing his bit," clearing the secondary operative cases from the schedule.

"I have nothing to say, sir!" was the response. Dyche well knew that no matter what he said, the sentence he was about to receive would remain unchanged. He was in the Army now.

"'You, for your infraction of regulations, will report immediately to the Labor Sergeant, and remain on labor detail for two days."

The door slammed, and Dyche found himself once more in the free air.

"What a break!" he thought, as he made his way to the labor gang. At last he was to have a vacation from those butchering scenes of the operating rooms. He was really to get away, at least for a while, from the stench of clotted blood, the pungent anaesthetics, and the agonizing moans.

All morning Dyche made little ones out of big ones—in fact, the pile of cord wood melted at an almost unbelievable rate into stove wood.

Noon came, and a lusty blow of "Mess Call" told Dyche to "come and get it." It was the first time in many months that the army bully beef did not need a mental appetizer, and the chickory, although it lacked cream and sugar, had that certain and satisfying aroma of coffee.

To Dyche's companions, who likewise were struggling to balance and synchronize their scale of justice with that of the Second Lieutenant, the afternoon dragged heavily onward. Not so to Dyche! He was having his vacation!

The Labor Sergeant spoke. "We have two stiffs to plant this afternoon, so let's go."

Off trudged the four laborers. Skidding over the slippery duck boards, they soon arrived at the tent morgue, near the door of which stood an army truck. From within the tent were brought two stretch-

ers, each containing the remains of those who had made the Supreme Sacrifice, symbols of the insane futility of war! Each, wrapped in sackcloth giving an Egyptian mummy appearance, had fastened at the neck a "dog tag"—a metal disc on which was printed the name of the once living being and name of the "outfit" of which he had been a member.

The stretchers were placed in the truck and all climbed on, occupying such space as was available. The Chaplain, known as the Sky Pilot, occupied the seat with the driver. Slowly the cortege moved down the road and through the woods to a clearing, at the entrance of which was a sign reading—Cemetery 108 A. E. F. The truck came to a skiddy stop near the grave—an excavation six and one half feet in width, six feet in depth, and two hundred feet long.

Suddenly someone exclaimed, "The ropes!" Sure enough, the ropes which were needed to lower the bodies into the grave had been left behind.

Private Dyche, seeing the situation and wishing to get the job over, jumped into the grave. Slowly and oozingly he sank in the soft mud, which slushed over his shoes, over his wrapped leggings, and up to his knees. There he stood, with outstretched arms, ready to receive and put in place the mortal remains of his buddies. His thought wandered back over the ocean to the good old States where someone was sure to receive a telegram "Killed in action, November 10, 1918." Reflecting that the loved ones at home had been spared the witnessing and the memories of the burial scene, he completed the job.

By outstretched arms, he was sucked up out of that mud hole in France, and regained the solid earth.

The Chaplain assumed his station at the head of the grave and, in a low but distinct tone of voice, consigned the mortal remains to the earth from which it sprang and returned the Spirit unto God who gave it. The labor gang stood with bowed heads while the bugler performed the last military rites accorded a soldier. Taps were sounded; the long, low notes sounded and resounded through the woods of France, finally echoing away into oblivion.

That night Private Dyche crawled between his three blankets in time for bed check, and gradually slipping off into the sea of sleep, he muttered to himself, "Another day, another dollar!"

Sleep on, Soldier, sleep! Then will be your vacation from the fields of France or from the fields of memory.

The Second Lieutenant's scale of justice will balance tomorrow, but remember—the Scale of Justice is ever in perpetual motion, for tomorrow never comes!

RED-HEADS

DOROTHY M. DEBOLT

A well known poet has said that "Red hair is the gift of the gods". Some persons apparently are not of the same opinion, as they make slanderous remarks concerning the possessors of this gift and treat them with disregard to their feelings. The red-head — boy or girl, man or woman—is forced to be the object of more sarcasm and the brunt of more practical jokes than any other human beings in this universe They endure more satire than do the fat, the deformed, the poor relations, or those who hold fast to a doctrine which other men doubt, and they are most violently scoffed by all mankind.

It would seem that, in general, the human race can not tolerate the red-heads; for they deride them with cutting comments, and make observations regarding the color and texture of their hair; they discuss whether or not they are ugly or handsome, whether or not they are slim or fat, and how large their feet and ears are. They stare at them for great lengths of time as though they were freaks of nature, which no doubt they are, partially. Criticism relating to them is ever present. If they are little girls, the little boys taunt them; later young men flirt but never form permanent friendships; and finally as they blossom into womanhood old men annoy them, and the young prefer the blondes and brunettes. Anyone would conclude that the red-heads were placed on this earth for the sole amusement of little boys and old men. Then too, they have to contend with the jealous and calumnious expressions of their sex and likewise those of their sister red-heads, for among themselves they are not immune to rivalry. It affords much amusement to watch the way in which some women try to shield their male escorts from contact with such deadly creatures when these types approach. Then, there is another fly in their ointment—those altogether foolish and disgusting women who henna their hair, but who are approved of more than the true Titian. With all these trials, and more, the red-headed girls have to contend.

But, there is a cheerful aspect to this situation. There are some people who enjoy seeing red hair, who make pleasing comments, who like the Titians for their true selves, and who contribute to their happiness in general. They would never consider wounding them with little

shafts of poison ridicule. They wish only to be their friends and to ease their burdens, when others have hurt them beyond recall.

To illustrate the manner in which abuse has affected the lives of these individuals, two examples shall be given: One man possesses no more the power to smile because someone has teased him excessively in his youth concerning his misfortune of owning red hair. Another, a girl, has developed an inferiority complex and has built around her a barrier through which some cannot penetrate even with human kindness. A great shadow of unhappiness forever prevails over her, and if it were not for her determination to surmount all obstacles, she would not be gradually overcoming this sorrow and advancing toward success in this world.

Those who abuse, ridicule, satirize, tease, mock, and deride the red-heads have no realization of the great damage they have done in perhaps wrecking for all time the life of some harmless and blameless individual who possesses the ever desirable color of hair which is different from all others. They bear a great deal more slander than does anyone else. If only people would realize this and come to regard the red-head as a person to respect, admire, and love! This world would indeed be a better place in which to live if some practiced sympathy, humanity, and forbearance in respect to hapless Titians. I know—I am the proud possessor of red hair!

THE PARKING SPACE ANGLER

GEORGE J. SILVA

He caught a space! Passing pedestrians note and marvel. Other drivers growl a bit and mutter something about some people having all the luck. Onlookers follow every move as the angler neatly winds up his reel and lands the choicest space on the street.

When I go parking, I first make sure there are spaces to be caught. Then I set about to catch one of them, being as cool, calm, and collected as possible. Sometimes, I am quite slow about landing something worth while, but the delay gives me plenty of opportunity to think the

situation over. Thinking is the best part of fishing, whether one is out for trout or curb space. While I am taking my time about landing a particularly difficult space, I am learning how to meet the same situation in the future. One does not catch trout with the sort of line and tackle little Johnny uses to angle for a carp.

I watched a chap, the other day, who took twenty minutes to find a place to deposit his car. The truth of the matter was, it took him nineteen minutes to check over all the "no parking" signs along a street he ought not to have entered in the first place. Then, there are all the people who let good spaces wriggle off the hook! I was watching the owner of a new car trying to place it in a very attractive looking opening. It looked as if he would make a neat job of the work, but suddenly he stopped, deliberated, and then pulled away. My guess was that he had not measured the overall length of the car and was not quite sure whether he could get in. Rather than risk scratching the fenders in experimenting he decided to look for a larger space.

Suddenly a woman drove up ahead of the space and started backing in. It was the regulation way of doing the job, and she tried to play the game by signaling traffic behind to pass around to her left. But she had scarcely backed a foot before someone else nosed a car head-on into the space. This could have been avoided by the woman herself if she had turned into the space a little and then out of it with the front of the car before placing the rear wheels in the conventional manner.

Of course, the parking brotherhood has no sympathy with the man who casts his line into the exact part of the stream where another is already fishing, but the driver who does not want his rights infringed on should make it as plain as possible that he or she intends trying for an available space. Some people have a way of casting the car so far ahead of a space that no one else would be likely to guess what is to follow.

In order to help the angler I would suggest that as often as possible he park before reaching the congested sections of the city. He should be well informed on parking regulations, study the movement of traffic, and arrange his route through the streets so that if he fails to find space on his first few trials he will not waste his time and that of others by driving all over town.

FOR YOUR SPIRIT'S STILL DELIGHT --

MARY M. LILES

Carmel, with its blazing skies and white beach! Carmel, wrapped in thick, still fog! It is the home of fascinating and unconventional celebrities, and equally fascinating nobodys. You cannot believe that one place could hold so much beauty and peace and freedom. Once it "gets you", you never want to leave it. You are rooted to the spot like one of the pine trees.

Think of the Carmel beach at sunset. The sun is slipping over the edge of the world, casting a broad path of bright gold from the horizon to your feet. The waves are climbing up the rocks at Stuart's point, and leaping backwards in an oblivion of golden spray. Now you are sliding through silver-green waves. A huge swell pulls you up--up--up to the top of the world, and drops you down again into the purple depths. A mad idea seizes you. The world is no longer there. You are absolutely alone, just you, and the iridescent water, and the long bars of gold in a lavender sky—infinity. Suddenly you are out of the water, and running up the beach. A soft wind blows against your body,, and runs through your hair like gentle fingers. The poignant beauty catches your breath; you ache with it.

The curve of beach is now a huge horseshoe, studded irregularly with lights that weren't there a moment ago. You run quickly down the road and up your own little flagstone walk, and lift the latch. Warmth, voices, someone playing the piano. "Hello, darling. Bit late, aren't you? We'll have to hurry; the concert begins at eight." Supper becomes much more than a process of eating food. Everyone is gay. The conversation becomes animated. You feel that everyone loves you, and you adore everyone. You expand, and become so silly over mugs of tea, that time is forgotten. Suddenly, "O my God! It's eight o'clock." Ducks and tennis shorts are changed for anything you happen to feel like wearing.

The concert hall is packed. Artists in dark jackets and shirts open at the throat come with women in evening dresses. A crowd of young people in riding clothes clump in, laughing. A famous writer is there with an equally famous actress. Attention for the moment is concentrated on a tall young girl with masses of curly hair. "Fascinating! Who is she?" No one knows.

Programs rustle as the curtain rises, like leaves in an autumn wind, and become quiet as the first strains of Beethoven's "Sonata Pathetique" fill the theatre. Gradually the music fills you, and carries you up—up and out on a sea of heavenly strains, until you become a

part of it. Nothing else matters. No one person could do this to you — fill your soul to overflowing with crashing chords of beauty, and penetrate your heart with slender fingers of sound.

You press out of the theatre with the murmuring, gently-shuffling crowd. A cool wind lifts the hair from your forehead. Very soon you lose everyone else, and are slowly walking home under a star-studded sky, with the music still numbing your brain. Patches of white moonlight lie softly on the pine needles. The murmur of waves creeps vaguely into your consciousness. But the night in all its loveliness cannot touch you, for the music has taken your sense and strength, and left you inanimate.

Again you lift the latch. Shadows dance on the walls, cast there by fire-light and candle-light. Someone is lying on the floor before the fire. Another is curled up on the window-seat. They are discussing the music. Conversation drifts to people, to life, to death, and to love. You stop only to pour another cup of coffee, or light a cigarette. Hours pass. The fire becomes nothing but a bed of burnished coals. Early in the morning you find yourself drifting to sleep. The sound of the wind moaning through the pine trees seems to whisper:

"—and for a breath of ecstasy—
give all you have been—or could be."

THE PLAYGOER IN CHINA

MABEL NOMA BAETA

"I hate Chinese theaters. Why? In the first place the music affects my nerves and makes me fidgety, and the beat, beat, beat of the tomtoms drives me distracted. And those actors, with their painted faces, painted like masks! And their unnatural voices! To say nothing of the crude stage devices, with spirits rising from trap doors in the floor, and property men holding up painted cotton arches to represent the gates of a city, and heroes with flags flying from their shoulders, and spies carrying banners with the word 'Spy' pasted on them in great red characters!"

These are the sentiments of the average foreigner in China who has visited two or three native theaters and seen possibly a few short plays and fragments of others. Having been told that a Chinese drama runs all day and having seen no curtain lowered to inform him when one play had been finished and another begun he probably has left the theater with an entirely wrong conception.

At home in the United States our visitor has seen "Emperor Jones" and lauded the emotional effect of the savage drums in that play; but

in China, not recognizing the emotions appealed to by the clashing cymbals, the flutes, the shrill-voiced little drum, the Pang tzu of the Chinese orchestra, he resents the unsanctioned response of his moods to the exotic music, and his dominant reaction is one of irritation and annoyance.

The fact that Chinese drama is not at all concerned with realism does not shake the Western critic's confidence in his judgment on the Chinese stage, and in his disapproval of unfamiliar conventions he forgets that the laws of his own beloved opera require that the hero shall make love in a tenor voice and that the villian shall hatch all his iniquities in bass.

There is the question of masks. Though for hundreds of years Chinese actors have used masks for certain parts, and still do use them occasionally, as a usual thing they merely paint their faces in mask-like style, as this method of disguise does not affect the tones of the voice as does the applied mask. The actor portraying a military character paints his face with heavy, startling pigments bearing no resemblance to the flesh tints employed by nature and adds a silky beard that reaches to his waist. When he has completed his make-up he has succeeded in obliterating his own personality as thoroughly as though he wore one of the thickest masks of the ancient Greeks. The foreign play-goer cries, "Why, no real man ever looked like that! No warrior, Chinese or foreign, ever wore such clothes or had such a countenance or walked with such a swagger!"

The Chinese themselves do not cherish the delusion that their famous generals of antiquity presented any such appearance. They know that they did not.

Real women, even Chinese women, do they speak in high, falsetto voices? Do they gesticulate so delicately, or walk so mincingly, or act so coyly? Perhaps not — yet if one had to illustrate to a sexless being from the planet Mars the characteristic mannerisms of the female he would not present him today's American business woman but he would snatch the principal female character from a Chinese play and cry, "Now, this is what I mean!"

The foreign critics complain that on the Chinese stage there is no scenery; but the Chinese play lover inquires in turn why imagination should be banished from the stage and its place usurped by painted sets that deceive not even a child. Why drag across the boards a painted boat, he inquires, when everyone knows the boat is no more seaworthy than a single paddle with which the Chinese actor propels himself across purely imaginary billows?

In place of cumbersome scenery and innumerable properties the Chinese employ symbols that convey to the spectators exactly the setting in which a given action takes place, and no one is at a loss to know where the scene is laid and what each property symbolizes. When the

heroine crosses the stage walking between two flags painted with large wheels, she is walking in a cart. Panels painted with rocks represent mountains; a table with a flat disk wrapped in a handkerchief and a bamboo pole is a mill; panels decorated with branches are trees; flags painted with fish are water. The wall of a city is sometimes built in full sight of the audience by the simple process of one man's lying on top of another.

We may say that this is a childish way to symbolize a scene; but after all it is the child's point of view that makes most plays enjoyable. Only in so far as one is able to put himself into the mental attitude of a child listening to a story is he able to delight in the theater. In the West the resort to stage settings to show scenes as they actually are in life has so weakened the imaginative faculties of theatre goers that the slightest strain upon the imagination is resented. There must be real trees, real houses, real horses, real camels with humps, real cows that "moo". That we in the audience might set the stages for ourselves and lay the scene in the realm of our own fancy, dispensing entirely with carpenters and stage hands, does not occur to the mind of the Western play producer.

In the Chinese drama it is not necessary that the beggar shall actually be dressed in rags or that the maid shall wear clothes in which it might be humanly possible to do a little work.

The rank, and sometimes the disposition of the character in the play, are indicated by the cut and color of the garments. Red is the color of joy and festivity, yellow the imperial color, and a sort of saffrom yellow the color of the priesthood; white, or rather the pale dun of unbleached cotton is the mourning color, while green is usually reserved for servitors and concubines. A foot soldier wears a tight-fitting coat falling below the hips; the cavalryman flaunts four banners floating from his shoulders; a woman warrior and equestrienne is known by two long pheasant feathers that sweep upward from the back of her neck.

By the use of these and numberless other symbols and conventions the Chinese liberates dramatic art from the limitations of imitative stage sets and leaves the imagination of the spectators free to respond to the artistry of the actor.

Chinese plays are more truly pantomimic operas than plays in our understanding of the word. More consistent than we, the Chinese play producer considers that the same spirit of compromise between beauty and realtiy that sanctions love making, battle, and death in musical terms should also sacrifice stage scenery to liberty of location, swiftness of movement, and continuity of action.

Certainly Chinese plays are not flawless. No such claim is made for them by even the most ardent nationalist. But in considering them as manifestations of the dramatic art it is only fair to judge them by their results in achieving the effects desired by the producers.

A TEACUP OR A COCKTAIL GLASS?

LUCILE SALTER

"Teatime", you say, "What is that to us?" Just an old English custom, but not for us — strong American he-men that we are. Can't you just picture our big business magnate, delicately balancing a Dresden teacup on his knee, with a luscious creampuff being mincingly lifted to his lips? Of course, a pink satin pillow under his size thirteen shoes and another of foamy lace scratching his shiny, bald pate complete the picture. Or perhaps we could visualize more easily our Will Rogers whispering, "Lemon or cream?" seductively into a fair lady's shell-like ear. Let us not live to see the day when the referee must call time out for tea because Stanford's halfback is weak for lack of it, and the Captain of the California team forgets the play every time his eager eye wanders in the direction of the Blue and Gold tea table. We have not come to this yet, although we must admit that a few tea cups thrown at some of our football teams might do some good.

We scornfully snicker at the idea of teatime, but just say, "Let's have a cocktail", and watch the results. The born tea hound steals into his natural environment with a cocktail glass in his hand instead of a teacup, and successfully conceals from his brawny friends his hidden sin. The wild Westerner downs a swig of whiskey, without realizing that he is merely fulfilling a desire to join with others in sociable drinking and talking, whether it be with one foot on the bar rail or both feet on a satin cushion. The fashionable American hostess knows that an invitation (engraved, of course) to a tea will be carefully ignored by her masculine public. As a result, the invitations cordially invite you to a little cocktail party. Just try to stop them from coming. The blackrobed Prohibitionist may say this is just another proof of the degradation of the American race—teaching the children to be inveterate drunkards—horrors! But what is the difference between a tea party and a cocktail party except for the difference in the type of liquid refreshments served? The primary object of these gatherings is social contact and conversation. Whether it be over the teacups or over the cocktail glasses, it is the people we meet and the ideas we form from knowing other people's standards that are valuable.

The gregarious instinct, common to all creatures, draws people together. To discuss politics, to philosophize, to materialize dreams, man seeks the company of his fellow beings. What matter the excuse for the gathering? Our ideas are clarified by comparing them with those of others, and our reasoning powers are sharpened by argument. Our civilization is made up of groups of men, willing to accept the views of

others, compare them, and then decide which will be the best for the nation. Why are there so many clubs? Why are new clubs being formed all the time? It is the desire to know other beings living in the same environment, reading the same books, and facing the same problems. From the informal gatherings for tea or cocktails grow the institutions and organizations that make up society.

If the Englishman prefers to attain this end by means of tea drinking, and we need a more fiery inspiration, the ultimate end is not changed. It is typical of the American mind to demand something apparently more masculine to satisfy his gregarious instinct, something recognized as more thrilling than tea. He is unwilling to admit the simplicity of his actions, and must color them with something brilliant. The graciousness of the tea hour is not felt by the hard-shelled, average American, but feeling the need of its equivalent he has established the cocktail hour—a moment of rest when his cultural self holds sway, ideas are exchanged, future plans are formed, living is made more enjoyable. Let the jolly old Britisher have his tea, and may he manage the cup better than we can, and we will take a cocktail to prove our sophistication, in sublime ignorance of the fact that we are merely alcoholic tea hounds.

A FORTUNE IN SHOES

DICK BERTRANDIAS

Fire! Fire!

Above the noise of a vociferous calliope, blaring bands, the rattle of roller coasters and scenic railways; above the shouting of vendors and ballyhoo men, bathers and perspiring pleasure seekers, could be heard this sudden and ominous cry. Thousands stopped in the midst of their pursuit of fun to gaze horrified at the angry flames spurting through and around the board-walk, and already licking hungrily at the walls of a nearby bath-house.

Fanned by a brisk ocean breeze, the little flame that had started in a rubbish pile under that famous board-walk — Coney Island's polyglot promenade — was now spreading with alarming rapidity, and the very heart of Coney Island seemed doomed to destruction.

Twenty-five thousand bathers suddenly realized that in the path of those crackling flames lay the bath-houses containing their clothes, money, jewelry and other immediate belongings. They rushed en masse only to be blocked by sturdy and officious policemen who saw it their duty to protect the panic stricken mob from serious injury.

Thieves and petty pilferers were attempting to loot the unguarded

dressing rooms; hysterical women ran madly about seeking lost children; the screech of fire sirens, and the roar of the trucks all added to the virtual bedlam already existing, but finally lines were established and some semblance of order restored.

Old Simon struggled and fought his way through the closely packed mob until, after being cursed and kicked, he reached the very edge of the fire lines.

He was a pitiful sight, this little old man in a vividly colored previctorian type bathing suit many sizes too large for him. His tear-stained, pale-blue eyes stared wildly about; his meager portion of grey hair was askew, and his thin, colorless lips moved rapidly but unintelligibly. He appeared to be on the brink of insanity. Without warning, and showing surprising agility for a man of his age — one would take him to be about sixty-odd — he scrambled under the ropes and ran as fast as his rheumatic old legs would carry him in the general direction of a roaring inferno that had been his bath-house.

A burly shape in uniform intercepted him before he had reached the half-way mark and, without saying a word, proceeded to march him back toward the crowd.

"Let me go, for God's sake," he screamed. "My shoes are in there. My money — my life's savings — it's in a shoe. Take your hands off me."

He struggled, he begged, he pleaded, and he wept.

"Sorry, old timer," the officer condoled. "You're not the only one. Why say, you couldn't live a minute in that hell; she'll topple any time now. All right, over you go." And with that he gently but firmly boosted the old fellow's one hundred and twenty pounds of skin and bone over the ropes whence he had come.

He stood there for a while gazing mournfully at the swift disintegration of the structure, and with it the $5000 that had constituted his life's savings. Fool that he had been not to leave it at home. But no, he could not trust it there; and fool again that he would not trust it in a bank. He felt safer when he had it with him, for no one would ever suspect a doddering old man like himself of carrying such a huge sum of money on his person.

It seemed like a dreadful nightmare. He even pinched himself to make sure. Why, the day had seemed so pleasant, and he had been having such an enjoyable time with Bobby, his little grandson, and then this — he shuddered. He knew he shouldn't have changed into swimming attire. He had felt at the time that no good would come of it, but Bobby had coaxed so earnestly that he couldn't refuse. He had undressed in that doomed bath-house, and, rather than take his money with him or leave it in his clothes, he had stuffed it in the toe of his shoe.

He winced as the building crashed in a mass of flames and sparks. It was gone now and God only knew what Mary and little Bobby would do — He turned and made his way back through the crowd to where he had left the lad on the beach — Mary was his daughter and Bobby was her son. Her husband had died without leaving them enough to survive a month, and she wasn't strong enough to work even if a job were available. It was then he, old Simon, had decided it was time for him to step in and help. He had come East to buy them a little business and they would have gotten along. All this had now gone up in smoke.

As he pressed through the milling thousands an idea came to him. Terrifying! Horrible! He was staring wide-eyed, mouth agape, at the long pier and the shimmering expanse of blue that reflected the hot afternoon sun. He had life insurance, hadn't he? If anything happened to him it would go to Mary.

The pier! The water! Yes he would do it. No one would miss an old man. Better yet no one would suspect suicide in this panic. It might be heart failure. Bobby? He was smart enough to get home.

With determined strides the little old man struck out for the end of the pier. It was deserted; everyone was watching the fire. That was good — no one would see him fall off into the water, and there would be no attempted rescue. His footsteps quickened and his pale eyes shone strangely.

"Gramps! Gramps!!" a tiny voice shrilled. "Oh Gramps, wait up!"

Confound the lad! He had told him to stay on the beach. Was his plan going to fail after all? He'd have to get rid of the boy some how. He must go through with it.

He stopped and lovingly watched the tow-headed lad of about eight years come scampering along the pier after him, carrying something under each arm.

"Doggonit grampa! I been lookin' all over for you. You went and left so quick I didn't have a chance to tell ya to put your shoes on, and I was afraid you might get splinters in your feet. Here, let me help you put 'em on."

He stared at the old man for a moment and then burst out, "Why gramps, are ya sick? Gee, you're shakin', and you're white as anything."

"N-no, I'm not sick," Simon gasped. "But my shoes, w-where on God's earth did you get 'em, lad?"

"Well," Bobby began wonderingly, "when we left that ol' place where we changed our clothes, I took the towels and my shoes, so then I kinda thought you might want yours too and I just lugged 'em along. You ain't mad at me are ya? Huh gramps?"

C_2H_5OH

MILDRED KURTZ

The experiment for today is alcohols and, mentally outlining the procedure, we push open the laboratory door and slip in before the door has time to close on us. This laboratory of ours is nothing like that of the ancient alchemist. We've no spider webs or black cats to lend a mysterious and romantic atmosphere. We've nothing but dirt and smells.

The air of the room is acrid and biting. It stings your nostrils and burns your lungs. It tells of acids spilled on the tables, of freshman pranks, and of reagents and reactions.

Here and there are puddles of water; the drain has stopped again. One table is flooded; another is covered with sulphur.

The room is large, but it does not feel that way. One of the longer walls is lined with dust-covered reagent bottles; the other, with windows — four of them. One end of the room is covered with an acid scarred blackboard. (Some freshman had a lot of fun that time!) The other end is occupied by a hood filled with rusty steam-baths and ovens. Space consuming — all of them.

One by one the class assembles; bit by bit the room gets smaller. Soon there is nothing but confusion; a confusion of smells and noises. The sound of glass tinkling against metal; of voices singing, talking, swearing; of glass shattering to the floor.

After a time something resembling order arises from the chaos and the clattering is replaced by the sound of bubbling alcohol. Most of the voices are quieted. The first confusion has given place to normal activity.

From the back of the room comes the sound of compressed vapor escaping from its container — a defiant, hissing sound. What happened? We turn to see a blazing human figure running wildly—blindly, back and forth behind a screen of flaming alcohol. The figure struggles desperately to escape from his searing bonds. Hypnotized, we stand unable to speak or act. A split second passes and life returns. Everybody acts at once. The fire is smothered, a doctor is called, and the unconscious form is smeared with ointment.

Consciousness returns to the body on the floor. Little by little he becomes aware of the hell of pain that surrounds him. He struggles. Every part of his face and arms that isn't seared is bleeding profusely. External relief is impossible. Expertly the doctor prepares his syringe. One shot — he's quieter now. Two shots — that's better. The form is bandaged, lifted to a stretcher, and borne away.

Groups of students stand around and discuss the accident in hushed voices. There is a new smell now — that of burned flesh.

Slowly the class returns to activity, but it's not quite the same as before. The class is as restive as a cat. Someone drops a glass tube. The effect is electric; everybody jumps. Realization brings a nervous, sheepish laugh and the class wit calls, "Lady, pa-----lease!"

SUCCESS?

MARGARET DELANO

We Americans do not know how to live. We, as a nation, are perpetually in a hurry to get somewhere. The Latin people are wiser. They have time to stop and admire the rose, instead of rushing to catch a train. We envy the Oriental his repose, but we make no effort to achieve it.

I have often wondered what good Christians — American ones — do when they arrive in their heaven. Since eternity has neither time nor space, can't you imagine a heavenly inhabitant wearing his wings to a frazzle in an effort to make haste in heaven only to find himself already there when he arrived?

We spend all our lives in a frantic power drive to have money, acquire position, or become famous. We wear ourselves out, and seek relaxation in parties as strenuous as our work. And we think this is realism! Did you ever lie face down on sun-warmed earth and feel it between your fingers? Did you ever feel the sweep of rain-wet wind in your face, or smell the sea?

You realized for a second that this, this was reality — and then your upbringing smothered it. "Don't be a fool," you told yourself, "You'll never be a success that way!" Well, what of it? I'd never want to be what the world regards as a "success". If I can earn enough to live on, if I have time to enjoy beauty, if I am not so concerned with my own gaining that I have no time to help others — then, as far as I am concerned, I have achieved my goal.

But as for being a "success" — I hate the word, that magic accolade with which we foolish mortals crown the attainment of those standards which the world chooses to regard as good. Our babies cut their teeth on it!

We have "success" drilled into us from the time when we are too young to protest. We are encouraged to believe that hard work — including college — is to be the Aladdin's lamp with which we evoke the

genii. The fact that we may drudge all our lives to become rich only in time to die, and leave the money for our children to fight over, seems to have nothing to do with it.

When I protest that I don't want to be a success, as the world understands it, then I am a "romanticist", a "dreamer", a "slacker", and how about my duty to the race?

Biologically, all I owe it is the reproduction of other individuals like myself, who probably won't thank me for it, and will want to know why. I don't know, unless it is that God — in whose conventionalized form most of us don't believe — has to be amused. Any god with a sense of humor would have to be amused by his pompous human pawns, groping blindly and self-importantly toward their puny goals, only to return to the mud from which life began. Even in death man characteristically glorifies himself. Nothing may grow above him but a hideous marble orchard. Sardonic humor that — and about as useful as most of man.

From other standpoints, if I can throw a light — even a flickering one — upon some of the beauty that smoke and grime obscure, am I not fulfilling my destiny as completely as the man who works men to death in a black coal mine? If I can show men joy, am I not more constructive than the righteous missionary who fills happy pagans with the fear of a Christian hell to take the place of their natural happiness?

And when I die, if I have done one thing that has made this tired old world a little better for my coming, then I shall have no regrets. For I shall have had leisure to drink deeply of the bitter and the sweet —It is only beauty that is immortal.

ONE MISTY MORNING

JEAN FRENCH

It is dawn in the redwood forest. A thin, rosy glow is penetrating the gray fog which during the night has crept in from the ocean to clothe us in its pale, cold shroud. I creep noiselessly from my cosy blankets, stifling protesting murmurs as the dampness of the morning derives me of my comforting warmth. My clothes are still dry from their hiding place beneath the canvas flap of my sleeping-bag; I hastily don them, and step cautiously around my still slumbering companions.

With my camera slung over my shoulder and a bite of breakfast

in the pouch at my belt, I start merrily on my way toward my destination. The road turns sharply a short distance from camp, and I turn also from the beaten pavement to a little windy path that I know. To be sure, this is no easier traveling, as brambles and shrubs reach out dew-drenched fingers to catch at my hair and crown me with diadems of pearls, but, although my steps are more closely confined, I feel much freer than on the man-made road. For the feet of man did not press the grasses into the earth to make my trodden way. Many a tiny clawed foot and sharp-toed hoof has run along to the sparkling stream toward which I am going. Just as the rippling water appears, I hear the rush of a small body; the whisk of a wee tail disappearing under the brush tells me plainly that I have just missed seeing one of my shy neighbors at his morning ablutions. As I carefully examine the tracks, I can see that it was a large raccoon. Perhaps he was daintly washing each morsel of his morning meal before partaking of it.

The next turn of the stream brings me to a steep, rocky path up which I clamber, grasping at shrubs and rocks to aid me. At the top, stretching far away to a symmetrical row of mammoth redwoods, lies a flat green meadow, through the center of which dances my friendly brook, now grown to a small river. I settle myself comfortably at the foot of a huge tree to wait. The morning is now well on its way, and the sun is rushing onward and upward as if to make up for his earlier absence. Long, sparkling shafts of golden light fall through the branches of the sempervirens like the light through great cathedral windows. The fog has retreated before the onslaught of day, and is now sulking in the shadows of the outskirts of the field.

Suddenly, from the brush across the meadow come three figures. First walks the mother, a beautiful doe, of the softest buff coloring. Her fine head is thrown back to catch the wind, and her body is taut with suspense. From behind her peer two dainty fawns, eagerly looking from side to side, and anxious to be at their feast. My breath comes slowly, and I dare not move so much as an eyelash. Reassured by the silence, the three move quickly toward the water. There they drink thirstily and long, the mother raising her head from time to time to make sure they are alone.

Cautiously I take the camera from my shoulder and prepare for the picture. I focus the lens on the beautiful scene and snap the shutter. Simultaneously the doe turns and sees me. With a snort of warning to her fawns and a swift leap of terror they are gone. But I have a picture that to me is priceless, and an experience that will live forever in my memory.

THE COLLEGE BULL-SESSION

FRED SAUNDERS

It is about nine-thirty in the evening, and the two room-mates are beginning to slacken in their devotion to the books in front of them. A knock sounds on the door; one of the men within shouts, "Come in", and two or three students from down the hall enter the room. The visitors drape themselves comfortably on the lounge or in the extra chairs, and cigarettes are handed around. The conversation is desultory — small talk of the day's events or of an "ex" coming up the next day.

Sooner or later someone begins criticizing a course or a professor, or someone begins telling of his last date or his last beer-bust. This starts the whole company off on the topic of studies, or women, or prohibition, and the bull-session is on. The conversation waxes fast and furious, with first one and then another of the group holding the floor. The topic veers from Professor Eggnoodle's course in Econ., to the Junior Prom, to religion, to women.

The men speak at random — each expressing his views on the subject whenever he can get the attention of the others. One sits upright in his chair and pounds on the desk to emphasize his point. Another lolls in the depths of an easy chair and from a cloud of smoke emits tense remarks that sum up his ideas in a few weighty phrases. A third listens scornfully to the others and then gives vent to a burst of ridicule — declaring himself a cynic. At opportune moments the humorist makes what he fondly believes to be witty remarks. Occasionally they are received with a burst of laughter. Now the more serious attitude prevails, and the frivolous one is scornfully disregarded.

An argument breaks out and increases in fervor until everyone has aired his views, whereupon the subject changes. The average participant seldom has his views changed, but simply states his own as emphatically as he can. Seldom do all the men present agree on any one subject. But eventually the talkers weary of serious discussion, and the jokesmith seizes an opportunity to tell the latest "hot one." One good story leads to another, and a veritable barrage of stories is the result. At last one of the inmates of the room impolitely invites

the crowd to continue the discussion outside if they wish, but at least to get out so the owners of the room can sleep. Or perhaps someone suggests that they all go up town for milkshakes. The group breaks up with a banging and scraping of chairs, and the bull-session is over.

The college bull-session of today is one of the few remaining places where the art of conversation is still practiced, and so has a certain value. The old clubs over which Johnson, Lamb, or Hazlitt presided have vanished. No more does the witty and charming talker gather about himself a circle of friends to talk about various subjects. We of America are rapidly losing one of the most enjoyable of pastimes — that of conversation. Today the demands of business, society, and recreation keep us so busy that we seldom find time to sit back at ease and enjoy the pleasure of leisurely conversation.

The college bull-session is helping to preserve this ancient art of talking. But let it not be supposed that it is merely a place for idle chatter. Far from it! The average bull-session settles at least a half dozen of the leading social, political, and religious questions of the day. I venture to assert that such problems as science and religion, the double standard for the sexes, and the value of a college education have been discussed by hundreds of bull-sessions at State alone.

Percy Marks's description of a bull-session in "The Plastic Age" is slightly misleading. He would have us believe that women and religion are the chief topics of the ordinary session. But the real bull-session takes up any topic that interests the students who happen to be present. It may concern hunting and fishing adventures, sport events, philosophy, literature, or any other of a hundred and one subjects. To be sure, women and sex hold first place in the interest but they by no means exclude the other topics.

In short, the bull-session is a general conversation among several students, and may concern itself with almost anything under the sun. It is found in all places — halls, fraternities, rooming-houses, or eating clubs. Practically every student at State sits in on at least two or three sessions a quarter. As I write the fellow in whose room I am composing this and four visitors are holding a bull-session, and are at present talking about birth-control. I have my ideas about it, and I fear I shall have to close this essay to horn in and state my views. A good bull-session now and then is relished by the best of men.

PERSPECTIVE

My home must ever be a mountain high
Whose towering peaks may touch the morning star.
I span the spreading world before my eye
Where rivers thread their silver pathways far
Through fragrant fields; where sun-washed meadows are
A prayer and song of praise for heaven's grace,
Be mine, from my high home, to know — nor mar
With man's drab touch — through vistaed space,
The world by kindly distance, made a friendlier place.

ELENA CIPOLLA

OUR SOUL

In the distance lies a peak
Serene — white with peace —
Cold without, but not within
Destruction, death, fire —
Lie menacing
Waiting, waiting.
Its face betrays not the soul within —
Black, grim, treacherous soul
Scheming — planning, ruin to cause.
With a sneering thunderous laugh
It bursts.
Hot lava runs like warm blood
Over the melting snow.

ERMELINDA ROBERTS

NICKEL IN THE SLOT

FLORENCE WRIGHT

Does anyone ever say "Good morning!" in this institution? If so, I should like to meet him. In two weeks, I have not heard a professor greet a class, or vice versa. The custom is either scorned or ignored.

The present procedure seems to be this: The classroom is invaded by the Leather Jackets, armed with shields and spears. Their only weapons against the onslaught of the professor are the sky-blue binders from the Co-op and the products of Waterman or Parker, good to eternity (or is it "the last drop"?) They go into huddles, from which rise the combinations of "she said", "date", "cut it out, wontcha?" "Hey!" et cetera, much et cetera. The professor's entry is marked only by a slight subsidence of the talking and a visible shifting of stance. He scans the roll-book, and then opens fire with a "Now our topic for today is." He expounds his own theories or someone else's, which the pupils catch lightly on the ends of their pens, as one nets a butterfly, until an almost apologetic "That is all" closes the hour. Immediately, the he-saiding begins where it was so crassly interrupted by the professor's arrival; there is a rush for the door, without even as much as a backward glance at the instructor.

"Why should there be?" you ask. "He'll be there tomorrow, and anyway, who cares?"

I do! It strikes me as inhuman—this taking an education for granted. It reminds me of a perfume purveyance one often sees in depots, lounges, or ferry stations. One inserts a nickel and then exposes oneself to the spray. Likewise the student shoves his nine dollars into the registration slot, his fees in "Room 7", and then proceeds to expose himself on "M W F 10" and "T Th 2" to a spray of Psychology or French as the case may be. He has paid his money; the delivery and deliverers of the goods are taken for granted. He considers the courses more in terms of units, time and place, than in terms of the professor. The latter he characterizes as a "snap", or "terrible", a kind of Simon Legree responsible for a process of goading or prodding one on,— a new indoor sport, American pig-sticking!

Do the instructors enjoy the role of automaton? Do they groan mentally at the sight of a student—just another son of a tax payer? Judging from the external aspects of the system, that is what one would surmise; yet the few contacts I have made belie this theory.

In the boarding school where I spent a number of years, we rose when the professor entered the room, thanked him at the end of the lecture and curtsied out of the room. At the University of Munich, the students stamp their feet when the professor arrives, at any of his remarks which pleases them, and when he has finished his lecture.

Neither of these is satisfactory. The first belongs to the age of middies and skirts and should be left in the genteel institutions where it was engendered. The second seems more appropriate to hail a prize-fighter than a teacher. Yet ,extremes as they are, at least they are some form of recognition, and in my opinion, are better than none.

I offer no solution. I am no reformer. I am not interested so much in the condition, as in the reason why it prevails. If this mutual ignoring is a tradition of the school, there may be justifiable reasons, which I should like to know. If it is merely another by-product of a thoughtless age, it is regrettable. Deliberate rudeness can be smart; it may be even sufficiently effective to be considered an original bit of individuality. But indifference is inexcusable mediocrity.

CHINA TOWN, AN IMPRESSION

FRANCES BRITTON

Waiting to cross a traffic-filled street I saw just ahead of me what I would term one of life's unfortunates. Falling in tangled knots over bent shoulders, was hair which semed as gray-green sea weed on an ocean reef. A loose, yellowish jacket covered long trailing skirts which carried the gutter trash in their wake. Frailty itself was in the claw-like hands as they clutched a bronze dragon. Incense, odoriferous and heavy laden, curled slowly from its snarling mouth. Hobbling along, the figure passed under swaying lanterns, restless faces, in the blueness of late evening. Hieroglyphic windows, brocaded silks, clear crystal, gems, whose very sparkle spelled possession — all these passed us by. For we were but pebbles on humanity's road; souls each with a quest. Should I continue to follow? This question surged upon me again and again. More houses passed, prison like streets, tiny windows, opening into dark interiors made more black by falling evening. Oriental children, beady-eyed, watched as I passed. The figure continued at less rapid pace, stopping now and then to catch the scent of pungent odors which crossed the door sills along the narrow streets. Halting suddenly, I realized my mission was at an end. The figure passed through a curtained door-way; but through a crack just to the side, I could discern the room which lay below. Its chill aspect took from me all desire to enter had I perchance been bidden to do so. A ragged mat on the far side, its rumpled corners indicating long usage, and a tiny charcoal burner constituted the furnishings of the abode. A low wail, doleful, appealing, came to my ears. The figure now crouched, beat its breast relentlessly, imploring the snarling beast, now shrouded in smoke. Mercy, for a scarlet sin, mercy from a graven image, in the burning fragrance, life for the anguished soul. Strange, but this was China-town . . . !