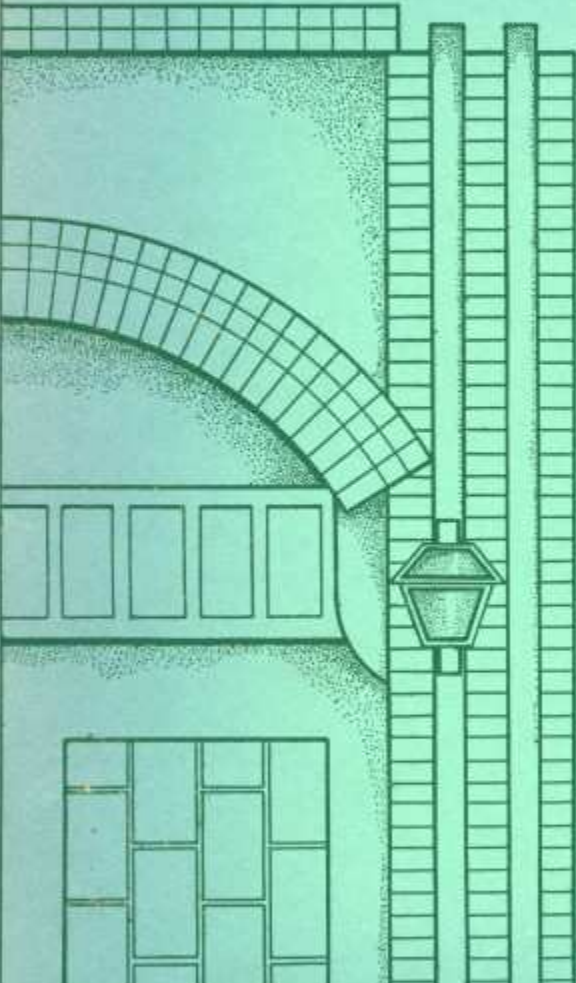


EL PORTAL



**PHELAN
LITERARY
AWARDS**

**JUNE
1937**

SAN JOSE STATE COLLEGE

EL PORTAL

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EL PORTAL, a literary annual edited by
the English department of the San Jose
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from the best material submitted
in the Phelan contest.



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1861

SENATOR JAMES D. PHELAN

1930

Senator James D. Phelan bequeathed to the San Jose State College the sum of \$10,000, the annual income of which was to be awarded to students for excellence in poetry and for the Montalvo Contest as sponsored by him. The cash prizes made possible by the generosity of Senator Phelan have stimulated a keen interest in creative writing throughout the college. The speaker of the day at the Phelan literary program was Mr. Lloyd C. Douglas, noted novelist and lecturer. ¶ In this issue are found the contributions meriting awards and honorable mention. This issue of *El Portal*, containing the fifth annual literary awards, is dedicated to the memory of the sponsor of the contest, Senator James D. Phelan.

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According to the rules of the contest not more than three cash prizes could be won by any one student.



Elegy for a Beloved Teacher

By ELIZABETH SHOW

Tonight his many students mourn the loss
Of one who was their teacher and their friend,
Who understood the golden and the dross
And never called an hour too good to spend
In helping those who asked for his advice.
A brilliant man, possessing matchless treasure
Of intellect well seasoned with the spice
Of pungent humor, yet he found warm pleasure
In walking just as Christ did every day
Among the lowly, giving of his light.
Long years from now, when sunny heads are grey
And age has touched a mist to lucid sight,
The students who are grieving for him now
Will still recall him. Each one who survives
Will hold his image and remember how
He gave bright threads to weave into their lives.

Those who have never known him as a guide,
Who might have shared his personality
In all its richness if he had not died,
Stand firm beneath the sharp catastrophe,
But their bereavement robs them of far more.
Than that of all who mourn his passing so;
With him has drifted to some other shore
The inspiration they will never know.

CARL HOLLIDAY

1879—1936

Meditation

BY ELIZABETH SHOW

I passed the slow years in the silent dark,
 Head down, lips still, heart closed against the world.
 But when you came with laughter in your eyes,
 My heart shook off its dreaming and unfurled.
 It was so lovely for a little while
 To do the things that I had never done—
 Fling back my head to meet the wind's rough kiss
 And run beside you, singing in the sun!
 When you had gone, I folded up my heart
 And ceased the song you taught me how to sing.
 My head is bowed; my lips are quiet now,
 But in the dark I hear a whispering.

March Morning

BY EDGAR HARRISON

The swept parabola of morning sky
 Is like the bluest Holland kitchen, clean
 And glistening as China cups that lean
 Against a spotless cupboard wall. Way high
 Above a row of dancing poplars, fly
 Two colored kites . . . with dipping quick, the sheen
 Of one—a silken yellow—flashes keen
 Across the arc of sunlight to your eye.

The catch of windy fingers at your hair
 Is like a joyous tug . . . your spirits soar
 Along the grass-tops—curve to meet the arch
 Of blue—zoom past the diving kites. The air,
 So cool, supports you high above the floor
 Of patterned Earth . . . you sail the winds of March.

Awakening

BY BARTON WOOD

On a shaft of light faith found them,
 Through the fog of doubt around them;
 Like a shield did peace surround them,
 In the dark.

Time crept by on little mouse feet;
 Heaven grasped their very heart beat;
 Love had come to make this life sweet,
 In the dark.

Came a vision straight and star bright;
 Like two burnished rails in moonlight,
 Marched their life to one divine height,
 In the dark.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

BY ELIZABETH SHOW

1.

Yours was a patient heart. Through dreary years
 Of suffering and darkness, creeping by
 On leaden feet, you uttered no outcry
 To trouble with your grief another's ears.
 If you shed tears, they were the secret tears
 Of unshared sorrow; with your pale cheeks dry
 And with your proud dark head held bravely high
 That none might know your agonies, your fears,
 You met observant eyes. You were not strong
 If strength is measured by the flesh and bone,
 But those who say that you were weak are wrong,
 For you endured without a sonant moan
 By your tenacious spirit years as long
 As unearned purgatory, all alone.

2.

Your life was winter-bound like some bleak tree
 Standing in solitude upon a hill
 Where every passing day was drab and still.
 Wrapped in a blanket of monotony
 And heavy sorrow, you could not foresee
 A time beyond, when with a new, sweet thrill
 You would awake to feel spring break the chill
 With tender fingers, feel her set you free.
 You did not know that God had planned for you
 The lovely kind of spring that, coming late
 After a bitter winter-time is through,
 Is more than doubly worth the dismal wait,
 But during all your dreary years He knew
 That He would give you love to compensate.

3.

Your late love, being very rich and deep,
 Was far too great for silence, or for dole
 In little portions: you must give it whole.
 A singing thing, it surged within, to leap
 From you in lyrics that you could not keep
 Within the secret spaces of your soul.
 Old barriers were useless to control
 This flood of strong emotion in whose sweep
 Traditions of a life were torn apart.
 You sang your love out in sweet affluence,
 And in the beauty of your ardent art
 You spoke for mute, unnumbered women thence.
 Out of the fullness of your woman's heart
 You gave to love immortal eloquence.

O Thou Fair Moon

By WILLIAM McLEAN

WHEN she had gone into the house again, Martha stopped before the hall mirror, observed her round face glumly in the forward-leaning glass, and hung her brown coat on one of the three empty, twisted-iron hooks below the mirror. The garment drooped thinly against the faded blue birds and pink flowers of the wall-paper. There was a light brown water stain accompanied by a slight bulge running vertically down the seam of the wall-paper at the right of the mirror. Martha stared for a blank second at this familiar mark, and then, with a suggestion of weariness in her movement, turned her eyes back to her reflection. The pale evening light filtered through the screen door, throwing all the interior objects into sad, uncertain postures. Through the open doorway leading from the hall to the dining-room-kitchen could be glimpsed the worn top of a mahogany table half covered by a newly-ironed table cloth folded double, on which rested a dull blue sugar bowl with a spoon in it, and a pair of salt-and-pepper shakers. The sound of her mother's step in the adjoining room called up to Martha's mind the image of the salt-and-pepper shakers, standing like tiny fat soldiers at attention. She drew a long breath, relaxed her mouth, and pinched her rooched lower lip between her teeth, all the while watching her reflection in the mirror. She raised her eyebrows, and turning her head from side to side, patted her brown hair lightly. For a moment she peered at her white, round face in the dim light. She could feel the threadbare rug beneath her feet. When she was a little girl, she had sat on that rug and pulled at the tassels that fringed both ends of it. The smell of cooking came to her nostrils. She pressed her lips together, and with a tired frown, went languidly to the door and stood looking out. The book she had been reading on the porch was still in her hand. She ran her fingers over the smooth surface of page thirty-two. With her eyes suddenly tear-dimmed, she looked vaguely at the next page of print. It was a new book. Her fingers moved over the slick surface of the paper. A tear flowed down her cheek and into the corner of her mouth. She closed the book with a bang and held it against her breast for a minute while she leaned against the door-jamb, gazing into the street.

It was the early part of spring, and a few delicate blades of grass were growing out of the packed ground between the side-walk and the curbstone. Across the street a tree rustled softly in the dim air. On the

high cross-bar of the telephone pole standing by the tree a large brown bird called once or twice. The sky was rapidly growing dark. Several stars appeared, to be seen intermittently between the ragged clouds. The air was prophetic of rain.

The sharp voice of her mother in the kitchen assailed Martha's ears: "Get out of here with your tricks, you little brat!" Martha's eight-year-old brother, Arnold, ran giggling from the kitchen and brushed past her as he slammed out the door. "Be quiet, can't you!" she cried angrily after his disappearing form, but he didn't trouble himself to fling back a reply. His hurried departure had left the screen door slightly open. The springs had been weak as long as Martha could remember. In a sudden fit of irritation she grasped the handle and jerked the door shut with a violent bang. "Stay shut, you!" she whispered fiercely.

After a while a mist-like weariness seemed to seep into her legs. She turned slowly, nearly letting the book slip from her hand, and walked through the kitchen into her bedroom. She dropped the book on a small table and sat down springily on the bed. The room was dark. Through her window she could see a yellow square of interior gleaming from the side of the house next door. She caught sight of a large gray and black cat curled up sleeping on the white coverlet of a bed. As she sat there, it seemed that everything grew very quiet. She listened rapidly for a moment. Presently a dog barked several blocks away. Dishes clattered in the kitchen—eloquent of the gathered family and the evening meal. She bent her head, and carefully, morosely, rubbed her left thigh with her hand.

The familiar noises in the kitchen rose in a familiar crescendo as dinner-time approached. Her mother was telling the three boys to wash their hands, as she always did. Mixed with the childish chatter and the jungle of kitchenware, her father's voice was demanding the evening paper. There was a nervous scraping of feet and chairs on the linoleum floor. As Martha leaned forward in leisurely preparation to getting up, a wisp of cabbage-smell came to her nostrils. She saw in her mind a little man, disgustingly fat, feebly struggling, pinned through his protruding stomach to a wall, like an insect in a collection. She rose quickly and went into the kitchen.

Her mother's hair was greasily black, and a straggles of it drooped down her cheek as she glanced at her

daughter coming in. Mrs. Teresino was sharp in her speech, but her black eyes could be gentle. "Cara mia, cara mia," said Mrs. Teresino softly, her dark lashes lowering for an instant, as she turned again to her cooking.

Mr. Teresino, blonde and excitable, talked happily of President Roosevelt, and expressed angry and profound discontent with the Supreme Court. "Why," he asked with rapid conviction, "why shouldn't Roosevelt be elected dictator instead of just president? Why should such a good man be made to quit after four years? We should keep hold of this leader as long as we can. Can we find a man like him every day—or every four years? No! Isn't that so, Martha?"

"I don't know. Maybe so," she said.

"Roosevelt can make this country the strongest, the most powerful country in the world," he went on. "It's already in, but he can make it even greater. Every other country will be afraid of us, and he will be the great symbol of our power."

Martha spoke without looking at her father. "It seems to me we're not any better off now than when he was elected." She looked up from her plate suddenly, pushing it away. She thought intensely: "All I see is dirt—dirt!"

Her father asked if she wasn't hungry, and she said she wasn't.

After dinner, while Martha and her mother were washing the dishes, Bill Arno was heard coming up the front steps. Martha's eyes followed a white curl of steam rising from the soapy dishpan. The doorbell jingled.

"That's Bill. I recognized his step," said Mr. Teresino. Somebody opened the door, and Bill's voice was heard in the hall: "Is Martha in?"

"Yeah. In the kitchen," drawled an indifferent soprano.

With considerable assurance, Bill sauntered into the room. "Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Teresino," he said, and then, with a soft smile in his voice, "hello, Martha."

"Hi, Bill," she said, smiling a little. "I'll be through here in a minute."

Bill was dressed up in his best clothes, and his black hair had been brushed very smooth and shiny. Martha was sure he was going to ask her to go somewhere with him, probably the movies. As she dried the dishes, she tried to think of a good way to say no to him. The warmth of the kitchen seemed to increase and press drowsy fingers on her eyes. Bill started to talk to her father and mother. She watched the vanishing steam curl up from the dishpan. The voices at her back grew blurred and dream-like. They seemed to be distant and unearthly, as if echoes from a great void. Her hands seemed to move by themselves. Suddenly the conversation ceased, and she turned around to find everybody looking at her.

"What?" she asked. As Bill started to speak, Mrs. Teresino repeated, "Bill would like you to go with him to see 'The Garden of Allah.' He says it's a color picture."

Martha looked at Bill's blue tie, and smiled automatically. "Why, I'd love to go with you, Bill, but—I have a headache just beginning, and if I go to the show, it's bound to get worse." She laughed shortly, "I'm awfully sorry. Thanks anyway for asking me."

She thought: "Now he'll say, 'What about tomorrow night?'"

"What about tomorrow night? The same picture is playing," he said.

"Sure. I'd be glad to go, Bill," she smiled.

Then they went out on the porch. The sky seemed to be clearing, but there had been a little rain. The street was gleaming darkly in the yellow lamp-light. Now and then a car whined by. The air felt fresh and cold.

"Out here in the air it'll be good for your headache," Bill said, with an effort keeping his hands off the girl.

"Yes. It's pretty cold, though." She knew he was staring at her, although she didn't look at him. She thought, "Why doesn't he go home?"

"Martha," he said. The inflection was familiar. She stood motionless, waiting. The moon, large and white, sailed out of a cloud. She thought, "This is like a story," and shivered slightly from the cold. She felt Bill's warm hand on her arm. For a second she was still, thinking: "In a minute he'll kiss me if I don't stop him."

Bill's voice, low, and close to her ear, was saying, "I love you, Martha." She felt his breath, smelling faintly sour, against her cheek. Suddenly she jerked away, saying harshly, "Yes, yes! I know!" and with an irritated shrug of her shoulders she moved away. She thought, "Now he'll be hurt." She glanced half-tenderly at him, and, encouraged, he came toward her, saying, "You know I love you more than anyone else in the whole world, Martha. I love you so much I can't say it. I can't tell you." His voice grew soft and rich with love. "That's the truth, Martha."

She turned her head quickly. All at once she felt it was night, and cold, and very absurd that she wasn't in bed. She saw Bill's face near in the moonlight. His skin seemed greasy in the faint light, and his hair shone. Feeling his arms suddenly around her, Martha's body tightened with revulsion. She squirmed, angry-faced, from his grasp.

"Oh, get away, Bill!" she cried, "You make me sick!"

Then she roughly jerked open the door and went

into the house, suddenly leaving the porch empty and quiet.

After standing a surprised moment in silence, Bill started to step off the porch, but Mrs. Teresino came out of the house, and he turned to hear what she had to say.

"Don't mind how Martha acted tonight, Bill. She's kinda nervous," she said quietly.

She gave him a knowing look, and then grinned reassuringly.

"Come again soon, Bill."

"Thanks, I will, Mrs. Teresino."

He began walking slowly home. Bright and large, the moon sailed swiftly through the thinning clouds overhead. He seemed to feel in his heart a kind of gentle sadness and pity, and his eyes grew thoughtful, his pace still more leisurely. It was a long time before he got home.

For Rupert Brooke

BY ELIZABETH SHOW

You loved this life so well, and, being young,
Your songs of loving were but partly sung
When with your throbbing pulse, your eager breath,
Their full, rich cadences were quenched by death,
And yet, God, having fashioned such a son,
Would never fling into oblivion
Your vital joy, your lyrics still unheard,
Oh, surely somewhere, living, uninterred,
Beyond our senses tuned to earthly things
The perfect, radiant spirit of you sings!

Plays



The editors of *El Portal* regret that the length of the prize-winning plays prevented their being published in this magazine.

MATRIARCH, *First Prize* Elizabeth Bedford

HE WHO WALKS WITH THE WIND, *Second Prize*
..... Jean Holloway

FRANCE LIVES FOREVER, *Third Prize* Jean Holloway

Chronicle of Four Years

By HENRY RINK

HOURS of walking in the streets at night, surrounded by men, lonely, silent, and aloof, muffled in the cloaks of their own hopes and fears. Over them lay the cold Pacific fog, and above the fog were the stars gazing silently on the mountains of civilization below them and the little men who crawled in their vales. For ages the stars have looked on the earth, and for countless centuries these little men have groped their way through the agonies of thought and consciousness. And he was one of these men, in the streets of this city, drinking in man's presence, the cold night, the moment itself, and the immensity of all of it. Casting his eyes about him, and murmuring an insubstantial something to himself, he threw a cigaret butt into a Third Street gutter, and conscious of the act, looked at the cigaret a moment, smiled mirthlessly, and buttoning his coat collar tighter, turned up Howard Street toward his rooming house.

In the darkness of his room, quite alone, he lay on his bed and turned over in his mind some lines which he had read a few nights before. "Why is man, from his childhood onwards, allured by distance, by the things wide and deep and high, by the unknown and dangerous, by the things that enable him to swing his life round or even to lose it for the sake of something or somebody? Would this have been possible if our lot were confined to that which God has given us, only to the earth, only to this one life? Obviously God has given us much more." Feeling the mysterious truth, the adventure and the challenge of these words, he pondered them and thought of himself, six months before, standing beside a California highway, his suitcase on the ground and his right hand raised entreatingly at the passing cars. For over an hour he had stood there, enchanted by the green plains stretching away before him and the distant mountain range bordered by the ashen sky. He had been leaving home, the small high school from which he had graduated a week before, and all the petty bounds and the lack of perspective in the very air of the little village. And the new had lain before him, this distance, this unknown, and the broad expanse of future years with their trials, and ultimate failure or success.

No doubts had been his that day. Everything would come to him who worked honestly and persevered. Vaguely he had thought of business in some form. But no reflections lay behind this. He had been standing there alive, but he was unaware

of it, for he was totally ignorant of himself, of what he really wanted from life, or of what tastes and desires he was made. To himself, he was merely a person honest and ambitious. That he was a separate identity, a different being, never entered his mind. That he was by nature a marked romanticist had never occurred to him. Many a night he had spent by the ocean's shore gazing at the stars across the Pacific into the distance, wondering, wondering Countless times, he had shivered in his chair late at night absorbed in Dumas, Turgenev, Hugo, and others. Music had thrilled him. But he had never recognized the force of these feelings, even being ashamed to own that they were his.

And there on that day of six months ago, he had stood on the brink of a precipice. Far away danced a phantom, happiness, obscured in mists and fogs. But his eyes pierced them and saw only happiness as a great solid arch, benign and tranquil, and his for the taking. Between this and him lay a great gulf, the uncertainties and trials of the future. But he couldn't see them. So for that brief moment he had stood there, sublime in the power and confidence of youth, the confidence built of ignorance of the world and of himself. Little did he reck of the strong, adverse, silent hand that destiny would play in the coming years and of the sorrows that the passing of time inevitably brings to us all.

And then a month later all these confident dreams had been shattered, and he'd found himself friendless and alone, desolate and morbid. By day he worked in a machine shop, piling metal stock and doing the hard, dull, laborious tasks which called for much exercise of the back and little of the mind. Eight hours of aching, physical pain for thirty-five cents an hour. Most of his evenings he had spent in the public library, reading histories, poetry, drama, and novels. Other nights he would tramp the foggy streets, morbidly observing the glamor, the variety, and sordidness of the waterfront city.

He pored over history, living each decade, and saw how little man changes as time goes on. He realized, with startling acuteness, how many millions of young men like himself, full of hopes and fears, doubts and confidence, and endless plans and schemes in the hidden depths of their hearts and minds, have in the spring of their lives fallen upon each other and slaughtered themselves into oblivion.

In many of his nightly rambles, despairing and as

sad as the night about him, his whole youth had cried out for feminine friendship and compassion. As he passed young girls entering apartment houses and theatres, and girls alone in the streets, he thought that somewhere in that jumble of a million souls there must be a young girl, who like him was lonely and to whom he could talk literature and music. Or perhaps it was just an intense longing for some human association and nearness. Eventually he wandered into houses of prostitution and there gained nothing but the added sorrow of their bleakness and despair, and lost something of himself, something of cleanliness and spiritual pride. But soon sated with this, he saw it as it is: the most important, and yet the most over-emphasized thing in the world, the most hideous and the most beautiful, withal the most primitive in man and the one thing which allies him with every form of life upon earth.

Often on Sundays he had taken his way to the water-front, and had sat for hours upon the wooden piles, gazing at the ships. Fascinated by everything about them, he spun romantic dreams of the faraway places that they visit, the storms they ride through, the tropical skies they sail beneath and the possibilities of stark drama being enacted on their steel decks or far beneath in their dark engine rooms. It was here, hypnotized by the curve of their high prows rising out of the water, the men in uniforms and dungarees, the deep blasts of the ship's whistles, and even the circular portholes in their focales, that a desire was born within him which was to grow slowly and intricately within the dark womb of his mind. And later he realized that it was that way with him: he would dream a dream until unconsciously a desire would kindle within him and smolder for months, perhaps years, before bursting into flame, but eventually taking such hold of him that there was no letting up until it was satisfied.

Many times he would wake up in the middle of the night and hear the endless sounds of the city. Startled, he would think wild thoughts and brood on things which held no answer. What was that yearning in his heart and mind for something fine, a thing beautiful and coherent yet incoherent? A burning desire for something better. A feeling of the nearness of the four walls of his room and a sadness in the ever fainter-growing sound of the whistles of the ships steaming out to sea. A conviction of his own futility, and strange queries and questionings as to the reason for this existence of man's. Resigned sadness in the thought that men were all about him, his brothers, and yet each hour they passed him, aloof and unaware of one other's existence. At times he would sit up in bed and raising his eyes to the darkness above, he would feel an awful overpowering force grip him and almost

shatter him. He would shiver from the shock and his eyes would water, but his soul glowed from the sheer beauty and positiveness of the sensation. At these times he felt that surely, in some unbelievable and indefinable way, he had felt the presence of the Supreme Being.

And now on this night, six months later, returned from his tramping: as he lies on his bed, musing on himself, he sees the changes that have come about. He has recoiled from the shock of the realization that life is not simple nor easy. He has delved into himself and seen that perhaps he may fail. Gone is the braggadocio of that June morning when he left home. But gone also is the timidity and the forlornness of his first few months in the city. He has commenced a mental self evaluating and comparison of himself with other men. He finds with a shock that he does much mental procrastination and fears it, and sets about overcoming it by strictly disciplining himself and by keeping careful tab of his decisions and promises that he makes to himself.

But he was still terribly morbid. Then he hardly realized it, but later, looking back on that time, he saw his condition and was able to understand the danger of too much loneliness. But now always he was haunted by the fear that despite his efforts he would turn out to be a failure. Where was he getting in this machine shop? What was he doing, living like a ghost, away from his family and friends? But go back? Never! He would stick it out for a while in 'Frisco, then go east to New York, all the while working and saving money, and in two or three years he would go to college. What for? He didn't know. That was what bothered him. But surely, he thought, there must be some place for me. There must be something that I can do better than most men. Somewhere there must be a niche for me, which gradually and surely I can find. And in the interim, while I am working, I will live life and suffer! That's what I must do. For how else can I evaluate myself, without going through miseries and trials. Yes, I cannot suffer too much!

As time wore on, he became aware of and interested in his relationship to the times and their divers philosophies. He talked with poverty-stricken radicals down on the Embarcadero and on Third Street. He bought Communist literature from ragged women on the street corners and feverishly read Karl Marx, Upton Sinclair, Walter Duranty, and scores of the "mad Russians". He pored over books on cooperative systems, corporate states and social philosophies. There was nothing pertaining to government and man he didn't devour and digest. Gradually, as the first lurid, convincing taste of brilliant political theories wore off, he was able to discriminate more accurately and to judge more coldly. Sad and unwilling, he

came to the conclusion that nothing made by man is flawless, that never can absolute perfection come from the minds of the imperfect; and even assuming that Communism, for instance, is perfect, placed in man's faulty hands, it would soon be wrecked and become unworkable.

For relaxation, he bought an old phonograph and many second-hand records of "good" music. He felt that in these beautiful compositions were the souls and minds of men who had once lived and dreamt as he did. As he listened to their music, he gloried in a feeling that he, even in his dumb appreciation, had something compatible with them, and that he possessed a treasure that would endure his whole life, through any sorrows or disillusionments.

And it was in this first year that his real religious foundations were laid. In his young, headlong race he had spurned the creeds; for he considered no man capable of turning religion into a science and stating definite and complicated facts concerning it. He thought of his hairy forefathers dancing about fires and gazing in fear and trembling at the distant firmament; of the various forms of idolatry and worship that were practiced, have persisted, or, on the other hand, were discarded as the centuries rolled past; of the creeds, fought over and argued over—the damnable creeds, the results of a futile struggle of men to rise above their Creator, a vain attempt to define almost mathematically something that is far above their earthly ken; and then worse than that to attempt to enforce their concepts on the rest of man. He believed that they were all groping for the same thing and that they would always grope. In his own heart he cherished a religion: a faith and belief in the power of some all-controlling infinite spirit, the sole force behind it all. With this tenet he struggled alone and tried to enforce it upon no one, and in turn only asked that he be left alone.

II.

One Sunday morning early in May, he was seated on a pile in front of the McCormick Steamship Company docks, gazing wistfully at the *West Nilus*, a big black freighter in from Brazil. Bronzed sailors came off the gangway; up from the holds came crates and bales with South American and West Indian labels and stencillings on them; the ship sat there patiently, like a great beast of burden at rest. Suddenly he realized that that was what he wanted—the sea, ships, and far-away places, and that now was the time to get them. So that was it. He would go to sea! Thrilled and intoxicated by the decision, he quit his job at the machine shop the following Monday and went at the problem of getting a berth with a determination that was born of one thing—uncontrollable desire. A month later, he "shipped out" on

the *Golden Dragon*, bound for the Orient. Because of his machine shop experience and the lure of steam and big, open machinery, he picked the engine room and sailed as a wiper, the lowest position below deck.

Here, once again life began anew. Roughly and harshly he was soon taught the customs of the sea. The rest of the "black gang" quickly found out that it was his first trip, and they proceeded to teach him lesson after lesson. First as a landlubber and secondly as a youth of only nineteen years, he was considered an upstart and a "punk kid", an ignominious who must be taught his place. He learned to keep his mouth shut, to be quiet at all times and even if he did have a part to speak, usually to forget it; he was taught to do exactly as he was told and never to argue or squabble—only to obey blindly. At first there was nothing personal in this. They were simply breaking him in. And then as his inherently sensitive nature and the unconscious fruits of being reared in a decent home cropped out, he rebelled. From then on he was submitted to the hell of the personal enmity of nearly every man below deck. Their mockery and unnecessary commands made each insufferable day seem like a year. As an inevitable result of all this, his whole person reacted, and in his utter desolation and loneliness, he appeared blunted and stupid, like a person permanently stunned. He forgot all of his philosophies and high decisions. The beautiful joys of listening to Strauss and Wagner in his room in San Francisco seemed to belong to some lost person living in a forgotten age. Gradually his spirit was completely broken, and he came to yearn so for some human friendship that he actually became obsequious and almost heggling in an effort to gain the men's favor. But this disgusted even this rough set of men. Whereas before he had been considered only a young, ignorant "punk", he was now scorned and spurned as a weak, futile, stupid mouse of a creature—yellow to the core and lacking in any backbone whatsoever.

At this time, things had never looked blacker to him. This was his lowest ebb. Out two thousand miles in the Pacific, from which any immediate escape was utterly impossible, he seemed doomed for the remaining six months of the voyage. Lost in the depths of this horrible abyss, he suffered not only the tortures of his complete humiliation, but also the pangs that came from the realization of his complete degradation and hopelessness. There seemed no escape. He was utterly defeated in the conviction that they were right, that even though he was intellectually superior to these men, he could not hold his place among them because he was a coward both mentally and physically.

But it was at this time that some little spark within him flared up and carried him through one of the

most crucial turning points in his whole life, building within him a courage and faith in his own self that was the foundation for greater achievements as the years came on. One day while coming off the twelve to four watch up through the fiddle, he stopped to get some clothes he had drying. Here he met Lars Petersen, the big Danish oiler on the twelve to four, who had also stopped to get his dry clothes. As Peterson saw him approaching, he seized the lad's clothes and dropped them squarely into a bucket of kerosene below in the fire room: without a word, Lars then stalked aft to the foc'sle. The boy stood still a moment, looked down at his pitiful pair of trunks and his singlet in the fuel oil; a score of thought flashed simultaneously through his mind: his mother, his home, his old friends, his music, books, religion and, most of all, the complete abjection of his self. And something within him broke. Forgetting everything—forgetting that the Dane was young, massively muscled, and that he outweighed him by at least thirty pounds, he raced down the alleyway, blinded by the tears of his misery and desperation, and met him just as he was coming out of the foc'sle. With all the strength of his one hundred and sixty pounds, he threw a straight right at the other's mouth and landed another on his nose. With a bellow of pain, the Dane was upon him. As powerful as a blacksmith, he soon beat the boy to the floor and was kicking his head in when the rest of the crew interfered.

His duties on the ship had been to mop up the floor plates at the beginning of each watch and then to help the second assistant with whatever he was doing. The latter, a young Englishman, named Crawford, had taken a liking to him and had spent much time in conversation with him. He too loved the arts and befriended the boy for their sake. A big, handsome man who had received his engineering education in England and who was blessed with a keen, versatile mind and a winning personality, he was distinctly a man's man and was idolized by the youth.

At midnight, when the boy failed to appear on watch, Crawford learned from the fireman of his condition and of his heroic fight against the Dane. At the end of the watch, he went aft to the foc'sle with a quart bottle of iodine, gauze, and adhesive plaster, and performed doctor's duties on his suffering friend, leaving him happy and sound asleep.

And so the horrible experience was ended, and he took his place among the men of the ship. Unknown to himself, his character had gained a certain indefinable quality, which is only begotten through trial by combat. He made one more trip on the *Golden Dragon* and then left her in San Francisco. In his parting conversation with Crawford, the latter repeated his attempt to persuade him to leave the sea before it was too late. "Not yet", the boy said.

From there he shipped as an oiler on the *President Johnson* and made two trips around the world on her. Most of this while, he was improving himself in some way, either by serious contemplation, reading, or by close observation of the men around him. Much of his time ashore in foreign ports was spent in carousals, but even this seemed to toughen him when he realized that he had gone through this uncontaminated and without its having obtained any lasting grip upon him. He learned to attract men to him by talking their talk, to catch them off guard, and then to draw from them their innermost secrets, causing them to reveal qualities which they would have been ashamed to divulge to others of their own caste. Occasionally he met a person of education and refinement, oiling or firing or even wiping. He learned from these men that they had failed because they could never reconcile the romantic with the real in themselves and in the world. They had dreamt of doing big things, but had never done them. They had had something, but they lacked a compelling desire to look a little deeper, to seek a little further. They had been full of desires for better things but the desire had been offset by the men's low sense of values in balancing the effort with the gain. They would gamble only when the effort required was small. Such men as these are the human wrecks of the world, and the most defeated of us all. And he saw the reason for their misery. As the years of a man's life pass, he can learn to smile at misfortunes. He can accept defeat due to circumstances and accidents. By reflecting on the immensity of space and the endlessness of time, man may reduce the moment of his ego and importance to that of a bit of dust; and the unimportance of his own ultimate success or failure will follow, enabling him to laugh at the cruellest blows that fate can deliver. But he cannot laugh if he knows in his heart that he has been untrue to his conscience—that he has been a failure to himself.

Through his observation of these men, he learned to seek out his own faults and to beware of their entrapping himself. Now, hard, keen, and astute for his twenty-one years, he looked back on the nightmare of those first two months on the *Golden Dragon*, and saw how easy it is to sink unawares, and how upon such slim chances rests many times over his rescue from such pitfalls. More and more he came to realize that somehow, someday, he must always in his life reconcile his actions with his philosophy, and he deplored the fact that as yet he had no definite one. Without a philosophy, without a conjunction of the dictates of the mind and the soul, and without honest application of it to his actions, a man can have no stable integrity.

All thoughts of college had left him. In a few more months he would go up for his Third Assistant En-

gineer's license. Crawford and he had kept a sort of international correspondence. They had plans for entering into a partnership in a steam schooner business in Central America. His traveling had shown clearly to him the power of money and the financial independence that accompanies it. He had dreams of making a fortune in the Tropics, but he found it hard to reconcile this idea with his growing radical political and economic ideas. He spent much time pondering the pros and cons of the exploitation of his fellow-men. He realized the need for a certain ruthlessness in dealing with people for the sake of one's own preservation, but anything smacking of cruelty galled him. In personal contacts, though practical and worldly wise for his twenty-one years, he was incapable of any actions bordering on ruthlessness. These two conflicting factors, his desire for money and his qualms at the ways of making it, bothered him a great deal. He feared that he was neither on one side nor on the other. The great, everpresent hubble, the future, began to loom ever larger, and in an attempt to settle it one way or the other, he recommenced an intensive study of the subjects related to his problems. But still he could not arrive at any definite conclusion. His past experiences and his plans for the future had given him enough feeling of responsibility to make him wary of and antagonistic toward anything entailing regimentation. Yet this was counterbalanced by his youth, his romantic nature, and native philosophy of judging everything in life by the "long view". So, open to the arguments of both sides, he, like a ship whose sails are spread for both following and contrary winds, scudded first before the icy blasts of the Rightists and then before the hot breath of the Leftists, and, like such a ship, was reaching no port of destination. But he was being slowly taught what winds to shun and furl his sails to, and what ones to spread all available canvas for.

So after making a trip to South America on the

West Notus, he shipped again on the *Golden Dragon* with a view to getting Crawford's counsel and advice. Now Crawford, though romantic in many ways, was decidedly capitalistic in his philosophical ego, because of his extreme level-headedness and the middle-class Englishman's fear of revolt against law and order. Many long, hot arguments ensued, though their friendship was never endangered, and neither was a conclusion ever reached.

When they docked again at Pisco, the great maritime strike was going full blast, and both were called out for picket duty by their respective unions. The now mature youth went through the horrors of bloody Rincon Hill, the riots on Mission and The Embarcadero Streets, and scenes of brutality and terrorism on both sides. Disgusted with the whole affair and especially grieved by seeing men of Crawford's stamp forced to fraternize with every sea-going derelict who chanced to be in the union, the likely disgraces and the ultimate hopelessness of a continued life at sea were presented to him in the stark realities of the strike. So in July, just four years and a month since he had first left home, thoroughly sick of the whole business, he broke with the union and went home for the remainder of the summer.

Here he renewed old friendships, talked, argued, loafed, and danced with his old chums, and thus, made his debut on the "other side". Still, though, at nights he would sit by the Pacific and think and think. And one quiet inauspicious evening in August, as he slowly walked home along the shores of Point Pinos, he took one last, long look at the night and the thousands of twinkling stars, and knew in his heart that he would always have innermost struggles; that he could not, in dealing with man, always obey the biddings of his heart and soul, and that never on this earth would he find the answer to the question, the vague "what?" to all those miles of space stretching out into the beyond in front of his eyes.

I Walked at Evening

BY ELIZABETH SHOW

I walked at evening down among the grass.
And all the world was shadow-cool and still.
No sounds but those of beauty touched the peace—
Just laughing water stumbling down a hill
And drowsy wind-songs droning in the boughs.
I brought my heart, too full of its own crying,

And laid it close to earth, whose soothing voice
Assuaged the little grief, till, waning, dying.
It made a place for peace. There in the night
I found a wordless sermon deep with truth,
A scathless cloak of darkness for my soul
Against the rending, vital thrusts of youth.

Bridal Veil Fall

By ELIZABETH SHOW

In the storied land of beauty, in the vast and verdant hollow,
 Home of plunging lace-white water, giant tree, and vivid swallow,
 Home of lake, of tangled bloom, and of Yo Semite, the Bear,
 Lived the great Tutokanula. Never was a hunter braver,
 Never was a leader wiser. Never a more thoughtful savior
 Of the crops and game for winter ruled a people anywhere.
 Tall and supple as the willow, cunning as the mountain lion,
 Dauntless as the cliffs around him was Pawakaniki's scion,
 Loved and trusted by the people as the greatest of all men.
 One clear morning of the autumn while returning heavy-laden
 From his hunting in the valley, came the chief upon a maiden
 Standing beautiful before him in the velvet-shadowed glen.
 There the brave Tutokanula dropped his fresh-killed quarry, seeing;
 From that moment he cared nothing for his tribe and its well-being.
 Peace was gone forever from him when he gazed on Tisayac,
 Standing there revealed before him, holy spirit of protection.
 For she was not like his people who were swarthy of complexion,
 Who were large and coarse of feature, and whose hair and eyes were black.
 Skin as white as dogwood petals, long hair smooth and honey-golden,
 Eyes like heaven, speech a thrush song, served to catch him, to embolden
 All his being with a passion, with a hunger kin to flee.
 When he opened wide arms to her, lighter than a bird she lifted
 Slowly through the slate-blue morning; off into the clouds she drifted,
 Leaving great Tutokanula, arms still open with desire.
 Lacking this wise chief's direction, all the lovely verdant hollow

Changed into a straggling desert, and the fertile fields lay fallow
 Wasting nature's daily bounty, wasting both the sun and rain.
 When the tutelary spirit, blue-eyed Tisayac, returning,
 Saw the corn-fields grown with bushes, great bears rooting, undiscerning,
 Where the tidy little houses, homes of villagers had lain,
 Then she wept hot tears of anguish from the deepness of her feeling.
 On a mighty dome of granite high above the valley, kneeling,
 Tisayac, the fair-haired spirit, prayed the Great One to restore
 All the vanished fresh green beauty, all the masses of bright flowers,
 All the grain-fields, all the swallows to enjoy the sunny hours.
 All the lost life to the valley of Yo Semite once more.
 When the Great One heard her pleading, suddenly he answered, leaning
 From the sky to touch the valley, starting sere brown fields to greening;
 Then he smote upon the mountains, smote until he made them break.
 Pent-up meltings from the snow-peaks slid into the channel, pouring
 Downward in a rain of beauty, in a frothy torrent roaring
 Loudly through the silent morning, pooling in an ice-blue lake.
 All Yo Semite's great valley, lying desolate and saddened,
 Felt the cool touch of the water, felt the Great One's gift and gladdened.
 Flowers sprang up, lush and fragrant, and the people, coming back,
 Smiled to see the green corn swaying, smiled to hear the sweet-voiced swallow
 Once again among the meadows of their long-beloved hollow,
 And they named the dome above them for the spirit Tisayac.
 When the chief Tutokanula once again came home-ward, hearing
 From the chatter of his people of fair Tisayac's appearing
 In the land while he was absent, all his heart was filled with love.

Dreaming of the blue-eyed spirit. Then he climbed
the mighty summit
Of a rock that breaks the Valley, rising to the heavens
from it.
With his hunting-knife the leader carved his likeness
there above
That he never be forgotten. Then while he was
resting, gazing
Up the Bridal Veil, he saw her, beautiful, completely
dazing.
With a rainbow round her shoulders, gleaming on
her golden hair.
Tisayac, the good protector, Tisayac, the Great One's
daughter,

Beckoning and smiling on him, white form shining
from the water,
Tantalizing there before him in the sunlight, lily-fair.
With a cry Tutokanula, seeing that his quest was
ended,
Sprang upon the holy maiden, and together both
descended
Swiftly down into the current, gone forever from
the sight.
High above the spray there quivered, exquisite beyond
all dreaming,
Two pale rainbows in perfection, arched across the
water gleaming.
Quivered while the sun was sinking, vanishing in
foamy white.

Symphony of the Rain

BY JEAN HOLLOWAY

Hear the rhythm of the rain-drops—
Pitter-patter pitter-patter.
Hear them singing swiftly, lightly,
"Doesn't matter. Doesn't matter."
See them dancing on the roof-tops,
All in tune—all in tune.
Hear them singing to the tree-tops,
"June is coming—coming June".

Hear the rhythm of the rain-drops—
Melancholy, lifeless, dull—
Shutting out with thin grey curtain
All of life that's beautiful.
Weeping sadly in the branches,
Falling in monotonous strain,
Crying softly to the darkness
"I am sorrow; I am—rain".

Hear the rhythm of the rain-drops,
Pounding on the window panes,
Steady, serious, bearing promise
Of Spring blossoms in the lanes.
Steady tapping through the hours,
Capable, prim, young and sweet,
Cleaning all the dusty buildings,
Bringing freshness to the street.

Hear the rhythm of the rain-drops
Skipping lightly round the eaves,
Splottering on the shiny pavements,
Flirting with the fallen leaves.
Movements all in nature's concert
With a melancholy ring.
Tears of Winter's lonely yearning
For the lady known as—Spring!

Dirge

BY ELIZABETH SHOW

Lay him to rest here where the soil is dark
And fragrant with the breath of living flowers,
Here where the love-notes of the meadow-lark
Sweeten the stillness of the sunny hours.
Wrap him in shining, silken folds of peace
And let him rest with nature all his days,
Glad that at last he has found kind release
From man with all his subtle, cruel ways.

There may be more life after this strange sleep
That we call death; it matters not to him.
Whether he lie forever, resting deep,
Or whether after such an interim
His spirit be awakened once again,
At least he will have nothing more of men.

For Madame Schumann-Heinck on Christmas Day

BY ELIZABETH SHOW

Your lullaby upon our younger lips
Sounds in the Christmas twilight vernal-sweet,
But somehow seems imperfect to our hearts.
We, who have sat together at your feet,
Catching your mellow music as it fell,
Must ever hold your love-rich golden notes,
Must ever hunger, hearing this, your song,
In empty silver tones from other throats.

Petals

BY WARREN LEWIS

The morning brought a quiet chill
And night's gray veils lay ahead
On the horizon's sleepy brow.
I carried restive thought and sleep outside
Where, casting the useless bundle in a heap,
I watched renaissance run its fingers
Through the night's black hair.
And then observed the dawn's shy flush appear.
The morning star on its thin bracket
Weakened, pale beneath the soft persuasion
Of the coming day.
A flood of gold now caught a distant mountain peak,
But yet awhile my garden in its frosty hollow
Breathed a silent prayer.

Time passed,
And at the advent of each dawn
I wandered lazily outside,
Feeding my indolence within the cathedrals of trees
And listening to humming in their choir lofts.
I wondered that such beauty seemed omnipotent
For all the rarest blossoms of the globe
Were planted there.
And perfume's subtly woven spell
Deep quivered in the wild canary's throat
Or hushed the murmur of the noisy bee.

A simple rose grew sweet and wild
Beside the track that led across the hill.
Nodded its head in scented smile
And lingered in the minds of passers-by.
Simply it grew and soft simplicity its charm.
But such a charm no gaudy flower of mine
Could match or even near approach.
It grew all unprotected from the weather's moods
And yet its beauty never passed to seed,
Showed not the curled brown fringe of heat,
Nor loose, disintegrating age.

How best can I explain
The loss of interest in the old,
The subtle turn of mind
And gradual distaste of that
Which suffered by comparison
To this new love?

The garden where my favor once had fed
Now harbored weeds, and wanting proper care,
Became all dry and filled with memories
That rustled in the sun.
The trees foresook their green,

Scratched naked limbs against the sky
In brittle gray of drouth and gross neglect.

The rose is gone, as roses ever go.
It was not mine, nor have I right to grieve.
My own presumption raised a tower
Of blocks on temperamental sand:
Did not foresee the scattered ruin here
That mocks in laughter what I moan in tears.

No more the traveler stops to gaze
At that which seems too good for truth.
The place is bare. What's more,
No evidence remains of flowers
That I knew were there.
But I recall, and every corner
Where still air hangs
Is heavy with a perfumed smile,
And fragrance spins a gossamer web
Of something, that I knew before.
The embers glow, make shadows on the wall . . .
Grotesque they are, but etched
In delicate soft shading of a rose.

Foam

The soft yellow foam
Trims the dull green waters
Lapping the shores,
And I think, as I watch it,
That it is old lace torn from the gowns of all the
women
Who drowned at sea.
Old lace—yellowed by their tears,
Rich with memories of other days.
Faintly—faintly whispers the foam to the sands
Of the souls
Of queens and serving girls and merry wenches
Who dance in the deep green waters
Fathoms below.
Even I have seen dim figures far beneath the vessel's
bow,
And I have likened them to lovely ladies and young
gallants
Dancing the minuet—or the polka—or the tango
Merrily on the smooth, shadowed floor of the ocean.
If you listen closely, you can almost hear
Their laughter in the soft slap-slap
Of the waves against the bow.
And so, this morning as I walk the sands,
I think that the foam is a froth of lace,
Relinquished laughingly by some lady
Dancing the minuet
Fathoms below
On the polished floor of the ocean.

Sailing: A Sport Plus

BY EDGAR HARRISON

SMALL-BOAT sailing is commonly conceded to be an exacting sport. The picture framed in the lay mind at mention of sailing is probably a chromo containing one or more slim, gayly painted cockleshells heeled down to their lee rails skimming over bright blue swells in a smother of fine white spray. Often such adjectives as "breath-taking", "risky", "dangerous", or even "crazy", serve to express a landlubber's opinion of this nautical sport. Anyone past the age of twenty-five who makes a practice of spending his week-ends and vacations dipping and diving through wave-crests renders himself liable to be deemed a bit boyish, more than a bit foolhardy. Landemen, by and large, seem to find difficulty in comprehending the desire of any normal human being to waste his leisure hours cramped in a silly, dinky boat. Now that progress has produced swift, comfortable motor cars to transport us, air-conditioned theatres to entertain us, radios to bring our outdoor sports indoors to us, why, they question, why the devil should anyone be so primitive as to find fun in clinging, soaked to the skin, to a cork bobbing on a wilderness of water?

Sailing a small boat often is an exacting sport. Yet in my opinion it is also the grandest, cleanest fun on earth. It even can be, if needed, the most calming of sedatives for a bad case of "civilization complex," a sedative which, like any strong anodyne, may easily develop from a mere sedative into a habit—eventually into an obsession. And my opinion does not stand alone. Thousands, I confidently say, both young and old, will agree with me—indeed may surpass me—in loud and earnest eulogy of the sport.

More than sheer united noise, however, more than naive earnestness appears necessary to entice a skeptic over into the ranks of steadfast Corinthians. So I shall attempt by means of glowing words to convert to the faith all whom I am able to reach herewith. But no!—I shall simply narrate something of what I have experienced in small-boat sailing. If in scanning these paragraphs anyone should become sufficiently impressed to give the grand sport a try . . . good!

It is a bright young February morning. Not a solitary cloud mars the brittle blueness that arches above the deeper blue of the channel. A score of miles to southward, whence whispers the slowly augmenting breeze, looms a steep purple island. Quietly it stretches there between sea and sky not unlike a fabulous serpent napping upon the jewelled

surface. All about us, however, flows reality—the reality of modern commerce, the merchant marine of the world. We discover ourselves leaving astern the long granite breakwater of a great harbor—the port of Los Angeles. Behind the wall of grey stone, stolid dreadnaughts rest smoothly at anchor, lean hounds of war napping on the leash. A squat swordfisherman, its elongated bowsprit nosing toward a distant horizon, chugs off to starboard, heading up the coast.

Our vantage point is the green canvas-covered deck of a sloop. She appears a gallant little craft, dainty as a rondel. Gaily she skips away before the playful shove of the wind running almost beside her. The chaste white bosom of sail swells happily with the spirit of the game. Gleelessly she dances among the saucy wavelets. She folds the blue, blue water gracefully back along her glistening sides and lets it curl away in a gleaming tumble of foam.

In the pale wiselike sunshine my shipmate and I loil pleasantly. I am the helmsman for the moment. Beneath my relaxed grip the slender oaken tiller offers little opposition. Our neat craft wings along more and more eagerly. Astern of us our passage lies faintly marked by a momentary trailing of bubbles swirling up from under the counter. The only sounds rise from the wind breathing against the tall, hollow mast, from the sea murmuring along the smooth hull. In my nostrils the salt air clings sweet, sweet as the fragrance of clover to a countryman. My shipmate sprawls to leeward across the shallow cockpit and puffs his pipe contentedly. He was a business man ashore. Now he is a grinning boy. He has shifted out of his business worries and into our small sailboat as a man might discard a robe and step into a refreshing tub.

This fellow has discovered his solution of an enigma evolved from the whirling complexities of modern life. The high speeds, the grating demands, the torturing tension of "big business"—all had begun to eat into my friend with acid malignancy. He had tried doctors; he had gulped tonics; he had read fiction until his eyes threatened to burn out—all without the desired result. He still could not find escape from demonic worries. His prospering business hung above his head like the sword of Damocles, and his nerves were the hair which held it aloft. The filament was wearing thin . . . Then, one late fall day a mutual acquaintance invited my troubled friend and me to go

for a Sunday afternoon's sail on his 8-meter racing sloop. The short, delicious spin on the brine proved a revelation to us both—and the beginning of a new life for my companion.

The outcome of that innocent invitation to a sail was our determination to purchase a boat. After sober deliberation and careful search, we decided upon an old sloop shedding its skin of paint in the yard of a small boat building firm near Long Beach. Together all through the stormy months of that year we worked to fit out the tiny vessel in good shape for early spring cruising. New sails, new gear, complete overhauling of the light auxiliary engine, fresh coats of paint over all: everything necessary and some for sheer delight—these things were seen to before ever we could allow the sloop to glide back into its element. Much of it we accomplished ourselves. Oh, it was incredible fun, not like work in the least. More like exploring a new, exciting world it seemed. Eventually a day *did* come when our bird perched ready to take wing once more.

And now, hardly more than an hour after the serijoyous rites of the launching, you find us: already outward bound on the maiden voyage of our own sloop. My shipmate looks across the helm at me. Through a thin blue mist of tobacco smoke brushed from his beloved brier by the light-fingered breeze, our glances meet and hold. In eyes clear and bright with the newness of it all, we read each other's thoughts: how good it is!—how splendidly good just to be alive on such a day! Then we realize how like two small boys we must appear. So, being men, we both grin

somewhat sheepishly, and look away forward to where the sparkling ocean stretches beyond the merrily ballooning jib sail . . . stretches clean to the far horizon like a pulse-stirring dare to be taken . . .

An account of that voyage has no place in this essay. Suffice it to remark that we enjoyed a full quota of troubles as well as pleasures before we slid back into the windless anchorage of home. The verb *enjoy* I use advisedly. For in retrospect a true Corinthian mulls over the hardships endured on a cruise with as much delectation as he finds in harking back to the pleasant incidents. The ultimate result of that maiden voyage was the deep and steadfast love for sailing instilled into the breasts of two men. Something had fastened unto our hearts and bound us forever to the wind, and the waves, and a slanting deck. Perhaps we received a lethal thrust from old Neptune's tarnished trident. Who, knowing it so, may speak of it?

Whatever transpires out there to win the love of a man, it captivates a piece of him completely. And forever after nothing on earth can take away that apart of his heart which thrills to the slumbrous hush-h-h of a cold green swell as it comes racing along the hull, or to the throaty hum-m-m of a stiff sou'wester twanging by the mast. If there breathes a man who calls himself a man who can show me anything finer to love than "the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking"—by all the gods and the Great Horned Spoon, let him drag it out for inspection.

Deathbed

By ELIZABETH SHOW

She lay there dying on the high, white bed.
The neighbors tiptoed in and out, and said
In low, hushed voices that she could not hear,
"The poor old soul, her end is very near.
Since dawn she has been lying just that way;
We speak to her, but nothing that we say
Brings any change: she does not move at all.
Her pulse is failing fast. By even-fall
She surely will be dead. It's better so:
She has no one to care for her but Joe,
And he will be relieved when she is gone."
The neighbors watched her face and whispered on,
Their drooping voices aifting ceaselessly
Down the warm air with slow monotony,

She lay all morning like a senseless thing,
Oblivious of the nearby murmuring.
A rosy housewife roused her after noon
And fed her thin, hot gruel with a spoon.
Leaning her ample form against the bed
And holding up the drooping, frail old head
With strong, brown, gentle hands. She left her then,
Telling her to go back to sleep again.
The dying woman did not close her eyes,
But watched the stupid antics of two flies
Cavorting on the ceiling in the sun.
Until it seemed that whirling pin-wheels spun

In crazy circles through her dizzy head.
 Her body felt no contact with the bed.
 She tried to sleep, but always, dazzling bright,
 A streak of sunshine danced before her sight
 Behind her aching eyelids. One refrain
 Kept singing, singing, singing in her brain:
 "The weather on life's road is often gray,
 But there are bits of sun along the way."
 Her little hands, meticulous and slow,
 Had stitched that motto sixty years ago,
 Bright-lettered on a sampler. Now it seemed
 That years had slipped away from her. She dreamed
 That once again she sat embroidering where
 Pale yellow sunshine spilled upon her hair,
 'Wondering without caring, childishly,
 What the gray weather in her life would be.
 A little girl again, she saw the bloom
 Of roddy hawthorne just outside the room
 Through latticed windows, and her mother's face
 Bending above the fragile baby lace
 Her slender, skillful fingers were crocheting
 While back and forth her burdened body awaying
 Made gentle motion in her rocking-chair.
 The dying woman dreamed that she was there
 Beside her mother, and across the grass
 She saw the footsteps of the slow wind pass.
 The summer air outside was full of singing.
 And two vibrating hummingbirds were winging
 Above the slim, tall larkspur, purple-blue,
 Catching the light against them as they flew.
 A formless, happy humming left her lips
 As words took shape beneath her finger-tips:
 "The weather on life's road is often gray,
 But there are bits of sun along the way."

The aged woman's mind forgot her dying
 And wandered from the place where she was lying
 To early scenes. She slipped from childhood days
 Along the faint, far years of memory's maze
 To supple, blooming, smooth-voiced womanhood,
 And once more at her lover's side she stood
 In a sage-scented garden. His blue eyes
 That matched the ardent color of the skies
 Were laughing down at her. His warm voice said,
 "The sunshine makes a halo on your head,
 And you look far too virtuous for me."
 He might have murmured softly, tenderly,
 The words his heart was singing, "You are sweet
 And beautiful. I love you, Marguerite."
 But that was not his way. She was content;
 Her woman's wisdom knew the words he meant.
 They stood together where the mellow sun
 Glimed close and warm around them. Neither one
 Spoke any word, and yet they felt no breach.
 The eloquence of silence was their speech.

The woman who was dying felt no pain;
 Her mind was straying down the sun-splotched lane
 Of memory to hours long passed away.
 It seemed that she was young again and lay,
 Exhausted after childbirth, in her bed.
 Her husband came and whispered, "He is dead."
 So very weary that she hardly knew
 The meaning of the words, she murmured, "Who?"
 Pitying blue eyes full of tender love
 Looked down upon her white face from above
 And seemed caressing her where she was lying,
 "The baby's dead." She heard it without crying.
 She stared across the room unseeing,
 Silently feeling the futility
 Of struggling with a cruel power so great
 That human lives would crush beneath its weight
 Like little timid creatures in the brush
 Caught suddenly beneath the mangling rush
 Of loosened boulders hurtling down a hill.
 A long, long time she lay there very still,
 Pulsed by a bitter throb of discontent,
 Regretting nine hard months that she had spent
 In eager preparation for this day,
 Only to have the beauty snatched away
 And find an empty sorrow in its place.
 She raised void eyes to her husband's face.
 He tried to smile at her and took her hand,
 Whispering, "Marguerite, I understand,
 But every cloud must have a silver lining.
 Look through the window; see, the sun is shining!
 Life is not hard if we are reconciled,
 And someday there will be another child."

Struggling to shake the dreaming from her mind,
 The dying woman raised her lids to find
 The neighbor who had fed her standing near.
 She motioned, and the woman leaned to hear
 The faint words on the old lips, murmured low
 And fluteringly, "Joey? Where is Joe?"
 The rosy neighbor soothed the fevered head
 With cooling palms. "Don't worry, dear," she said,
 "'Your son is in his bedroom getting dressed;
 He's going out. Lie still, for you must rest."
 She straightened to her full imposing height
 And moved away. A tardy streak of light,
 Freed from its hiding-place behind her form,
 Suddenly slipped out, gleaming bright and warm,
 To fall across the faded, withered face
 Lying inert upon the pillow-case.
 The dull eyes saw the slanting ray and smiled.
 "Life is not hard if we are reconciled,
 And there are bits of sun along the way."
 The speechless lips formed words they could not say,
 say.
 And then were still. As twilight glazed the skies
 The aged woman closed her weary eyes.

Autumn Afternoon

By RICHARD LUCKY

HE walked slowly, deliberately. His heels rang on the cement floor of the empty corridor, and he was conscious of each step and of the absolute silence in between. The sun shone in through the high arches against the opposite wall of the passageway. Against his face the reflected heat from the wall was like a soft warm breath. An aimless little breeze stirred the brown leaves thinly scattered underfoot, seeming to imbue them with life.

The door to Dr. Geoffrey's office was closed. He knocked and stood with his manuscript in his hand, looking at the square of opaque glass and wondering in a detached sort of way if there were any one on the other side of it. Then the door opened, and Dr. Geoffrey stood there. For a moment the professor looked at his visitor without recognizing him, the sun shining on his thin, wrinkled face. He had been reading. The mild, devalitized eyes of some indefinite color looked tired.

"Ah, good afternoon, Mr. Winters," he said, gravely offering his hand. Dr. Geoffrey had a quaint courtesy that was unintentionally flattering. But today Bob Winters looked at the wrinkled, old face and the dry, dead-looking hair, which was too thin to hide the unhealthy scalp beneath, feeling rather sorry for him.

"I'm sorry I couldn't get this thing in before now, Dr. Geoffrey. I—"

"It's quite all right, Mr. Winters," interrupted the little man, taking the folded sheets of paper and placing them with a stack of others on his desk. "I haven't begun reading any of this last assignment yet; planned looking them over next week leisurely. I hope you haven't been crowded too much."

Outside again it was warm and pleasant, like spring. He thought of the dried-up little man at his desk in the dingy office, bent over a task that years ago must have become purely mechanical. He was a pretty good old duck after all, but what did he get out of life anyway? He thought of himself and the future with all of its thrilling possibilities. It would be awful to go to seed like that.

A quiet peacefulness hung over the campus. The distant noise of traffic, fused into a single stream of sound, only now and then intruding on the consciousness, seemed to emphasize the feeling of remote solitude surrounded by a restless and scurrying world. He felt almost as if he were trespassing as he walked

out on the grass and sat down. The green turf and recently swept sidewalks flowed out from the somber gray buildings under the oaks and the maples and the pepper trees with a planned and well-kept look that reminded him of a picture post card.

There was an atmosphere here that was deeply satisfying, something pleasant and elusive like half-forgotten boyhood memories. He felt intensely and self-consciously alive. Instinctively cautious lest the mood be destroyed, he let his thoughts play over his feelings. Intimations of some vital meaning flitted through his mind. There were secrets just beyond his grasp! They inhibited and restricted him! His whole intellectual self seemed to fumble with incomprehensible bars to its freedom, but the fascinating truth remained tantalizingly just out of reach.

Then his questioning mood changed. A buoyant sense of well-being was in possession of him. One day he would be able to understand. One day he would escape from the humdrum of ordinary life into a full and exciting existence. To live life intensely—that was to really live. It was a race that went to the swift, and most people were plodders. They spent their lives groping up blind alleys without ever finding out what it was actually all about. But he wouldn't be like that. You had to face life squarely and keep on facing it, or wind up just another Dr. Geoffrey.

A few moments later Dr. Geoffrey and his wife came out of the building. In passing they noticed the boy reclining on the grass.

"You know, George, I almost envy these students their freedom to lie about on the campus like that. There is something so natural, so peaceful-looking, and charming. That boy—" Mrs. Geoffrey stopped for want of words to express what she felt.

"Yes, I suppose so," said her husband, glancing back over his shoulder and smiling. "That's one of my English majors." There was a short interval of silence as his eyes wandered off across the campus, which now lay in cool shade except for a long streak of warm, yellow sunlight here and there. Then he spoke again, retrospectively and with perhaps just a trace of wistfulness in his voice.

"He's a fine boy; a bit given over to day dreaming just now, but he'll come out of it all right. Somehow we all do."

They walked on in silence.

Too Much Freedom

BY CORAL KLUGE

IS "flaming youth" burning itself out? Is too much freedom making the youth of today a shiftless, selfish, helpless lot of future citizens? Or will the men and women of tomorrow be honest, God-fearing, respectable people, superior to their parents in intellect and initiative?

Freedom is defined by Webster as the "exemption or liberation from slavery, imprisonment or restraint, or from the power and control of another; liberty, independence." We young moderns have been exempted from the restraint or from the control of our elders. I say we have been exempted, for we certainly could not simply have rebelled and exempted ourselves. We would have been thwarted in any such attempt. This new, unrestricted youth evolved out of a new era, brought about by many economic and social changes.

We are the children, now grown, who looked on at the "Jazz Age." We did not look on with wide, terrified eyes, simply because we knew nothing different. We accepted boyish hobs, bath-tub gin and eighteen-day diets as a part of our environment. These were the hysterical, mad, merry days of 1926, '27, and '28, when the password to a good time was the oft-repeated phrase, "Anything goes!" We saw abbreviated skirts and "the Charleston," and listened to blaring, giddy, timeless jazz. In the midst of all this we were left to grow up pretty much as we would, and all this left its mark on us. Deep down in our young hearts we promised ourselves that we would be different, and that we would keep that vow no matter what the cost.

As it happened, there was no cost. We grew up and matured during another hysterical period. Everyone was talking depression and stock market crash and Wall street and we were left to ourselves for another interval. Men, women, mothers and fathers, were so deeply involved in matters of finance and money worries that they had little time to give us. Everything was confused and uncertain. First, we had no one at home to shape our characters for us. Second, we had no one after whom we wanted to pattern ourselves; we had to create our own patterns as well as do our own molding and sculpturing. We were entrusted with something which probably no other generation of children had ever had—personal liberty, freedom of thought and mind, independence in its deepest sense. We were forming ideas and opinions about things to which other children of

our age had probably never given much thought. What is the result of this rare gift that has been ours? What has this freedom done for us?

Look at any college student in any college in the country. See how he lifts his head proudly and meets your searching gaze unwaveringly—eye to eye. He has a determined purpose in living this life; he means to get what he can out of it. Talk to him—hear how challengingly he expresses his opinions, unafraid. Watch how he observes and listens; there is little that escapes his keen eye and alert ear. Of course he is not all business. Was ever the average college student content to devote all his time to work? He allots himself a generous portion of time in which he takes his various forms of relaxation. This, according to common complaint, is where the trouble begins.

The charges against Youth are rather well-known to all of us. He has no reserve, no regard for convention; he is extravagant; he gets drunk and disorderly with alarming frequency; he has been given "too much freedom!" These same charges, modified by changes in society, have been brought against the youth of every age since the older generation has had time to think of its offspring. Even in the days when Frank Merriwell and Elsie Dismore were the ideals after which boys and girls patterned themselves, voices were raised against the antics of the younger generation. As had been said, the nature of these complaints has always been about the same just as youth in all times has been fundamentally similar. As far as lack of reserve and disregard for convention are concerned, has not this attitude applied to the Youth of all time? All young people rebel against time-honored conventions which seem to be perpetuated for no apparent reason. It is this attitude on the part of Youth which creates new policies and higher ideals and raises the standard of morals. Of course age always insists that the moral standards of Youth are low, and so there are those who contend today that Youth is wicked and sinful and without ideals. But those who know Youth and understand him see in him a clean-minded, frank young person, no more wicked than the Youth of any generation. True, he converses on subjects considered taboo by the generation before him, but he does so seriously and sensibly. He maintains a scientific attitude, an attitude of alert and intelligent curiosity. He is continually seeking knowledge, hungering for it. His frankness, then, does not indicate a lack of moral character.

There is nothing wrong with Youth's morals. He knows just as much about fundamental properties as do his parents, and he regards them just as highly. Despite his air of careless abandon, which he wears flung across his shoulders as a protective cloak, Youth is still pretty much an old-fashioned conservative.

It is the drinking problem which has caused and will continue to cause most of the comment. Our elders all too often speak as if contemporary Youth had created this problem—which is patently untrue. In fact, it was far advanced when we appeared on the scene. We had a reputation to live up to before we ever grew up. Our predecessors wouldn't let us disappoint them. They were giddy and gay and admitted boastfully that they drank to excess. Back in the days of prohibition it was the smart, clever thing to do. When we saw ourselves as grown young men and women, able to assume responsibilities, we decided that the time had come for a definite decision on our part. Then the repeal of prohibition increased the pertinence and the importance of the liquor question, and the younger generation was being watched carefully. We were to be the setters-of-the-example. Looking about us, we saw spectacles which had once seemed amazingly, hilariously clever and funny, but which, on closer inspection, revealed absolutely nothing at which we were amused. Suddenly it seemed to us that a most worthwhile accomplishment would be the development of the ability to "take it or leave it alone"—and that has come to be a sort of creed among today's Youth. The modern collegian who is seen in a public place in an intoxicated condition is almost sure to be held in low esteem by his classmates, to be chastised and ridiculed. Most of the drinking that is done today is done in moderate form in the privacy of the students' own apartments, as a special form of relaxation. It is no longer considered smart

to "get tight" in public places.

The accusation that Youth is extravagant is also unfounded on truth. The average student is acutely aware of the value of a dollar—and he knows how to make that dollar last. His luxuries are not of the expensive type; it takes surprisingly little to satisfy him. Prevalent among students is a good-naturedly frank attitude toward matters financial; there is no false pride, no pretense of spending money when there is none to spend. Youth grins his wide, reckless grin, turns his empty pockets inside out, and has a good time anyway!

In fact, the true picture of contemporary Youth is neither ugly nor disheartening. He is by no means the sinful, defiant young thing with not a serious thought in his head, which he is often said to be. He is neither wicked nor worthless. We of the younger generation have found life to be a grand and glorious adventure. The mere fact that we are here, and the precariousness of our stay, challenge us. We feel that we are thrice-blessed, that we are rich in advantages and experiences which other generations never enjoyed. It is our generation which has seen come to pass the greatest social and economic changes since time began. Progress has been breath-takingly rapid, and we have moved with it. Our minds have had to be alert and keen. Our eyes have had to be wide-open and penetrating. We have used our unprecedented freedom to learn to live to our best advantage lest we miss the wonders of the age in which we now exist.

Too much freedom? We would have been a sorry excuse for clear-thinking, level-headed young people had we been repressed and restrained as were our grand parents, or even our parents. Too much freedom? I protest loudly and emphatically. "Let freedom ring!"

Mirrors

By MARY MONTGOMERY

I have looked into the murky depths of your eyes
And I have seen
A quiet river rippling through dark trees
A sun-washed white cottage with green shutters and
a garden
A slender girl standing on a hillside, her face to the
wind, her head high
A single gull poised above grey water
Four small violets
Peace.
Your eyes are windows thrown out wide for me to
look
And I have seen

A filthy city, seething with people and disease
A hollow-eyed dirty-faced urchin pitching pennies in
a gutter
A man in a drafty tenement house beating his shriek-
ing woman
A skulking thief and murderer
A veritable hell.

What are you
That show me
Peace
And hell
In the same glance?

Silver Dollar

By PHYLLIS CARUSO

DOMINIC didn't want to go home. The closer his feet brought him to the tiny, unpainted frame house dropped abruptly in the midst of grain fields, the greater his anguish became. The vegetable garden was the only spot of color and life in the picture. The place was just like the people in it, dry and quiet, suggesting admonitions with a dry rustle.

The boy reached into his pocket again to feel the blessed comfort of the silver dollar that lay there. He sighed as he thought of all the things that dollar could do—with it he could take Ella to the show tonight, and buy her a soda or something afterwards while they were waiting for a ride home with old Mr. Bates on the milk truck. If he bought her a soda, though, he would have to buy himself one too, or it wouldn't look right, but it was a shame to spend all that money in one night. Dominic remembered regretfully the last time he had gone to the show in town. He hadn't known Ella then, or he wouldn't have wasted his money on himself. He would have saved it until he got enough to take her too. But if he saved the money, he probably wouldn't have been allowed to keep it anyway. This time was different. He had to take Ella to the show tonight—he had already promised. She would be waiting for him, and if he shouldn't come, her round little face would pucker up with worry for fear something had happened to him.

Dominic shuffled across the packed earth that formed the "yard" of his home. He stopped and looked about him. Maybe he could hide the dollar somewhere and tell his mother he hadn't worked this afternoon. That thought vanished almost as soon as it had flashed into his mind. Dominic could see his mother sitting by the kitchen table, bending over something. That would be the little book by which the family lived. The worn notebook was well known to Dominic, for if during one week, a plowshare or hose had to be purchased, it had to be made up in food and clothing economies. As he watched his mother from the back porch, the memory of Bob Rath's words burned in his ears. "Yeah, stingy. Your dad has more money than anyone else in the valley, but you can't put in a dime for a worthy cause! What a guy!"

"Hello, ma," Dominic hung his cap on the nail behind the door and went over to the table.

"What's the matter? You look sick."

"Nuthin'. I'm all right." Dominic's shoulders drooped. He was beaten before he started. He couldn't

ask her for money to take a girl to the show when his mother worked harder than anyone else and had never even been to a show. His stomach felt funny. If he couldn't persuade his mother to let him keep the dollar, it would be the end of everything. Ella'd get tired of sticking up for a guy that didn't have nice clothes or money to spend, and start being nice to one of the Rath boys, maybe.

"Six and seven is thirteen—I guess your dollar will just about make things even for this week, Dominic." She wasn't watching him, but Dominic knew he must lay that dollar on the table.

"Ma . . . Ma, could I keep the dollar? Just this once?"

There was a long moment of silence as the weary woman looked at the boy in surprise. "Keep the dollar? Why, son, you know I need it."

"But, Ma, I have to have it. I promised!" Tears were in the boy's voice.

"You promised what?" She looked down at the boy squatting on the scarred, spotless floor at her feet, his face in his hands. Her work-worn hand went out to his bowed head, but she withdrew it. She didn't question him again, but his story gradually came out, broken by jerky pauses.

"This morning when I got on the bus, Bob Rath asked me for a dime for a picture they wanted to get and put in the back of the bus. I told him I didn't want to put in a dime for the picture, and he got mad. He called me stingy—said I was just like Pa—hanging on to my money and never thinking of other people. Everybody laughed. Ma, and I wanted to hit him, but Ella—she's a girl that rides on the bus—she made them stop. They don't ever leave me alone. Ma. They're always saying something like that."

"I ate lunch with Ella this noon. She was waiting for me when I came out of school, and asked me to eat with her. She was so nice to me, and she's so pretty and little. We started talking, and . . . Well, I asked her to go to the show with me tonight. I didn't mean to, Ma, but we started talking about shows, and I asked her to go. I knew I wouldn't have the money unless I could keep the dollar, but I couldn't help it. I told her Mr. Bates would take us to town when he went in to deliver the milk, and we could ride back with him at ten o'clock. I have to have that money."

"You should have known better than to promise anything like that, Dominic. You know I need every

cent I can get to keep the house going. I don't know what to do. Your sister needs shoes right now, and where the money is coming from, I haven't any idea. I just can't give you that dollar. Maybe next week . . ."

The voice trailed off, and Dominic turned away and walked unsteadily to the door.

The boy stumbled out the door, down the one step from the porch to the packed earth which formed a path to the shabby litter of sheds spread out behind the house—the house that contained the dollar that would never be his again. On either side of him were the rows of vegetables,—back-breaking rows of carrots and spinach that he had to hoe and carry water to. Dominic looked at the neat rows. He had tended rows like this since he was ten years old. He had worked in the fruit every year, too, and had never been paid a cent for it, except for the few clothes he had to have. Other kids had money, money they didn't have to work for. He couldn't have even the dollar that he earned once a week. A great sob ripped through the slight body as he headed for the seclusion of the nearest shed.

Dominic heard the men coming from the fields, and hurried to hide himself behind the shed. He braced his back against one of the sheds and closed his eyes. He couldn't keep the tears from rolling out from under his closed eyelids, but by this time his grief had turned to anger. His father could afford to hire six men to work in the fields, but he couldn't let his children have anything that they didn't need to keep them alive. Dominic remembered the scenes that had taken place over whether or not he was to go to high school. If it hadn't been the law, he would be out there with the men right now, working as long as there was any light to see by, and getting nothing for it but his food and a place to sleep. He wouldn't even have the chance to read the books his teacher gave him because he was ahead of the rest of the class.

Two of the men were standing near another of the sheds not far from the boy, their voices raised in excitement.

"Next time you want me to win some of your money, don't throw it down a hole so I can't collect

it!" Both of the men were gazing down into the pit over which the seed shed was built.

"Well, I'll be damned! Did you ever see the beat of it?" his companion laughed and slapped him on the back.

"Come on, let's get out of here before the boss comes in and finds some more work for us to do. A little rest right now is worth more to me than fifty cents." The two men walked off.

Dominic hurried to the shed. Fifty cents! It would pay for the show, and Ella wouldn't be disappointed. A great load lifted from his mind as he reached the seed shed, a rough building hastily constructed over a pit which was too large for it. It rested uncertainly on the heavy boards that lined the pit to keep moisture away from the seeds.

Dominic leaned over, peering into the darkness. There, on a two-by-four just out of reach, was the fifty-cent piece. Dominic turned and ran for the tool shed, keeping out of sight of the kitchen windows as he did so. He selected a piece of stout pipe to use as a lever and part of a railroad tie that would hold the building up, and he raced back to the seed shed. He would have to hurry—his father would be calling him to milk the cows. They were already at the gate begging to be milked and fed.

By the time he had braced the shack up along one side, Dominic was panting from exertion and eagerness. Once the pipe had slipped off the block of wood, and he had had to work fast to keep the shed from toppling back to its original position. That would have meant ten minutes' more work. At last he succeeded in tipping it enough for his purpose.

Dominic lay flat on his stomach with his head inside the precarious opening he had made. There it lay. He reached down. In a moment the fifty-cent piece lay in his hand, shiny and cool. His relief was so great that he couldn't move. Then, carefully, he started to edge back from the opening.

"Dominic! Dominic, come here! Oh, God . . .!"

A figure came flying across the packed earth. As she struggled frantically to lift the weight of the building from the neck of the still twitching body, a silver dollar dropped from her hand and rolled unnoticed into the pit.

Memoranda of Growth

By JEAN RAMAGE

CLIMBING was hard. The gravel path stretched way ahead, longer than a Bible verse or the apple branch that scratched outside my window. Sometimes the delivery boy picked me up on his way, and I rode in dignity up to the kitchen door. Lucy helped me down with one hand, while with the other she lifted the five-pound bag of kitchen flour that had three stars on it. Going down was very easy; once I started, there was no end. My dirty, scratched legs knocked against each other as I ran faster and faster. I passed the rock where once I had torn open my knee; I skimmed the broken-down playhouse that held the battered stove; I slid down the last stretch of gravel that led into the state highway. There lay the green ball I had been chasing . . . Climbing was hard . . . At the top there was a house . . . big, white, unfriendly. There was a long, red stick that reached to the sky and frightened away the birds with its smoke, smoke that was black and sooty. Inside there was Mummy, who made me wash behind the ears; there was Daddy, who hated the noise from the drum; there was Lucy, who never wanted me in the kitchen; finally there was Mary Constance, whose hair was yellow.

George's father had a black cloth over one eye, and when he walked, one foot always stumbled. They lived in a small white box off the gravel stretch, but George always came up when his father fixed the flowers on the grass. One afternoon the green ball rolled under their porch; the door was open, and I walked in. They didn't have a Lucy, but George's mother let me in the kitchen. She nodded her head when I looked toward the doughnut dish, and I grabbed one. George rode in on his father's shoulders after my fifth doughnut, and when George reached for the plate, there was a smudge across his hand and two long ones beside his ears. Peggy, their new baby, sat on the floor; her mouth was open wide, and she screamed, "Ta Ta". George's father smiled, making the black cloth shake, and turned to the funny papers when Peggy screamed louder. This home wasn't like mine. Peggy's hair was black, and George didn't wash his ears. I reached for my sixth doughnut and pulled Peggy's black curls.

They said he was Santa Claus. He came down chimneys with a huge bag, red suit, and white whiskers.

Santa Claus. Johnny looked at me squarely when I told him.

"Santa Claus?" he said. "You women." He always said "You women," because his father did.

"Whatsamatter?" I asked. "Whatsamatter with Santa Claus?"

"Nuthin'," he came back. "Nuthin'." "Cause there ain't no Santa Claus. That's why." He stuck the sucker in his mouth and walked up and down.

"You're lyin', Johnny Corbin," I screamed. "You're lyin'." My fist shot out, and I knocked it against his face. He swallowed fast, and I could see the candy slide down his throat. It stuck.

"Mummy," he yelled, "She's killin' me, Mummy." I ran. There was no getting away from it. No Santa Claus . . . On Christmas he came again. Santa Claus with the pack, the whiskers, and the red suit. This time I saw what I had never wanted to see before. Uncle Phil's ring was on his finger. And the whiskers came off when I pulled hard.

"She's growin' up," Dad said. He looked at me as though I were doing something terrible.

Once every year I waited for Dad's sermon on charities. It was something about the real meaning of the word "charity"—fine, noble words that I believed, that touched my heart. They made me feel so secure, so satisfied with myself. It was so easy to believe them, easy to know that ten cents a week from each one would clothe and feed all the poor. And my dimes left me, week by week.

It was one o'clock in the morning. A cull came through that a man was dying and wanted to see a minister. Dad went, and I with him. It took ten minutes to start the car, and the wind whipped the hair across my face so that everything was empty. We finally came to a crooked street, a street through which no car could pass. The number of the house was rubbed off, but we found a broken stairway leading to a cellar. There was no door, and except for two packing boxes, I could see into the room. A human form lay on the floor, covered with a potato sack. A woman bent over it, and the long hair covered the face of the boy that rubbed against her for warmth. It was cold, and the only light was a white candle that threatened to go out any

minute. In a corner stood a small girl in a blue cotton rag. Across her filthy right hand there was a bloody scratch which she kept sucking, until her face and mouth were smeared with blood.

"S'my Daddy," she croaked. "Who's you?"

I couldn't answer. I gripped Dad's arm until my nails dug deep into hard flesh.

"Easy," he said.

We were in the car, and the wind whipped my hair across my face.

"Ten cents," I said, "Charities."

That was three years ago. I never heard the charity sermon again.

Outside it is raining; the windows stream with the dripping water. But I want to get out. I want the cold rain to wash my face—to wash away the stuffiness and boredom that I feel. Faintly I hear the sonorous tone of the minister preaching on the Presence of Departed Beings; Mother's hand is fumbling for her handkerchief; the man in front of me has a boil on his neck. I want to get out, for there is nothing here—nothing but a choir of perfectly harmonized voices, nothing but a respectable middle-class congregation.

The sun used to shine when I was eight—it never stayed outside. Through the white robe of a Bearded Man on the window-pane it crept. I remember how I used to shift my seat so that the ray would blind me. I would blink, and Aunt Joan would nudge me carefully so that the Johnsons couldn't see. The man in the high box always used to smile at me, and when he met me on the street, he would give me a peppermint drop—the kind with a hole in the middle through which I could squeeze my tongue. A woman used to sit in front of me then—a fat one with a black hat and three cherries on it. Her head used to bob up and down, and the cherries would knock against each other. Once she sneezed, and a cherry striking two others fell to the floor. When the organ played, it made me feel queer inside—funny and glad. I wanted to hug Mother tight and lend my sled to sister. I wanted to say my prayers without mumbling and play with the crippled boy next door. Sometimes it would make me sleepy, and I would fall back on Dad's arm. He always smelled of smoke and yellow soap.

Now, there is no such thing as sleep in church. There is no sun; the rain knocks against the blue-glass windows. Gone are the cherries and the peppermint drops; the man in the high box is a missionary in Africa.

And yet . . . although the sun is not shining, the Bearded Man with the white robe is still on the window-pane.

For ten whole years I was a "perfect" child. I ate my oatmeal every morning, took my nap every afternoon, studied my lessons every evening, and started on that straight and narrow path which leads to Gabriel.

My parent helped. It began with "Do this" or "Do that," and it finally ended with "Read this" and "Read that." The angel-to-be consented. I read *Mother Goose* and *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, *Black Beauty* and *Treasure Island*, *Oliver Twist*, and *Vanity Fair*. I went from Anderson to Alcott, from Swift to Shakespeare, from Thackeray to Tolstol, from Scott to Shaw. Marvelous, wasn't it? Such a background! Hamlet, Anna Karenina, Huckleberry Finn, Don Quixote, Jane Eyre—they were all a necessary part of a young lady's education.

True, they were all Great Works. But what did they mean to me? They brought no beauty, no reality, no tears or laughter, no yearning to do something or become somebody; no love or hate. To me they were only a means of showing off. To be able to say when someone or other mentioned Shaw, "Such a conceited person, my dear, but truly a genius, don't you think?" By the way have you read his *Adventures of a Black Girl in Her Search For God*?

But a day of awakening came for me, a day which I shall never forget. Sinclair Lewis was not encouraged in my circle. He was not "the thing." He was dull, bitter, petty. Certainly nothing he could ever say would add to a girl's background. Nevertheless, in a strange fit of devilishness I read *Main Street*. When I was halfway through, I despised Lewis and when I had finished the book, I adored him. In his description of Main Street, I saw my friends and myself. There we were—in a small mid-western city with our Drug Store and our Grocery, our Meat Market and our Movie House, our Department Store and our Tailor Shop. I saw the ugliness and mediocrity of our surroundings, the cheap gossip and petty luxury of our neighbors, the monotony and sordidness of life. I saw it all and I became afraid—afraid that I, too, might become a Carol, living her life, going to the same bridge parties where coffee was served instead of tea, bearing children with the idea of sending Junior to Harvard and Mary to Vassar, and finally leaving it all to be buried in that silent churchyard across from which a gasoline station would probably spring up. Here was a life and a book to show it up. And I understood why Americans hate Lewis. Poor man! He has the strength and nerve to picture the American middle-class in its real frame with its Sunday church and Saturday night shows, its Ford cars and Hoover sweepers, its bridge games and golf scores. Of course, the people of whom he is writing turn up their noses and walk away from him. So it was that

he opened my eyes, and I owe him a great deal. I had to begin over and over again. I started with Alice in Wonderland and went on. I haven't caught up yet, but I'm on the trail. I have grown to love the conceit of Shaw, the genius of Dreiser, the reality of Sandburg, and the simplicity of Hamman; too, I have learned to despise the filthiness of Thayer,

and the sameness of Kathleen Norris and Zane Grey, and the perfect endings of a host of get-rich-quick-novelists.

A devious route, yes—but what is the sacrifice of ten groping years for the satisfaction that is mine today?

A Visit With the Blunderines

BY AUDRIE LASSERE

IT was a stifling summer afternoon with only an infrequent bit of hot, sleep-inducing breeze to break its monotony, when I decided to pay one of my infrequent calls on an old friend. To make matters worse, it was election season, and when I arrived, my friend was listening to a long piece of campaign oratory on the radio. Somewhat grudgingly, I accepted his invitation to listen with him, and sank into a comfortable chair with what I hoped was an imperceptible sigh. I say grudgingly, for unfortunately we differed a great deal in our political viewpoints, and these particular lengths upon lengths of speech happened to be produced by one of his favorite political gods. I thanked Heaven, however, for the blessing of the radio, which, though forcing our ears to suffer such atrocities, eliminates at least the necessity of watching the performers at the same time.

Soon I decided that I might as well relax, and, letting the whirring of the insects and the voice of my friend blend into one long monotony, I fell asleep and found myself walking down a well-traveled road. The going was easy enough, for, although the way often was crooked and winding, several passers-by volunteered information as to the easiest routes and the shadiest resting places along the way. If this had been a waking experience, I would have noted that each one of my kind but self-appointed guides had asked me to remember the favor, winking knowingly as he did so.

After traveling for several hours, I grew lonesome and struck up an acquaintance with an agreeable chap who was going my way.

"Where are you headed?" I asked.

"Blunderia, of course. I have prepared myself many years for this journey."

"Blunderia," I responded. "And what may that be?"

He looked at me in some surprise. "But you know, of course. Oh, surely you must be joking!"

Obviously, I had blundered. I would be more dip-

lomatic. I laughed. "Of course, but, seriously, tell me how you have prepared yourself these many years."

"Oh, contacts, you know, contacts. The right people."

"I see." But I did not see.

My companion continued, "The next turn should bring us there. Just think! My whole life in preparation for this! And presently I shall enter and really start my career. I shall work up and up through the hierarchy of Blunderines, perhaps reaching as high as—but, no, I am too boastful."

Suddenly, followed a sharp turn in the road, we came upon a clearing in the middle of which stood a sort of castle, surrounded by a high wall. It seemed to be easy enough to enter the fortress, for the guards stopped each comer only a few seconds, apparently to question him. Then it was our turn. The guard looked down at me from the parapet and questioned, "Well, and what are your credentials?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, what have you done in your life to deserve entering here?"

"Well, let's see," I hesitated, trying to think of some worthy deed. "I, ah, contribute to charities, and—"

The guard grew impatient, and turning to my companion, he asked, "Well, what about you?"

"Connections, mostly, connections. I'm in with—" and here he spoke so softly to the guard that I did not catch the last part of the sentence. Then, taking pity on me, my companion added, "And this fellow, here, is a special friend of mine."

"Oh, sure. Go on in!"

We entered a large courtyard, and my friend turned to me, saying, "Sorry, but I must leave you here. Have to see some important people. You look around the place and make contacts. And, ah, if you ever need anything, just look me up!"

With a lost feeling, I looked around me to orient myself with my surroundings. Around the magnifi-

cent castle, the yard was filled with emaciated men and women, working near their filthy hovels. Approaching one ragged old man, who hammered monotonously on some gadget, I inquired, "How can one get into the castle?"

"Oh!" He looked up furtively. "I can't tell you. But I know someone who can. 'Hey! Boss,' he shouted to a rude-looking fellow, who was passing, 'here's someone who wants a favor.'"

The "boss" came up. Although I knew that I had never seen him before, he was hauntingly familiar with his derby hat, checkered vest, cigar, and all that goes with it. He was one of the many touches of modernity in a scene which was strangely medieval. I repeated my request, and he directed me to the other side of the castle.

There, amid great clamorous activity, I saw workmen running back and forth and showing every sign of industry. Soon I perceived that these persons were striving feverishly to rebuild some of the huts around the castle, which were in sorry conditions. I was startled from my silent meditations as to the causes of such ruin by a terrific crash and, wheeling around, discovered that one of these huts had crashed to the ground and was slowly sinking into it. Immediately after, several men rushed to the spot, some pushing wheelbarrows filled with mortar, and others wildly brandishing tools of various sorts. As I stood watching their agitation, made obvious to me by their animated movements, I noticed their strange attire for the first time. They all were formally dressed in "tails" and top-hats, and shiny pumps. Surely, I thought, such aristocratic workmen cannot be efficient house builders!

After watching them work to no avail for some time, I ventured, "There is no use trying to patch up the old houses. You must build new ones. Can you not perceive that, in the first place, these are rotten at the foundations (and this was indeed so), and secondly, that they are built upon quicksand? It is easy to see that no matter how much you patch and mend, they will sink and fall into the earth because of these things."

At these words, their hammering, plastering, and sawing ceased, and there fell an uncomfortable silence. Presently, they began to whisper among themselves, examining me from head to foot with horrified eyes. One of the group came forward, eventually, as spokesman.

"It is obvious," he informed me, "that you are a stranger, and that either you cannot see properly or you have been bewitched. So, realizing your ignorance, we shall explain the true causes of these occurrences. They are of little consequence, for although our inhabitants are often killed, nothing can be done about them. For, you see, these things are occasioned

by visitations of the devil, either in the guise of a foreigner—here they all looked meaningfully at me—or an iconoclast, or a moron."

"How do you know all this?" I asked, respectfully, now knowing my place.

"The proof is obvious. The aunt of the duke of this citadel once had a tower which was blown to bits by enemies. Dust, broken glass, and shattered rock were thrown for yards around. 'Now,' he continued, warming to his subject, 'you can easily see dust, broken glass, and splinters of wood around here, can't you?'"

I nodded agreement.

"Why," he straightened as he finished, "those are the clues. Our conclusion is, naturally, that therefore this hut, and all the other huts destroyed here, have been blown up deliberately by those who seek to destroy us!"

I bowed and said with a serious mien, "That, indeed, is as fine a piece of deduction as I have ever heard."

At that moment, we heard a thud as another hut went down, and taking advantage of the resulting confusion, I escaped into the back entrance of the castle.

The noise and disturbance inside was equal to that from which I had just fled. I found that I had come upon the kitchen. There I witnessed in amazement such battles, such flying of kettles and cleavers, such angry looks, such slaps, and kicks, and hair-pullings as I hope never to see again. To say the very least, it was the most unharmonious group which I had ever met. And what they were scuffling over I could not determine. Finally, I shook a man, somewhat better dressed and apparently better fed than the rest, whom I had discovered dozing in a corner. He blinked and frowned disapproval at his harsh awakening. Across his forehead was a sign reading, "ARBITRATOR."

"What are they quarrelling for?" I shouted above the din.

"The scraps from the royal tables, and mighty lucky they are to get them, too!"

"Well, why do they fight? Isn't there enough to go around?"

"Oh, of course there isn't. The scarcity is what makes them strong, and it's what makes them want to work!"

"Well, why don't they cook this spoiling stuff that's not being used, lying around here waiting to be thrown away?" As I said this, I pointed to a gigantic pile of untouched grain and meat and rotten vegetables which lay in a corner giving off a vile stench.

"Oh, but it won't work that way, for if they ate that first, then they wouldn't want to cook for their masters, for they must wait for scraps from their tables. It's very simple.—Say, you're a stranger here,

aren't you? I think I'll show you around. This job is too much for me, anyway."

"I imagine it would be."

We passed safely out into the hall which offered us its relieving quiet, and then, leading me up a beautiful old stairway, my guide instructed me, "You are lucky that you met me, for I shall show you some very important people—the brains of the country, you know. Now, you must be very diplomatic, or you might insult them. Shhhh—."

He opened a heavy door at the head of the stairs and quietly, we poked our heads into the room, which was filled with sleepers, many of them muttering in their sleep. Even though the afternoon sunlight entered freely through the open windows, their sleep seemed perpetual and heavy. Suddenly, the door we were leaning on creaked ominously, and one of the sleepers awoke. My guide was quick to apologize, "I'm very sorry for waking you, sir."

"Wake me? I wasn't asleep. You dreamers outside there don't know what you're talking about. Asleep! 'Humph,'" he grumbled, "asleep—" Then he dropped off again.

We moved up the corridor to the next room, and I entered amid great storms of laughter. I stopped short, feeling my face color from mixed feelings of pride and anger. But my friend, the arbitrator, quickly interpreted their conduct, saying that they were not laughing at me in particular, but at everyone who was not a Blunderine, and who therefore was not possessed of their foresight and perspective.

Shaking and perspiring from their guffaws, giggles, and gales of laughter, quite uncontrolled, they certainly did not appear especially endowed with super-intelligence. However, they were in the bald and corpulent stages of life, and hence, my guide explained, they were well able to scoff at the follies of youth and other over zealous personalities. As we left, their unceasing howls were varied occasionally by thumping sounds as those on the floor rolled over and over in their mirth.

I had remarked many curious persons passing us in the halls, their heads fastened to the necks backward. As my guide stopped to be advised in his kitchen arbitration by one of these, I slipped into another chamber. It was very black.

At first, my eyes, unaccustomed to the darkness, discerned only dim shapes moving about. Then I observed that each occupant had his ears plugged up with cotton and his eyes tightly shut. All the win-

dow blinds were down, so that they were altogether dismal looking quarters. Wishing to brighten the room, I raised one of the shades, and an amazing sight appeared before my eyes. It was not an ordinary window. It seemed to encompass the whole universe, and all life, past and present. In a glance, I saw all the troubles, all the problems of people from age to age, and saw man advance, slowly, slowly, and blindly, but nevertheless surely. And today's man was advancing out there, too. All was constant change. This great, shifting panorama I comprehended in a split second, but the next instant the wizened tenant nearest me flew across the room, his hand covering his eyes from the light, and pulled down the curtain.

He and all the rest swiftly turned on me and with wild gestures rushed me from the room. They all shrieked at once, "No! No! No! I don't believe it; I don't believe it . . ."

I returned to my guide in a special hurry. He, looking at me keenly and guessing what had happened, informed me with a grave demeanor, "You have broken your trust; so I cannot show you any more private rooms."

But, seeing my disappointment, he reflected a moment and added, "Well, it cannot be harmful if you see the great hall before you leave." As he passed an open doorway on our way to the hall, I glanced in and saw many men pouring over dictionaries and other heavy volumes, old and musty.

"They are hunting for trite phrases to be used in speeches, which are practised in the hall before being delivered in front of cheering crowds. It is just one of the many kinds of unique research they do in the library. Here we are," he finished, and I looked in front of me.

It was magnificent, indeed. Above the doorway was a plaque, reading, "Pediantria Hall." Softly I entered, only to be confronted with hundreds of orators, standing on chairs, on boxes, on anything they could find. Each expounded with numerous flourishes and waved little flags. There was something all too familiar about it. I turned and ran, but though I ran and ran, the words insistently followed me and drummed into my brain, "Shall we let this *great* country . . . Let us not be led . . . etc. etc."

I awoke hurriedly and somewhat guiltily and opened my eyes wide as if I had been awake all the time. My friend was still listening to his oracle.

Tushaminqua

(A legend of the Isle of Catalina)

BY EDGAR HARRISON

Fair Tushaminqua, lithe and young,
Shakes down her sea-moist hair
To dry—a raven shade in gold
October sun . . . The day, now old,
Grows cool in air.

Great Torqualuma's daughter sports
And blithely chaffs her maids,
Who laugh in glee and chatter, gay
From swimming in the placid bay
Struck blue with shades.

She flings a stone to watch it skip . . .
The laughter in her eyes
Fades swiftly as her wakeful gaze
Flies seaward through the faint blue haze
In wild surprise.

There, beating shoreward toward the bay
Against the dying breeze,
Two caravels with billowed sail
Fling snowy spume as bowsprits flail
The cobalt seas.

Swift Tushaminqua, startled, turns
To flee the wondrous sight:
With frightened handmaids close about,
She seeks the village in a rout
Of graceful flight.

All pale and breathless she arrives
Before her father-chief,
Who hears of "great canoes with wings
Come from the sea where West Wind sings"
With scant belief.

He mounts a hummock near . . . the tribe,
Excited, close at hand . . .
His calm black eyes grow wide to see
"White-winged canoes" approach the lee
Of this, his land.

He watches mutely while they creep
Inside the windless nook
And round up-tide with rattle-clank
Of chain, a-leap behind the shank
Of plunging hook.

Now down he strikes with chieftain's tread
To meet the advancing gig,

None follows, none makes move but brave
Young Tushaminqua . . . black eyes grave,
Their pupils big.

She follows close behind her chief . . .
Her heart a clot of fear,
Yet lovely face a tranquil mask . . .
Though she would flee, this is her task,
Her place is here.

She peers in wonder as a man
Steps from the beached boat . . .
More like a god than man he seems,
Attired in garb which silver gleams
From waist to throat.

(For he is Juan Cabrillo, first
To touch the Channel peaks
While seeking Strait of Anian . . .
A demi-god—first "pale-face man
With bearded cheeks.")

Tha Spaniard smiles, and signals peace
By outflung swordless palm . . .
Now eye to eye, red man and white
Their common wish for friendship plight
In manner calm.

While words ply through a spokesman's lips—
Awed, Tushaminqua marks
Cabrillo's pointed beard, his lean
Arched nose, his full grey eyes—spear keen,
As quick as larks.

She stares; then notes his restive glance
Flit to her own rapt face . . .
The blood floods upward to her throat,
Low droop her lids . . . her senses float,
Her pulses race.

This stranger from beyond the seas,
This god-like man, whose eye
Burns deep into her heart like flame—
He brings her wild young spirit tame
Without a cry.

Brave Tushaminqua trembles with
The rapture of a love
Come eagle-swift . . . as clear as light,
Alive as fire, intense as night . . .
Yet like a dove.

She turns and flies, her feet lent wings
By honest maiden shame
Lest sea-grey eyes should spy her face
And note Love's freshly shadowed trace
Upon its frame.

No word to him speaks she that night,
Nor he to her coo sound . . .
And with the light he wings away
To seek the Strait—forsakes Moon Bay
So newly found.

With wide eyes straining through the mist,
She sees the vessels fade
To northward . . . love an empty ache,
Her soul with thirst no spring can slake,
Her heart afraid.

The Spaniard, true, spoke of return
Should no Strait lie above;
But Tushamiqua owns no hope
As she sits weeping on the slope—
No hope for love.

From out the exotic south her god
Had winged down with the night,
Had caught, unknowing, her young soul
And borne it with him toward the Pole . . .
She mourns her plight.

Days shorter wane . . . the gales roar down . . .
Tremendous rise the seas;
The heartsick maid grows wan with fear
For him—as tender grass grows sere
With wintry breeze.

She paler, thinner wastes as months
Drag laughterless—no sun
To scatter Sorrow's shade . . . her grief,
Dark cave, hides Love—a wounded chief
And desolate one . . .

Bruque March's cheeks are blustering puffed
When one morn comes a ship—
A grey, sea-pummeled hulk . . . the crew,
Storm-beat, look not the same men who
Began the trip.

No Strait found, they report: one ship
Unseen since eight days back;
And worst—from blood infection dread
In fractured arm—Cabrillo dead . . .
A voyage black!

Pale Tushamiqua—strolling far
Back in the glen—still veiled
In tears that Time cannot supplant,
Learns not till shadows eastward slant—
The truth retailed.

Now climbs she, dry-eyed, to the slope,
And upward to the peak
Whence last she viewed her noble love,
Who buried lies in windy cove
On some idle bleak.

Beneath the ragged hills the sun
Crawls . . . blue the haze in air . . .
It is the hour when first she felt
Love's torch her heart within her melt—
Felt Passion's flare.

She broods . . . lost lover of her dream—
Forever dulled his eye
Spear-keen . . . his god-like, mortal heart
Forever stilled . . . what for her part
Now?—but to die!

She peers down at the tide-washed rocks—
Dark shadows far below—
Then smiles a tranquil smile . . . and leaps . . .
Up west to heaven from sea, slow creeps
A crimson glow . . .

On some green island in the sky
Where happy wander souls
Of earthly lovers . . . there, perchance,
She finds the flower of Romance
On sunny knolls.

Recurrence

A Ritournelle

BY RAYMOND WALLACE

I loved a girl, too much, too well,
Too much, too well;
Undying faith to her I swore—
To her I swore.

I dwelt within a magic spell—
A fairyland in which to soar
A magic spell
In which to soar;

And thus I fashioned my own hell,
For she was faithless to the core.

And so I sought my love to quell,
My love to quell;

My passion for her I forswore;
Her I forswore;

I sought alone a quiet dell
Where I might rest, for life was o'er—
A quiet dell,
For life was o'er;

But love has razed my citadel—
For she came knocking at my door!

Herself

BY ELIZABETH BEDFORD

LOU was stretched sadly across her bed, and with her chin supported on pillows, she regarded from her second floor dormitory window the comings and goings through the big front door of Mary Bradford Hall. It was a busy week end on the campus, and an unpredicted March shower had merely added transparent rain coats for the co-eds and cracked canvas tops for the Fords. Otherwise life continued in the same mad way.

With a crash and a shudder Peter pulled "Jingle Bells" to a stop and made a speedy sprint for the door. He had on his customary unpressed tweed slacks, and Lou deduced that Betsy North would not be going to anything more formal than the village movie palace. Other familiar cars jumped or dragged to a stop, depending on the nature of their brakes, and other familiar boys climbed out to collect inmates of the hall. Bob's car had a new paint job—Lou had gasolined paint out of Virginia's hair last week after that adventure—and the irrepressible Joe was trying the new "Monkey Ward" guaranteed chrome horn they'd all heard so much about. A plutocratic limousine smashed down the drive and halted before the walk. Some poor soul was afflicted with parents this week end, Lou prophesied dourly. M'gosh, three large women, and a mousey looking father trotting timidly at the end of the procession! Well, it was five-thirty. Not much use hoping Stubby would be around, she reflected grimly. Not before dinner anyhow. But she lingered in her room until quarter of six, watching the little red light that flickered when she had a call. One flick, caller downstairs. Two flicks, special delivery or telegram. Three flicks, Stubby on the phone. Or at least it had been Stubby on the phone until last week. He'd been bored all evening at the last Saturday Jolly-up, Wednesday he said extra work at the lab, kept him from their lunch date down at the "Cinder", and now, for the first Friday night in the two years they'd been on the campus together, Stubby wasn't around and Lou hadn't heard from him.

Dinner was an ordeal. Everyone gay and excited. Visitors feeling conspicuous and trying not to look it. Hair twisted tortuously in curlers, and faces in a scarcely respectable state of half-natural half-formal make-up. Lou sat near the door and leaned forward every time the phone tinkled out on the receptionist's switchboard. But none of the calls were for her. After dinner she walked dejectedly up the corridor, driven

from the lounge by the bustle and gaiety. She took her mail out of her cubby-hole. Usual prosaic stuff; note of cordial invitation from the Young People's Christian League, penny postal with irate red ink from the circulation department of the library, and an uninspired ad. She noticed that Betsy's *Vogue* had arrived, and she took it along. Betsy was out, and Lou felt that she was entitled to whatever comfort she could find. She got some small comfort from banging her door loudly as she came back to her room. She flicked on the lamp and sank into the one comfortable chair. Might just as well forget Stubby. She turned on the radio in the hope of drowning out the sound of cheerful voices and horking motors down below, but tragic love songs sullied the ether, and she finally shut it off altogether. She burrowed around under her bed and came up triumphantly with her knitted basket, only to be reminded of Stubby again by the scraps of grey-blue wool which remained from the sweater she'd knitted for him.

"These foolish things remind me of you", chorused a foursome setting out on a double date.

"Oh hell", Lou moaned, not less disgusted with herself than with life in general. Over her desk Stubby's picture grinned down at her goodnaturedly. Stubby. Name just suited him. Short and chunky, with hair as carrotty as the orange paint in a water color set. His nose was nothing else than pug-adorned with freckles at that, and his eyes were a perpetual wide-eyed china blue. Underneath his grinning duplicate he'd written "To herself, and I hope she likes it". He always referred to Lou as "herself." "Like this sweater, herself knitted it", Lou could hear him saying with pride in his tone, or, "Gosh, I donno, ask herself".

The more Lou thought about Stubby, the madder she got. She was annoyed to find that she cared so darn much for anyone. After all, if you were just going to be as light headed as a daffodil, there wasn't a great deal of use in going to college. Might as well stay at home and moon on the old porch swing. Life held a lot beside Stubby, really. Like poetry for instance. Stubby couldn't stand "rhymes", as he called them, and he laughed at Lou when she took Davidson's courses in Contemporary Poetics and Elizabethan Verse. But that didn't mean that he exempted her from any of his enthusiasm. Lou groaned at the thought of the endless expositions on the unnumerable plays of every game—(Stubby was

cheer leader; so they went to every one)—and his inexhaustible supply of silly jokes about golfers.

But with all this Lou was disconcerted to find that she couldn't concentrate on Elizabethan lyrics, and she finally gave up her attempts to study. Her glance dropped on *Vogue*, and she turned the slick pages slowly, covering both the copy and pictures on each ad. The edition was devoted to new spring millinery, and Lou carted her newest and maddest hat out of the closet. She noticed a twenty-two fifty model in the magazine which looked almost like her little chapeau, and this gave her such a lift that she perched the shiny new straw at a rakish angle over Stubby's picture. As she thumbed through the volume, she came across an article entitled *Being Your Better Self*. Looked good, and Lou absorbed all the newest suggestions for chic. After she'd read the article, she considered herself in the wavy mirror which swung over the wash stand. Face not too bad, but she was discouraged by her sunburned peeling nose. She tipped the mirror down to reflect her feet. Always gave her a little thrill of pride to see her small ankles—"neatly turned", as they'd say in romantic novels—and her nicely tapered legs. She raised her tweed skirt. Yep, she'd do nicely in the new shorter skirts. Lou thought, as she regarded her tawny limbs. She dragged her new patent leather pumps out of their box and tried them on, pirouetting on the drab carpet. Elated, she returned to the magazine for further suggestions, and she got out sweaters and dresses and set to work in earnest. Two hours later she emerged with slightly plucked brows, a completely new hair arrangement, and a tricky "scarf-do" with which she utilized her two handsome amber rings. She felt a delightful and unexpected sense of exaltation. Stubby always yelped loudly if she wore her hair in anything but the customary sweet but unimaginative curls, and he let it be known that he detested plucked eyebrows. With a wicked delight, Lou painted her nails in a deep clear red which she'd worn only once. Stubby had made such a fuss that she hadn't ventured it again, but now freedom was hers, and she could do as she pleased for a change.

It was then that she remembered the sweater. Her sister had sent her a perfectly lambly angora sweater, in a lovely deep red shade and she was all set to wear it—in fact, she was actually down stairs in it—when some of her helpful contemporaries dragged her back to her room, remonstrating loudly about the combination of rose red with Stubby's carrot colored hair. Lou had shuddered when she realized her narrow escape, particularly since Stubby's one sensitive point was his flaming topnot. The sweater was buried deeply, never to be worn. But now here was *Vogue* urging her to wear one of the slightly exotic shades, and she rummaged in her cluttered drawers and

brought it forth. She slipped the soft wool over her head, and was delighted with both texture and color. She added a single string of pearls, and the effect was perfect. She prepared for bed and decided, as she turned out the light, that it would be fun to leave the hat perched on Stubby's amiable portrait.

But Stubby, working over at the lab, didn't turn out the light which dangled above the table. The green shade concentrated the glare on the flask which was anchored firmly over the Bunsen burner. He didn't have to finish this experiment tonight, but the lab was a quiet place to think, and he'd been working steadily, if not very effectively, for some hours. As he watched the fluid in the flask go from a bubble to a rolling boil, Stubby puzzled again about Lou. He couldn't quite decide what was wrong, but somehow he was a bit weary of the girl. She was sweet, in fact she was too damn sweet, that was the principal difficulty, he thought, as he added various mixtures to the boiling fluid. He remembered that when he had first known her, Lou had been amusing and a trifle uncertain. The piquant quality had disappeared entirely, however, and now Lou was always kind, always willing, and he added in annoyance, always a little boring. He knew her from eyelashes to ankles. Stubby reflected, and the thing was definitely going stale. Oh well, his lab work for the week was finished. But somehow this wasn't as consoling as it should have been, and as he put away his equipment, Stubby continued his reflections on Lou. She was a swell girl, he admitted that, but so what? She lacked ability to intrigue, or something of the sort. And as he ambled down the elm shaded walk to his house, Stubby continued to condemn Lou, never realizing that Lou had become, in the last two years, pretty much the sum of his prejudices and approvals, and that in so condemning her he was really denouncing his own handiwork rather than the girl.

Next morning Lou awoke with a delightful sensation of anticipation. She stretched luxuriously and then the sight of the hat cocked over Stubby's picture reminded her. She could wear the red angora sweater. She bounded out of bed and dressed, noting that the sweater had in the daylight the deep rich glow of wine in the sunshine. After breakfast she gathered a couple of compatriots for a round of golf, and as she teed off, several people remarked how exceptionally nice Lou looked today. Nor was this recent beauty due entirely to *Vogue* and the sweater, for a new sense of independence set her off to great advantage. On the third tee they ran into Stubby, just returning from the ninth. Lou was nice to him, but as she shot a long and beautiful drive, Stubby had a vague sense of bewilderment. He trudged on and remembered that he hadn't phoned to her last night. Maybe she was sore about that. But the curious thing was that she

hadn't acted mad, and Lord knew he'd been around Lou enough to know any symptoms of rage. She'd looked sorta' different too, and hating himself for doing it, Stubby looked around to see what she wore. He saw the bright sweater far off down the green, and suddenly he flamed with rage. So that was it! Flaming a red sweater in his face! Fury consumed him, and his shots were so poor that he sulked off to the gym. The icy shower spray restored his equilibrium somewhat, and he decided on a definite course of discipline, to be instituted immediately. At noon he phoned and was annoyed to find her out. He tried again at one, with the same result. He strode over to the "libe" and saw her sitting in the magazine room flanked by several chattering females. He resolved to grab her as she left, but she departed with the whole crew in tow, and he was more than chagrined to discover that he lacked the confidence to go up to her. Well, he wouldn't ask her over to the open house at his frat that evening. He carried out this noble resolve, but at ten o'clock he began to weaken, and at eleven decided he'd phone her. The phone buzzed in vain. Stubby rasped at the girl to ring again. Glory, Lou could sleep through an earthquake! The buzz continued fruitlessly and finally he slammed down the phone. He'd never known her to control her curiosity so well, but he was perfectly sure she was up in her room. He strode over to Mary Bradford and stood under her window. Yep, light was on. He gave their private whistle, but no face appeared at her window, although several others leaned out. Stubby felt foolish as all hell. Just then two occupants came up the walk toward the hall. Stubby recognized two of Lou's particular pals, and he was just going to accost them when one remarked, "Gosh, Lou's careless. She's gone off again tonight and left her light on."

"Think she'll be back early, or must we climb to the second floor and switch her light off?"

"Early! She'll get in at dawn! She's gone to the city. Come on. We'll be guardian janitors once again, I s'pose."

Stubby spent a bad night.

Next day Lou went to church, a thing she hadn't done for some weeks. Stubby arrived, attired in his most casual clothes, just in time to see her prancing down the walk. She had on a perfectly awful shiny hat—just the kind he'd always told her he hated—and she said, "Hy'ya keed" as she climbed into a friend's waiting roadster.

"Hey, let's go to lunch today," he volunteered.

"And just when, my fine rabbit, do you think I'm going to study for the poli. sci. ex?"

The phrase "my fine rabbit," had a distinctly insulting flavor, and Stubby replied, in a somewhat acid

tone, "Do it tonight. Burn the midnight oil for a change."

"House meeting", was her only retort as she roared off for chapel.

Stubby reminded himself that he'd practically begged Lou for a date, and the realization didn't improve his temper.

Things continued this way for the rest of the week. Lou was always pleasant and always occupied. All his stubbornness rose to his aid, and Stubby stuck to the task furiously, hating himself for not throwing the whole thing aside. In fact, he did take a Kappa out to the show, but somehow it didn't help much. He realized that Lou had really thrown him down, and this spurred his ego to new heights of resourcefulness.

Meanwhile Lou's renewed interest in student body affairs was just enough to decide the nomination committee, and Friday the paper bore a front page article on her election to the Executive Commission. At noon Stubby phoned.

"Congrats, to the big executive", he said as bitingly as possible.

"Oh, thanks, hon. Say, Stubby," and here her voice had a most appealingly helpless tone. "Stubby, I flunked that poli. sci. ex. If I don't pass the make-up Monday, I get a D for the semester. What'll I do?"

"I dunno", Stubby forced himself to say casually.

"Stubby, I hate to bother you, but could you ..."

"Could I what?"

"Well, could you help me on that responsible ministry stuff? We could study here or at the libe to-night."

"OK. Guess I can make it. Be ready at seven."

"Then—"

"S'ok", he replied, and lowered the receiver.

Several hours later they sat side by side in their customary booth at the Cinder. Lou had done pretty well at her poli. sci. after he'd drilled it into her, and after a severe but well intentioned lecture she'd softened a bit and incidentally admitted she was wrong about the hat. She was pretty generally returning to the same old Lou. He felt triumphant and expansive.

"I like", Stubby remarked as he looked at her fondly, "a woman who is really herself".

"Yes, you do, don't you dear", Lou responded wisely, taking care to show neither her joy nor her amusement.

Lucky Eyes

BY SYLVIA HONN

"GOT a smoke, Mister? Gosh, thanks! I ain't seen a whole pack since I spent the last of that five hundred bucks. Gee, ain't it funny how damn fast money goes? Hell, sometimes I wish Big Black was out here with me. He was one swell guy, ol' Big Black. Got a couple of matches you ain't usin'? When did I meet Big Black? Gee, I can remember that just as plain."

"It was a drizzlin' night down in Texas. You know, one of these here cold, drippy nights when yuh turn yer coat collar up an' go aroun' shakin' an' shiverin'. Well, here I was shiftin' aroun' waitin' for a slow freight to roll through so's I could leave that God-forsaken hole, when I rounds a car an' bumps into this here prince o' darkness. Honest to God, Mister, he was so black he had blue streaks! An' man, I thought I'd up against a steel telegraph pole, he was that tall an' solid. Then I done somethin' which was downright foolish. I grabs the hamburger outa his hand an' starts wolfin' it down. I was so damn hungry I just thought I might as well kick off with somethin' in my belly as to starve to death. Well, I stood there gulpin' an' expectin' to be laid back on the tracks—an' then darn me if this coon didn't laugh! He opened that there black face of his an' showed a set o' teeth that shone like the milky way on a frosty night—an' laugh! Say, I ain't never heard nobody laugh that hard. He haw-hawed till he bent over an' held his ribs, then he hee-heed till he sniffed, then he leaned back against the car an' just shook up an' down. An' all this time I was eatin' his hamburger an' wonderin' what the hell was so funny, but not giving a damn as long as I got to eat. Then it come out, he gasped, 'Kid, you is either the humriest or the bravest white boy I ever seen. White boys don't go aroun' takin' things outa this here black boy's han's.'"

"No, I can see where mos' wouldn't," I ses, seein' how the land lays, "But I ain't like most white boys. I got one blue eye an' one brown one. Whatya think about that, Big Black?"

The coon kinda wiggles about uneasy like an' ses, "Sure 'nough, White Boy?"

"Sure," I ses, "Come over here an' look for yourself. Ma said I was borned that way."

"Dast my buttons, if you ain't got two differen' eyes! Boy, does you know 'at means Lady Luck is smiling on you?"

"Go on," I answers, "So far Lady Luck ain't ever

done nothin' but leer at me. What's she look like when she smiles?"

"Well," ses the coon, scratchin' at his head through his cap, "That 'pens. Sometimes she look like a bes' gal, an' sometimes she 'pears like money. She mos' looks like anythin' what you wants an' gits."

"Humph," I remarks, "I'd like to see some money. I ain't seen any in so long I've plumb forgot how it looks." An' then, so help me, Mister, if this coon didn't pull out two five dollar bills an' wave 'em in my face. He put 'em away, an' hauled out a couple o' cegars an' gimme one. Then when I was puffin' away, an' wonderin' how the hell a big black 'ould have all that, but not seem' as how it would be polite like to ask, he makes me an offer that nearly knocks my ol' hat off.

"Say, White Boy," he ses, "How'd you like to team along wid me? I ain' so pale as you," an' he laughs again, only not so hard, "But I knows the ropes, which is one thing you don't. 'Sides 'at, you has lucky eyes. What you say?"

Gee, Mister, there wasn't anythin' much to think about. He was a nigger, sure; but like he said, he knowed his way aroun', an' then he seemed to have a way o' pickin' up money. Any guy who bummed with him would eat a darn sight more regular than I was doin'. I done the smart thing, which was the same thing as any wise guy would do.

I ses, "Sure thing, Big Black. From now on we stick together."

Well, then me an' Big Black moved up an' down the country, cross-wise and criss-cross. But no matter where we was, we always et. Big Black was the luckiest guy! He could shoot craps an' win 'most any time. He could swipe stuff right under people's noses, an' them not know it was gone. Yeah, the nigger sure could lift stuff. He got me two new suits, an' himself some sorta bright shirts by watchin' clothes lines an' helpin' himself just after dark. He was so black he just looked like a big dark shadder movin' aroun'. An' then he had sorta cute trick he used to pull when we did happen to run outa money. He'd pull out a fish line he always carried, bait it with corn, an' catch us a nice fat hen outa somebody's chicken yard. An' could that black boy fight! I seen him lift a two hundred pound baby-faced cop right off the groun' with that hammy right of his. Believe me, Mister, nobody dared pick on me when Big Black was aroun'. I tell you that guy shoulda been born

white. He was too smart to be a nigger.

Well, we had Lady Luck with us for about six months, I guess, an' then she musta got tired ridin' the rods—anyways, she got flighty like any other woman an' pulled out an' left us. It was about this time that I notices Big Black was gettin' to act kinda worried. As far as I could see, he wanted to go to Georgia, only he didn't. He was always talkin' about marryin' a dame named Toola what lived somewhere in Georgia, but the nearer we got to the place, the more uneasy he got. He took to hidin' durin' the day an' goin' about at night. Then where we come to the state line, we slunk over about midnight like the devil himself was a-lookin' for us.

"Gees," I ses to Big Black, "You'd think we was jail birds, the way we been sneakin' aroun' lately."

Big Black grins an' answers, "Boy, how you know one of us ain't?"

Well, Mister, the words started me to thinkin'. I begin to see some sense to the way he was actin', an' I started to worry myself. Here I was teamed up with a nigger who was jumpin' the law. Lord knows what he'd done. Why, he might up an' cut my throat most any time! A course I didn't like to say anything to him about it, but believe me, I watched him mighty close.

"What? Oh, yeah. Sure, I done somethin'. You just bet I did somethin'. I made myself that dough I was tellin' about awhile ago. Yes, sir, I made five hundred dollars. I made it turnin' Big Black over to the sheriff."

Experiment No. 66

BY PEGGY GEISENHOF

FOR two weeks I watched a girl work. The wits of "our crowd" have given a name to the job she was engaged in. It is "cultivating". I am not sure that is the name my psych. prof. would have given it, but as names go it is apt enough, and so I shall not attempt to find another.

The assignment in that excellent course recommended to all freshmen—you know, Psychology of Effective Work—was to go out and watch for an hour some one engaged in some form of effective labor and then give a report on it. Though psychology has never been one of my major enthusiasms, my observations extended over two weeks. Janet's work held me fascinated. When I explain the processes involved in "cultivation", the argument will no doubt be brought forth that it isn't work, but merely a series of motions that to most girls come as naturally as the daily application of lipstick. But I know now that "cultivating" is work. It takes planning and strategy and imagination. It takes skill and ingenuity and delicacy of touch. In fact, the more stubborn cases tax one's complete line of mental resources.

But I must explain what "cultivating" is. It is that process by which one person manages by more or less subtle means to attract the attention of another for the purpose of bringing forth certain results. If the "cultivator" is a girl, the purpose behind her endeavors is usually to lead a young man around to her way of thinking. She thinks, for instance, that it would be a good idea if he should discover that she is his favorite person—or at least one of them—

and ask her to the next big dance. The objective of "cultivating" is in this case to lead the young man to make this discovery. Having reached this point, the "cultivator" who is accomplished in the art can without much difficulty lead him to think that it would be a good idea to present her with his fraternity pin. "Cultivation", however, usually refers to the first processes, the breaking of the ice, so to speak.

Janet was quite subtle in all her moves. If we girls had not heard her remark with emphasis that she thought Bill "awfully cute," we might not have guessed that she was working with all the resources at her command—and Janet had plenty of them—to get a date out of Bill before he started going steady with her best friend.

She was introduced to Bill at a dance Saturday night, and the following Monday she started work. She didn't rush things, however, and I suppose to Bill the whole affair clear through to the obvious conclusion must have seemed like a series of happy coincidences. I was sitting in the library that Monday morning when Bill entered and meandered over to his favorite table in the corner. Janet had happened to pick that table, too, and was sitting there, sunk deep in her studies. I have since wondered how she found out that that particular one was his favorite table, but that is beside the point. She looked up when Bill pulled out a chair on the other side and smiled a friendly but quite impersonal smile, that of one acquaintance to another. Then her studies again absorbed her. The two acquaintances just happened

to leave for lunch at the same time, and since they both patronized a certain well-known lunch counter across the street, I suppose there was no logical reason why they shouldn't have walked over together. At any rate, they did. I sauntered out after them, and out of a sort of professional curiosity followed as close behind them as I could without looking like a fox hound on a hot trail. I couldn't get near enough to hear the conversation; so I had to content myself with the pantomime. Janet was the very opposite of the conventional idea of the designing woman. There was no steely look of determination in her eyes. Neither was she showing any signs of that other technique that is supposed to go hand in hand with the predatory female, the expression of wide-eyed wonder and the "you're such a big, strong, handsome, fascinating man" attitude. No, as far as I could discern from where I was skulking along behind them, Janet was displaying disconcertingly few histrionic tricks of any sort whatever. She was just a good looking girl with a pleasant smile and a friendly way of talking, who happened to be going to lunch with a boy whom she had happened to meet at a dance. Maybe I had been wrong about Janet, I mused. Maybe she actually had no designs on Bill; after all, he was her best girl friend's pet date. You see Janet had even me fooled for awhile. What possible chance could there have been for Bill?

Tuesday again found Janet at Bill's favorite table. It also found Bill there. This time evidently the press of Janet's studies was not so intense, and her smile was somewhat brighter and more cordial without being too friendly. And Janet proved herself one girl in a million by not looking up and inquiring sweetly and apologetically of Bill if, please, did he know what the reading assignment for history was. She showed her subtlety again on Wednesday morning when she did not come into the library at all. Of course, it is possible that she had business elsewhere; I am not in a position to say. At any rate, it was a brilliant move. She returned to the library on Thursday but did not go to the old rendezvous in the corner. No, she sat at the table in front of it. No one could ever accuse Janet of being obvious. Bill came in soon after, greeted her as an old friend, and took the seat beside her. As I stationed myself at the table in the corner so as to watch at close range this "little human drama," as the fiction writers would call it, this change of position set me back somewhat. Still I was able to hear Bill ask Janet in a sibilant whisper where she had been the day before. I'd like to have heard her answer. It looked like a good one.

From then on things moved along smoothly. Friday Bill waited for Janet in the quad, and they started to walk to the library together. But it was a lovely morning, and one thing led to another, I suppose,

for the next thing I knew they were sitting on a bench in the sun. I seated myself near a clump of shrubbery, and managed a nonchalant squint at them every now and then over the top of my *College Omnibus*. I noticed that Janet was evidently no longer worrying about appearing too friendly, and that, if one could judge from the frequency of her melodious little gurgle of a laugh, everything Bill said was funny. Frequently during the next few days, I caught glimpses of them walking places together, and always Janet was laughing up at Bill. That, incidentally, is the typical pose of the "cultivator"—face uplifted in merry laughter. It speaks well for Janet's technique that she had reserved it for the later stages. Possibly, I thought then, things will go on like this for a couple more weeks—the two of them sitting at the same table in the library, walking to lunch together, and every now and then going the same places at the same time. Bill had always been a great one for standing on the "just friends" basis. But somehow it seemed to me that Janet had other plans. She did.

I am convinced that Janet played a pretty long shot when she used the jealousy trick to climax her campaign. Bill is more or less the philosophical type, and I've seen him draw a deep breath and resign himself to it all when one of life's intricate little angles became too much for him. If that had been the case this time, Janet probably would have started all over again, using a different approach. That might have been interesting to watch. But it wasn't necessary, and who am I to criticize Janet's method. It worked, and when you get right down to cases, that is the supreme test of any system. Now that I think of it, though, I am not so sure I can positively state that this last act in our little drama was part of the system. I remember it bothered me a the time, and as I watched the whole thing unfold from my discreetly distant point of view, I reasoned that the happy ending might have been due to one of those opportune quirks of fate. Perhaps Janet did not intentionally forget to wait for Bill that Wednesday morning that marked the middle of the second week of their little friendship. Certainly I cannot say for sure that she deliberately picked one of the better-looking members of the football team to walk to the library with instead; or that she really meant to spend that whole hour Wednesday morning chummily chatting with this young gentleman at a table that was in full view of the one at which Bill was seated. I may even have misread the meaning in that sweetly charming smile that she flashed across the room at Bill. From where I was sitting it seemed to say more plainly than mere words and in a much more subtle manner. "You see, Bill, dear, I'm quite in demand, but there's still a chance, if you hurry."

Yes, I may have misunderstood Janet's motives all

along. I may have particularly misunderstood the motive behind that nice comradely little smile that flashed across the somber expanse of the library. But from the corner of my eye I could see that Bill was misunderstanding right along with me. From then on, he moved with speed and precision. Thursday, I glimpsed the two of them cozily situated in a booth at the aforementioned well-known lunch counter sipping cherry cokes. I will admit, however, that this did not prevent me from experiencing a mild shock of surprise when the following Saturday night at the dance of the week end, my escort and I ran full tilt into the two of them executing their version of how Mr. Ghost went to town. Somehow I hadn't expected Bill to be galvanized into action so quickly. But then, as I reasoned that night, that is one of the strong points of Janet's system of "cultivation". It sometimes takes a long time to start things moving, and the gentleman in question may not get the idea one is trying to put over just at first. However, if one continues to persist and persevere, watch and pray, and make the right moves at all times, then, when events finally do begin to take shape, they do so with what is often a startling rapidity. What is more, the results obtained are usually of a more lasting value

than those whose progress has been unduly accelerated.

Having been an interested observer of Janet's work for two weeks, I could hardly be expected to lose the habit in one night. I didn't. Almost before I realized what I was doing, I had stationed myself behind a potted palm. For the last time, as they danced by, I took mental notes on Janet and Bill—for the last time, because from then on Janet and her works were no longer objects of fascinating study to me. Frankly, Janet disappointed me. For two weeks I had watched and marveled at her consummate artistry and exquisite finesse. And now—where was the subtlety, the "delicacy of touch" that I had stood so in awe of? Janet was looking up at Bill with a look that was about as subtle as a bill-board advertisement. Her eyes had that wide and starry look that one is used to seeing in the eyes of magazine story heroines. Her expression was one of radiance and bliss and complete adoration. As expressions went, I suppose there was something beautiful about it, and it went nicely with Janet's type of face. But I felt that I was witnessing the fall of a clever and brilliant artist.

Janet was letting love interfere with her art.

Night

By BARTON WOOD

Now comes the pause when Time with limping pace
Looks backward from the steely edge of night;
And weary of the ages' endless race,
Delays while yet the dawn is lost to sight.

Here night from yawning mouths of grave-like flues
Alone exhales its melancholy breath;
And quiet breezes drupe the saddened hues
On life below, asleep as though in death.

Now raising up its voice in somber wail
The wind cries out in wrath at dawn's delay;
But God withholds awhile the darkened veil
As Time drops on his withered knees to pray.

And here, within this realm of peace beyond,
Man holds communion, clasped in silent bond.

Shepherd's Wooing

By JEAN HOLLOWAY

Too honest for gypsy, Dear,
Too lazy for a farmer—
What can I offer for the love
Of such a fair charmer!

I have not a pence to spend,
But who wants money!
You shall have gay nights of stars
And days of milk and honey.

A thousand daisy chains, I have
All ready for your wearing,
And buttercup gold to buy the days
That we two will be sharing.

And we can tend the sheep by day,
The stars by night, Charmer.
You would not want a gypsy, Dear,
And think how dull a farmer!

Sigh in the Wind

By CHARLES LEONG

SHE closed the thin volume of verse and sighed. She had better do the dishes now, or soon the harshly quiet voice of her mother would call. How she disliked that voice of protest dulled into a sullen whine of discontent

Mae slipped the book into its place on the small, stained shelf and stretched her arms luxuriously, suddenly twitching as the coarse woolen collar scratched her neck.

"Damn," she said, thinking how ineffectual her words were. She hated the dress suddenly, even more than when her sister had held it out to her with, "Well, it's done at last, thank God." Mae regarded frowningly the straight severity of the dress that emphasized cruelly her own overslimness. A made-over dress in dark blue wool with a small tan collar . . . of course, not new, her mother had suggested, but serviceable . . . Mae had suggested that tiny wooden buttons, perhaps, might be nice? But her mother had instantly reproached her, and Mae, snatching the dress, had run to her room

"Mae! Mae! Will you ever do the dishes?" That whining voice. Her mother managed to protest feebly in every sentence, ruining praise or request.

"Coming, Mother!" She could hear her mother mumbling in the hallway.

She stood up, stretched, and smoothed the folds that always gathered over her too-slim hips, and went into the kitchen. She lifted the scratched, white pan from its hook and set it in the sink. She poured in a liberal amount of soap chips and watched the soft bubbles mount in the pan as she added a stream of boiling water. The sun glistened with flashes of bright color on the silvery halls of soap . . . the pan transformed into a cavern of reflected light.

She added cold water, seeing, almost with regret, the large bubble sputter, burst and then break into a mass of tiny rings of light floating on the milky water. The dishes now She scraped each one swiftly and slipped it into the water. Glasses . . . heavy ones for wear . . . thick dinner plates, and then the cups and saucers . . . dull white ones with thick blue lines that ran unevenly, hesitatingly around the tops of the cups and edges of the saucers. The lines were like blundering apologies for the ugliness of the cups . . . when she was older, she would fill her house with cups and saucers . . . ivory ones with faint gold lines like aged, lovely aristocratic ladies; jolly squat ones of bright Pacific ware that laughed gaily; delicate

ones in thin, gleaming glass like frozen soap bubbles

She laughed suddenly, was startled by the odd sound that came from her young mouth . . . wearily she rubbed each dish with the wash rag, dabbed angrily at the sugar settled in the bottoms of the cups, and the cigarette ashes

She dried the dishes slowly, trying to coax a gleam from the dull dishes . . . the thick glasses, like Emily with her fat arms and contented smile: dinner plates, like Mary's heavy self-sufficiency and insufferable practicality; and the heavy cups and saucers that were like all the ugliness and dull stodginess in the large frame house. She felt a queer fear move her . . . that she, too, might become old and ugly as these cups, ugly with the ugliness of non-striving and self-sufficiency and practicality . . . and live forever, dulled and shaken into sullen compliance . . .

The doorbell rang, jangling impudently. Mae paused, then ran toward the door as the bell rang again.

The postman—registered letters for Mae, Emily, and Mary. She recognized Uncle Bill's dark, neat writing, and opened her letter wonderingly.

She gasped as she found a short note and a five-dollar bill. Five dollars . . . the wonder of it . . . every Christmas Uncle Bill and Aunt Sarah sent each of the girls that amount, but not, for no reason at all . . . right in the middle of May! Suddenly aware that her sisters would want their letters, too, she ran into the back yard where they sat sewing and mending.

"Emily! Mary!" Her thin legs skimmed the back steps. She felt a momentary repulsion seeing Emily breaking the darned thread with her teeth, but said hurriedly, "Emily! Uncle Bill sent me five dollars! And we're to do just as we please with the money . . . that is, he's sending you money too!"

She pushed the short letter forward, but the girls had snatched their own envelopes and were opening them greedily.

Five dollars . . . the money, Mae reflected dreamily, would buy so many things . . . that volume of Rupert Brooks; or complete Shelley . . . she couldn't understand all of Shelley, but his work was beautiful . . . not quite clear, and just beyond her grasp, but briefly and hauntingly beautiful like early morning dew; or that gleaming white statue of Buddha in the Chinese art store on First Street . . . a squat figure, but with

an air of repose and peace. "Mr. Buddha," she called him with peculiar childish reverence.

Buddha? She knew he was a teacher of religion or philosophy or some such thing . . . or had been, long ago. There was an air of mystery about his inner content, sitting so quietly in his corner of the shop window. He seemed apart from the busy parade of passing mortals, even apart from the cheap, loud jangle of the toys and dishes and figurines that occupied the store window with him. He was curiously serene and content, with the sunlight reflecting on his polished surfaces . . . she'd inquired one day about the price, and the Chinese owner, his face thin and lined, had said, "It's very precious, but you may have it for five dollars." She'd nodded, and then darted away quickly, knowing too well she could not buy it, but she had only wanted to see it and touch its shiny sides . . .

"Mae," said Emily, her voice soft with rare good humor. "Mary and I are going uptown now to buy something. Want to come?"

"Oh, yes," breathed Mae. She darted into the house, put on her short brown coat and joined her sisters.

They reached the business section of town. Mary and Emily entered Black's Department Store. Mae, apologizing swiftly, left them.

"Don't be too long," cautioned Mary as she turned into the store.

"No," said Mae. She walked on down the crowded street . . . her thin fingers were clutched about the precious envelope in her coat pocket. Five dollars . . . here was the Chinese art store . . . she pushed her way to the show window. Mr. Buddha was still there, gleaming with quiet beauty. Squat and fat, Mr. Buddha was, but the shiny reflections along the smooth china surface gave a curved beauty of line. But she passed on . . .

She lingered over the silk stockings in the little shop just beyond, but shook her head negatively when the salesgirl came up. No, she wasn't buying anything . . . yet. Her fingers tightened their grip on the envelope. She passed on to the lingerie section . . . sheer silk underwear draped softly in showcases . . . heavy with expensive lace . . . satin, crepe printed with tiny spring flowers . . . black chiffon . . . ivory satin . . . lace. She went on, little tugs of desire in her heart.

There was that tiny book shop in the quaint little alley, and her steps quickened. An expensive shop, she knew, that specialized in first editions and rare books long out of print.

"Shelley," she suggested timidly to the clerk who hovered by solicitously. She glanced at the pottery exhibit. Such beautiful old pottery, she thought. The clerk came up again. One modern edition and several

older ones beautifully done. She held them reverently, gave them back slowly. No, not today, she thought.

She was on the street again, looking lingeringly into each window. So much beauty here . . . the beauty of old jewelry and shimmering silks and shiny glassware . . . vases . . . so much beauty, and she would buy only a bit for herself. She was amused to think of buying beauty—"five dollars' worth of beauty," just as one might ask for "twenty cents worth of tomatoes, please" Five dollars' worth of beauty, and such a wee part of all the beauty so extravagantly shown in that glittering street. Her feet moved more slowly now. . . five dollars' worth of beauty . . . something perfect and lovely. The softly curved lines of her Mr. Buddha resolved in her mind again . . . she walked back, retracing her steps.

Yes, Mr. Buddha was still there . . . he seemed untouched, somehow, by the too-bright glitter of the street, sufficient in his own sheer beauty of gleaming color and perfect line, apart and forever lovely. Mae felt suddenly that she too would be like this, apart from the hurry and bustle and sharpness at home, complete in herself, untouched, like the passive Mr. Buddha. She knew suddenly she must have it, and she entered.

"Seven dollars," said the clerk, but he nodded sympathetically when she showed him the lone five-dollar bill. She felt the polished surface that caught and reflected the light . . . it was perfect, perfect.

"I'll take it," she whispered, and watched jealously as the clerk wrapped Mr. Buddha in many sheets of soft rice paper.

It was far later than she had imagined, she thought as she glanced at the clock on the bank building opposite. She hurried her steps.

But such a perfect choice . . . five dollars' worth of beauty? How stupid to think so . . . she had, somehow, bought all beauty in one white china cast of Buddha. She thought lovingly of where she would put him . . . there was no really suitable place in her room, but she would put him there, somewhere . . . and she would polish his bright surface each morning to make it catch every stray beam of light and send it back again from its polished surface. . . .

Mr. Buddha . . . he would always be with her, gleaming, lovely, and somehow comforting . . . she would forget the dark, ugly wall paper and worn rug, and see only the soft curves of her Mr. Buddha.

She was home now, and she darted up the steps. The clatter of dishes reminded her that the family was already eating. She must have been gone several hours . . . she pressed Mr. Buddha closer to herself and entered the dining room.

She saw Emily, beaming proudly in a new orange sweater with short, tight sleeves that made her fat arms seem even larger, and Mary in a cheap silk

dress heavily shirred and caught at the neck with a glass clasp.

"Oh, Mother, the most perfect thing!" She unwrapped the package swiftly, not noticing her sister's reproach for arriving home so late. She pulled away the soft paper wrapping and held up Mr. Buddha. It gleamed strangely in the darkly ugly room, and Mae thought proudly that even here it was complete and apart in its own beauty . . .

Suddenly she felt a horrified silence in the room and looked up, bewildered.

"Mae! How could you be so stupid!"

Five dollars your uncle sends you, and you buy this—a cheap heathen idol!" Her mother shouted angrily. Mary looked complacently, significantly at her own cheap dress.

"But, Mother, it's lovely! Look at it . . . how it shines!"

"Shines? Shines? You buy something because it shines! It's just a cheap idol!"

"Oh, it's not!" Mae was pleading now. "It's beautiful . . . how can you say it's cheap?"

"Mary and Emily spend their money on clothes . . . You just buy a toy!"

"It's not a toy!" Oh, Mother, can't you see . . . it's my Mr. Buddha!"

There was a sudden strained silence . . . then Emily laughed. "Mary, isn't that a scream! She calls it 'Mr. Buddha'! Mary was laughing, too, all of them now . . . 'Mr. Buddha'.

"She calls it 'Mr. Buddha'! Mother, can you imagine? Ha-ha-ha-ha," and Emily searched for a handkerchief, her sharp piercing laugh more a scream than a laugh. Her fat mouth was twisted, her small eyes half-closed, as her heavy head bounced. Mary's flat cheeks showed heavy creases, her thick lips opened wide.

"Don't laugh! Don't!" Mae was shouting suddenly, her hands clenching the Buddha tightly. But Emily's head kept bobbing up and down, her handkerchief pressed to her mouth. Funny! It was awfully funny! She shook her head helplessly . . .

"Oh, I hate you . . . you're all so hateful! . . . Everything is so ugly, can't you see that? And when I buy something lovely, you shout at me . . . oh, I hate you, hate you! You're all ugly . . . ugly!" Hugging the Buddha to her breast, Mae rushed out, choking with bitterness and anger.

She entered her room and flung herself, weeping, on the bed. She stroked the sides of the Buddha passionately, and saw her tears run swiftly down its sides. Mechanically she rubbed the statue with a towel and it shone glintingly. She could hear the family still laughing, Emily's piercing laugh and Mary's low, ugly one . . . they had laughed at her Mr. Buddha . . . they hadn't seen how lovely he was

. . . they hadn't seen the sunlight glinting and flashing on his soft sides . . . they had laughed . . . she broke into a spasm of weeping sobs choking her body . . . they had laughed, they had thought he was ugly, ugly as she knew them to be . . . Always they would laugh at her, laugh at all the things she found lovely and good, and they would laugh together, strong in their stolid, sufficient unity. She could see the years stretch before her, filled with the mocking shrieks of Emily's fat, ugly mouth . . . and the low, ugly laughter of Mary . . . years filled with laughter of a horrid, mocking kind that would kill every bit of beauty in herself . . . she would become ugly and stodgy and settled, too, in rhythm to their ugly laughter, like a frightened musician keeping time to a mocking, laughing baton.

Suddenly her body tensed with deep anger, her fingers tightened . . . grew deliberate in their movement. Resignation to ugliness and hate! For a moment the placidity of Mr. Buddha even seemed added mockery . . . she gathered him up, lifted him high . . . ugliness! . . . there was Emily's high shriek again . . . Suddenly with angry motion, she lifted Mr. Buddha higher and flung him to the floor . . .

She heard the crashing china . . . Mr. Buddha was gone . . . only sharply cut, shiny pieces of china remained . . . broken . . . all broken . . . the figure had broken at the neck, and Mr. Buddha's head lay on its back, still smiling contentedly. Her heart felt twisted.

Suddenly alive, she wanted to run . . . run anywhere . . . away from everything . . . she dashed out of the room, down the steps, into the yard . . . she ran down the street . . . but she only wanted to run on . . . On she went in the darkness, her thin legs tireless . . . on she ran, the brisk wind whipping back her hair and drying, even as they poured out, the tears that welled up in her eyes . . .

Gypsy Heart

BY JEAN HOLLOWAY

I watched you scan the white roadways each spring-time,

Your eyes bright with an old eternal call,
But I had sewing by the lamp at evening;
I had snug rooms for shelter at nightfall.

Around the bend a new adventure waited—
Blue seas and winds to take you to their breast,
But I had fires in a tiny cottage—
I wanted peace, security and rest.

But oh, my Dear! A gypsy heart must wander—
I know that now—know that a heart must sing;
Your eyes are dead when April comes a-calling,
And now, I know, I lost you in the spring!

The Land of the Painted Moon

BY BARTON WOOD

The whine of the wind is shrieking still
In the land of the painted moon.
And the ghosts of the dead glide over the hill
To the rhyme of its hopeless tune;

For sad are the ages and oh how long
Since the dead were gay and glad.
Now the shriek of the skies is the only song,
And the godless ghosts go mad.

But once long ago when the wind was low,
When the sun crawled over the sky,
A love and a lover lived there below,
As the sun god passed them by.

Her hair was like midnight lashed behind
And as fine as a fairy's net.
Her eyes were dark as with caverns lined,
And carved out of chiseled jet.

And the mounting sun and the sailing moon
Skimmed over the thoughtful sky,
As the two gave thanks for heaven's boon
Of a love that would not die.

The hours flew forward; the days ran fast,
For never were hearts so true.
The weeks grown up into months marched past,
But still their passion grew.

The trees burst forth out of swollen stems
And these into fruit were grown;
And the sun god dazzled with gleaming gems
As the dawn of life was shown.

For there below in the waking glow
Of the springtime's early morn,
The sun sat guard, all soft and low,
As a girl and a boy were born.

Then tossing away its cloud-capped brim
Like a knight in the days of old,
The sun strode out on the daylight rim
Arrayed in a cloak of gold.

Oh joy without ending! Oh joy without fail!
If one's only care were this,
Then dreaming were living and life would not pale,
And time's every moment were bliss.

But now like a blight in a bearing bough,
Like a rot that rankled there,
A thought was conceived from beneath a brow
That poisoned the very air.

The night was a raven unfolding its wings
And the stars fell out on fire,
And the cold-nosed moon like a king of kings
Walked over the sky in ire.

And there below in the moonlit mist
Where the shadow skimmed the plain,
The lover held a loveless tryst
With a thought all cursed with stain.

For jealous green his eyeballs shone,
All under the livid moon,
And jealous green his thoughts alone
Played out their dreadful tune.

So creeping light in the moon-chilled night
To the side of the sleeping two
He plunged his steel with a fiend's delight
And the sleeping babes he slew.

The moon watched with a ghastly sneer,
As the godless man drew back.
And looked on him with a hopeless leer
While the soulless skies grew black.

For then with a shriek like a rending god,
Like a god in the depths of Hell,
A mother sprang to the reeking sod
And screaming, earthward fell.

And then all about in a blinding red
The sun and the moon did streak
Around, around, in a whirl of dread
To the tune of the loved one's shriek.

And the glowing stars in a sheet of flame
Streamed over the western sky
Till the mad-struck man in torture came
To pray that his soul would die.

But then the sun with a frenzied lurch
Flew wide and far away,
And the fearful moon like a haunted church
Sat still on the rim of day . . .

Oh, the whine of the wind is shrieking still
In the land of the painted moon,
And the ghosts of the dead glide over the hill
To the rhyme of its hopeless tune:

For sad are the ages and oh how long
Since the dead were gay and glad.
Now the shriek of the skies is the only song,
And the godless ghosts go mad.

Skidrow

By LOUIS R. WALTHER

CAT MALONE awoke with a headache and the panicky feeling of being suspended over space. With an effort he got his eyes open.

The Japanese girl was sitting up in bed smoking, the delicate curve of her chin framed by a blue-gray blanket which she had drawn around her shoulders to keep out the chill tule fog which drifted in from the Stockton sloughs. Her lips, he mused, were the color of sun-blackened rose petals. And he noticed again how dark she was.

Ruth Vaargeen's flesh would be soft and white against that blanket, he reflected. The thought of Ruth there made him catch his breath and started the blood thudding in his temples.

He saw her again as he first had seen her, smiling at him from the doorway of her father's foothill ranch-house, red rays of the fast disappearing sun touching highlights in her dull gold hair, a mourning dove calling plaintively from across the wheat fields.

Ambition had tugged at his pulses then. He had simply smiled back at her and said nothing. But to himself he had resolved, "I'm going to be something more than a cat skinner."

Late that night he lay awake watching the slits of moonlight shining through cracks in the bunk house shakes, and planning. When finally he drifted to sleep with the sad, soft whoo-whoop of the mourning dove in his ears, he dreamed of violet-blue eyes that smiled into his with friendly interest.

The days that followed were filled with the roar and jerk of his caterpillar tractor, with dust and sweat and chaff, with the friendly smile of a blue-eyed girl, and dreams as wide as the wide horizon.

Six weeks in the harvest, he figured. That would give him a start. Then he'd go down to Stockton and ship out to one of the delta islands for a couple of months. Ought to have five hundred by fall. Then—

He was undecided. Either he might get a job skinning a cat on some grading outfit, or he could try to get enough credit to put in a crop of wheat some place.

The grading job would be the surest. But the idea of running an outfit of his own was tempting. Perhaps—and the idea caught his imagination and grew—perhaps he could get the place he had noticed beyond the Vaargeen east line fence, now grown to horse weeds, beef cattle running through the leaning barn.

He'd straighten up that barn. The house would

be by the big black oak beyond. Of course he would have to camp in the barn at first, but if he could just get one crop—the house would be of adobe. No planting around it. Just the grain fields, green in winter, yellow in summer, brown in fall. But there would be a patio, a big one. It would be green and have tropical plants and a fountain and a long porch with water olas and bird cages.

And always an irresistible weight seemed to squeeze the air from his lungs and drag at his heavily pumping heart with the picture of a girl smiling from the timbered doorway, a girl with eyes like evening cañon shadows.

Through short summer nights and days that droned wearily in shimmering July heat he dreamed. With aching muscles and burning eyes, he threw himself across his bunk at night. And with muscles still aching and eyes that felt as if they were filled with dust, he dragged himself out before daylight morning after morning to grease his tractor.

Each day was the same as the one that had gone before. Sunday, Monday, and through to Sunday again. Round and round like the tracks on his caterpillar.

He saved every cent of his wages that harvest. In fact he didn't leave the Vaargeen ranch until the last swath was cut, and the last sack had been bucked out of the field.

That last afternoon, swaying along behind the clutch levers of the lurching caterpillar, he wondered how he would say goodbye to Ruth. He planned a dozen speeches and discarded them. Just for a second he thought of kissing her. The next instant he broke out in a sweat at the thought of his own audacity.

They worked late that night to finish. The men ate their supper hurriedly, anxious to be off to town. Ruth came in to clear away the dishes while her father was making out the checks. Cat tried to think of something gay to say, but a weight seemed to be crushing him down, to be suffocating him.

He could only follow her dumbly with his eyes, drinking in the supple grace of her buoyant carriage, the soft roundness of her arms, the curved fullness of her breasts, which the blue gingham dress could not quite hide.

The other men went outside. Vaargeen handed Malone his check.

"Guess we might as well get started."

"Suppose so," Cat agreed, glancing furtively at the kitchen door. Ruth was washing dishes. She did not come out. Cat followed the rancher out to his automobile.

In Stockton he rented a cheap room on the Skid-row, where ten-day stiffs in from the ranches, the logging outfits, and the construction camps gather. But he couldn't sleep. He seemed restless with energy. He wanted to do something. His muscles cried for work to do, for weight to heave and strain at.

Dressing again, he wandered down onto the street along sidewalks crowded with Filipinos, Hindus, Japanese, and Mexicans—wandered aimlessly, restlessly. All around was the babel of many tongues: in the air was the fog-born smell of the sloughs, and the varied spice and sea odors of the Chinese shops. From brightly lighted doorways raucous music and boisterous laughter floated. From darkened windows girl's voices called softly.

In Cat Malone's seething blood was hunger for excitement, for glamorous adventure. He looked around challengingly, half hoping for someone with whom he could pick a fight. Strolling through the narrow, painted wood doorway of Sing Kee's, he took a fling at the lottery. An Irishman who had worked with him on a grading outfit the winter before grinned hello. Together they went out and had a couple of shots of whiskey; then they came back for the drawing. No luck. The Irishman played again. Cat strolled on, into the lurking night life of the hobo capital.

Memory of the night before and of dreams he had forgotten flooded back to Cat Malone as he lay there watching the Japanese girl, her almost black, though delicately curved, lips parted slightly, smoke drifting lazily from her nostrils.

He shuddered.

Reaching over the side of the bed, he felt of his clothes. His purse was still there, still had some money in it. Not much, he knew.

The bed seemed sticky, musty. He slid out and walked to the half open window. On the street three stories below a passing track ran close to the building. A switch engine was approaching.

It seemed to be coming directly toward him, getting bigger and bigger. The whole world seemed to be turning, whirling with gathering momentum. Blue eyes were smiling, a mourning dove was calling . . .

Then he felt himself being pulled backward.

"Not out of my window, big boy," a voice was saying.

The Japanese girl lowered the sash and latched it, clamping both his arms behind him with one of hers as she did it. Then she sat on the window ledge and faced him.

"What did you want to do that for?" she demanded, a little breathlessly.

"I . . ."

Cat hesitated. He couldn't speak of Ruth Vaarjeen there.

He shrugged.

Mechanically he put on his clothes and started down the stairs. The girl followed him to the door.

"When will I see you again?" she asked.

"I don't know," he answered.

"Goodbye," she said. "And good luck."

"Goodbye, and happy dreams."

On the street he turned to note the number of the house, then walked briskly in the direction of a sign whose yellow and black letters read EMPLOYMENT AGENCY.

"BUMP"

BY WALTER HECOX

WITH steady, clocklike precision the four-foot cakes of ice slid down the chute from the cold-room into the refrigerator car. The men in the cold room were "every-luggin'" the ice, and it was coming fast, but the man in the car did not hurry. He caught the ice with his tongs as it came from the chute, and without halting its progress for an instant, dragged it to the end of the car. There, he swung it around, and with a combined lifting and polling movement, set the ice on end.

He was really a tall man, ranging around six feet one, but his thick, barrel-like chest and short, powerful arms hid the truth and made him seem a bit

stocky. Often a broken block would slide down the chute, and be belloyed violently and profanely at the men in the cold room as he hurled the segments into place. He wore only a pair of dirty, blue jeans, and his body above the waist was dampened by a thin film of perspiration comparable to the moisture which on a hot day clings to a glass of ice water. The "roll-your-own" cigarette which drooped incessantly from the corner of his mouth wagged in a crazy semaphore as he spoke and threatened to burn the end of his short, flat nose on the upstroke. His movements about the car seemed to combine the quick, accurate grace of a cat and the power of a bull ele-

phant. In the cold room the conveyor broke down temporarily, and he rolled himself another cigarette. found the matches in his pockets had become damp, but procured a dry one from behind his "cauliflowered" right ear, muttering fresh curses on the ice as he did so.

A block fell without warning on the car loader's foot. Although the ice weighed well over three hundred pounds, his foot was protected by a pair of steel-capped shoes, and the only result would be a severe bruise. Nevertheless, it was painful. The man in the car made no sound; he lifted the ice back up on end and was careful not to limp as he returned to the chute. He did not want those "gold-brickers" below to think he was a sissy.

Those "goldbrickers" below did not know much about the man in the car. As far as he personally was concerned, they knew only that his last name was Jackson, and that they called him "Bump". They had called him that ever since he had raised a lump the size of a pullet's egg on big Stan Bristol's forehead. Lefty Seroni had taken over Stan's tank while the giant puller recovered from that bump and its contemporaries. The men in the cold room had often wondered about the cause of the battle that had taken place between big Stan and "Bump". People didn't often pick a fight with the big fellow. In the first place, he was a peaceful kind of chap that was perfectly content with the world and had no quarrels with any of the people in it. In the second place, a large part of that two hundred and ninety-odd pounds of beef that was strung along his six feet two frame consisted of well placed muscles, nicely concealed beneath a protective layer of fat. Those muscles had made him the pride of the 30th Infantry once when he had captured the heavyweight wrestling championship from Uncle Sam's finest and then went on to beat the "champs" from the Navy and Marine Corps too. The men in the cold room knew all this and agreed that big Stan was less likely to get in a fight than any man they knew. Above all, they could not see why anyone should hit Stan for a joke that it was obvious he did not mean. They were convinced something was wrong with "Bump" Jackson's past. He couldn't be much good, they concluded, and hate kids the way he did.

They had been wondering about Bump since that day he had walked into the yard, carrying his worldly belongings, which consisted of a worn-out tweed coat, the blue jeans he was still wearing to work, and a new gray workshirt. The Old Man had needed a car loader, and Jackson did not look like an ordinary bum; so the boss put him on. He was never sorry for this, because Jackson alone in a car did the work of two men. The rest of the men hardly existed to "Bump", and this was perhaps the reason for their

worry. When they spoke to him, he answered only in grunts, monosyllables and snarls.

It was quite natural for big Stan and "Bump" to have their battle during the noon hour. That was the only time that a far loader and a puller would be together long enough to find incentive for a fight. Old Joe Sacs and Stan were carrying on their eternal speculation as to whether or not they had been across the lines from each other during the Great War. Joe drew quite a laugh from the men when he said that he didn't see how anyone could miss the big Yankee. When the silt shed became quiet, Stan turned to the pug-nosed car loader.

"You were probably just a kid during the War, huh, Jackson?"

"Yeah."

"Only about eight or nine, I bet. Am I right?"

"I dunno."

"Wadda ya' mean, ya' don't know? Don't cha' know how old ya' are?"

"Nope". The car loader fidgeted nervously about on the pile of salt sacks he was using for a seat.

"I betcha' you could spread quite a bit of the ol' bull for us. Why don't cha' unload, Jackson? We need somethin' new around here." Big Stan was grinning good-naturedly.

Jackson returned both the grin and the request sourly.

"Yeah, I guess I could all right. But I'm not gonna."

"Vot's da' matter. Don't choo know ya' can't keep secrets from us?" Old Joe Sacs's guttural accent joined in the conversation.

"Mind yer own business." Jackson snarled at the cold-room foreman. Joe would have answered if big Stan had not tried to interpose in a joking manner.

"Whataa' matter, Jackson? Ain't ya' got any sense of humor? Gawd, a person'd think you were a murderer, or a fugitive from justice, or somethin'".

Beneath his overhanging, apelike forehead, Jackson's eyes were flaming as he strode across the shed. He stopped in front of Stan.

"Ya' asked for it, fella'. Now yer gonna' get it." And so it was that with apparently no provocation, Jackson crossed his right to big Stan Bristol's chin and started the fight that won him the nickname, "Bump".

The fight itself didn't last long. Jackson's right never found its way to the big fellow's chin. Stan caught it before it finished its scheduled journey, and by means of a very efficient little twist, threw its owner to the ground. Castlike, Jackson was on his feet immediately and circling Stan at a respectful distance. For a short moment the two men stood glaring at each other. Then Jackson moved in, throwing

a straight left as he did so. He was gone before Stan could raise a defensive hand, and the puller's mouth was bleeding. The car loader jabbed twice more before Stan's guard moved in and made room for a lightning fast hook on the side of the jaw. Big Stan staggered forward and attempted to clinch. But Jackson anticipated the move and threw a raking right uppercut below the giant puller's groping hands, that bounced first off his solar plexus and finally landed on his jaw. It was after big Stan hit the floor twice and swayed drunkenly in front of his adversary that he extended his great paw.

"Yer bestin' me up swell, buddy. I've had enough."

"Okay," Jackson accepted the hand; then, after giving the rest of the men an "if any of you want the same thing, just ask for it" glare, he walked out.

Strangely enough, there were no hard feelings between big Stan Bristol and "Bump" when Stan returned to work two days later. Instead, a rather unusual friendship arose between the two big men. Stan seemed to understand the car loader's wish for no reference to his past, and asked no more questions. It was not fear that prompted the big fellow to remain silent. He did not know the meaning of the word. It was respect, stimulated perhaps by a slight trace of pity for the only man he had ever known to prove himself a better man physically than he was. "Bump" seemed to feel that the puller's attitude toward him was different from that of the rest of the men and appreciated the fact. While ice-laden cars were being taken out of the siding to be replaced with empty ones, or the loading crew was waiting for a delayed switch, "Bump" would wander over to Tank Four where Stan was working and hold a brief conversation about nothing in particular with the big puller. It was during one of these occasions that the car loader's unnatural hatred for children became apparent.

It was one of those times when the railroad was rushed, and a result, the plant had to wait a while for a switch to remove the loaded cars. Big Stan and "Bump" were sitting on sills of the open windows at the back of Tank Four, smoking and talking idly.

A pair of youngsters who were sailing improvised boats in the water tank below the pre-cooling coils grew tired of their sport and began looking for something better to do. After a little discussion as to the advisability of the undertaking, they decided to explore the mysterious interior of the ice plant. They entered through the open door of Tank Four where the two men were sitting. Stan paid no attention to the two intruders, and "Bump", who was sitting with his legs hanging out the window watching the railroad tracks, did not see them.

After peering down the chute that takes the ice to the lobby, splashing the water in the dip tank

around a bit, and trying to see into the sewer below the sweat decks, one of the children decided to inspect the contents of the big cans. He grabbed the rim of one of the large ice cans and pulled it down to his level. There the can, which happened to be empty, got out of the small boy's control and fell noisily to the floor as the child scuttled out of the way. Then he turned frightened eyes on "Bump" Jackson, who had turned when he heard the noise and had seen the children. His face was a flaming mask of rage as he headed down the tank.

"Git out of here," he yelled, "before I catch ya' and break ya' in half." The children, who had been staring wide-eyed at this new monster, suddenly remembered they were endowed with legs and used them in beating a rapid retreat. Big Stan stood grinning at the back of the tank.

"Ya kinds' scared the little fellas." Stan's voice was just a bit reproachful.

"They didn't have no right here", growled "Bump".

"Naw, I know it. But hell, they're just kids. They don't know any better."

"Think so?" Bump grunted.

"Sure, I know so. Weren't choo a kid once?"

"If I wuz, I don't remember. An' if I did, I wouldn't wanna!"

"Whadda' ya' mean?"

"I hate kids."

"Why, 'Bump'?"

"Fergit it."

"Okay, 'Bump'."

The whistle of the switch engine sounded outside, and "Bump" went back to work. Stan sat staring at the door that "Bump" had disappeared through until his cigarette burned down to his fingers. He lit another and then glanced again at the door. "Gawd", he muttered, and walked back to his crane and to work.

It was about a week later that big Stan and "Bump" took their turn on the graveyard shift.

The summer sun had risen well up over the eastern hills, and its reflection filtered through the doorway into the refrigerator car. The thin film of perspiration which covered "Bump's" nude torso was becoming denser and every now and then would form a large drop that trickled down his muscular back or chest. It was seven o'clock, and soon the day shift would come on. "Bump" was glad that the night was almost over, for it had been a hard one. He had loaded twelve cars by himself, and this, even for a man of his physical condition, was almost too much. The conveyor had stopped only for a change in cars. Sharp pains were running through the car loader's foot where a block of ice had fallen earlier that night. Frequently he caught himself limping. He hoped that there would be no time to bring in

another switch after he had finished the car he was in. It was almost full.

Shrill, childish voices interrupted "Bump's" thoughts. Kids! "Bump" growled inwardly but made no move to chase them away. They were after the scrap ice and "snow" that fell from the conveyor chute. They brought burlap sacks, boxes, both wooden and cardboard, and every now and then a dull, misshapen pair of tongs to carry it with. "Bump" had convinced himself that if there were any good kids at all, these kids had it in them. They lived in the ancient, sagging houses across the tracks, and this was the only way their families would have any access to such a luxury as ice. So "Bump" let them stay. He resented their presence, and he hated them, but he let them stay. His hate was cooled by a certain degree of sympathy. He had known poverty practically all his life. He knew how it felt to have to literally pick your luxuries, even the meager luxuries most people classed as necessities, up from the gutter; so he let them have their ice. It was no good to the Company anyway.

There was only a narrow aisle left in the car now. "Bump" was beginning to be crowded. Ice was still sliding down the chute with every lug. The men in the cold-room should know better than that. In the narrow space "Bump" swung one to the side and jerked another up on end. He was beginning to understand. The cold-room crew was trying to make him yell for time. They would like that. "Bump" Jackson, the iron man, yelling for time! "Bump" snarled and swore he would keep his mouth shut. In his mind he applied vivid and descriptive adjectives to the men in the cold-room. Sweat was streaming down his back now, and his trousers were soaked with perspiration.

The aisle was beginning to fill, partly with up-ended blocks, but mostly with blocks from the chute lying on their side. Soon the conveyor chute would jam, and the power from the conveyor lugs would cause a block to rise partially on end and then go crashing to the ground below. They would have to stop the machine then, and he could hawl them out. The thought amused "Bump". They couldn't get the best of him! He could beat them at their own petty, underhanded tricks.

The ice would jam any moment now. There was a solid pathway of ice between him and the chute. No room left to work. Nothing to do except turn and watch the jam. Someone would get fired if the C. E. should see what was taking place. "Bump" knew it would be one of the cold-room men. Maybe the whole crew. The fools! Let them have their fun! The chute was full. Another block was riding up the conveyor toward the overcrowded chute. It would never get outside. It would rub against the

jammed blocks and then fall back to the cold-room floor where it would break, maybe into two and maybe into a thousand pieces. Then the lug would come past and force one of the jammed blocks up and over. It would probably be the middle block. It was the middle block. It rose slowly, silently, as though some unseen force was lifting it. In just a moment it would fall to the ground below, and three hundred more pounds of ice would be wasted. The block wavered slightly. It was about to fall.

The kids! A picture of the small, tousled heads picking the ice and "snow" from the ground below and paying no attention to what was happening directly above them suddenly entered "Bump's" mind. He leaped forward and floundered foolishly for a moment on the ice that was in his way. He groped at the door with his left hand, caught himself, and with his right threw out his tongs to catch the toppling block. A small, towheaded urchin was directly below him, struggling to put a fairly large chunk into his sack. He turned inquiring eyes toward "Bump". "Beat it," "Bump" screamed, and the block of ice he was balancing rocked furiously from the impact of another lug. "Bump" let go of the door and swung his left hand to the tongs. This was a foolish move, for he wore no spurs and was not prepared to stand on the slippery surface of ice. The block he was holding rocked once more, the child scampered to one side screaming foolishly, and "Bump" Jackson's feet slipped from under him, and he sprawled head first toward the ground. A second later the block toppled from the chute to follow him, and at the same instant, the conveyor stopped.

The cold room men came outside to see what was holding the iron man up. They couldn't understand the delay.

A small child was standing near the chute crying in a wild, frightened tone. They wondered angrily if "Bump" had done anything to hurt it. Then they saw "Bump". They could see only his body, for a large, unbroken block of ice was lying across his head. He lay very still, and when they removed the block, somehow his face seemed more peaceful than they had ever see it before.

Big Stan Bristol finished his pull at three o'clock, and there was nothing better for him to do than to sit in the sun and loaf until it was four and time for him to go home. He was sitting on the truck platform, quietly smoking, when a car with Illinois license plates drove into the yard. A small tired-looking, middle-aged man got out and walked over to where Stan was sitting.

"Hello."

"Whadda ya' want?" Stan was not in a conversational mood.

"They tell me a man named Gordon Jackson works

here. A tall, powerfully built man with a broken nose and a cauliflower ear."

"They do, huh?" Stann was a bit suspicious. "So what?"

"I've got a warrant for his arrest and some extradition papers for him. He's wanted for murder in Illinois." The little man didn't sound particularly happy. "Can you tell me where I'll find him?"

"Yeah," Big Stan grinned wryly. "But I don't think it'll do ya much good. Ya'll find him over at the North side's town. I think they call the place Potter's Field. Ya' may have to dig a bit, but ya'll find him!"

"He's dead?"

"Yeah." For a few moments both men were silent. The steady moaning of the turbines in the engine room seemed to accentuate the silence. Finally big Stan spoke. "Tell me about this murder charge. What was it all about?" "Bump" never said much about his past.

"I don't blame him. It wasn't a pleasant one." The little man seemed relieved now. "He was found deserted and taken to an Orphans' Home when he was a kid. He never got along with the kids there and ran away when he was eight. He sold papers for awhile, and then he was accused of stealing a hundred dollars or so from a cigar store and sent to the reformatory. Five years later they found the money had been taken by another lad a few years older than Jackson and let him out. He went back to selling papers and fighting in amateur boxing tournaments during his spare time. When he was seventeen, he turned "pro".

He was doing all right for himself in the small town circuits when something went wrong. He was arrested for a jewelry store robbery. A man named Baldassi testified against him. He was given from one to ten years. He went up the river swearing he would get Baldassi. He claimed Baldassi had committed the robbery, but no one believed him. It was his word against Baldassi's, and the Italian's record was clean.

He escaped on the way to prison. They got him the next morning in Baldassi's home. The Italian's head was all smashed in. Yeah, he was dead. Baldassi's kid ran for the police when he saw Jackson coming, or he might have been able to get away. They found out later that neither Baldassi nor Jackson was guilty of the robbery. It was the kid.

They sentenced Jackson to life imprisonment for the murder of Baldassi and sent Baldassi's kid to the reformatory. Jackson escaped again on the way up. I guess you know as much of the rest as I do. You know it's a funny thing, that guy's whole life was spotted by kids less than thirteen years old. God, I'll bet he hated them!"

"Yeah," muttered big Stan. A strange, weak feeling was running through his giant frame. Through the unusual dampness that insisted upon flowing into his eyes and blurring his vision, he saw an unkempt, little towheaded urchin, his urchin, sailing a boat in the water tank below the pre-cooling coils. Stan swallowed hard, "Yeah,—he hated kids."

Song of a Million Poets

BY ELIZABETH SHOW

When such as Keats and Shelley have been heard,
What right have I to plead an audience?

Let me instead be like a lonely bird
Singing my heart out where the wood is dense
And none can catch my shy notes to compare
Their cadence with the music of the great.
Let me sing here unheard, where I can dare
To loose my silent voice and saturate
My solitude with vibrant ecstasy.

When I am mute, and nothing but the breeze
Is sounding here, my songs will die with me:
None will be chanted down the centuries.
Yet I shall stab the quiet copse alone
With melodies that never will be known.

Eloquence

BY ELIZABETH SHOW

Once I could always find an easy voice
For lovely, glossy phrases to express
With the high poise of perfect certainty
The ceaseless fervor of my tenderness.

But, seeing your strong body broken here
And trembling with the knowledge that today
You whom I love have brushed the fringe of death,
I am choked mute with words I cannot say.

American Youth--Its Future

By JOHNSON MOSIER

WHY is it that most of the inmates of our penal institutions are young people under thirty years of age? Is there any hope for America if this is true? Is there any remedy for this condition? As one of what is often referred to as the "lost generation", I have taken a particular interest in and have even gone out of my way to inform myself concerning this situation of which one hears a good deal and which is of vital importance to America today.

During my formative years, that is, between the ages of twelve and twenty, I lived part of the time in the outskirts of a large city, part in a small city and part in a country town a considerable distance from the railroad, attending school and forming lasting friendships in each of these communities. This gave me an opportunity for a view of the American youth of my own generation under varying conditions of environment. And the reason for my interest in the juvenile criminal and for my desire to discover the explanation for the fact that an alarming number of youths of my own age develop criminal tendencies is perhaps to be found in an early experience.

My teacher had been an instructor in the Preston Reform School or "deform school" as she always called it, and when two of my classmates, brothers, became involved in a stealing scrape, and our attention naturally enough became focused on the case, Miss C— wisely talked to us and impressed upon us our social responsibilities toward our companions.

The older brother was a good student, a dreamer, a born mechanic with talent for inventing and improving even schoolroom conveniences. The younger was a harum-scarum youngster, the friendly puppy type, a very quick student, but given to making friends indiscriminately. Their mother was a widow, owning her home in a good neighborhood and earning her living as an office nurse, so that she could be home as much as possible with her children. She was a woman of refinement. Their father had been a marine engineer. Mrs. B— remodeled the basement of their home and tried to keep a tenant who would give some attention to the children, but at that time and in that neighborhood it was not easy. The flat was often vacant. The pals of the younger boy, Bob, conceived the plan of stealing radio parts from chain stores. The older brother, believing as he was told that these parts were furnished by the father of one of the boys who was in the radio business, constructed radio sets in the basement of their home. The

others were to sell them. Of course they did not tell their mother, the one knowing she would not approve, the other hoping to make a little money to surprise her. The truth was inevitably discovered. The boys were taken to court and were both sentenced to the reform school for two years. Our teacher immediately interested the neighbors and friends of the mother in proving John, the older boy, innocent of the crime, and succeeded in having him paroled in her care. The younger boy was sent to Preston.

Of course, American fiction and American journals have recounted many such cases, but my first-hand experience made the situation vivid and impressive to me. Thus it was early that my interest in the problem was born. Why should life in a city of today with all its advantages and modern inventions produce conditions favorable to the development into criminals of lively but not bad boys? Could it be poverty with its attendant lack of channels for activity? It seemed so to me. Certainly imagination and lack of things upon which it might legitimately work played a great part in developing the criminal tendency in these children. This point impressed me so forcibly that I did much thinking on the subject for one so young. I realized then why my parents had been so careful about my friends. Furthermore, I was dimly aware of the significance of the fact that these same friends once tied me and left me in a vacant house with the gas turned on, and at another time beat me over the head, dragged me into an empty building and left me for dead—all this before I was thirteen years old, in the best of neighborhoods, and among children like myself, many of them third and fourth generation Americans.

Large city schools usually include students of almost every class and ours was no exception. My immediate pals were the children of small business men or minor executives of one or another of the larger firms in the city, though of course I met all classes in the school yards. My parents never allowed me to visit or play with children whose play was not supervised. I was the proud possessor of a two-hundred-foot play lot next door to my home where only those children whom I invited were allowed to play. I was never openly supervised, but on the other hand I was never left to my own devices entirely. And yet such near crimes as I have mentioned were committed by my playmates.

After a time my parents made a change. We

moved to a small city fifty miles distant. Here we were strangers. My father invested in a small business, and we lived in the central part of the town. I had my first chance to pick the right kind of friends without any assistance from my elders. True, the fact that I was a Boy Scout gave me some advantage, but on the other hand I was just entering upon the relatively free life of the high school student, and my problem was somewhat complicated by the fact that my health did not permit me to take part in athletics. Frankly I floundered. The boys who made the first offers of friendship were in every case living in outlying residential districts, their circumstances much better than my own. Hence, I was soon going around with youngsters whom my parents realized I would not be able to keep up with a few years later. The town boys, mostly sons of merchants, did not appeal to me. I soon found that too much money was as bad as too little; that parents who indulge their children, indulge themselves also. Many of my friends' parents winked at prohibition violation, broke speed laws, and "threw parties." One of these friends, the son of such parents was out for thrills, and today he is a fourth time offender in Folsom Prison serving a life sentence. Here, for the first time, I realized how important it is that growing children have the right examples set for them.

Summer vacations I spent with an aunt who was the principal of the grammar school in a small town. My uncle was the pastor of the Community Church. British, a former college professor and World War Veteran. There I found a more stable community, and I loved it. I begged to be allowed to go to school there for a year. My parents, who knew that I had been marking time in my new home, after due consideration allowed me to stay. But even this community was not free from a certain laxity of attitude. I remember very well indeed the first time I heard a gentleman of excellent standing in the community say that he did not feel disgraced when his son was arrested for a traffic violation. "It is not as though he had really done something criminal," he said. I was silent, but I was shocked, and several years later when this same boy was killed in an automobile accident, I realized that he might just as easily have killed someone else and joined that great army in our state prisons.

When I returned home, I made the first serious decision of my life. I chose my pals this time from among the boys of my own circumstances regardless of the fact that I had continued the friendships with my wealthier friends during my absence. Now I was alert, watching and making comparisons. I had a new perspective. The small town interlude had made me see things in a different light. There boys and girls learn many lessons that a city atmosphere

does not teach them. In a small town you live on a stage. Everyone knows what you are doing, and you receive your reward or your punishment very promptly. You still have to choose, but your decisions are more immediately important; your rewards are conferred, your punishments inflicted by the community in general. While still in the small town, I had been deeply impressed by another difference between the society there and that in the city. In my small town experience I had been included in a "cousin's club" through an "in-law" somewhat removed. The club was composed of whole families, including young and old, all of whom were associated together in various activities. There had been pleasant parties, indoors and out, and picnics at one home or another. The elders were mostly retired professional men living on fruit ranches in modern homes. I had become very well acquainted with these older people, and had been impressed by the fact that in my city home I had had no close companionship with the parents of my friends. My pals had invited me to their homes, but, for the most part it had been servants who had supervised our play. Their parents had been more than glad to be rid of us. In fact, these parents had scarcely come home except for a few hours of sleep or a round of drinks. Now that I was again in my city home, I made up my mind to know the parents of my friends.

At this point the depression hit us. Our income stopped. Our savings alone remained. I was finishing high school and facing a world turned upside down and extremely unfriendly, but interesting. Words cannot express the intense excitement and interest of those next few years. One by one my friendships grew strong or collapsed. At least one-third of the boys I knew there are now in some criminal institution or have been paroled from one of them. Yet the only thing they needed was moral stamina. On all sides I heard youth reasoning. I saw them struggle, fall or rise. I could anticipate their success or failure by their attitude toward life and its responsibilities.

I worked at any job I could get. I decided against college then, not because I must earn my way, but because there was no future in sight. The business I had been preparing to fit myself for was in complete collapse. Pitching hay, digging post holes, mucking in and out of a tunnel—with no very clear purpose in mind I listened and reasoned.

Interested in dramatics, I joined a drama club in a night school where there were Americanization classes. I found these people much like our native-born citizens. They were from every country and stratum of society, including a Russian woman, a member of the court of the late Czar; a Persian who had traveled over half the world on foot to receive his education in an American University; a Japanese, a member of

a family of political exiles: a Chinese of Mandarin stock; Italian peasants, Swedish and Danish sailors, Mexicans and pure Castilians. Side by side I found strength and pitiful weakness, a desire to get and a desire to give. The realization was more and more forcibly pressed upon me that men are never entirely good or entirely bad, but that they grow gradually, under the influence of circumstances toward one of the other condition. I had seen too much of this world's goods ruin a boy. Now I saw want and lack shrivel and distort growing children. I realized that it is only growth of idealism and purpose in an individual that makes a great and good man, and that such a growth cannot take place without a more or less favorable environment.

On every side I heard that the old ship, the America of Opportunity, was sinking, with us on board. Everywhere I turned, I heard it. But I did not, I do not believe it. My generation was confronted then and is still confronted with a world in which there is an enormous need for reconstruction, and reconstruction means work. The physical wrecks which lie about us are not the only outcome of the Great War. The moral wrecks, the great army of "Something-for-Nothing Guys," the men and women and their children though they fell later, owe their fall ultimately to

that cataclysm. These must be fitted into a newly reconstructed world. State and federal prisons for all alike are no more the answer than are the old worn-out methods in other fields. But surely the situation is not hopeless. What if we do have to struggle? It is true that there are great problems to be solved, but Americans have surmounted great obstacles in the past, and today there are millions of Americans like me with vision and character who are willing and eager to come to grips with these new problems. What if we do have to carry the burden of the failures?

I have traded work for music lessons, food, shelter, clothing, and dental work. Learning? Well, like others, I am emerging slowly from that dense fog of sickening fear by which we were surrounded. We will at last build a country and a world in which the weak will be strengthened and the strong upheld, and we will do this by our willingness to shoulder a little more than our own share of the load, by our struggle to achieve and maintain high standards of personal and social integrity and responsibility, and by our faith in these standards. Furthermore we will be more careful to prepare the next generation for a sane part in the struggle, which they must carry on.

Enter--The Professor

By EDGAR HARRISON

THE professor brisked open the class room door. Without looking at any student in particular, he breezed up the aisle to his desk with an energetic, spring-toed stride. An aura of old pipes and tweed whirled in his wake. Only two girls in the class enjoyed this aroma which always trailed from the professor when he got under way. The skinny one often declared that it was "so charmingly masculine."

The professor did not know and did not care if the girls fancied his aroma. He had once told his wife when she happened to mention something about it that he did not "give a tinker's damn" whether anybody liked it or not. He was paid to teach English composition—not to etherialize the atmosphere with rare and dainty fragrance. He liked to smoke a pipe and damn it if he wouldn't smoke a pipe—odor or no odor.

The professor not only smelled masculine—he looked, he sounded masculine. His stride, his carelessness of attire, his often bluff humor, his calloped laugh—in fine, his aspect in general denoted nothing but masculinity.

He did not mince words—in class or out. When

criticizing the work of his pupils, he dispensed with the finer amenities. He told his boys and girls straight out what was wrong—or what he thought was wrong—with their writing. They never retained a shred of doubt as to his meanings when he got through. For this some few youngsters disliked him; they felt that he picked on them, tried to embarrass them, belittle them. But most of the professor's pupils enrolled in his class because they wanted to, not because their curricula required the subject. Most of his pupils appreciated having the hard, stark truth hurled at them from the professor's vocal catapult. When they landed on a touchy spot, his stinging missiles often hurt, but they never proved fatal. A bombardment of truth left the students all pink and glowing like a body just emerged from a cold needle-shower. They felt freshened, after the initial shock subsided, and eager to "hit the hull."

As a rule more boys than girls signed on the professor's roster. His widely buzzed ferocity of address frightened the bulk of the co-eds away from his door. The sweet dears would rather admire his virility from a safe distance.

A great deal the professor cared.

He slapped a black record book and two skinny little volumes of essays down on his oak desk. Before sitting himself down, he glanced over the attentive, quieted group. It was only the fifth meeting of the class for that quarter, and he still felt unsure of his pupils' names. Seemed that someone was missing . . .

"Scott?" he called.

"Here!"

Wrong guess . . .

"Hogarth!" No reply . . . "Hogarth!" Silence.

Ah—Hogarth it was—was missing. The professor noted the absence in his black record book. Then he sat down with his usual crash.

He planked his elbow down on the desk top and fingered his outthrust chin vigorously. It was a thought-collective gesture. Meanwhile he surveyed the class a bit absently. Of a sudden his reflection ended.

"Today it is, I believe, that you are to hand in your six hundred word treatment of the assigned topic: two men and a woman. Right?"

A jumbled chorus of somewhat reluctant assent.

"How many of you have yours ready?"

Raised hands from a little over half the class.

"What!" snorted the professor.

The group as one man shrunk perceptibly before the blast.

"Is this the sort of cooperation I'm to expect from this class?" A pause. "Over a week you've had to complete this trifle . . . and what happens?" A glare. "Only half of you possess the decency to make this—this—measly effort I asked of you." A scowl, blent of perplexity and disgust. "What the devil is the matter? . . . am I burdening your adolescent shoulders too heavily?"

A choked snigger from one of the two girls.

"Miss Stein!—what seems to have been your trouble?"

Flusteredly: "Why, I—uh— I—uh . . . mine's ready."

"Hm-m . . . well—Stebbins! I don't believe I noticed your digits elevated a moment ago."

A gulp. "Uh—no, sir."

"Suppose you confess your trouble then."

Reddening, "Well . . . I—I couldn't seem to think of any treatment of . . . uh . . . well—I just couldn't think of anything to do with two men and a woman . . . I guess . . ."

"Hm-m-m . . ." The professor screwed up his lips, he arched a rather hirsute eyebrow in painful speculation, he drummed on the desk with two nervous fingers. "Just couldn't think of a thing, hm?"

"Yes-sir, I mean no . . . that's right."

The professor exploded like a pyrotechnic ram with a loud "Bahl!"

He erupted from the swivel chair into a ferocity of pacing up and down the tiny dais, his hands thrust hard into the tweed patch-pockets.

"I'm not going to take the time to extract the rest of your alibis. Every person who fails to hand in a paper this morning will receive an F for the assignment. And don't come around after class with a runny-nosed excuse. It'll do you no good."

"As for the rest of you . . . hand your papers in right now. I'll read a few of them aloud for the enlightenment of any unfortunates who 'just couldn't think of anything to do with two men and a woman.'"

Just before the bell rang, the professor dismissed the class. He beat all but those nearest it to the door. Zooming past in his spring-toed stride, he caught an exceedingly nasty look upon the athletic face of Stebbins. The professor remembered that the youth played first string end on the pigskin squad. He surmised that Stebbins had enrolled in his class principally for a credit requirement of his objective. He surmised also that Stebbins did not like him after the late episode of the class room. In fact, upon clearly recalling the intensity of Stebbins' glance, he concluded that at the moment Stebbins hated him.

The professor did not want the hatred of his pupils. He desired to teach them composition if he had to mortify them in the process. But to think that one of them might hate him for his caustic methods upset his composure of conscience. He scowled thoughtfully as he bounded along the corridor. It occurred to him that he might approach Stebbins upon opportunity. He could soothe the lad's obviously outraged sensitivity. Certainly he wanted no student's hatred.

The day was Friday. The professor had no more classes until two. As he left the building to go home for lunch, he noticed the shellacked blueness of the sky. He warmed to the tasty whiteness of the fat dumplings of clouds while he crossed the street to his parked car. By the time his foot thumped down on the electric starter, his conscience had soared clear of the weight of young Stebbins' look.

That night a general student body dance was holding forth in the men's gym.

The professor had received an invitation to come and bring his wife. His wife enjoyed dancing. The professor himself held no dogmatic views on the subject of ballroom terpsichore. He could perform the necessary gymnastics when the occasion arose. Although he never sought out the occasion, neither did he remonstrate violently at the sporadic moments when his wife demanded to be escorted to the ball.

So the professor and his wife could be seen in attendance that night at the college hop in the men's gym. After a few numbers by the swing band, only the wife of the professor could be seen.

The professor himself stood out in the cool dark

sucking at his pipe. A rather bulky Italian cypress reached up between him and the bright light above the gym entrance. People, mainly couples, kept arriving, noisily gay and excited. The tree generously lent the professor its black cloak of shadow so that he might smoke and meditate in solitude for the moment. Meditate he did. He recalled Stebbins' look and was pondering just how he might best approach the lad. The professor wondered if his outraged pupil were present at the night's affair. He had not happened to notice him before deserting the crowded floor in favor of the tranquil, starry dark. Perhaps Stebbins would arrive later, and he, the professor, might surprise an opportunity to relieve their strained relationship.

At last he finished his pipe. Tapping out the ash against the hard of his palm, he glanced up at the night, sighed, then made for the entrance.

Just inside the outer door he paused abruptly to keep from barging into a young couple walking from the cloak room toward the waxed gym floor.

"Excuse me," he smiled as the two also hesitated. The girl, he noticed first, possessed a neat figure under a cute, pert kind of face. She clung to the arm of a tall man whom the professor for a split second failed to recognize as Stebbins.

"Ah, Stebbins," he greeted. His face lighted in anticipation of his words while the youth's smile of politeness darkened into sullen rejection.

"Just thinking about you, Stebbins—hadn't noticed you before . . ."

The boy's eyes smoked sullenly. But a sense of propriety overcame his first juvenile tendency to pass hurriedly out of range of this despised purveyor of sarcasm. He bowed to convention and introduced the professor to his girl.

"Charmed, Miss Blake," acknowledged the professor, almost continental in his inflection. "Might I have the pleasure of a dance? . . . with your escort's kind consent?"

"Why-y . . . yes," fluttered the girl peering at her boy friend's face, presumably for assent. "The one after this—I think . . ."

"Surely," iced Stebbins through his mask of stolidity. "Excuse us, please." He hurried the cute, pert girl into the capering throng.

The professor waited near the door for the dance group to end. He mused:

"Mmmm . . . the boy feels deeply all right . . . too bad . . . better to approach him indirectly . . . let's see—through the medium of the girl perhaps . . . yes—good idea!"

The music stopped. The professor watched Stebbins permit the cute, pert girl to precede him, reluctant, toward the entrance. Inwardly and somewhat wryly the professor grinned. "Odd situation," he

thought. "damned odd." He moved away behind the staircase leading to the gallery. It might well prove awkward if he were to stand with the young couple and await his promised dance.

When the band blared into action once more, the professor bounced smiling up to claim his partner.

"Our dance I believe, Miss Blake?"

"Oh-h," she chirruped, "here you are, professor . . ."

Stebbins sulked blackly and grunted as the object of his animosity stepped his girl briskly away with.

"Pardon us, Stebbins!"

Out on the floor amidst the youngsters, chattering, smiling over their partners' shoulders, waving greetings, and incidentally cavorting in multifarious styles—the professor felt himself swing into the mood of things. He enjoyed the youthful warmth of her nearness as he talked lightly, almost charmingly to his companion. Her cute, pert face radiated at his compliments and laughed merrily at his humorous sallies. For the first time in some years the professor actually shone in light conversation. He did not forget about Stebbins however. In fact, he tucked the scheme in his mind into effect very dexterously. Beginning by mentioning his regard for her escort and praising his prowess on the gridiron, he casually introduced the morning's episode and concluded by saying lightly, but not too lightly:

"And I'm afraid your young friend became rather peeved by my brusque class room manner. I do believe he still feels angrily toward me. I wish he didn't . . ."

"Oh, no, Professor, I'm sure Rickie doesn't hold any grudge against you. I . . ." She happened to glance toward the door. Stebbins stood hunched there puffed up like a poisoned toad with black murder in his eye. "I—er—I'll talk to him about it," she finished limply.

Stebbins had been watching the couple from the start. It appeared to him that the professor held his girl too damn close—for a professor. He wondered what the man was telling her to make her laugh. He wondered if the professor had the gall to dance with his girl and then make fun of him, tell her about making a "prize dummy" out of him. Stebbins, in class that morning. He wouldn't put it past "the heel—the 14-carat heel."

Stebbins watched and conjectured and stewed in his own juice until he fairly sizzled.

The professor finished the dance, then delivered the young lady to Stebbins with a sincere "It was very kind of you, Miss Blake," and a brief "Thank you," to her escort. The youth's animosity loomed so intense that the professor immediately perceived the discretion of polite departure.

The cute, pert girl whispered,

"Rickie! I'm surprised at you acting so childish

over a little calling down in class."

"Ho! So he *did* tell you . . . *the rat!*"

Stebbins purpled and lunged . . .

"Rickle!"

The professor felt himself yanked around by a rough hand on his shoulder. His natural springiness enabled him to duck to one side in time almost to evade a whistling right cross. Not quite—a hard knuckle skimmed along his right ear. Before Stebbins, however, could recover, the professor's fist cracked loudly—surprisingly loudly—flush on the bridge of Stebbins' nose.

From his point of disadvantage on the waxed floor the youth gazed stupidly at the professor. The professor stared astonishedly down at Stebbins. The numbed crowd gaped unbelievably at both men.

This state of suspension lasted only a moment. A

slow smile began to break through the blank mask of Stebbins' face. From one nostril a thin rivulet of blood trickled suddenly down to the corner of his mouth. He ran his tongue slowly over his lips. Then he began bobbing himself upward. Once on his feet he stood, with a sheepish half-grin on his lips, looking straight at the professor.

"Well, Stebbins . . ."

The youth lowered his gaze for a second.

"I'm . . . sorry, sir . . . guess you were right . . . 'bout two men and a woman, I mean... plenty can happen . . ."

The professor started to open his mouth . . . then shut it again. Caught short for once—with a gym-full of eyes upon him—all he could think of to do was to fumble for his pipe . . . until somebody yelled, "Shake hands—bo-o-y-y-s!"

The Room

BY BARTON WOOD

One time he dreamed that he was walking
Through a long and narrow room
That had no chairs.
The sun shone through
A row of dingy windows
Overgrown with cobwebs.
Once or twice it struck upon his hand,
And once into his eyes;
But most of the way was dark,
And cobwebs brushed his forehead,
Or clung upon his hands, and legs, and body;
And all about were tables—
Massive ones, and even small ones,
Mirrors covered up with dust
(Or was it spider-webs?)
Threw back a cold, grotesque, or
Diabolical impression of his features.
—But still there were no chairs.
He wandered on, and all the way
(Though this could hardly be)
The floor rose up
And made his progress harder
And more difficult;
And all the time he wished rest—
For days, and months, and years
Had scurried by—
And he was very tired
Of walking through a chairless room.
But suddenly he came
Upon the utmost edge—
And then he saw what he
Had walked so far to see.
(And this was truly strange)
Because he found there
Absolutely nothing

The Earthworm

BY ROBERT ORR

By the toes of the grass and the feet of the ferns
Palely shunning the light, he turns;
Descends to burrow about and around,
Weaving a net in the underground.

Each tiny tunnel that he leaves there
Is a passage for water and for air:
Air and water to nourish the roots
Of growing plants and their tender shoots.

Then, full of the pith of his toil, he turns
Back to the realm of the grasses and ferns:
Knowing the chill of the night, in haste
He blankets their feet with his body's waste.

Sweet as honey to the earth beneath
Are air and water. His mouldy sheath
Is warm and soft to the plant's cold feet.
Each lives in earth, earth is, earth eats.

As humble as dust, his song, as he turns,
He silently sings by the grasses and ferns:
He sings it, too, in his earthy hole,
An infinite song from a finite soul.

This simple note is the tone of his creed,
"Let me work and dig that I may feed.
Let me tunnel and furrow the earth below
That all above it may prosper and grow."

The Morning Edition

By LOUIS R. WALTHER

GYPSY TYROL strolled up to the proof desk of the Santa Rita Star.

"What kind of editorial did Jimmy write today?" he asked as the reader leaned back in his chair and stretched.

"Pretty hot." The man behind the desk shoved a proof sheet toward him.

Tyrol read it and nodded thoughtfully. "Sounds pretty convincing, all right. Didn't know Jimmy had it in him."

The proof reader grinned. "Well, he had expert assistance."

"Expert assistance. What do you mean?"

The proof reader shoved a sheet of blue-penciled copy across the desk. Tyrol, who was the Star's police reporter, instantly recognized that the paper before him was not office copy stock. He picked it up, curious.

It was a regular business letterhead. The form at the top had been torn off, leaving only the bottom of one letter which looked like a "W" done in green and gold.

"Well?" questioned the reporter, regarding the other expectantly. The other was searching in a drawer of his desk. He found another sheet of paper and shoved that across.

Tyrol picked it up. It was a sheet of advertising copy laid out on a business letterhead.

"I'll be damned," the reporter swore softly as he glanced from one sheet to another. They were of identical size and stock. Across the top of the advertising copy was the form: "Western Slope Power and Light Company". The initial "W" was green and gold.

He held the editorial copy over the advertising layout. The "W's" corresponded exactly.

"I'll be damned," he swore again.

The proof reader smiled cynically.

"Something to keep under the old hat, you know," he warned as he pulled down his eye shade and attacked a pile of galley sheets which a proof taker dumped on his desk.

Tyrol walked back toward the editorial room. The proof reader was right, he felt. His job was to follow the policy of the paper and ask no questions.

As he reached for the door knob he realized that he held the two sheets of copy in his hand. He folded them up and put them in his pocket.

The afternoon edition was almost in. After calling

the police station, the coroner, and the hospitals for any last minute breaks, Tyrol was pulling on his coat in preparation for leaving the office when the city editor called him over to the desk.

"Wassa matter now, Jimmy?" asked the reporter good naturedly.

Jimmy Argyle was a round, bald-headed little fellow with a guileless, purring manner.

"Got some extra work for you, Gyp," he announced.

"As usual," commented Tyrol. He wasn't surprised. Extra work was the regular thing on the Star. There were only two reporters. They had to cover the entire city for the evening edition. If there was anything new to get for the morning edition, which was mostly reprint, they got that too.

The city editor continued.

"You know the irrigation district bond election is tomorrow. There'll be some special election stuff in the morning edition. Hawk got into an auto jam on his way down here. Nothing serious, but he's got a sprained wrist. You'll have to make up the paper in place of him."

Tyrol groaned.

"And then rush down here at seven in the morning to get the election stuff out," he supplemented.

"Sorry," the editor purred, "but there's no one else to do it. Art's got to get that championship basketball game. And I'm slated to speak at the Water Conservation League dinner. I won't be back until morning."

Gypsy shrugged. "O. K. boss," was all he said.

As he reached the door, Argyle called after him, "I wrote an editorial. It'll be in tonight's paper. Outlines our stand on this power business. If anything breaks, slant it our way."

"O. K.," the reporter repeated, and passed on outside.

"Now what the deuce did he mean by that?" he muttered. "If anything breaks—what could break this close to election?"

He got out the editorial copy and reread it.

The following day the residents of the Santa Rita Irrigation District were going to vote on a proposition to issue \$500,000 in bonds to finance the construction of a huge new storage dam and power plant.

The Star was firmly behind the proposition.

The editorial stressed the importance of assuring an adequate water supply for the future, mentioned the commercial advantages of plentiful power, and

built up a strong case on the poor service that the district was receiving from the present power plant. The equipment used, the writer asserted, was years out of date and on the verge of collapse.

He put the paper back into his pocket. There was no doubt about how the *Star* stood, but there seemed nothing out of the way.

Yet the reporter's long-trained news-nose scented a story in the terse instructions: "If anything breaks, slant it our way." He felt that something was going to break.

And he suspected that it was something that would help Western Slope, which would very likely be something which would injure the rival publicly owned system of the Santa Rita Irrigation District.

He was still mulling these things when a cheery voice brought him up smiling.

"Hello, Gypsy. Where are you going, looking so dark and sinister?"

The speaker was a girl. She was a dark and rather slender girl with wavy black hair, and eyes the same blue as distant mountains at sunrise. There were smiles at the corners of those eyes now. Happy smiles.

Gypsy Tyrol felt a warm thrill of happiness steal over him as he always did when he was out with her.

"Was just going up to the hospital," he answered.

"You're a little late tonight aren't you?" she asked as she slipped her arm through his.

"Yes," he explained, matching his long strides to her shorter ones, "the city ed stopped me when I was coming away to give me some extra work for tonight."

"Oh! Anything exciting?" she wanted to know.

Tyrol laughed. "Not exactly exciting. Hawk sprained his wrist. I have to be night editor."

The girl gave his arm a little squeeze.

"I'm glad," she said. "It shows they think you are capable."

They turned into a quaint little restaurant in an old adobe under an overshadowing black oak.

After they were seated at a table near one of the deep recessed windows, the girl continued:

"I do hope you make good here, Gypsy."

The man's answer was confident:

"I will, Jew (her name was Julia; but he always called her Jew). You know, this isn't my first paper."

"That's just it," the girl returned. "You've been on so many. You never stay."

"I'll stay here," he assured her.

She reached across the table and pushed back a lock of his fiery red hair which habitually curved down across his forehead. Her dark blue eyes were on his gray ones.

"If you can only hold that red hot temper of yours in leash," she said softly.

His voice was husky as he answered:

"I'm going to, Jew. I'm going to be editor of that paper some day."

The girl drew a deep breath.

"That's the most inspiring thing I've heard you say yet," she told him. "You know," she said earnestly, "I'd rather see you do the things you are capable of than anything else."

"Rather than get that new hospital of yours built," he asked slowly.

"If you were editor of the *Star*, you could help me get the hospital," she countered gaily.

It was night when they left the restaurant and sauntered along through the cool evening air. They were both silent.

"Jew," Gypsy whispered when they paused beneath a twisted old sycamore at the edge of the town, "when I get to be editor of the *Star*, will you marry me?"

Fright paralyzed him when he had asked it. Aching he had wanted to ask her for weeks. But a sickening fear enveloped him when he thought of the end of dreams that a "no" might bring.

For Julia Carroll, head of the Santa Rita Hospital at 27, was the embodiment of quiet, self-confident success. Gypsy Tyrol, who seldom held a job more than a month at a time, felt that he lacked every quality which would have gained him respect in her eyes.

Now desperately he watched her face, softly illumined by a full moon whose light filtered through the overhanging sycamore branches, turn slowly up to his.

"Gypsy," she began softly. His lungs refused to function. "If you can muster enough determination to stay with your job on the *Star* for six months, I'll marry you."

Air rushed back into the man's lungs with a long sob. For just an instant he felt bewildered, dizzy. Then, as the girl stepped impulsively close to him, his arms went around her, and a warm and calming sense of power arose in him.

"I will," he promised.

And with the soft feel of her hair against his cheek, he looked across the light studded valley, dreaming and planning.

It was eight o'clock by the time Gypsy Tyrol arrived at the *Star* office after having walked to the hospital with Julia Carroll. With the exception of March Evans, the night printer, whose linotype machine was tinkling in the composing room, he was the only person in the plant.

He read over the evening papers. Then he went over to the iron mule to see if any important news had come in over the press wire. Nothing that wouldn't keep.

As he settled himself behind the city desk, the street

door opened, and a very erect and dignified looking man with wide, spreading white mustaches stepped into the room.

"Well, son," the visitor drawled, "you seem to be the whole push here."

"Yeah, I'm editor-in-chief, staff, and bill collector tonight," replied the younger man. He rose to his feet and brought over a chair. "Sit down, won't you, Mr. Herndon?"

Mr. Herndon moved his gray slouch hat back a bit and settled into the proffered chair, then extracted a pair of cigars from the breast pocket of his dark gray coat and presented one to the newspaperman.

"Don't know why Thurston doesn't make you editor," he commented. "You know a danged sight more about this country than that man Argyle does."

Gypsy grinned as he dropped back into the swivel chair. "He probably doesn't think I know as much about the newspaper."

The old man snorted. "I bet you could teach that Scotchman plenty of things about running a newspaper."

"You're too much like your father to be a poor newspaperman," he resumed. "When the county seat was over at Gringo Bar, and old Fighting Jack Tyrol ran the *Journal*, there wasn't much that got by him."

Gypsy didn't reply at once. The tinkling of the linotype machine sounded loud in the silent room.

"They broke him," he muttered, at length.

"Yes, they broke him," the other assented. "But he didn't sell this valley out."

The old man leaned forward and pointed the ash-covered tip of his cigar at the young reporter.

"If Jack Tyrol hadn't had the backbone to print the truth, no matter what the consequences, the Santa Rita Valley wouldn't have title to a quart of water today."

Again the two men sat in silence, while the linotype tinkled beyond the composing room door. They were sitting thus, each deep in his own thoughts, when the room went suddenly dark.

"Electric lights gone flooey, eh," the old man observed.

"Looks like it," the other agreed.

They waited for them to come on again. But they didn't come on. Marsh called from the composing room door.

"What we gonna do now?"

"Have to get some lamps or candles or something, I guess," Gypsy decided. "I'll call Johnson and see if he will open his hardware store for us."

"Well, I'll be movin' along," Mr. Herndon rose to his feet. "I suppose you'll have a story tellin' us what happened to the lights in the mornin'."

Gypsy reached for the telephone. "Yeah, we will. Goodnight, Mr. Herndon."

A half hour later Gypsy reached for the telephone again. The lights were still out. A candle in a bottle on the desk cast a dim glow about the room.

"Hello," he said into the transmitter as he got his number. "Substation? What the hell's the matter out there?"

He listened for a moment. "You don't know. Why don't you know?"

Gypsy laughed good humoredly, his ear to the receiver. "No telephone connection with the power house? . . . Can't raise 'em, eh? Why don't you send a man up? . . . Oh, you have . . . O. K. . . . Call you later."

The reporter was worried. He felt that there was more to this thing than appeared on the surface. The editorial written on Western Slope power company paper, stressing the need for a new power plant. Then Jimmy Argyle's instructions:

"If anything breaks, slant it our way."

Now, on the eve of a \$500,000 bond election, the plant apparently broken down.

It would quite likely appear a coincidence to an outsider who did not know the chain of facts that linked the events together. But to Gypsy it looked very much like design.

He wondered if Jimmy Argyle was crooked, or if the city editor had merely been trying to please a big advertiser without realizing that underhanded work was actually afoot. Whatever the explanation, he felt that it was up to him to get to the bottom of it.

Obviously, the first thing to do was to find what actually had happened to the light system, and, if possible, what had caused it.

Striding to the composing room door, he called to Marsh Evans:

"If the telephone rings, answer it. When Art gets in with that basketball stuff, tell him to hold down the fort until I get back."

Then squirming into his topcoat, he ran out to his automobile, which was parked behind the shop. He had decided to go up to the power plant and talk to the men there himself.

The road to Antelope Canyon, where the power plant was located, led out of Santa Rita directly up through rolling country into a rugged, granite-strewn line of foothills. The country was sparsely settled. Gypsy saw no one on the road. As his car swung up the ridge above Antelope Dam, he saw the brilliantly lighted power house below him.

"The plant isn't completely broken down, anyway," he concluded.

Coasting down to the bottom of the hill, he left his car, and made his way on foot to the concrete and steel structure which housed the dynamos. There seemed to be no one there. He called. No one

answered. The roar of the nearby dam was the only sound he could hear.

There was a door leading out toward the dam. Gypsy looked out. He saw nothing but the sheer canyon walls and the huge pile of masonry between. Hearing a step behind him, he turned. A man was coming in the other door. He recognized Ted Turner, an electrician from Santa Rita Substation. He spoke to him.

"Hello, Ted, what's up?"

Turner was a young man. He spread his legs apart and lit a cigarette.

"Every transformer in the line blown," he said.

"Know what did it?"

"Can't figure it."

"Where's the fellows who work here?"

Turner jerked a thumb over his shoulder. "Up the hill, lookin' over the dam. I just came down to find out who drove up in the machine."

"Me. I guess," Tyrol replied. "The trouble didn't occur in the plant then?"

"No, the line transformers are all up there together at the top of the hill. Say, how'd you come to drive way up here?"

"Wanted to find out why we didn't get any light down there. Nobody up here would answer the telephone."

Turner nodded. "Yeah. That's why I came up too. Boys were up on the hill, I suppose."

"I see," said Tyrol.

"Well, I'll have to go back up." The electrician started to turn. "As soon as Hank, he's the boss up here, finds out what he needs, I'll have to go back to Santa Rita and get it."

"I'll go up with you," the reporter decided.

They walked up the trail together.

"Well, one thing," Turner commented, "as long as this thing was going to blow out, it's lucky it happened before election. It'll convince some of these tightwad farmers that we really do need a new layout."

"It'll make a big difference in the election, all right," agreed Tyrol.

When they gained the top of the hill, Turner went up to an overhead platform where two more men were working.

"Reporter," Tyrol heard him say. The reporter took a seat on a rock. He had decided to wait to have a few words with the men who had been at the station when the trouble occurred.

As he sat there, looking out over the canyon, his thoughts went back to his meeting with Julia, and his blood warmed at the memory of the feel of her in his arms and his blood raced at the memory of her promise to him. He had told her that he would keep his job on the Santa Rita Star. He meant to do

it. He meant to do much more than that. He meant to be editor of the Star. More than that, he meant to build the Star up to one of the most influential country papers on the West Coast.

Tonight there was a story—a big one. He knew it was there. He meant to get it.

The electricians were coming down off the platform. He arose and went forward to meet them.

"Much damage done?" he asked.

A slim man whose silhouette loomed a full head above the others answered:

"Transformers gone. Crew of men can fix it up in a couple hours when the stuff gets here."

They went back to the power house. Turner took a list of materials from the tall man and drove away.

Tyrol glanced at his two remaining companions. The tall man was an emaciated looking individual. His black jean trousers hung low on his inadequate hips, making the upper part of his body seem grotesquely long. His broad shoulders were slightly hunched. His nose was long and thin. His green eyes were small, close-set, and protruding. A lock of mossy hair stood straight out from his forehead.

The other was short, heavy, and dark. The light glistened on a peaked bald head and on a set of strong white teeth which were exposed in a perpetual grin.

"What do you think did it?" the reporter asked.

The short man grinned and said nothing.

The tall man shook his head and bit off a chew of tobacco.

"Suthin' damn funny about it," he said.

"If anyone had told me this afternoon that them transformers was liable to go out, I'd told him he was screwy."

The reporter took another tack. He asked,

"What part of this plant is it that is supposed to be weak?"

The tall man was surprised. "Weak?"

Even the short man looked almost puzzled.

Tyrol hastened to explain: "We've been hearing down there that the district's power plant is likely to go out at any time."

"Bunk," said the tall man. The short man resumed his grin.

Here was something. The Star had said the plant was weak. The electrician in charge said it wasn't.

"By the way," said the reporter. "My name is Tyrol, Gypsy Tyrol. I'm from the Star. What names do you fellows go by?"

The tall man jerked his thumb toward his companion. "This is Joe Tinch. I'm called Alf Ocha."

"Is there any way," the reporter asked abruptly, "that you could blow out those transformers if you wanted to?"

The short man's grin faded to open-mouthed perplexity. But the tall man nodded. "T'd be easy

enough to blow 'em out. Just pull down those levers behind you. On the oil switches there. But—" he paused to spit a stream of tobacco juice through a nearby window—"there ain't been nobody to pull 'em."

The short man's grin brightened again.

Tyrol turned to the switches. He examined the slides carefully. They were quite clean and almost free from dirt, but he thought he detected a brighter line where the metal guides on the levers might have run.

"Come here," he said.

The electricians quickly stepped to his side. Their eyes followed his pointing finger.

The short man's grin looked sickly this time.

"By Christ, she has been pulled!" the tall man gasped. "But we weren't out of the plant all evening until Ted got here and said the lights were out down there."

Tyrol swung around.

"Didn't you know the lights were out until he got here?"

Alf Ochs shook his head. "No. We could of told if we'd been watching. But the substation always lets us know if anything is wrong. So Tinch and me was settin' over here havin' a hand of pinochle."

"And you didn't get any phone calls from the substation?"

"No."

"How did you find that the transformers were out?"

"You can tell on the board there. It was Ted saw it first. Like I said, Tinch and me was over there. We heard someone say, 'Do you mugs know the main line transformers are out?' We looked up and there was Ted, look'n cocky, like he does, you know."

Gypsy Tyrol walked to the door and stood silently staring down the valley. The events of the evening were beginning to take their place in a coordinated plan. It was a story that would be on the tongue of every one in the Santa Rita valley, and probably make every paper on the coast. But it was a story loaded with dynamite.

Ochs had followed him out.

"Why," asked Tyrol slowly, "does Western Slope want this bond election to carry?"

"Well, one thing," the tall man answered thoughtfully, "the district is going to buy their plant on Cabin Creek for \$100,000."

"You know what I think?" a thin, squeaky voice questioned. Joe Tinch was grinning at them from the door. "Dumb guys think it's on account of the Cabin Creek plant. But here's the real reason."

He paused dramatically, then resumed in a whistling whisper: "If the district builds the new dam across Cabin Creek and diverts the water that way, the

new power house will have to be in Cabin Creek. Most people suppose it will be at the dam. But rough as that country is between here and there, that'd cost more than the dam. Was you ever up that creek?"

Tyrol shook his head.

"Well, there's only one place where the walls are close enough together to throw up a power dam. That's at Portel Rocks. I used to fish there when I was a kid. Western Slope has had property monuments on that site for twenty-five years."

"In other words," Tyrol supplemented, "if this thing goes through, Western Slope gets \$100,000 and still controls the power business."

"Yep."

The reporter said nothing. But the nails on his clenched fingers sunk into his palms, and the muscles were hard along his jaw.

Alf Ochs was the first to speak. "I was danged sure that bunch had some dirty scheme. If they was afraid of competition from the district, they'd be fightin' to kill this bond election. But they're layin' low."

The grinning Joe Tinch nodded.

"I've got work to do, boys," Tyrol told them quietly. "Goodnight."

He shook hands with the electricians, and walked quickly to his car.

As the machine slithered through the shale and chaparral toward Santa Rita, Tyrol laid his plans. He was determined to get as many of the facts of the bond issues as he could prove before the people. If Tinch was right, the contemplated new construction would turn the electric power business of the Santa Rita valley over to the privately owned Western Slope company while the irrigation district would stand the expense of building and maintaining the huge reservoir and dam which would store the necessary water. Once the power company was in control, Tyrol knew, condemnation proceedings to regain the people's rights would be slow, costly, and likely futile. He meant to make sure the voters knew what they were voting for.

From an occasional farmhouse window and from the streets of Santa Rita, lights were again shining as his automobile roared down into the valley. That puzzled him. He was sure the burned out transformers had not yet been replaced. There was only one road to Antelope Creek. No one had passed him.

When he reached the town, he went directly to the substation. Ted Turner was there, helping to load a truck. The reporter called him to one side.

"How much," he asked in a matter-of-fact tone, "were you paid to pull those oil switches?"

Turner's smile faded for an instant, but only for an instant.

"What switches?" he questioned.

"The one's you pulled to burn out those transformers."

Turner continued to smile, unruffled, his hands in his pockets, his feet thrust wide apart. "You know as well as I do that those transformers were out before I left town."

Tyrol stepped close to the electrician. "See here, Turner," he said, and his tone was steely. "Western Slope's little game is up. And you're done. I know why the lights went off. And I know why the transformers burned out."

Turner remained with his hands in his pockets and a smile on his face. "Oh, yeah?" he drawled mockingly. "Even if the lights did go off because I cut a switch down here, and if I did blow those transformers, what you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to print that story and lay it on every door step in this valley."

"You're going to print it?" the electrician jeered. "I guess the editor'll have something to say about that."

Gypsy Tyrol was shaken. In the excitement of the rapidly developing events, he had momentarily forgotten Argyle's part in the plot. His first thought was a sickening one of defeat. But his next was one of exultation. He had promised himself and Julia he would one day be editor of the *Star*. If Argyle was crooked—

"If Argyle won't print this, I'll go straight to Col. Thurston," he told Turner.

Turner smiled from one corner of his mouth. Cynical lines of amusement creased the corners of his eyes.

"Plenty good you'll get out of that," he sneered.

"Thurston is owner of that sheet. If he gives the word, Argyle will have to play ball or get out. If he gets out, I'll do the job myself."

Turner laughed outright at that. "If Thurston gives the word—" he mocked. "Get wise, boy, Thurston's no more owner of the *Star* than I am. He's just a dummy. Western Slope owns the *Star*."

With that the electrician turned on his heel and walked back to the truck.

Almost in a daze, Gypsy Tyrol climbed into his machine and drove back to the newspaper office. He felt licked. His first inclination was to call up Col. Thurston immediately and tell him to do his own dirty work.

But almost in the same instant he remembered Julia with her head against his shoulder. "Gypsy," she had whispered, "stay six months and I'll marry you."

"I'll do it," he had promised. He couldn't quit now.

Wearily he entered the editorial room. Art Moore, the sport reporter, was at the desk. "Hello, Art," he greeted. "Where'd the lights come from?"

Art pasted his cigarette on the corner of the table. "Good old Western Slope," Gypsy remarked bitterly.

"Well, as a matter of fact," the sport reporter returned, "we'd probably be better off if they furnished all the power. It's like Col. Thurston said to the district engineer the other day. He said if it wasn't that the people are so much against it, he'd be in favor of turning the power business over to the power company."

Fighting anger seethed hot in Gypsy Tyrol's veins. He forgot Julia and his promise to her. He was no longer a reporter whose main mission in life was to "slant it our way." He was the fighting son of Fighting Jack Tyrol who had stood by the people of the Santa Rita Valley when every man's hand was against him.

He saw the cunning scheme of the big power company. He saw the effect of the insidious stream of lies with which its agents were preparing the way for monopoly. And he saw his course clear before him.

"You go home and get some sleep," he told Art Moore. "I'll stick around till press time."

"O.K.," agreed the sport reporter. "Then I'll come down and take care of the Helsingfoes in the morning. You can lay in awhile."

Tyrol went back to the composing room. "Page one ready yet?" he asked Marsh Evans.

"All in unless you got some about the lights going off. Here's what Art wrote." The printer indicated a column in a frame of type.

Across the top of the page was spread the banner:

DISTRICT POWER PLANT FAILS

At the top of the column was the head: Western Slope Gives Standby Service.

"Hm-mmm," Tyrol murmured. "All right, Marsh. You can take the rest of the night off if you want to. I have a little more dope on that power story. I'll set it up direct."

As soon as he was alone in the plant, Gypsy rolled up his sleeves and went to work. When the pressmen arrived at three o'clock, the paper was ready. They threaded the machine and let her run. The route men filled their motorcycle bags and roared away into the country. The bicycle carriers pedaled away for the residence districts. And the newsboys went out on the streets crying:

EXTRA! POWER COMPANY PLOT UNCOVERED

Gypsy Tyrol wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and slumped down into the editor's swivel

chair. He knew that his job on the *Star* was finished. He wasn't sorry he had printed the truth. He couldn't have done anything else. It wasn't in him. But he felt tired and beaten.

Dreams that he had dreamed had vanished, leaving only a dull ache behind. Ambitious plans he had laid came mockingly back to fill him with a sense of futility. He would have to move again. A long way this time. Editors would be afraid to trust him.

Julia he didn't want to see again. He couldn't bear to go to her and say, "I let you down." He tried to think maybe she would forget him easily, but he knew she wouldn't.

There was nothing to do but wait for the next development. It was not long in coming. The street door swung open to admit the spare and austere figure of Col. Thurston.

Fury burned beneath the metallic click of his carefully chosen words:

"Young man, are you responsible for that hair-brained story which appeared in the *Star* this morning?"

Tyrol brushed his wiry, red hair back with one hand as he rose to face the publisher.

"If you mean the power house story, I am," he returned quietly.

"We will have to print a correction at once," the colonel rasped. "It won't be necessary for you to remain until we fill your place."

The reporter put on his hat and coat.

"Considering the evidence which I am going to lay before the District Attorney, I don't think a correction will carry much weight," he said and strode out onto the street.

He saw the sheriff and the district attorney. Then he packed his few belongings. He was in a hurry to get away. It was fifteen minutes until the next train left Santa Rita.

As he leaned against the station, gazing out across the valley he was leaving, he heard his name called. Julia Carroll was hurrying toward him, a traveling bag in her hand, a coat over her arm, and her free hand pulling a small hat over her wavy hair.

Despite his dread of having to face her after deliberately disregarding the promise he had made, Gypsy was aware of a surge of gladness when he saw her there.

"Where are you going?" he gasped.

"With you," she answered. Then, as Gypsy stared at her in mute astonishment, she continued, a bit breathlessly:

"You see, I read your story in the morning edition. When I called up the office to tell you—well, I found—they said, 'Mr. Tyrol is not employed here any more,' and all at once I knew what had happened. . . . Then I saw you with your suitcase packed. I called the hospital to tell them I was taking a leave-of-absence, and here I am."

Gypsy gulped. Words would not come. He felt that he could not let her do it. Yet he could not send her back.

The girl came close to him and took one of his hands in hers.

"It wasn't that I wanted you to keep a job at any cost," she said, and her voice was earnest. "I didn't care about the job. It was the ability to accomplish something that I cared for. I couldn't marry a man without determination enough to fight a thing through, Gypsy."

The train was whistling for the station. Tears were in the man's eyes as he stooped to press a single hard kiss on her lips. Then as the locomotive screeched past and the coaches ground to a stop, he picked up their bags and led the way.

Julia was half way up, and Gypsy had caught the hand rail, when a taxi bumped to a stop at the end of the station. A man jumped out and ran toward them. It was Mr. Herndon. He was followed by four others, ranchmen apparently.

"Where you going, Gypsy?" Mr. Herndon wanted to know.

"On my honeymoon," the younger man smiled.

Julia turned to look over his shoulder.

"Eh?" Mr. Herndon gasped in surprise. "I'll be—congratulations!"

Then, as the porters began stowing steps, he resumed quickly: "Gypsy, we need you. When you get back."

"Board," yelled the conductor. The wheels started to move. "Going to call it the Santa Rita Irrigator. Will you run it for us?"

The old man was shouting to be heard above the noise of the starting train. Gypsy, standing on the lower step, felt the sudden happy pressure of Julia's hand on his arm.

"Will I?" He laughed.

Oh, For the Life of a Farmer!

By JEAN SCOTT

THE Joneses were just ordinary city-folk. Mr. Jones took the street-car down to the office every morning, and took it back home again every night. Every day Mrs. Jones went to the neighborhood store to do her shopping, and once a week she went to a meeting of the Woman's Club. On Sundays Mr. Jones puttered around the little garden—he particularly loved his prize rose-bush, which he had nursed along since its infancy—and Mrs. Jones sat in the sunshine watching him. They never believed in being extravagant: Mrs. Jones had a knack of making old dresses into new ones, and the neighborhood theater and a modest little Ford provided sufficient pleasure for them; thus they managed to live comfortably and to save their money until they had a fairly good-sized sum tucked away.

When Sally and Jack, who were twins, were about to graduate from high school, Mr. and Mrs. Jones had reached the age when one mellow and begins to long for the peace and quiet of the wide, open spaces. They began to go for long drives in the country, and pretty soon they happened to drive by a house with a For Rent sign out in front; so they stopped to look at it, just for the fun of the thing. When they got home, they told their friends about the house in the country which they had seen—how it was set back in the middle of the orchard, with a beautifully landscaped yard and aviaries and dog kennels and a barn big enough for "dozens" of cars—how it was so modernly equipped with an electric stove and electric water heater and oil furnace—how the house was all covered with ivy and Virginia creeper—and how one could loiter in the garden swing all day long and drink in the fresh country air and listen to the birds chirping in the surrounding trees.

Then the Joneses began to think that maybe they had been a little too thrifty all their lives and that maybe they should get a little more enjoyment out of what they had while there was still a chance—So the day after the twins were graduated from high school, the Joneses packed up bag and baggage, rose-bush and all, and moved to the country. "Ah," thought Mr. Jones as he lolled back in the garden swing, drinking in the fresh country air and listening to the birds chirping in the surrounding trees, "This is farming de luxe."

And farming de luxe it is. There they are now, living in the middle of the orchard, getting all the

fruit they want from it, and not having to do any of the work on it, because they rent only the house, and not the orchard!

They have been living there for eight months now. Mr. Jones commutes to the city every day—he catches a train that leaves at 6:24 every morning, and gets back home again at 6:14 every night; so he hasn't much time to putter around in the garden before the sun goes down on warm summer evenings, and that leaves Mrs. Jones to do most of the gardening.

Jack has his own car, now, to drive back and forth to college every day. But Mrs. Jones is forever running a jitney of her own, because the twins' classes never come at the same time, and Sally never wants to get up early enough to go with Jack—and Jack never wants to stay late enough to bring Sally home—and there are only six busses a day, all running at the wrong hours. Then Mrs. Jones has to chauffeur her husband four miles to the train every morning and go after him again at night—and if the train happens to be late, and there happens to be a cake left baking in the oven, the cake just has to burn.

Then there is the matter of the telephone. The Joneses have one of those "rural" lines that have about ten different families on it. Every time anyone telephones the Smiths or the Browns or the Thomases, the Joneses' telephone rings too, though the Joneses answer to one ring only. But not so the Smiths or the Browns or the Thomases! When the Joneses answer their ring, they hear click, click, click, and up go the Smith's and the Brown's receivers, and then the Thomases'. And every time another receiver goes up and another farmer listens in (after prunes are harvested in the fall until cherry picking comes around again the next spring, the farmers have nothing else to do but listen in on every one's telephone conversations), the Joneses can hear just that much less clearly than they heard before, and have to spend most of the time yelling, "What's that you say? I can't hear you!"

Mrs. Jones has gone in for dogs in a big way since they began "farming de luxe". The kennels now boast six dachshunds and an English setter. The setter belongs to Jack, but it is Mrs. Jones who feeds her and gives her a bath and brushes her silky coat. To all intents and purposes, Jack bought her with the idea of taking her hunting, but so far has not progressed beyond the stage of taking her out

in the orchard and shooting at apricots. As for the dachshunds, they are the pride and joy of Mrs. Jones's life. She often says herself that she buys meat for the dogs, and with the money left over, buys food for the family! She pets them and brushes them and coaxes them into doing all kinds of tricks, and in return they give her a love and affection which fill the space left empty now that the twins are growing up.

So much has been said about the farmer's hospitality that the Joneses' friends have quite taken it to heart. From north, south, east, and west they come, always to arrive unexpectedly in time for supper or even to camp over night—it's a lucky thing that the Joneses have a spare bedroom! Not that the Joneses don't welcome company, but it's nice to know what to expect sometimes so that there can be a little more in the ice box than a quart of milk and a dozen eggs! And although the landlady has said that the Joneses could have all the fruit they wanted from the orchard, she didn't mean that all the Joneses' friends could have everything they wanted, too. During the spring even the Joneses don't pick the blossoms from the trees in the orchard, because every blossom means an apricot—or a prune, as the case may be—but all the Joneses' friends seem to expect the Joneses to provide enough blossoms to decorate for their dances or their afternoon bridge parties or their sick aunts' bedrooms.

During the winter-time when the back yard is a lake of mud and slush, and a block of it has to be waded through to get to the car, the Joneses try to be strong-minded and remember how lovely it was during the summer, but sometimes that is pretty hard. On cold, dark, rainy winter mornings, Mr. Jones has to scramble out of bed at five-thirty A. M. in order to catch his train to the city. He shudders and fumbles for a light, pushes the button, but nothing happens. Then Mrs. Jones pushes another button, but still nothing happens. After a certain amount of humming and hawing sound which is characteristic of the Joneses, they finally come to the conclusion that the electricity is off. Mr. Jones telephones the power company, only to be told that the "storm" has cut off the electricity, and it will be several hours before repairs can be made (when the electricity goes off in the country, it stays off; there is no waiting for a minute or two for it to come on again.) So Mr. Jones can't shave, because he has an electric razor; Mrs. Jones can't cook any breakfast, because the stove is an electric one (so Mr. Jones eats a bowl of cornflakes and milk and mumbles something about getting a cup of coffee in the city, but in the meantime it's "damned cold"); nobody can take a bath, because the house has an electric water heater; there isn't any heat, because the oil furnace is run by

electricity; and to top it all off, there are no lights (the Joneses never were the sort to go in for candles). So Mr. Jones skips over the business of shaving and dresses in the dark, and when enough light has filtered in, discovers that he has put on the shirt that got mixed up with Sally's red blouse in the wash and is now a pale pink hue, a red necktie, and the green suit that he once bought in a moment of weakness and never had the nerve to wear since. But by now it is too late to change; now there is only time to dash out into the car, tear hell-bent down the highway to the station, and jump aboard the train just as it begins to pull away.

Oh, for the life of a farmer? Ask the Joneses. They can talk fluently on the subject forwards, backwards, morning, noon and night.

I Had Forgotten

BY ELIZABETH SHOW

I had forgotten this sweet quietude
Peculiar to our lovely trysting-place
And how the sunlight sifting through the leaves
Makes dancing lacy patterns on your face.
I had forgotten how your laughing words,
Bright as your tousled, silken golden hair
Belt the quiet dreams within your eyes.
I had forgotten all these things we share.
But I remember now; strange that I thought
That just a little lonely while apart
Could kill the tenderness you try to hide
And the resulting thrill within my heart.

Forsaking All Others

BY ELIZABETH SHOW

I love you. Let God give you joy or pain,
It will be unto me as unto you.
I shall walk close beside you through the rain
And shall not flinch the way I always do
When lightning flings its lash across the sky,
When thunder rumbles threats against the world,
And when the honey-colored sun is high
I shall run laughing with you, fingers curled
Within your browner fingers, though you go
Too swiftly for these weaker legs of mine.
No matter what the days to come may show,
I shall be there beside you, rain or shine,
Wherever you may be—the hills, the moors,
Forsaking all the others to be yours.

Tennis

By JOHN WHITFIELD

AFTER several years of browbeating by my friends—I thought they were friends then—I took up tennis. Everyone told me that it was really a fascinating game, that it was just too, too divine, but I was not convinced. Mature human beings—or children either for that matter—who batted silly little balls across gauze nets, did not impress me as being entirely rational. I may have been superficial, but tennis, as I saw it, was played in the following manner: One person stood on one side of the net holding a bat that resembled a snowshoe, while his opponent remained on the other side, and wielded the snowshoe's mate. One player patted a little white ball over the net, and the other returned it. This continued until either the players were exhausted, or until something interrupted them.

As stupid as it sounded at first, after careful consideration I decided that perhaps the game wasn't so bad as I had first believed. One could, without stretching the imagination too far, pretend that the net was a fence—a backyard fence. After that, everything became very simple. For sometime I had amused myself by batting marbles with my brother-in-law's ukelele, out of my bedroom window, at the neighborhood tomcat quartet. After all, there is really no difference between that and tennis. Perhaps, my friends were right—I should take up the game.

Innocent and unsuspecting, I went, one spring morning, into a store.

"I'm going to take up tennis," I told the salesman who greeted me.

"Oh, are you?" His eyebrows lifted slightly, but otherwise he displayed no enthusiasm.

"I guess I'll need a racket," I ventured.

"Yes, I guess so," he yawned, "but I'd suggest that you go over to the sports department, three aisles to your right, sir. This," he assured me, pointing to a counter of silk scarves, "is not the tennis department."

My enthusiasm was not so easily dampened; so I strolled over to the counter the salesman indicated. The counter had a striking display of toy balloons, kites, and marbles; this was the sports department. A slightly emaciated, bald-headed man came slowly forward.

"Is there something I can do for you, sir?" he rasped.

"I wasn't so sure, but my courage never waned. I took a deep breath and began, 'I am going to take up tennis. I need a racket and some tennis balls.'"

He eyed me severely. "We have a very fine racket here for 54c that I am sure you will like—it's a wonder—has nice green strings, and a beautiful yellow handle—real varnish too—"

"I'm going to take up tennis—I want a racket—not a mantel-piece. Show me your stock."

The salesman saw he had made a mistake—. He retreated hastily behind the counter.

"We have them nearly all prices up to thirty dollars. For beginners, we have a special racket that is very good for \$10.98. I'm sure."

"I'll take the thirty dollar one."

My tongue had gotten away from me again; I bit my lip.

"Yes, sir," the salesman gulped.

He nearly flew around the counter, and brought me a tennis racket that almost took my breath away.

"Do people really play with anything so nice as this?" I asked in a small voice.

The clerk laughed heartlessly.

"You'll need some tennis balls," he rasped, all business, "and of course you'll need some shoes, socks, pants, shirts, and oh yes, of course—a tennis racket case."

"A what?" I tremored, "Oh yeah—sure—that's right."

I staggered out with my bundle of bare necessities—I was now ready to play tennis, at the moderate price of ninety-three dollars and thirty-nine cents. I had purchased slightly more than I had first intended—as a matter of fact, I had believed that an eight dollar racket and four bits worth of balls would be sufficient, but there is nothing like being well equipped for whatever one intends to do.

My first and only experience with tennis came the next day—I had challenged my brother-in-law—Jimmy. Perhaps, I was a bit bold; I regretted my rash defiance immediately, for my brother-in-law laughed pityingly and said, "Yeah—sure, I'll teach you to play."

"Teach me, indeed," I snorted, "I'll teach you a thing or two."

Jimmy laughed nastily.

We were on the courts at dawn, and I was trembling with anticipation—at last I had a chance to show up an in-law.

"Which court do you want?" my wife's brother inquired kindly—too kindly, I thought.

I shrugged my shoulders in attempted nonchalance.

"Either," I told him.

"Okay," he said shortly, and took the far court.

"Let's rally first," he suggested.

"Rally?" I asked.

"Bat the ball over the net," he explained.

"Oh," I answered, "I thought that was all there was to the game anyway."

He gritted his teeth, but didn't answer. Instead he drove a ball at me, but I was able to get out of its way.

"Why didn't you hit it?" he asked.

"I wasn't ready for it," I answered meekly.

I bounded after the ball, recovered it, and took a vicious cut at it: I'd teach the ninny. The ball dropped unharmed to the court. I could feel the radiation of Jimmy's broad grin as I stooped to recover it. I took a more cautious swing, and the ball sailed into the net. Tennis, I decided, is not so easy as it looks.

Jimmy lobbed one at me, and it bounced gently over the net; I set myself for a killing—I swung violently—the ball bounded innocently past me. I picked it up severely, tossed it in the air, and struck

at it: the ball went over the net—I was exultant. The ball had bounced over the net, but it came back at me—Jimmy had picked it off on the first bounce. I swung at the ball with determination; I connected. I watched it clear the fence and disappear in the distance. I trotted around to the gate and off in the direction that I had last seen the ball. After a brief search I found it and returned to the court. Jimmy was practicing his serve.

"Let's play," I suggested.
"Before we start," Jimmy told me, "let me help you with your stroke—let me show you how to hold your racket."

I was mildly insulted, but I decided that perhaps he was right.

"See," he told me. "You shouldn't hold a racket as you would a hatchet, but more like this—no, not like that—have your thumb along here—like this, yeah that's better. Now, When you swing—follow through like this—no, no—not like that . . ."

I bit my lip; I was suppressing my temper with difficulty.

"Uh huh—er—thanks," I gritted, "now, let's play." Jimmy was dubious.

"Okay," he said finally.

"I'll serve first," I said, and let one drive.

"No good," said Jimmy.

I let another fly.

"Doubles," he said.

I changed courts, and continued to serve. I served a love game—for Jimmy.

I was breathing hard by now, and my patience was nearly exhausted. I tried to laugh cheerfully, but the sound stuck in my gullet. I took my stance with grim determination, and waited for Jimmy's serve. Nor had I long to wait. He tossed one lightly in the air, and swung effortlessly—the ball whizzed by me. I felt perturbed, but quietly changed courts; this time I stayed behind the base line. Jim repeated the performance, but I was able to hit the ball. It bounded high in the air and dropped just out of reach—on the other side of the fence. I was completely discouraged. I had believed that tennis was a game for the female of the species—I couldn't even hit the ball.

I was on the verge of apologizing to Jimmy for dragging him out to the courts when he came over to me and said reprovingly:

"Don't you think you have clowned long enough? What do you say you play some tennis?"

That was the last straw—the camel's back was broken. I had controlled myself up to that point—then I blew up completely. I gathered in my tennis equipment with a hasty sweep and sailed off the court . . .

If you see anyone in the market for a good racket, send him around—I have one for sale—cheap.

Judgment

BY RAYMOND WALLACE

Pale, naked, powerless, trembling, alone,
I came forth for judgment before God on his throne,
And pleading for mercy, my soul I laid bare—
But the One on the throne did not know I was there.

My Love

BY JEAN HOLLOWAY

I love you! I love you!
I sang it today
Down on the meadow;
Out on the bay.

I climbed all the clouds
And ran down the moon
To tell every flower
That you'd be here soon.

I twirled on a star's tip—
Rode Pegasus' wings.
And the world was a place
Made of fairy-like things.

Will you love me also?
My heart doubts, it's true,
But, oh Love! The magic
Of my loving you!

Rainbow Gold

BY JEAN HOLLOWAY

Sing a song of six pence,
Pocket full of rye!
Wherever there is rainbow gold,
There—go—I.

Round the world and back, lads,
Hear my merry song.
I'm off again at dawning,
I can't stay long.

I have found the rainbow gold,
Found a rainbow's end
Everytime I've paused a hit
To make a new friend.

Rainbow gold is everywhere,
There—go—!
I'm rich with but a six-pence—
Goodbye, lads, goodbye!

Recollections of a Violinist on Hearing a Cadenza

By BARTON WOOD

Yes, it was long ago.
You remember too?
That is strange—
The long, dark-red curtain
That dropped upon the past,
Like a band of bloody snow in pain,
Would seem to hide all yesterday
From eyes profaner by less touch
Of intimacy than mine.
And yet, you say — ?
Well, be it so . . .

For that was when Scheherazade
Called across the pit to me,
Oh pain — pain of death
Was in that string
That dripped with melody
Like tiny threads of honey-sweet,
Blown out upon a moonlit breeze at night,
When all is still
Except one crypt-like tone
Drawn out as silk from honey jars—
And spun upon the wind.
And then staccato—
Chiseled diamonds that reflected
All the dazzling moons of Saturn.
When the night is turned,
And every facet sang a vibrant, piercing,
Driving, screaming thought of
Death — death — death,
Down the dark stairway of time,
Into eternity—and then beyond—
For she was dying then.
Yet higher and still higher
Sang the strings—striving, calling out
To that great Thought
That chains the universe.
'Come to me,' it said. 'Oh come!

'Tomorrow is too late.'
And still staccato dropped the jewels
From off the strings—
Brilliant red, as is
The poignant sunrise in the East—
Red as drops of Blood upon the Moon
In mid of winter when the snow is cold
And white within the woods.
And then a change—blue—blue
As are the eyes of babes—
Blue as thoughts of love.
Then burning yellow—green it was—
Then brown—brown—deepening ever
As the shadow on the hillside
Where the sun will come no more—
Brown as are the walnut leaves yet hanging,
Waiting—waiting
For the death of winter.

Yes, it was long ago—
Your hand, my friend.
Oh weary way! This step
Is not so firm as when
I pealed a minor note
Raw with feeling from the string
In second chair.
But you say—you do remember?
It is odd.
How?
Your wife!
Oh friend—my friend! Your hand— —
Oh saddened thought . . . A brother!
Let us go together toward the hill,
Slowly—slowly as the seasons
Deepen into one another,
Quietly as time,
And let us hold communion.

