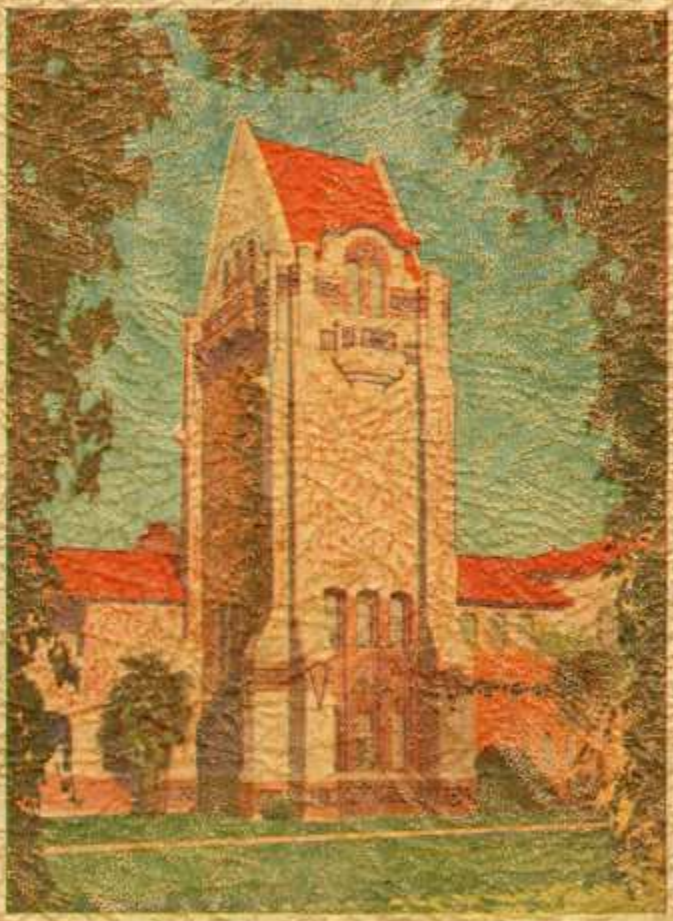
EL PORTAL



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EL PORTAL

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EVENING AT THE EDGE OF A PEAR ORCHARD

Evening comes suddenly upon the pear orchard
with gray-green shadows
shifting over the grass
and curling about the slim white trunks—

the clumped blooms pale on the stiff dusty limbs.

Evening lies over the pear orchard
breathing coolness
into the depths of straight branches.

(A wagon heaped with lettuce and artichokes
rumbles down the road to town;
the iron wheels crushing the soft stones
echo with shrill dissonances on the eardrums.)
A thin brown cloud rests motionless
above the distant horizon of dark mountains—

the bearded wild oat leans on the waves of the wind,

and the last silver dove
drifts downward
in the clustered shadows
along the banks of filaree and clover.

Golden-scarred
the moon crawls over the sagging roof of a farmhouse—

night-air descends heavy with fragrance . . .

WILLARD MAAS

WIND IN THE PALMS

GAIL BALDWIN

Young Doctor Locke was utterly weary. He leaned his head on one hand, elbow propped on the desk top, and let his strained eyes sink through the cool velvet of the tropic night. The window beside him was wide open, and the gentle trade wind breathed against his face. It was sweet with the scent of the gardenias starring the hedge, mingled with the pungence drifting up from the sheaves of white Hawaiian ginger growing beneath the sill, and, now and then, it freshened with a whiff of salt spray whipped from the crest of a breaker smoking against the rocks beyond the sand dunes. It was a relief to sit quietly in the stillness and listen to the muffled drone of the reef, and the faint, sibilant crackling of palm fronds brushing against each other as the breeze whispered through them, and to catch, now and then, a fragment of falsetto singing from far down the beach.

Dr. Locke closed his eyes and listened. Only two days more of it for him . . .

They were so beautiful, these islands. Unbelievable, they could harbor such ugliness, too. The lepers. All day long he was among them. Testing and tabulating. Those to go to Molokai and those to be kept for observation at Palama until they, too, should go to that dread settlement of living death whence none returned. He thought of all the young girls and men he had to condemn. Their stricken eyes and their hopelessness. Like the beautiful youths the ancient Greeks, in olden times, delivered to the centaur in his labyrinth as yearly tribute. There was a strange parallel in this leper business. But it had to be done, and for nearly a year he had been doing it as head of the leper investigation that had assumed control of panic-stricken Honolulu when the scourge broke out and the Health Department had sent urgently to San Francisco. He had sailed post haste. It was his big chance. But it was a heartbreaking business . . . He was glad that Alicia had not come for that reason. She would have hated it, and she would have been afraid for Dinny . . .

He turned his head from the window. The moon was probing silvery fingers over the photograph on his desk. Locke's eyes caressed the two faces smiling up at him. The two beings he loved dearest of anything on earth, and nothing but this great opportunity would have induced him to leave them. But they were safe, where they were, in a tile-roofed Spanish house, clinging to a California hillside where Dinny could patter about among the yellow poppies with the sunlight on his curly head, and Alicia could plant her favorite hyacinths in the patio garden. *There* existence was safe and ordered . . . He smiled wryly. Imagine hyacinths in a Hawaiian

garden! Their prim sweetness would be smothered under the sprawl of orchid tendrils and the exotic patterns of ylang-ylang and hibiscus . . .

The sliding, minor wail of the far-off guitar hung on the breeze. The sound was primal, like the wind-swept palms, nodding their frowsy heads above the perfume of plumeria trees, golden with bloom, or the surf lashing against the reef with its eternal murmured song. It was the song of the Islands. It was wild; it was free. He would like Alicia to see it. Some day he would bring her here, when the leper business was over—

Those lepers again! He frowned and reached for a cigarette, resenting the intrusion on his thoughts. Must be getting his nerves. He frowned again. Today had been a devil of a day. Working overtime, and then, just as he'd been leaving, that girl had come to be examined, and he had had to go back, for there had been no one else in the place to take care of her.

A match flamed, and he inhaled deeply.

It had been that that had somehow unnerved him. She was so different from the general run of patients, and yet so much the same. Poor kid . . .

She had come a long way, from some obscure gulch near Kaneohe. A big strapping fellow was with her, dark-faced and unruly of hair. His eyes had followed her with the adoration of a dog's. A hapa-haoli. She was half-white, too, with an unusual molding of feature that was distinctly Caucasian, and a delicate copper skin that her mixed bloods had given her; she was as exotic as a white orchid he had once seen . . . Her great eyes had melted like a wounded fawn's when he had told her.

"I'm sorry . . . " He added it impulsively.

She stared unseeingly at him, her lips slightly parted. Then she put her hands up to her face; her eyes questioned desperately between outspread fingers, but he could not reassure her.

"Then I . . . I . . . am . . . "

"Yes. You have leprosy."

"Auwe-e-e . . . " It was a long-drawn Hawaiian wail, evoked from the mists of the past. It brought the boy rushing from the next room to her side, and she crumpled into his arms, sobbing. His eyes glared accusingly at the doctor over the top of her bowed head.

"You are sure?"

"Very sure."

"Maybe some other doctor say not . . . "

Dr. Locke shook his head. "The symptoms in this case are unmistakable, I'm sorry to say . . . "

"She will have to go . . . ?"

"She will have to go."

"Aw, Leilehua . . . "

The girl rose, her face composed. "Come, Alaiko . . . "

Locke still saw the picture they made as they stood together. Two beautiful young animals. Wild. Free . . .

The moon was splotching the floor with silver. The doctor switched on his desk lamp. He took up a pen and drew out a fresh sheet of paper for his reporting list of the condemned. He began to write: Leilehua—

There was a knock on the door, a heavy knock that reverberated through the house.

Locke raised his head. What on earth—? His eyes fell on the desk clock. Twelve-thirty . . .

"Come in."

It was a kanaka boy, dark-faced with a shock of unruly hair. Without preamble he strode to where the doctor sat and stared down at him steadily.

"Well . . . Alaiko, isn't it? You came in with Leilehua today. What can I do for you?" Locke met the wild gleam of the boy's eyes with a level glance.

"What can I do for you?" he repeated.

Alaiko ignored him. "You are going to send Leilehua to Malokai?" he said.

Dr. Locke's face became stern. His mouth set.

"You realize, don't you, that she is a leper? There is no place for lepers here, to give the disease to others—"

"You will send her, then?"

Locke shrugged. "What else is done with lepers? I am sorry for your sake. I realize how you feel about it. You know what Malokai is, but . . . "

There was silence. The doctor was reminded of the dark savagery of the tropics personified in this boy. He was like the hills and the sea outside, knowing no restraint, only emotion . . .

"If you like, you don't have to send her away . . . "

Locke smiled wearily. "That's impossible. She is diseased; she'll have to be reported. Make up your mind to it . . . "

Alaiko was staring down at the single name on the report sheet Locke had started. With a sudden fierce gesture he snatched it up and crumpled it to pulp in his dark fist. Locke, watching him, knew pity for his simple, trapped, native mind.

"It won't do you any good because, you see, I'll only have to make out another report."

"All right! Maikai! I give you one more chance to say you not report Leilehua! *Nobody else know about her but you*—"

Locke said impatiently, "Don't you understand that she's *got to* go? Don't you understand that she's a leper, that she's a menace—"

He was talking to empty air. Alaiko was gone. There was only the sound of the trades in the palms, and the distant monotone of the reef.

Locke drew out a fresh sheet of paper. God, these natives . . . He was glad there were only two more days, damned glad . . .

He picked up his pen, poised it to write, paused a moment, his strong profile outlined sharply against the yellow lamp shade. His eyes wandered

to the photograph, and he smiled at it . . . In two days more the *Maui* was sailing. In two days more his term of service would be up. Two days more—a week—and he'd be home! Home! In a land where he belonged, where any white man belonged. Where he could understand life as it went on about him. Where existence was—civilized. Where emotions only skimmed lightly over the surfaces, and the moon would not prompt him to forget his civilization and do mad things, to the tune of an ukelele hysterically throbbing where the crooning surf spread lacy fingers over warm sands. It went to one's head, this place, and Locke preferred to keep his head. After all, he was a malihini. He was not of the Islands. Beautiful, quickening, passionate, they called alluringly with their lavish, pagan, tropic colors and perfumes and melody. But he was turning his back upon them, the scent of northern hyacinths in his nostrils and the gleam of Alicia's golden hair bright in his eyes . . . In two days more the *Maui* was sailing! In two days more—

The roar of a gun shattered the dark stillness. It startled the slumbering echoes, and they ran shrieking up and down the twisted gulches, and shivered under the koa trees till the Southern Cross rose, slantwise, out of the sea; and its far gleam shone faintly over the cold, huddled body crumpled onto the desk where the dark life-blood seeped in a spreading stain over the blotting pad, and over the nameless report sheet.

WHY?

Through darkened mist the plaintive strains of music slowly sob;
The quivering fingers draw the bow across the strings that rob
Me of the peace I long have sought from these vague thoughts of spring.
And all they hold of blind desires do now but sadly bring
Me puzzled yearning for that brief spontaneous joy of love
That perished with the fallen leaves, which summer vainly strove
To capture in her tattered shrine as remnants of delight.
But now, the song is done—the strains have faded in the night.

FRANCES SEATON

A PERSPECTIVE OF AMERICAN HIGHER EDUCATION

ALFRED T. CHANDLER

With the "converted" educators and teachers gleefully preaching the new mechanistic doctrines of grades and Intelligence Quotients, it is high time to gaze detachedly at this monstrosity and "dreen outen it" all the humor you can. It is so tragic as to be almost devoid of humor. Forget for the moment your partisan convictions and dogmas, and see "higher l'arnin' as she is."

What a funny system these Americans have! They spend a million dollars to build a college by taxation and subscription, and then turn on the very taxpayers who make the school possible—studies reveal the fact that offspring of the lower classes have lower I. Q.'s than the progeny of the business and professional classes—and say, "Your son failed to make the standard of seventy. He is not fit college material, and can no longer remain with us. We truly regret his inability to maintain the Standards." Behind the polite dismissal of the hoipolloi is the veiled inference, "You ought to know you have not brains enough to get through *our* school." However these self-same aristocratic educators turn to the business man, whose prestige and eloquent speeches inspire the masses to vote bonds or wheedle big sums from the super-wealthy, and with sweeping, gracious flourish, proclaim, "Our educational system provides a filtering process whereby *your* sons and daughters can meet other young people of the same caliber and the same higher class. We provide a marrying market where the dears can choose the most suitable person from a large number of the Right Class for a Life Partner."

What a great idea! But such a ridiculous system! What good does all this highly concentrated selection do for the country? The educator says he is developing the highest talent and brains of the nation; these products will then rebuild society. Let's see about that. The government, particularly the municipal, is a badly asthma-wrecked machine that these people seriously believe is a democracy. These highly-selected people have a typical, American-made person who dictates the law and runs the government for his own personal benefit. The more radical wing of these misrulers is dubbed "racketeers;" these nasty personages go into office for the political plums available. They emerge with most of the taxpayers' money; this condition is made easily possible by the large vote of The Man Of The Street.

And what are the carefully-selected and highly educated Intelligentsia

doing meanwhile? Most of them have contracted "satisfactory" marriages, and have settled down to the hum-drum life of eating, sleeping, playing, doing a tap of work withal, and dangerously over-indulging their offspring. Do they take a hand in the government? Insulting idea! Subject their college breeding to that filthy environment? Absurd! Do you think after their investment of time, energy, and "apple-polishing" that they would associate themselves with low-brow politicians? Impossible! Apparently, they feel they have too great a store of talent to waste it on practical problems of society. We are in an era of the Passing Statesman.

In the production of this useless class you can see the paradoxical nature of these Americans. They very sedulously skim the richest cream from their populace, but in this process the cream curdles and sours beyond any practical use for the upbuilding of society. Their best potential leaders are rendered impotent, so to speak, by two serious maladjustments. First, the system is too warping. Too many students are reduced to cynical indifference for social work. If college-life is an example of life, they would rather not attempt any changes for the good of society. Second, even if the educational machine were efficient in its job, the leaders would be so far in advance of the masses that there would be no common bond tying the two together. You have to have educated followers to follow effectively your highly trained leaders. Benefit the masses, and you lay the granite foundations upon which to build the Utopian society.

The curdling ozone that sours the intellectual cream ten times out of ten is that pernicious evil, "apple-polishing." The art of apple-polishing has become a Great American Institution. A student rises in his fellow students' opinion by the number of good grades he can obtain with the least work. You become skilled in the candid art of crying on a professor's knee and lucidly explaining the situation that a "C" in the course will drag down the Grade-point average and make impossible the transfer to Podunk U. Every time you "make a kill" in this manner, you write a new slogan on the well-stained leather jacket. Education?

Organized polishing is becoming the fashion. Sororities have teas and rush the faculty. Girls, dressed seductively, hypnotize the defenseless "prof" in the enchanted atmosphere, and deftly draw forth his many secret sorrows and repressions; soothing, maternal sympathy does the rest.

This raffling of grades is further heightened by the mad scramble to keep up a minimum standard of work. The class-room is an annoying incidental in college life that is a serious threat to the play-time in some colleges. The czar of the class-room reigns supreme; he is falsely worshipped by his vassal, the self-deluded student. The student bargains subtly with the "prof" by all the subtle wiles of apple-brightening. What a ridiculous spectacle! Americans place a high value on products of a filtering institution, and then adulterate those products by the process of education! Spend a million dollars to educate, thoroughly, one twenty-fifth of the

population, and then get a stock of intelligent people with nothing learned other than artful methods of deceit and bluff! That is a diabolical method of wasting money under the guise of education.

Another ridiculous paradox looms with cosmic aspect. A whole battery of psychologists earnestly, nay, desperately urge the sloganized precepts, "Emphasize *success!* Eliminate the failure complex. Don't set impossible standards! Be sensible in your attitude; use good mental hygiene; don't nurture an inferiority complex; be yourself!" And they are forced to subscribe to a failure-complex producing system that weeds out all those not naturally adapted to the particular creed called education. To carry this paradox to its logical conclusion the psychologist of the more reputable school harangues his class one day on the above salient principles, and then the next time gives a true-false test that "any idiot can take" and proceeds to divide up a class of fifty superior individuals into an approximate normal-curve distribution.

The normal-curve formerly demanded more than a thousand *unselected* people for a scientific grouping. This was so entrancing an idea, in a mechanistic sort of way, that pedagogy promptly became violently "hypped" on the subject so that now a class of ten calculus students are normal-curved. It is the fashion to I. Q. everyone and then place him in a booth in the grade-distribution curve. In other words, the human machines are measured, tested, rated and catalogued to facilitate grading, which is the main objective of the system.

How grandiloquent the stream of facts hosed on an innocuous class in Tests and Measurements! When you recover from the drugging effect of the course—if you study it earnestly and conscientiously—you are stripped of any naive beliefs in people as human beings which you may have been foolish enough to take for granted. Now you look at people as complex machines, each one different, but all ruled by one paramount principle, the determinism of the Intelligence Quotient. Why? Simply because the course is so subtly mechanistic in its approach that a human student unconsciously believes in the mathematical, predestined groove one has to follow in school. This is far more dangerous than the behavioristic psychology, since education comes from a largely reputable group of instructors in insidious doses; it requires more religion and poise than many students possess to take coolly these courses for what they are worth and not let the experience sour his attitude toward a large mass of average boys and girls. Can a person with this strong mental bias deal fairly, happily, and effectively with youngsters? Listen to most young and many old teachers complain about their class of morons. How cutting, how disparaging, how unjust those sneers can be!

Why this outburst? Education has come far; it has advanced with such Gargantuan strides, that you despise the sight of it idling with sirens. Mechanical devices have their important value, but most educators are

sightless to anything else. Once you push tests back to the proper niche, the allied evils of grades and ruthless autocracy will sit on a shaky throne to topple before the determined onslaught of a truly "adjusted" generation. Free American education from these enslaving shackles and you launch a wonderfully potent force to raise the cultural level of all society for the mutual benefit of all classes of society. Put education in the building business, not the failure racket.

Meanwhile education is a Comedy of Errors. We withhold educational culture from the masses who most need it. We sour most of our best leadership in the training process. Bombastic notions throttle a most promising institution. Students are not inspired to cultivate their intellects. They are merely enjoined to believe the doctrine of the Intelligence Quotient as the Supreme Deity.

ON A SEA-GULL

EINAR CHRISTY

How free a gull is! It follows the salty winds and the drifting tides to where the seaweed and the driftwood are piled upon lonely unknown coasts. It wings its way from continent to continent, and from barren cliffs to the world's teeming harbors. In its nostrils is ever the smell of seaweed, tar, and salt, and of fresh, spray-laden winds. In its ears is always the booming song of surf breaking upon the beaches, or the crash of the hissing brine thundering against a rocky coast. Above it is always the open heaven, and below it the shifting tides.

What could be more wonderful than such a life? A life of hardships, to be sure, and a life of battle with the elements. A life of wild, rushing flight through wind and stinging foam, of endless drifting through gray fog-banks, but a life which is compensated by long sunny hours of rest and peace upon lonely, battered headlands.

To me a sea-gull is a rough corsair, a brawling, screaming fighter, stealing what he can get away with, but with a heart that knows no fear, and with a spirit bounded only by the power of his wings. He is a lover of the far places, of the lonely, sunny dunes where the salty winds rustle the sparse grasses, a denizen of the wide horizons where sky and water meet. His sweeping flight, his shrill scream, and his graceful, flashing dips into the rolling surf personify the very spirit of the sea.

Certain it is that, if I believed in reincarnation, I should return to this earth in a sea-gull egg. I should hatch, grow up to take my place among the best of my fellows, fight over herring and stranded lobsters, and, once in a while, dip my wings in the salty waves which I love so well.

THE RETURN OF DAN THERON

MYRTH OUIMET

Dan afraid! How queer! How screamingly funny! Cleo Le Grande kept seeing the agonized look of fear that had passed over Dan Theron's face as she had pulled the trigger. She started to laugh hysterically and then caught herself. No time for such weakness now. It was done. She was a murderess.

She shivered. Her stomach felt queer. Nausea gripped her. She wished that she had dared to offer Dan one of the chocolates. There was enough cyanide in each to kill a person at once. It would have been so much easier, but at the last minute she had been afraid. Dan was too clever for such old stuff as that.

There was an odor of stale tobacco and sen-sen in the room. Dan had always had a weakness for sen-sen. She would associate it with this murder forever, now.

Cleo Le Grande desperately banished such thoughts, as there was no time for regrets. Take off his cap. No one should know he had been out that night. Put on his slippers and prop him up in his arm chair. The gun should be put on the floor beside him. Then suicide would be the verdict.

Blood! She must be careful not to get any on her clothes. Dan's blood! Warm! Ghastly!

She walked to the door. Involuntarily she looked back at the figure sprawled in the Morris chair and then realized what she was doing and fled down the dark, winding stairs. Her clothing felt clammy against her skin. Finally she burst out into the poorly lighted street. In spite of herself, she looked up at the lighted window two stories above her. That was where Dan lay—cold and motionless. She started running. Every shadow seemed to be pursuing her.

She hadn't realized it would affect her so greatly. She remembered members of her brother's gang coming in early in the morning and saying to her nonchalantly, "Just took a boid for a ride! Slick woik, kid!" They seemed to enjoy it, and they were never caught. So safe! So simple!

Cleo Le Grande did not feel safe. She shuddered and went on gropingly. What was she running from? That inanimate mass of flesh that had once been a living, breathing human being was in back of her. What was she running toward? The shadow of the electric chair loomed grim and sinister before her.

She hadn't let her mind dwell on that before. She had been too overpoweringly occupied with the fact that Dan, after all these years of patient, systematic searching, had found her and had threatened to tell everything.

Dan—a member of her brother's gang. She had been one of them, too, until she had finally broken away and had come here to the city. It had been hard to try to go straight. She hadn't altogether succeeded, but, hell, a girl had to eat, and no one had ever missed the few pieces of jewelry she'd "snitched." Her brother would have been proud of that work.

She'd been square, though, since she had met Larry Wright. He was a good "egg." He was in love with her, too, and wanted her to marry him. Ha! That was a kick! Imagine a man actually wanting to marry Cleo Le Grande! She'd almost laughed in his face the first time he'd timidly suggested it. He had a little money, and he meant safety and a home. Cleo was getting old; so why shouldn't she marry him and let him make an honest woman of her? She didn't love him, but was there such a thing as love between a man and a woman? She despised all men, but Larry Wright meant peace and security.

Then came Dan out of the past. Larry thought her an angel, and Dan knew her a devil. The only way she could stop Dan's mouth was—murder. She pleaded for twenty-four hours to think things over, coldly and mechanically laid her plans, went to a show with Dan that night, seemingly succumbed to his advances, and went up to his room with him. It had been an easy matter to work on his ego and get him to show her his noiseless automatic. He was no good to himself and a real menace to society; so she had no qualms as she pulled the trigger. Peace and security ever after. But now—

Cleo Le Grande looked behind her again. She couldn't help it. Suppose —suppose she were caught after all?

Apprehensive thoughts muddled through her mind. Was there a loophole anywhere? Criminologists claimed that something was overlooked in every carefully planned crime. Had she overlooked anything? She had wiped her fingerprints off the gun carefully, no one had seen her go up to Dan's rooms with him, and the street had been deserted when she came out. She had had her druggist friend get the cyanide for her in a village fifty miles away and then had not used it. Dan hadn't told anyone about her, as he was a total stranger in the city. Everything seemed perfect, and yet—

Growing steadily was the feeling of fatality. Far back in her mind she remembered something her mother used to say. Something about every sin committed on earth being recorded and paid twice over in the next world. Would she go to hell? Ghastly thought!

Suddenly a car swung out of a cross street in front of her, and she screamed with terror as she threw herself backward to avoid being hit.

The driver stopped the car with a God-awful shrieking of brakes. When he saw that he was unhurt, he yelled coarsely, "What the hell are you trying to do? Make a murderer of me?"

A murderer? No, she was the murderer. She started to tell him about it, but people began appearing from nowhere to watch curiously. It seemed to her agonized conscience that they were watching her covertly and suspiciously. Perhaps she looked like a murderess. Could there be any telltale evidence about her? Those accusing eyes! She thought she'd go stark mad if they didn't go away.

Just then a policeman came up and asked what the disturbance was. A few questions, a decision that no damage had been done, and a taking of their names and addresses for report purposes consumed but a few minutes. The officer was pocketing his memorandum-book when his eyes lowered to Cleo Le Grande's hands and fastened there startled.

"Hello!" You must be hurt, little lady. There's blood on that cap!"

Cap? God in Heaven! Cleo stared with horror-stricken eyes at the blood-stained cap she held clutched in her trembling hands. In God's name, how had she ever brought Dan's cap away with her? Cold sweat started to her forehead.

"That is paint." Her voice was merely a hoarse croak. "My—my brother is a painter, and I was taking it to him."

"I see," the officer said slowly. "Rather late to be wandering around in this neck of the city alone, though. Bad business these times. You better hurry home, Miss. I guess that's all—for now."

Cleo Le Grande never knew how she got home. Panic had complete possession of her. She had made a slip—the fatal blunder that every amateur murderer seemed to make. She tossed the cap across the room with sickening repulsion. A policeman had seen it. The man had known she was lying. Why, he couldn't have helped but know.

Dan murdered—and she on the street at two o'clock in the morning with a bloody cap clutched in her hand! And they had her name and address!

She undressed and slid into bed. She couldn't close her eyes, and Dan kept reappearing before her. She could feel the net closing around her. There could never be any home now. She felt sorry for Larry, as he would sincerely mourn for her. He was a good "egg," and she felt that in time she might have come to care for him.

What a fool she'd been! And now it was too late. There could be only one ending to this. Death!

It chanted over and over in her mind like a dreadful dirge. Death! A bare, gray room, an electric chair, the stifling black hood over her face, the

final blast of the searing current . . . . . Oblivion.

These and other agonizing thoughts went through her mind until dawn crept on. She had lived in a seething turmoil of hell that night.

She crept slowly out of bed. The dazed feeling had passed long ago. She was facing stark reality this morning. She paced up and down her room trying to form some plan.

Flight would only postpone it. Still—there might be a chance. She began frenziedly to throw things into her bag. Every few minutes she looked furtively out of the window.

Once she stood transfixed. She was doomed! Across the street stood a policeman. Another one was coming up the walk toward her front door.

They had traced her already! There was no chance to escape, now!

The awful scenes that were ahead flashed before her eyes. Slow agonizing weeks and months of trial and imprisonment. And at the end—Death! She had murdered; therefore she would pay the supreme penalty.

The very thought was worse than death. Better to die at the beginning of it all than to suffer for months waiting for the end. Her glazed eyes shifted to the purse lying on the dresser. Inside was a bag of chocolates—

She jumped like a startled fawn as the door-bell shrilled through the house. Someone answered it. She heard low voices and, a moment later, footsteps on the stairs.

She lurched toward the dresser with a haggard face. Her trembling hands picked up the purse, fumblingly opened the clasp, reached inside and brought out a white paper bag. She took two of the chocolates out and put them in her mouth—

A knock on the door. No answer.

Another knock. Dead silence.

A third knock, and when there was no reply, the old woman on the other side of the door called to the girl she knew was inside:

"Miss Le Grande, dearie! There's a policeman here a-sellin' tickets to the grand ball this Friday night a-comin', and I thought as how ye might be likin' to go with yer Larry. What'll I be tellin' him?"

Her only answer was a deep, pregnant silence.

SINO-JAP

WILLIAM A. WILKES

They fired a shell into the air;
It fell to earth exactly where
They knew it would do the most damage!

Boom! A snaky monster of steel recoils. The tortured atmosphere screams in protest as the deadly projectile hurtles upward in a wide arc. Suddenly there is a terrific explosion in a crowded Shanghai street. A dozen forms drop and lie still. A man reaches in agony to his abdomen. It isn't there. A woman with a baby runs wildly. When she is a safe distance away, she hugs her precious burden, starts to kiss it. A sliver of steel is protruding from the baby's forehead.

What's the answer? The Japs are "shooting bandits;" they are protecting lives and property. If a city is wrecked, it does not mean that an act of war has taken place—just an "incident." At the risk of seeming a hothead, I must confess having little patience with the Japanese attitude. I admire good diplomacy, but I cannot see how the Japanese answers and notes are to be considered as such. Sometimes I wish an enormous fleet of aeroplanes would suddenly appear over Yokohama; bomb the city to the ground, killing every man, woman and child there; and when Tokyo asks why, blandly say, "We are shooting bandits; protecting lives and property; a mere incident."

Perhaps it would be better, though, to take less diplomatic measures, examine the situation without the aid of the winged angels of death. Just why has Japan suddenly blossomed out as a first-rate menace to peace? What are the reasons behind her recent, imperialistic moves?

In the first place, Japan is new-rich. In seventy years she has changed from a backward, obscure, microcosmic country to the fifth world-power, a macrocosmic empire, rich and powerful. Like most new-rich she has a desire to make an impression, to show her power, to exhibit her culture. She is haughty and arrogant to smaller fry. Like all new-rich she overuses etiquette (noted for politeness is Japan).

Moreover, Japan is crowded. Three quarters of a million surplus of births over deaths each year is no small problem. It cannot be solved forever on five small strips of land. Her teeming, island population must have outlet, room to grow!

The biggest reason is her need for raw materials. She has no coal or iron. These are absolutely necessary to a world power. Manchuria is a veritable gold-mine for raw materials, everything from gold to wheat.

Gold is valuable to build up foreign credit, without which no large-scale military operations can be carried on at the present time. Wheat is wonderful food for soldiers. Wool and meat can be produced here in large quantities. In short, Manchuria affords everything that Japan needs to become a super-power.

Japan would like to be the biggest gun in the East. To the north a giant Red Bear grows continuously larger, sharpens his claws on five-year schedules. If Japan does not watch her step, the Great Bear will outstrip her and become the mightiest power in all Asia. Therefore Japan must have Manchuria. It is also possible that Japan dislikes the Pacific holdings of the United States. The Aleutians stretch right out to Japan's back door. Uncle Sam has bases on the outermost islands. The great base at Pearl Harbor is also a distinct future menace. Most alarming of all, though, are the base at Manilla and the British bases in Australia. All of these factors enter into Japan's present actions.

The action in Shanghai is to break up the Chinese boycott against Japanese goods. This is the most astonishing part of the whole matter, for it is the first time in history that the salesman has attempted to sell his wares by shooting his customers. It is a wonderful experiment. The whole world is waiting the answer to this most extraordinary sales talk of all time. I'm not buying any Japanese stocks, if you know what I mean!

Still, we must give the Japs credit for one thing they have done. They have cleared up the question of guilt in the World War. Now we know what those Germans were. They were bandits!

TREES AFTER FIRE

Blue—too blue that vaulted dome!
It should be clad in mourning gray.

Now all around me ghastly silhouettes
Are gathered—charred trees, fire-crucified.
All stark, they stand, on bleak and blackened earth,
So piteous, with their lifeless arms outstretched
Against the azure sky, that, mute, they seem
To plead for mercy. Each protesting form
A spectre; desecrated—desolate.

RUBY GODDARD MEYNIER

SULPHUR MOUNTAIN

W. H. MEYERS

Barren plain, endless expanses of yellow sand glistening in the scorching sunlight of a mid-summer day created visual impulses the very sameness of which bored the brain. Ahead rose one solitary hill, more deathly yellow than the flat, and toward this lone sentinel wound our narrow road. Why it wound, we knew not; certainly it was not to avoid swamps or vegetation. How could marshes form in beds of sulphur? The horizon was nearer than the closest bush.

We approached the base of the mountain on the leeward side, and the venomous vapors swept over the slope as legions of devils intent on smothering every possibility of life. There was no sign of life save one: to our left a single elk ambled along with his queer, swinging trot. Why did he run? Was it our car, or did he know this yellow Hell for what it really was? Perhaps he sensed unfolding distances which lay between him and the next greens. One mountain, one animal, one automobile, and nothing else existed but a wind laden with the stifling fumes of burning sulphur—fumes which attacked the nasal passages like the assault of a thousand needles and necessitated burying the nose deeply in clothing to gasp desperately for usable breath. Had two elk embarked on that fateful journey and one been struck down in convulsions by the deadly gas? Was that lurching gait we witnessed the compromise between a broken heart beseeching him to return to his fallen mate and an instinctive desire to extend himself to his utmost in escaping the peril?

Now the road circled to the windward, and we welcomed the opportunity to drink deep draughts of fresh air, with the eagerness of condemned souls receiving a stay of execution. With the wind driving the sulphur dioxide away from us, we could approach the great fissures on foot. Here enormous quantities of sulphur were being consumed in flames; the very ground upon which we stood was hot! Fire, fire and brimstone, and stench, the qualifications of an evangelist's Hades, all were present in this earthly outcrop of the realms of eternal punishment.

To tarry unnecessarily in this God-forsaken rendezvous of evil would be to suffer needless punishment like Oriental zealots doing penitence for sins imagination-magnified. As we sped back toward civilization, we were alone; there was no elk, and the mountain was behind. Water, green grass, forests, and the future lay ahead; we were leaving behind us a hideously impressive memory.

THE MEETING OF BOSS SNAKES

CHARLES M. WENTZ

One summer's evening in South Dakota, while I was on my way to look at some traps that I had set for prairie dogs, I observed a commotion among the sheep, which were grazing near by. I knew at once that a rattlesnake was among them, for I could hear the rattles; but a moment or two later near the bank of the river I heard a noise of a different kind. On hurrying forward I found a huge bullsnake that was lashing his head hither and thither in a frenzied attempt to disgorge an overgrown toad.

Just then I remembered the rather common tradition that bullsnakes and rattlers are deadly enemies, and, securing the big fellow and thrusting him into a leather bag I had expected to put my prairie dogs into, I ran at top speed to the place where I had heard the rattler. I found him—and a gigantic fellow he was. Thick, powerful of jaw, and at least five feet long.

I dropped my bag, and out came the bullsnake, free from the toad. He advanced threateningly toward me, but in a moment the rattlesnake sounded his rattles, and, like a flash, the bullsnake turned. Raising his head a foot or more, he remained quite motionless as if he were listening. Another buzz perhaps twenty feet away, and the bullsnake knew where his enemy was. With a rush, as if he were dropping from a height, he started for the rattler, which turned and fled. Fearing that he would disappear into a hole, I ran to head him off, but the precaution was not necessary. The bullsnake quickly gained on him. When the snakes were perhaps six feet apart, they stopped and remained perfectly still. At the end of perhaps a minute the rattlesnake suddenly drew himself into a coil, and the bullsnake started to circle the quarry, keeping about six feet from it. Gradually the bullsnake moved faster and decreased the size of the circle, and all the while among the coils at the center there was a humming and buzzing of rattles such as I had never heard before. The flat triangular head of the rattler was almost hidden and lifted only occasionally.

When the bullsnake had almost encircled his foe with his length, he suddenly drew himself together in a coil like that of his victim's and from the midst of it raised and lowered his glistening, egg-shaped head. Never had I imagined so much fury, such terrible ferocity! The two writhing masses approached each other, and the hissing and rattling ceased. The head of the rattlesnake began warily to emerge. Then the two heads lifted a foot and came together with an impact almost like that which a baseball bat makes when it strikes a baseball. For a time both snakes were so active that I could not see which had hold of the other. The two masses intertwined and lashed and tumbled and thrashed the earth too rapidly for the eye to follow.

Then the movements became less violent, and I could see that the bullsnake had hold of his antagonist about two inches behind the head. The rattler was vainly trying to embed his fangs in his adversary; both fangs, almost an inch long, were in plain sight. His head was almost flat; his beady eyes looked as if they would shoot out like his forked tongue.

Suddenly the bullsnake made a terrific lunge, and his entire length shot to the other side of his enemy, which now lay stretched in the opposite direction. For a moment both lay outstretched; then the bullsnake moved weakly away in the direction of the marsh. With his head bent back double, the rattler writhed in his last throes.

I followed the victor, but he had not gone far before he stopped and drew his whole length up into lumps almost like knots, and then turned on his back. The venomed fangs of the rattler had pierced him in many places. Before long he ceased to move. I returned to the scene of the fight, and there lay the rattler dead. The big toad, the unwitting cause of the struggle, was the sole survivor of the tragedy.

I VOTE FOR SORORITIES

MARGARET HILL

"Fraternities are the nerve centers of the university. To them may be attributed most of the enthusiasm generated in the university. I do not believe we could do without them." So, recently, stated Dr. Sproul, president of the University of California, in a talk to fraternity men. This statement may likewise be applied to the sororities on the campus. In this same speech Dr. Sproul accused the fraternities, and we will add, the sororities, of snobbery. Of course they are snobbish, for isn't man, likewise woman, snobbish and undemocratic by nature? Argue as you will, but that fact holds true even in this democratic America. Life, for the average person, is a succession of cliques. It's the gregarian instinct of the human race. In the grown-up world we have all the way from mere sets, sewing circles and rotary clubs on up to secret orders and lodges.

And in school, - well, I remember way back in the primary grades a group of us, boys and girls, I believe, formed a mysterious "Wolves Gang." We were very snobbish about *that;* only our particular pals were allowed, after a terrifying initiation, to learn the secret password and then join in our Indian games. Later, in high school, there were no sororities, but our "T. N. T." club kept things lively. Added to the school spirit, too. We sold tickets to games, cheered the boys on in athletic contests and did all those things that make school exciting. Then came college. I wasn't a very interesting freshman, too shy and self-conscious; but I made an ex-

cellent sorority because of my high grades. That was fair; Gamma—we'll call it that—needed good scholars, and I needed something to give me a little poise.

Being a pledge wasn't always fun, especially some of those Monday nights when we were called in, one by one, and told just what our many faults were! And why should I have to remember "who I was and what I represented" every time I started to chew a stick of gum in public? Have you ever hated your mother just after she's given you a scolding or motherly lecture? Of course you have, but if anyone else dares to say anything about her, it's just too bad for him! That's the old clan spirit, I guess, and that's the way you feel about your sorority.

"Who you are and what you represent!" Well, if you were wearing Gamma's pin you had to do something for her. You went out for activities. Whether you wanted to or not you joined the Y. W. and served on committees. It probably was good for you, too. You hated girl's baseball, but you went out and tried to bat, just so Gamma would win in the intersorority games. Finally, you could hit the ball occasionally and didn't get hit yourself, well, that is, not seriously. It was kind of fun, after all. Although you were painfully embarrassed in the presence of celebrities, you sat next to the college president when the house entertained him at dinner. And because it was a case of "have to" you made passable conversation. The next time it was easier to talk to guests.

The average grade of the sorority girl may be a "C," but isn't that the average grade of most of us average students? However, like all rules, there are exceptions. I know that Gamma boasted of several Phi Kappas and almost very year one of our seniors made Mortar Board. As for "pipe" courses, well, as long as there are "pipes" offered in college there'll be students taking them. I know that I wasn't the first Gamma to tackle chemistry—successfully, by the way—for I found the text book up in the attic where, according to a time-honored custom in our house, the departing sisters toss their old texts that the next year's members may use them. That's rare economy, isn't it? We may aim at a "C" to get by, but pledges have to make a "B" average to be initiated. There's keen competition among the different houses for first place in scholarship standing, too. When the "D" list comes out it is carefully scanned, and woe be unto the member, be she pledge or active, whose name appears there! Gone are most of her dates, and she sits nightly at the study table until that grade is brought up. If you're a "barb" and failing in some subject, it's your own look out. But if you're a sorority girl, that's a different story; such failure will reflect on the house and willingly or not, some sister is obliged to help pull you through.

It has been said that sororities choose girls according to type. Well, why not? Birds of a feather flock together, and you're happier with companions who have similar tastes. Bear in mind, however, that a good sorority must be represented in almost every activity on the campus. There-

fore, unless her type is the ideal all-around girl, she has to pledge some students, some athletes, some politicians and some social butterflies. After striving together for four years, these girls are much more likely to become a mixture of types than are the ones who have no such common bond.

Sororities and fraternities are snobbish and undemocratic. They dictate what their pledges shall do, even sometimes going so far as to say which men, or which girls, they shall go with. Many intellectual and worthwhile students, of their own accord or otherwise, do not join one. Yes, all of this is true; yet the following is equally true.

Sororities and fraternities occupy a most important place in the college and university. They provide that main social and cultural center which is the real life of the campus. Through them a student may more easily orient himself to college life. And each house stands for certain ideals which, more or less, do influence its members. Even now, although I am out of school and have lost all active interest in my sorority, I can still put on my pin and think of how, way back in 1871 in a little college in the middle west, four girls got together and decided to found a sorority. And it gives me a little thrill to reflect upon how many other girls since then have worn the pin those four girls devised and have tried to be worthy of what it stands for. And so, I suppose, as long as I live I shall, consciously or unconsciously, remember "who I am and what I represent." And after all, in this world we mortals have much need of *some* ideals, have we not?

FALL IN THE PINNACLES

The shaded haunts of all the soft-voiced streams
Are lighted by the blaze of their own banks.
The circling departing hawk that screams
Farewell; the velvet-antlered deer, whose flanks
Are dappled by the shade of thin-clad trees;
The dusky rose of cave-walls, and the flow
Of ageless spring, whose rock-cupped water sees
Its source reflected; thousand-colored, snow
And ice conceived, fantastic frieze on steeps
Of pinnacles and peaks; all rest in haze
Of softly lingering day; their glory sleeps
Just as the year will shortly sleep. The day's
Departing holds them all in warm embrace.
No lightly falling leaf, or bird's soft note
Mars the warm quiet of this sheltered place.
Even the winds are silent, still, remote.

RUBY GODDARD MEYNIER

THE GREAT GOD TIME

JAMES LAWRENCE BILLWILLER

Upon the stairs in my home stands a grandfather's clock, ticking sepulchrally. By my bed is a nervous alarm clock. Over the radio is a ship's clock, clanging absurd combinations of bells which only the very superior understand. On my wrist I carry a demure white gold watch. I am informed frequently, while listening to a musical program, of the exact hour for my region. It is quite impossible for me to escape from the correct time.

I cannot complain that I am the only person who is time-ridden. Almost any civilized man knows the year, the day of the month and week, and the approximate hour. He who knows nothing of these things is considered a savage, to whom we must send missionaries with clothing, can-openers, Bibles—and clocks.

We seldom wonder if, perhaps, this barbarian may not be wiser than we. Our lives are so regulated by those tyrannical devices in our pockets that we are never courageous enough to doubt them. To us they represent time, which we cannot conceive no matter how hard we try. If someone told us that there always will be, and always has been but one time, *now*, we should look at him in contemptuous amazement.

A little thought will show us that our sacred idols measure only a linear distance. When the hand of my watch has traveled once through a circle, I say an hour has passed. Of course, nothing of the kind has happened. It was *now* an hour ago and it still is. Things have moved, events have happened, but it is still eternity.

Perhaps you think this fiction to be as harmless as it is convenient, but it builds up deadly phantasms in the human mind. So many of us think ourselves old or unsuccessful because of the falsehoods of the calendar. It tells us that we cannot do the things we wish to because youth has left us, while we may really be as young mentally and physically as we were ten years ago. Many people worry themselves into a grave because their birth certificate tells them they have lived longer than the average person.

We cannot deny the convenience of the system. Many things, such as time tables and all-night restaurants, would be impossible without clocks. But are they really so important? Is not human happiness and welfare more valuable than any system of life?

Time is not connected with beauty or happiness. Nor is anything but a purely academic measurement necessary in any human affairs. If all clocks and calendars were destroyed, except for the use of scientists, we should soon come out of the immediate chaos into a more pleasant existence.

Unfortunately, nothing of this kind will happen. Men are the most conservative of creatures, and would not allow their fetishes to be taken from them. Even if a catastrophe destroyed all man's belongings, the first thing he would do would be to start cutting notches in a tree as a sort of calendar. And then things would be as bad as before.

SOMETHING NEW AND DIFFERENT

NADINE WORKMAN

It was all my fault to begin with, but I had no idea that things would turn out as they did. At a New Year's Eve party I first spoke of my plan. I did not, at the time, think twice before I spoke. However, I did a great deal of thinking about it afterward. In fact, we all must have thought about it a great deal.

I first told Dot, and she, true to form, told everyone else. The boys thought that it was a great idea. As the coming 1932 was a leap year, I thought that it should offer the girls a chance to ask the boys for a date. At the stroke of twelve o'clock the boys joined a circle in the center of the room and loudly resolved that until some girl had taken them out at least once they would not ask the girls out again. Thinking that they were only joking, we paid little attention to this until the following weekend had passed. We had all stayed at home. Something, we decided, must be done.

We met to discuss the situation. I must admit that I secretly hoped to get a chance to ask one of the boys for a date. However, I tried not to sound too enthusiastic when Beth suggested that we give in. The rest of the girls did not wish to, yet, and we decided to wait another week. We waited, but in vain. Nobody even stopped in at the club meeting to help us eat the refreshments. We met again and decided that the boys were in earnest. This time we decided to give in and play our part. After all, why not?

Two days later I bought a bid for the country club dance. It was then that I became a bit frightened at the thought of being so forward as to ask a boy for a date. Finally I came to the conclusion that the boys would be expecting it. Otherwise they would never have made such a resolution. Summoning all my courage,I went to the telephone and gave Larry's number. It seemed years before he answered, and I wanted dreadfully to hang up. When he answered, his voice sounded the same as it always did, and I became more brave.

"Larry," I said, "there is to be a formal dance at the country club next Saturday night. I thought perhaps you would like to go with me."

"Why yes, I would like to go," he answered. "What time will you come for me?"

This was entirely unexpected, but I decided to play up to him. "I will be around about nine o'clock," I answered as casually as I could.

"I'll be ready," he answered.

"I'll see you then. Goodbye."

I hung up in great relief, but for the rest of the week I vaguely wondered whether he would actually go with me when I went after him.

Saturday night finally arrived, and I put on my new formal. I was so

nervous that I could hardly keep from shaking. When I was ready, I suddenly thought about money and the car. It was with some fear that I approached Dad. I told him of the situation, and to my surprise, he actually grinned, although he thought I didn't see him.

"Here," he said in a very gruff tone as he handed me a ten-dollar bill, "be careful with the car."

At about ten minutes to nine I backed the car out and started for Larry's house. I began to wonder what I should say. Never before had I done such a thing, and I didn't know how to go about it. When I neared the house I became more frightened than ever, but I drove around and around the block until I had courage enough to stop. It was exactly nine o'clock when I started up the walk. Drawing my wrap closer about me in an effort to keep from trembling, I extended a nervously shaking white-gloved hand and rang the door bell. I waited what seemed hours before the door opened and Larry's cheery voice said, "Hello, come in a minute. I am almost ready."

I went in and Larry introduced me to his mother. I thought I saw a faint smile on her lips as she told me to sit down. Larry disappeared, and I began the process of becoming acquainted with Mrs. Jones. I am afraid that I did not seem overly enthusiastic in talking to her. Time passed, and it was fifteen minutes after nine. Still Larry did not return. I had never kept him waiting that long. Mrs. Jones gave me a sympathetic look and said, "You are doing fine. Try to keep it up."

Larry returned then, and I faced him with the determination to put the whole thing over as well as I could. He handed me his overcoat, and I helped him put it on. Then he opened the door and went out.

"I'm very pleased to have met you, Mrs. Jones," I said. "I shall bring Larry home early. Good-night."

"Good-night," she answered, and I observed with a great deal of pleasure that she winked at me.

I closed the door, and Larry and I walked out to the car. I helped him in, and then walked around to my place behind the wheel. I started the engine, which responded with a pleasing purr, and we rolled off into the darkness.

"It's going to be a perfect night," Larry decided as he looked at the starry sky. "I wonder who else will be there."

"I think Beth is taking Leonard, Dorothy is taking Elwyn, and Barbara is taking Ken," I ventured to say.

"Oh," said Larry. I thought he seemed satisfied.

Suddenly the spirit of the thing came to me, and I was determined to show him a real good time. The car behaved beautifully for the occasion, and I took the hills leading up to the country club in high. Larry's car wouldn't do that. Vaguely I wondered if I should have sent him a corsage. That seemed silly. Well, wasn't the whole thing silly?

I found a parking space on the curved drive leading to the club house

and parked the car. Going around to help Larry out, I tore my stocking on a rose bush and stepped in a mud puddle. While I locked the car, Larry observed that there seemed to be quite a few people there.

At the door I presented the bid and suffered a purple star to be stamped on my wrist. This was so we could go in and out as we pleased. Thank heaven we checked our wraps in different places! "I'll meet you here," I said, and Larry walked off toward the men's lounge. I went to check my wrap, where I encountered Dorothy.

"How are you getting along?" she demanded.

"Perfectly, this far," I answered. I checked my wrap, but kept my bag. I knew I should need it. Dorothy hurried out to meet Elwyn, and I followed as quickly as possible. I managed to get back before Larry did, and I stood there as though it were the most common thing in the world. Soon he appeared and handed me his cigarette lighter.

"Keep this for me, will you?" he asked.

I put the lighter into my purse. I had always given him my compact to keep.

We stood for a minute watching the crowded dance floor. Across the room I saw Beth and Leonard sitting on a sofa. Suddenly Beth stood up and said something. Leonard stood up also, and they began to dance.

"Would you like to dance?" I asked.

Larry nodded, and we began. At least he was leading me. The music was excellent, and after several dances I noticed that it was terribly warm. A huge stone fire-place contained a roaring fire which filled the room with warmth.

"It's terribly warm in here," said Larry in a bored voice.

"Let us go outside for a while," I suggested. We went out and found a seat on the large porch which overlooks the golf course.

"May I have a cigarette?" asked Larry.

"Excuse me, I will get some." I went inside to the counter and purchased a package.

On my way back to the porch I noticed Barbara tying Ken's shoe. How unique!

On returning I opened the cellophane-wrapped package and offered Larry a cigarette. He took it, and then I held the lighter for him. It was refreshingly cool outside after the extreme heat in the club house. The green rolled in billows down the hillsides. In the dark they looked like black velvet. Here and there, they were dotted with white sand pits. Down below us, the lights of San Jose twinkled through the thin mist. Larry finished the cigarette, and I offered him a stick of gum.

"Only half a stick, please," he said. I had to break the stick in half and chew the other piece myself.

"Shall we go back in and dance some more?" I asked.

"I guess so," answered Larry.

We went in and danced. The fire had died down somewhat, and it

was a little cooler inside than it had been. However, after several dances Larry again requested that we go outside. This seemed all right, but I must admit that I was unprepared for a walk around the golf links. It had rained the day before, and the greens were muddy as well as being wet with dew. At any rate, we started.

Now it is not my fault that I am the athletic type. When I put on a pair of high-heeled dancing sandals and a formal, and am then requested to perform an act such as hiking or running a race, I consider it a great injustice.

When we reached the fifth hole, I came fully to realize that my shoes were ruined and my stockings were wet with dew. Larry clung to me as though he needed support. The truth is I needed it, but I attempted to hold him up as much as possible. In all the history of the centuries had any girl ever stood such treatment? I knew that Larry was copying me in everything that he did. Very well, I would copy him.

By this time we came to a wooden bridge over a deep gully. In the middle of the bridge Larry stopped and requested another cigarette. While he was smoking I surveyed my shoes with a most discouraged eye. Oh well, what is one pair of shoes compared with what I expected to get out of the experience? Then we started on the last lap of the marathon.

If I had had the presence of mind of Theodore Roosevelt and the genius of Einstein, I would have known better than to go near the swimming pool. However, such was not the case, and we stepped off the eighteenth green onto the tile walk which encircles the pool.

"Oh, what a perfect night for a swim!" exclaimed Larry in highest glee. "Let's go in!"

"Am I to believe," I answered as coolly as possible, "that you intend to go swimming in full dress, or would you prefer to remove your coat and vest? Also, notice that the pool is in utter darkness and the temperature is anything but desirable."

"Well, the temperature makes no difference, and, as for it being dark, we can have the spotlights turned on like they do in the summer, and we can get suits at the club house," he answered.

Just because Larry's father happens to be the golf pro, Larry could have the roof taken off the club house if he so desired.

"All right," I agreed, "I will go and get a suit if you will attend to everything else."

Larry disappeared, and I went inside to find the locker room attendant. She agreed to lend me a suit and towel, and I put the suit on. It was a sky-blue creation which showed distinctly where I had become tanned the summer before, as it had a very low back.

As I think back over that evening, I cannot see how I had nerve enough to step out on the crowded dance floor, clad only in a bathing suit, and worm my way between the dancing couples. As people caught sight of me, they stopped dancing and followed me. Perhaps it was the look of grim

determination on my face that caused everyone to keep silent. Only the click of high heels sounded on the tiled walk as the crowd approached the pool.

True to his word, Larry had the spot lights shining on the pool, and was standing on the walk waiting for me. He showed no surprise at seeing the spectators following me, but I felt like the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Larry's bathing suit was the same color as mine, and I am afraid that we looked somewhat like an acrobatic team for Ringling Brothers or Barnum and Bailey.

Perhaps Larry began to doubt whether it was a wise thing to carry out his plan, but I gave him no chance to change his mind. Taking a deep breath I ran to the end of the diving board and jumped into the icy depths. I have never experienced anything quite so cold. Larry followed, and we swam around for awhile amid the cheers of the onlookers. Shortly after, we decided to go in. The crowd had dispersed somewhat when we climbed out and walked back toward the club house. My hair, which had been finger waved for the occasion, lay flat to my head and dripped water down my back. It was with a sigh of relief that I stepped into the locker room.

I dressed hurriedly, dried my hair somewhat, and made myself as presentable as possible. I had to get Larry away from the Country Club before he decided to do something else foolish. I got my wrap and went to look for him. I found him waiting for me.

"Let's go up to Dinah's," I suggested.

This met with approval, and we left. It was then one o'clock. Out on the road again I felt better. The purr of the motor was restful, but I was not to be comfortable for long.

"It's cold," murmured Larry as he moved over closer to me.

I put my arm around him, and he laid his head on my shoulder. After a few miles of this I asked, "Comfortable now?"

"Uh huh."

My right arm was cold from the wind blowing in through the open window. At last I knew how it felt to be an escort for someone else. Time after time Larry had done this without complaining.

Mile after mile slipped by, and it was with the greatest of joy that I drove into the parking yard at Dinah's. Larry didn't move. I was glad of a chance to sit still and rest. After a few minutes I asked, "Shall we go in now?"

Silence. I knew he was only fooling, and I determined to make him stop.

"Larry, how about some fried chicken?"

"Oh, are we there already?" Larry asked in what he thought sounded like a drowsy voice. I knew he almost had to laugh, for he coughed rather unnaturally.

"Let's go in," I suggested again.

We went in and found a table as far away from the orchestra as I

could get. It was with a great relief that I sank down on the chair. Soon the waiter came, and we ordered.

While we were waiting for the order, we read the numerous names which had been carved on the table; and then amused ourselves by flipping a penny from a fork into a glass of water. This is really a very clever trick.

Finally the waiter reappeared with a large tray of steaming food. Fried chicken, biscuits and honey, apple pie a-la-mode, and coffee were put down before us. While we were eating, the waiter hovered over us constantly to refill our water glasses, and, I suppose, to see that we didn't get out without paying the bill. I certainly looked much the worse for wear. When we had finished eating he wrote the check and placed it on the table next to Larry's plate.

"Just a minute," I said. "I will take that."

He looked at me curiously, and I almost laughed to see the expression of surprise on his jovial black face.

"Mah goodness, Ah didn't know de young leddies wuz payin' de bills now'days," he said in a slow, Southern drawl.

As he handed the bill to me I explained, "Just trying out something new for a change."

On our way out I looked back and saw him shaking his head and grinning as though thinking of the peculiarities of the present generation. After paying the bill with the remainder of the ten dollars, we left. Once more, after the necessary shifting, I put my arm around Larry.

All the way home he talked and sang, now and then rising up to look out of the windows. This was much easier for me than it had been coming up. One by one the smaller towns slipped by, and we reached Santa Clara.

"Hey, this is Santa Clara," said Larry without looking up. "I could tell these streets if I was unconscious."

The streets became smoother when we reached the Alameda, and it took no time to reach San Jose. A few minutes later I stopped in front of Larry's house. He sat up and yawned. I escorted him up the walk with a great deal more pleasure than I had felt earlier in the evening.

"Well, I have certainly had a swell time, and thank you for taking me," declared Larry.

"I am glad that you had a good time, I said, "and thanks for going with me."

"Oh, that's all right. Goodnight." He turned to go in.

"Wait a minute," I said. "Didn't you forget something?"

Larry turned and, leaning over daintily kissed me on the forehead.

"Larry, you know perfectly well I mean your lighter." I handed it to him.

"Of course," he laughed. "Goodnight."

On my way home I thought over the events of the evening. I was much too tired to think clearly, for everything seemed vague. When I had put the car away, I locked the garage and walked around to the front door.

I was extremely surprised to see Larry's roadster sitting at the curb. I pretended not to see him, and started to go in, only to be picked up by main force and placed in the car.

"What are you doing over here at this time of the morning?" I demanded.

"I just came over to ask you to go to the Student Body dance with me next Friday night. Will you go?"

"I certainly will," I declared. "I will be glad to go with you."

Larry laughed. "You have been very interesting tonight. I didn't know that you would do it. I congratulate you."

"I didn't know before what you have had to put up with. You imitated me perfectly. Now, I am tired, and I guess I will go in."

This time Larry walked to the door with me.

"Then I will see you next Friday?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I'll let you know later what time I will come for you."

"All right, good night," I yawned.

"Good night."

I went into the house and to bed. In an instant I was asleep.

VIGIL AT DARK

The solid earth shall fail the feet to move
While still a thought of her will stab the brain.
Unspoken word, faltering at the mouth of love,
Forever lost in dust and fire and rain,
Stirs now within the central core of earth,
Even as once her presence stirred the air
When the small bones of her narrow breast gave birth
To no less burning than the breast chained there.

Bird-hands, bird-mouth, forever to lie prone,
Under cold clear stars, under a golden sky,
And season swing to season as beneath
The sacrificial wreath-emblazoned stone
The straight still arms await the lonely cry
That shall end then this pitiable breath.

WILLARD MAAS

THE REASON

VIRGINIA WILLIAMS

"What's your reason?"

Through all of man's life no question brings a deeper, or more sure rebellion than this. Why did ten-year-old Johnny steal the gold-fish? Because he wanted to—an answer which doesn't in the slightest interest his parents, the previous owner, or society. Why does fifteen-year-old Mary insist on painting her face almost past all recognition? Because she wants to—an answer which is termed unimportant by those holding the opposite view, for which view they hold the same answer. Why does nineteen-year-old Kenneth go to a movie instead of doing "Econ"? Because he wants to, professors and the studious notwithstanding. Why are babies baptised, children christened, nails painted in glowing hues, tux tie bows worn inside or outside the collar, icing eaten off the cake first or last, fudge made with nuts or not at all, budgets run into the red to get an automobile, engagement ring, wedding ring? Why live? Why get married?

Some questions are quite impossible to answer excepting by the trite, time-worn phrase, "Because I wanted to." After all, what answer could be more important or meaningful than that one? What matter if it be based always upon what other people have indicated through generations should be wanted? It loses none of its value thereby.

Why will Johnny steal money from his clothing budget to get Mary lip-stick and rouge after the band has been placed? Or, if Kenneth happens to be the lucky one, why will he go to a dance when he and Mary should be working out the budget for the next month?

Marriage, like all things of importance, is based fundamentally on personal—deeply personal—reaction, and therefore well nigh unexplainable reaction. Elders, and "know-mores" may prate for aeons concerning the values of marriage, or, on the other hand, on the difficulties of the same state, but when the propitious time comes, the lad and the lass do not ruminate on these things. A purchase, sometimes a difficult one to negotiate, an application, a feverish wait, five minutes of vocal droning, a physical movement, a blast of air being forced through various pipes, and "We are married." Why do we do it? Not because of its values. Not in spite of its difficulties. We do it because we wanted to.

All things are possible, mentally—even aging. I borrow Lear's beard, Falstaff's wig, and the outlook of three score and almost ten. To Mary and Johnny—or was it Kenneth—I speak.

"Know ye that marriage because of its very spirit of combination of two entities, is based on equality. Mental equality is perhaps the most

important—at least to the individual of mendable mentality. This is so because nature unsuspecting has played the trick of withdrawing the element of physical attraction and physical enjoyment in mid-life. Then what is left but the mental, the spiritual, and memories of those other pleasures?

"Equality physically keeps the fire burning in youth—and, for those precious years of passion, is extremely important. Its temporary quality does not make it the less important. Be sure there is physical attraction hand in hand with the mental and spiritual, or marriage is likely to resemble the much maligned doughnut caricatured in its most indicative element—the hole.

"Round these two into a unit and, with brush saturated with respect, paint them into glowing colors on a shimmering back-ground of life, and the resulting light rays will convey the picture—Happiness. Be sure that the brush is wielded by four hands and not two, else the strokes will be marked with unevenness and the reflecting rays will show an entirely different picture."

But I see that age is fatiguing me—it is so full of meaning and so lacking in understanding. The wig and the beard into the box. Roll back two score, and be content—surely you will be happier!

Disguise is unnecessary in the second role, but a premium is placed upon balance and sense of humor. To Mary and to John, and to Kenneth I, with few winters, would speak.

"Understand that if you are not exceedingly clever and well-balanced, proudly owning the saneness of youth to apply to the problems which will surely arise, the dice are likely to be loaded—against you.

"Two invincible forces meeting will cause chaos. The saving of the situation at hand is the fact that these two forces joining in marriage are endowed through nature with the element of possible adjustment. Little things, of minute importance, when arising in the difficult time of adjustment are likely to assume gigantic proportions. Othello found this and suffered. Youth is necessary to marriage; whether in years or not, is of little moment. That it be a mental reaction is of great moment. Youth can adjust, can understand and forgive because of flexibility. This is imperative.

"Aliveness to the singing of the spheres makes for a clean and healthy outlook. The thrilling to beauties of close relationship, the exulting over a common problem thrashed out and documented in clean, clear sweeps, the self-satisfaction derived from lifting a foot over a stone which would have bruised—all these belong to marriage. All these are based alone on mutual understanding. This, too, is imperative.

"Show to me the marriage, even though it include all these things and include not love, which is successful to the individuals. True, love is dependent on these things, but there is another and more important pigment which is necessary to the picture. Edna St. Vincent Millay places

the idea in these words:

'I am most faithless when I am most true.'

It is the push that turns the wheel, the breath that gives life, the sparkle that makes the picture shimmer and live. Self-sacrifice is there; so is abnegation. What matter? It is we. This thing which is based on practical things—and yet so impractical in itself; singing of things untouchable and creating things wonderful, ununderstandable, existent, imperative."

But enough. Age may prate and prate wisely. Youth may delve and reason and build. In the end it depends upon—not what is thought, but what is done; not what is hoped for, but what is striven for. Mary and John or Kenneth will still marry, even as you and I. Why do they do it? What's their reason? They wanted to. What's your reason? You wanted to. Mine? I want to. One of the clear and beautiful notes in a man's life, the ever repeating motif of an obscure symphony.

THE OLD WARRIOR

WILLIAM MOORE

I first met him in the fall of last year. The sky was overcast, and the wind was blowing a gale from the northeast. The day was miserable, and so was I. I had not caught a single fish. Flies, spinners, and bait had been passed up as if they were bad medicine. My introduction to the old warrior was surprisingly unavoidable, for on approaching the large pool that was his home, I tripped over a fallen branch and went sprawling. As I fell, I had a glimpse of a giant trout scuttling to his den under a mammoth boulder in the middle of the pool.

I waited an hour for him to resume his feeding, but to no avail. To have tried to catch him after such an introduction would have been sheer folly. After cold and cramps had reduced my patience, I trudged home cold, tired, and empty handed.

Many were the attempts I made to get him, having seen his great size, but his fifth sense always seemed to warn him of my approach. But I was not entirely discouraged. I resolved to defeat him fairly and squarely. I would bring all my skill and fishing tactics into operation while presenting to him a morsel that he could not resist. I would not use a natural bait to ensnare him, for that is an unsportsmanlike trick at its best. But to make an artificial gadget look as if possessed of life is an art.

The day I chose to do battle with the old warrior was ideal. It was a comfortably warm day with a cloudless sky and a slight breeze.

I crept up to the edge of the pool and looked in. There he was in the eddy of the riffles. He was hungry, for he snapped his gigantic jaws with vicious glee over the smallest of flies. I backed away and set up my tackle. I became excited and made two poor attempts at bending a fly on my leader. It took nearly ten minutes to steady my hands. Then I moved cautiously to a point just opposite the large boulder in the middle of the pool. Casting up into the riffles, I let the fly float down into the eddy where the old boy was feeding. A slight quiver of the rod tip set the fly to wiggling on the surface of the water. It looked so much like a real fly, that I was not sure it was the one I had cast.

It fooled the old warrior completely, and he took it without hesitation. When he felt the barb of the hook, he jumped straight up into the air. As he descended he beat the air mercilessly with his tail, and, instead of submerging as an ordinary fish would have done, he jumped about on the surface of the water as if he were dancing. Failing to free himself by this method, he dove to the very bottom of the pool. There he sulked and, with slight movements of his fins and tail, resisted all my tugging. Then to my great surprise, he rushed straight toward me. I was caught napping, and when he turned and dashed directly away from me, I had not reeled in all the slack. He took up the slack with such a jerk that I had to pay out yards of line before I dared check his mad rush. I discovered his objective in the nick of time. He was headed straight for a tangle of roots. Braking the reel with my thumb and bending my rod almost to the breaking point, I managed to turn him from his course. His misguided momentum sent him careening off a submerged root. He resented this sort of treatment and began charging up and down the length of the pool. Then he calmed down and swam slowly around the rock in the middle of the pool. This maneuver put me at a disadvantage. I half swam and half crawled to the opposite bank—only to find that the old warrior had slipped around the other end of the boulder. He kept swimming around the rock until I had worn a trail in the bank from following him. Then he left the pool and started swimming up stream. This was his undoing, for he could not fight the current and the line too. He had put up a gallant fight and was still fighting hard when I finally slipped the net under him.

As I walked up on the bank holding him in the net, I began to feel the effects of the battle myself. My fingers were badly burned from braking the reel and handling the line. My legs were bruised and skinned from slips and falls. I was tired all over—tired but happy. And what a trophy!

SECURITY

STEVEN CROW

Every person with a grain of loyalty and patriotism about him is willing and eager to defend his country against any danger which may beset it. He is anxious to help preserve its civilization and its well being. He wishes to insure its people against anything which may menace their happiness. But how may this object be maintained? There are those who have a ready answer. If one would render his country secure, they say, let him stand for adequate preparedness; let him stand for programs which will provide ships and guns and airplanes and armies. But will these implements of war really insure our safety? They may, let us say, render it more likely that if we get into a war we will be on the winning side. This is something to be considered.

If a nation is at war, its people, of course, wish for victory. They will make every possible sacrifice for victory, and it is natural that they should do so. And a nation which wins a war does get along somewhat better, oftentimes, than the nation that loses the war. The losing nation may have to give up territory, and the loss of this territory may somewhat affect the prosperity of all the people. The loser may have to pay reparations, and this may be a burden even heavier than the war debts which the victor must pay. And then, there is a psychological value to victory that must not be overlooked. If a nation wins a war, all the people are put in better spirits than if they lost. They may carry on their work more vigorously. They are likely to enjoy greater domestic peace, for the loss of a war too often breeds discontent and even revolution among the people.

But winning a war does not make a nation secure. The winning of the World War did not make France secure. The French did not say that they were fighting for territory, or for the psychological glow that comes with victory. They said that they were fighting to free themselves of the danger of invasion. They won a signal victory. At the close of the war Germany lay prostrate. The German delegates to the peace conference were obliged to sign any kind of treaty which the Allies cared to write. They were helpless. It was a smashing victory.

And yet today the French are not secure. They do not feel secure. They are talking about the danger of war. They will not disarm. They will not even limit their armaments. All their policies gather around the notion that they are in danger, that they may have to fight for their security. They feel imperiled and they are spending far more money for defense than they spent before the war. Every other nation is doing the same.

The result of the war could hardly have been otherwise. War cannot render a nation secure. After the war was over, there were still Germans

living, sixty million or so of them, within striking distance of France. They were, at the time, disarmed, but no one could be sure how long they would remain disarmed, and no one can be sure now. So long as a great population lives near another nation, and so long as it has, or is thought to have, a spirit of enmity, so long will security for either nation be impossible. The only way that the French could have been made secure against a future German attack after the war was for them to have killed off all the German people. But if they had done that, they would have terrified the other peoples of the world so much that the other nations would have united to check the power of such a ruthless people as the French, and then France would have been endangered by the other nations.

The fact is that no nation in the world, not even the United States, the most powerful of them all, can do as it pleases, disregarding the interests and the feelings of other peoples of the world, and yet be sure that it will never be successfully challenged. There is not a nation in the world that can be rendered safe by arms alone. There is not one of them that can stand out against all possible combinations. There is not one of them that can, by the greatest possible sacrifice, prepare itself in armaments so that it can be sure of winning against any possible grouping of enemies.

How, then, can a nation be secure? We find a suggestion of how security might come to a nation by observing how security comes to an individual in our own country. It does not come through his strength as a fighter. Some of our gang leaders are very well armed and very skillful in the use of arms; yet they are always in danger. Every little while, one of them is killed. And the law-abiding citizen is not made certain of safety by going about his daily work heavily armed.

The citizen of America, regardless of the prevalence of crime, is fairly secure as he goes about his day's work. He is secure because, despite occasional infractions, there is within the nation a reign of law. Nearly all the people obey the law as a matter of course. This is true to such a degree that we all assume that we shall be free from physical violence. We live in an atmosphere of trust. We do not suspect our neighbors of preparing to thrust daggers into our backs. This atmosphere of trust has been established by years and years of respect for the rights of other people.

The security of a nation may be attained in the same way as the security of an individual. Nations must come to take account of the interests of others. We must have years and centuries during which nations will recognize a reign of law and will submit all their quarrels to judicial settlement. We must admit that if our nation should carry out its policies by war it would be an outlaw nation. Other peoples must do the same thing.

The nations of the world have already signed an agreement never to use war as an instrument of national policy, but they have all done it with their fingers crossed. Each of them retains the idea that it might fight under certain circumstances. Even our own country refuses to follow up its agreement not to use war as an instrument of national policy by an

agreement to settle any quarrels it may have in some way other than war. The people of the country even shy at the suggestion that they agree to submit disputes to the World Court.

It is going to be a long process, this developing of mutual respect and confidence among the peoples of the different parts of the world so that those who live in one quarter may not threaten the safety of those that reside elsewhere. The goal may not be reached in our own day. It may not be reached until mankind has passed again through a valley of death and agony more terrible than that which brought civilization to the brink of disaster fifteen years ago. But however hard the road may be, there it is. It lies along the way of friendliness among the peoples of the world, of mutual understanding and of mutual respect. And the goal cannot be reached by any other route.

FRIEZE IN A MUSEUM

The rigid
stallions move
across the frieze
to the Feast of Love;
a chiseled breeze
blows a frozen flame,
nostrils to mane;
acanthi curl
stiff fronds
of marble lace
to white
sunlight;
and a Parian girl
lifts a thin
cool face
to the dry
solid sky,
lets down
her pale
still hair,
and drinks in
plate-glass air.

WILLARD MAAS