

EL PORTAL



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EL PORTAL, A MONTHLY LITERARY MAGAZINE SPONSORED BY THE ENGLISH CLUB AND EDITED BY THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT OF THE SAN JOSE STATE COLLEGE, SAN JOSE, CALIF., FROM MATERIAL WRITTEN EXCLUSIVELY BY STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE.

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WILLIAM BLAKE



Contort a sick phlegmatic phrase
to gonfalons of fire, turn
the pale-plumed birds into a maze
of screaming gargoyles. You can burn

the mind until a labyrinth
of spotted snakes leaps up in flame.
No fierce tiger but at length
will find his savagery is tame

striding with the animal
unchained within the fiercer brain.
Tree and lion feel the spell
of God and Devil loose in hell.

Writhe a trunk and shake a mane,
(lamb and leopard lap at flame)
join the haloed wilder swarm
of creatures mad with His desire

until the sky and earth must break
into the one consuming fire.
Seize an angel by the arm
and dance the air with William Blake!

WILLARD MAAS

TAIFÜNG*



RAYMOND H. RHODES

A Play in One Act

SCENE: A dimly lighted sailors' forecabin on the oil tanker "Sakura" engaged in returning empty after carrying oil from Singapore to Hongkong. There is but little open space in the small, oppressive room berths in double decks which line the walls taking up most of the space. The hazy early morning light which seeps in through a port-hole and under the open doorway leading up a companionway to the deck above, and a shaded globe suspended from the ceiling provide most of the light.

Boots and sailors' chests show beneath the bunks, and articles of clothing are suspended from ropes running above the bunks. An old packing box serves as a table, and a smaller box acts as a stool. The butt of a mast passes through the room a little to one side, and since it is far down stage, is in silhouette.

The ship has just weathered a terrific typhoon, and the tropical air in the room is warm and moist and uncomfortable. It is early morning.

Golds, a massive man with a brutal face, is lying in his bunk with a sheet draped carelessly across his middle, a pair of grimy white dungarees being his only clothing. He is quite evidently in a drunken stupor, the only sign of life being the rhythmic motion of his hairy chest, which glistens with sweat.

In the bunk above Golds lies a sailor with his head and chest swathed in crude and bloody bandages. He is in a deathlike sleep.

Both men have been tied into their bunks with ropes to insure that the typhoon will not toss them from their bunks.

Pop. (A gray-headed old salt comes wearily down the companionway and crosses to sag on his bunk. He holds his head in his hands a moment before bending down to tug at his boots. In his bare feet he pads over to the bunk in which the injured sailor is lying and deftly unties the knotted sheets which have bound him in during the storm. He disregards the fact that Golds is also lashed.)

(Pensively) The bleedin' typhoon's over now, sailor. No more will yer be a-bouncin' around.

(As Pop crosses back to his bunk Spider and Jackson, the Bos'n's Mate, come down the stair.)

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Jackson. (Younger and more intelligent than the others, and wearing black dungarees and black sweater with sleeves cut short) (He lights a cigarette.)

Christ, the air in this hole is rotten.

Spider. (Vehemently) Everythin' in this stinkin' skimmin' dish is rotten. Lice a-chawin' at your back, rats a-skitterin' acrost yer face while yuh sleep—. Why, the tripe they hand out in the galley is enough to make yuh heave yer guts!

Jackson. Shut your face, Spider. Men have sailed these seas afore and done a hell of a lot less crying. If you can't ship without bellyachin', stay on shore.

Spider. Yuh bet I stay shore-side before I stow my dunnage on another oil tanker.

Pop. (Sardonically) Sounds like 'e's arf lonesome for the Chinees gel we saw 'im with in 'Ongkong last night afore we sailed.

Jackson. (Amused) More than likely they've got her at police headquarters in a cell with the rest of her kind by now.

Spider. What d'yer mean "in a cell." They wuz only out for the bad 'uns.

Jackson. She wasn't reading the Bible when I saw her with you.

(Pop laughs.)

Spider. I ain't thinkin' of no dark meat anyway, yuh lyin' scums. *(Fiercely)* It's this damn'd ship. Yuh can't sleep. In typhoon weather like this there ain't air in this hole to breathe.

Pop. (Quietly) Seems like the wind keeps suckin' the air out, all right.

Jackson. Looked last night more like it was digging troughs for us to dive into.

Spider. It's this damn'd scow, I tell yuh. Why, five minutes more of them heavy seas and we'd a done a loop-the-loop to the bottom.

Pop. (Pensively) Them was real waves. *(Pause)* She was a-'eavin' and a-yawin', was the old 'ull.

(Spider rises and crosses to where Golds lies sprawled in his bunk.)

Jackson. I've seen waves forty feet high on the Atlantic, Pop, but they don't—

Spider. (Interrupting) Golds ain't moved an inch since I lashed him in.

Jackson. (Hatefully) You should've left him. Maybe he'd have sobered up if he'd got heaved out onto the deck—the drunken sot. *(Leaning over Golds)* Too bad you didn't slip a line around his neck. *(Fiercely)* Do you hear me, Golds, you bastard?

(He slaps Golds sharply.) (Pop, who has been reclining in his bunk, sits up.)

Pop. (Shocked) What the 'ell's eatin' yuh, Jackson?

Spider. (Advancing) Yuh wouldn't a-got within fifteen feet of him if he wuz sober—unless yuh wuz lickin' the salt off his boots.

Jackson. Your mind your own business, Spider. Since when has anyone taken to liking Golds?

Spider. Well—

Jackson. (*Sharply*) I hate him, do you hear? I hate him! (*Slower and more controlled*) It's not because he's Bos'n and I'm just Bos'n's Mate—It goes back further than that. I've sailed with him before, see?

Pop. I s'pose 'e wuz a cabin boy an' you wuz skipper on a bloomin' passenger boat, eh?

Jackson. (*Quietly*) No—No. He was quartermaster on the dog watch, and I was mate. He was jealous of my being smaller than him and giving the orders. (*Pause*) (*With renewed vigor*) Oh, he did a slick enough thing. We came abeam a light near the cape one night, and I was in the chart house studying—he didn't call me until the light was astern. It was too late then to get my bearings. (*Pause*) I took a chance anyway rather than call the old man.

Spider. Grounded her, did yuh?

Jackson. (*Nodding*) Yes. About an hour later we struck a reef. (*Pause*) There wasn't much I could do afterwards. He claimed he thought I saw the flash—said he steered the course I set.

Pop. Suspended yer ticket, did they?

Jackson. Both of us. I swore I'd get him, but he's bigger than me—anyway he shipped on a freighter afore I could nail him. He was on this tanker when I hopped her in Singapore. (*Bitterly*) He's Bos'n now, and I'm just Bos'n's Mate. But I'll get him—

(*Injured sailor babbles in delirium. Pop crosses to rearrange his sheets.*)

Jackson. I'll get him.

Pop. (*Indicating*) The boy won't last for long—'e's about gone. Back's broke. 'E was a nice young 'n, too.

Spider. Yeh, he's about done for.

Jackson. If his back is broken he won't last much longer.

Spider. Where the hell's all the saw-bones service they holler about in the articles?

Jackson. (*Indicating Golds sprawled in his bunk*) Maybe he's it.

Pop. Aw, 'e only knows about medicine for diseases.

Spider. (*Meaningly*) He ought to.

Pop. (*Defensively*) Well, 'e's a good Bos'n.

Spider. Yeh, when he's sober.

Jackson. He's a hell of a Bos'n, do you hear? (*Yelling*) Who gets stuck with all the work? Me! Who gets all the glory? Him!

Pop. 'Ow long since yuh started doin' this work? (*Spider laughs.*)

Jackson. (*Taken aback*) Well—who gets stuck with all the dirty jobs?

Spider. Fer instance.

Jackson. (*Bitterly*) I was down in them front storage tanks in Hongkong shoveling oily slime off the bottom. Down there in them tanks with no one to keep me company, and only a two-foot hole in the deck to let in the air with the sun beating down on the steel above. Those tanks

didn't have to be cleaned until we got back to Singapore to take on another cargo of oil, but Golds made me do it. Do you hear?

Spider. (Softly) Yer only Bos'n's Mate.

Jackson. (Fiercely) And who had to open the valves on that for'ard deck last night when the waves was coming over the bow like—

Pop. (Rising and advancing fiercely) Yuh bloody murderer! Yuh sent the kid up first, and when yuh saw 'im knocked down and 'ammered against a winch yuh scuttled up to the bridge tuh have the skipper 'ead 'er aroun' so yuh could crawl up the deck like a bleedin' rat.

Jackson. The hell I did—well—I—*(vindictively)* none of you damned cowards would go.

Spider. Who told yuh we wuz riskin' our necks for you?

(Golds stirs, roused by the shouting.)

Jackson. (Fearfully) Shut your trap. *(Motioning)* We'll talk later.

Pop. (Meaningly) Sorta pullin' in yer oars, eh?

Golds. (Still in stupor) Jackson. *(Pause)* Jackson! *(Raises himself to lean on his elbow.)* Jackson! *(Jackson approaches reluctantly.)* Where the hell are we?

Jackson. Just outside of Bashi Straits, Golds.

Golds. (After pause) Was I on deck when we sailed?

Pop. (From the shadow of his bunk) 'Ell no! Yuh was loaded to the gun'ls with grog.

Jackson. They ran up typhoon warnings in Hongkong, and the skipper sailed for fear of getting beached.

Spider. (Sourly) Good rough beachin's what this old hull needs. Take some of the whiskers off her bottom.

Jackson. (Patronizingly) Spider and I ran ashore to look for you.

Golds. (With feeble attempt at humor) Did you find me?

Pop. (Ironically) Yuh 'adn't gone far.

Spider. (Laughs) He seldom does.

Jackson. The old man didn't see yuh come aboard. He was in the wheel house, see? We waited until the bridge was clear afore we carried yuh up the plank, and—

Golds. (Sitting upright) What happened?

Jackson. (Shrugs) We put out to sea right after we landed you in your bunk. The old man didn't even wait to take on more water. Headed her right out for the open.

Pop. 'E's seen too many a good ship blown up on the beach a-draggin' 'er anchors with 'er.

Jackson. (Becoming excited over his story) About two bells later the typhoon caught us head on, see? It was a roller. Waves forty feet high pitching us forty ways to hell. A gale with the devil's own fury in it, Golds, and us bouncing around without any cargo to speak of!

Spider. I sure thought we wuz gonna loop the loop to—

Golds. (Standing unsteadily) (Hoarsely) What happened? Go on, you bas-

tard! What did the old man do?

Jackson. (Easily) What does any good skipper do? Pumped sea-water into all the empty storage tanks, of course.

Golds. (Standing strangely rigid) What?

Jackson. Ballast, man. That was what we needed. Ballast—
(Golds with a sudden, muffled yell thrusts Jackson fiercely aside and staggers up the companionway.)

Pop. (Rushing forward) What the 'ells wrong with 'im?

Spider. (Placidly from his bunk) Aw, this damn'd scow gets 'em all sooner or later.
(Golds stops part way up the stairs, and turns slowly to retrace his steps like a stricken man.)
(Jackson, who has stood staring quizzically at Golds all the time, shifts easily to follow Golds with his eyes.)

Golds. (Haltingly) Pumped the tanks full—sea-water, eh? *(Pause)* Ballast, eh? *(He chuckles fanatically.)* *(With sudden seriousness)* Too late. *(He breaks into a hysterical laugh which increases in volume after each gasp of breath.)* Ballast, eh? *(He laughs wildly again as he weaves his way to his bunk, and sits for a moment in a stupor.)*

Pop. (Who is the first to recover from the fascination of Golds' antics, approaching) What th' 'ell's eatin' yuh?

Spider. Aw, he's still drunk.

Pop. (Approaching) 'Ave some coffee, Golds?

Golds. (Slowly raising his eyes from the floor, meets the penetrating stare of Jackson.) *(Hoarsely)* What are you starin' at? *(Jackson neither shifts his glance nor answers.)* *(Golds' eyes flash wildly about, but always return to meet those of Jackson.)* Take your eyes off me! Do you hear?

Jackson. (Carelessly) What's wrong with my looking at you?

Golds. (Nervously) I guess I got the jitters, that's all.

Spider. That's enough.
(Pop and Spider once more return to their bunks and turn away from the light.)
(Golds reaches automatically for a cigarette. In extracting the pack, he unknowingly drops a large roll of Chinese currency. Jackson, being the only one to see the bills, sneaks forward to pick them up. He begins to count them hurriedly.)

Golds. (Rising, belligerently jerks the money from Jackson's hand.) Give me that! *(He pockets the money and gives Jackson a sharp slap across the mouth.)* Keep your damn nose out of my affairs! Do you hear? *(Jackson retreats slowly as Golds advances toward him. Spider and Pop have rolled back over on their sides at the sound of the slap, and are curiously attentive.)* You been sitting there for the last five minutes like you—
(An Ordinary Seaman comes clumping down the stairs.)

Ordinary Seaman. (Interrupting) (To Golds) The mate wants you on the bridge, Golds.

Golds. What the hell's he want?

Seaman. How should I know? (Turns and starts to exit)

Golds. Is the skipper on the bridge with him?

Seaman. Naw, he's in his cabin.

(Seaman exits.)

Golds. (Caustically) Probably wants a scupper cleaned. (Savagely) Jackson, go see what's wrong. If it's anything important come back and tell me.

(They eye each other hatefully for a moment. Golds blows a cloud of smoke into Jackson's face, maliciously, but the latter turns slowly to go.)

Jackson. (Sarcastically) Aye, aye, sir.

Pop. (As Jackson exits) Why the 'ell did yuh slap 'im, Golds? 'It a man and maybe yer still 'is friend, but slap 'im and 'e never forgets.

Golds. If he had any sand in him he'd fight like a man.

Spider. You're just fightin' drunk.

Pop. Yuh had no right to slap 'im. Yer Bos'n and 'e's just Bos'n's Mate.

Spider. God knows it's a bad enough job on a wreck like this un 'thout havin' a bully like yuh over him.

Golds. (Advancing) Who says I'm a bully, you God —

Spider. (Slipping easily from his bunk brandishing a marlin spike) Come right on, and get a nice piece of steel in yer belly. (Pokes Golds in the middle, and remarks sourly as Golds retires) Nothin' like a little spike for a bed-mate on these here lousy tankers. (Swings the spike to and fro) I was raised on salt air, see, and I know how to handle one of these babies. A bunch of Chinks tried to batten down my hatches once in Singapore, but when I let one of 'em have this through the neck—well—(laughs) yuh shoulda seen 'em run—

(Golds, who is by now at a very high state of nervous tension, begins to figet. He has returned to sit on his bunk, but his actions show that he is under a great mental strain.)

Pop. (Ironically) Fixed 'im up, did yuh?

(He sits on his bunk.)

Spider. Yuh bet. It wuz a sight for sore eyes, too. Blood a spurtin' out from his neck like he wuz a stuck whale. The coolies he wuz with sure scattered—(laughs). Yuh shoulda seen 'em.

(In the distance there is a sudden, muffled yell, as though a man had seen a ghost, and then silence.)

Pop. (Springing from his bunk to spear his sandals) What the 'ell?

Spider. (Already part way up the companionway, barefooted and still carrying his spike) Come on!

(They exit hurriedly. Golds attempts to follow, but stops involuntarily.) (He shudders.)

Golds. Oh, my God, he's found—

(He stops as Jackson, outlined against the dim green light, comes slowly and stolidly down the stairs. Jackson stands for many seconds, and Golds retreats fearfully under his fierce stare. When Golds has retreated until he is behind the packing-box table, Jackson crosses slowly to lean against the mast, never once removing his eyes from Golds. He stolidly lights a cigarette, replaces the match carefully in the box, and blows smoke for a moment. Suddenly he begins to chuckle softly, each wave of laughter becoming louder and wilder and more fanatical until he has reached an exultant screech.)

Jackson. I'VE GOT YOU, GOLDS! *(Laughs jubilantly.)*

Golds. You bastard.

Jackson. *(Suddenly serious)* They're down there waitin' for you, Golds.

Golds. What do you mean?

Jackson. *(Without apparent emotion)* You know damn well what I mean.

(Pause) Those women.

Golds. *(Wildly)* I didn't put—*(He stops, realizing that confession to Jackson is unnecessary)* *(Bravely)* What are you talking about? I don't know nothin' about no women!

Jackson. They're up there floating around in the greasy slime in that forward storage tank—waiting—for you.

Golds. *(Advancing to grasp Jackson savagely by the shoulder)* Quit your jabberin', you, before I push your face in. *(Becoming more and more wildly belligerent as Jackson continues to remain calm)* I've got you logged, savvy? You've been grinnin' in my face and knifin' me behind my back too long to get away with any more of it. *(Shouting)* Now reef your sail and get the hell out of here! *(Attempts to shove Jackson toward the door.)*

Jackson. *(Softly)* I'm not afraid of you now, Golds. You can't do anything to me.

Golds. Well I damn well will. Do you hear?

Jackson. *(Softly)* No. No. *(Golds covers back to sit on the stool behind the box.)* No, you won't have to, Golds. This little matter is just between you and me. Only we two will ever know that you drowned those women.

Golds. Me! Me!

Jackson. *(Fiercely)* Yes, you. Don't you think I've got eyes in my head? Where did you get all that money? Only a skunk like you would accept money from women to let them stow away on a ship.

Golds. I suppose you want me to give yuh a roll to keep quiet, eh? Well, you damned rat—

Jackson. *(Interrupting)* I'm only thinking about those women. *(Pause)* The skipper will hold an inquest, I suppose. *(Softly)* He'll ask all kinds of questions, Golds, but only you and I and those dead women will ever

know the truth. (*Jackson goes over to stand near Golds, his face shining with diabolical hatred and evil. Golds is beginning to weaken under the strain.*) The old man will say, "How did those Chinese women ever get down in that storage tank?" But he'll never know, Golds. (*Smoothly*) There'll be just you and me—and those dead women who'll know. (*Fiercely*) But I'll never forget—and those dead women, Golds, and you—you'll never forget—and those dead women, Golds, do you hear? They'll be with you all the time—they won't let you forget. (*Pause*) (*Softly*) How many women were there, Golds?

Golds. (Stupefied) Thirty—

Jackson. (Beginning to gain confidence) Thirty women, eh?—and they each gave you ten Mex. Didn't they? A hundred and fifty dollars gold just for your turning your back and looking at the moon while they clambered up over the side and down into that greasy oil tank. (Vindictively) They even brought their own food and water, didn't they? (Golds is silent) You murdered them—do you hear? You murdered those thirty women!

Golds. (Jerking himself up suddenly) No. No. (Wildly) It wasn't my fault. I didn't know. (Pause) They weren't happy, anyway. Maybe they wanted to die. They were scum, Jackson; they'd been told to vamose—to get out of Hongkong or go to prison. (Seizing on the last straw) I was saving them from prison.

Jackson. Saving them? Saving them? You took their money and then gave them six feet of water in a slimy tank!

Golds. I didn't! I didn't!

Jackson. You lie! Do you hear, Golds? You're a liar. You drowned those thirty women. Drowned them like rats in a trap.

Golds. (Fighting) No! No! They were safe. They had air, they had food—(The strain is beginning to tell—Golds becomes slightly hysterical.) I didn't murder them—(Grasping at another straw) The bastard that opened the sea-cocks is to blame.

Jackson. (Becomes rigid, but does not show his emotion.) No, Golds. (Pause) You drowned them—poured their lives one by one to the bottom of your glasses of kiliou last night in Hongkong. (Golds sinks back on the box defeated.) (Jackson comes nearer.) (Softly) Can't you see them, Golds? Can't you hear them? TYPHOON! TYPHOON! Thirty women bouncing around in a slimy tank—don't try to stand—you'll be knocked against the side! Lie flat on your face on the greasy steel—dig your fingers into the muck!—What was that? OH, MY GOD—WHAT WAS THAT? Water! Sea-water—Sea-water being pumped in! Cold sea-water climbing inch by inch—Where is the rope?—IT'S GONE—Cold sea-water up to your knees—Scream—scream, you thirty women—SCREAM ALL TOGETHER! (Sinking) No one will hear you, though—they'll think it's the screechin' of the gale. Save your

breath, you thirty women. Cold sea-water up to your waists—try to stand on each other's shoulders—try—try—try to reach the hatch cover— You can't stand up—the pitchin' of the boat knocks you down. Cold sea-water climbing inch by inch—STAND ON YOUR TOES, LITTLE WOMEN— Stretch your necks—stretch your necks! (Wildly) Do you see them, Golds? Do you see them? They're looking for you, Golds! Thirty greasy faces staring up, with water up to their lips! Do you see them? They're looking for you! Thirty greasy faces with their eyes popping out of their sockets! Do you see them, Golds? (Quietly) You'll always see them. Do you hear? (Pause) You'll never escape them. (Pause) Some of them are trying to swim now, Golds. Little Chinese women can't swim for long. They're drowning now one by one—and they'll haunt you, Golds, always. You'll never escape them!

Golds. (Whose expression has changed gradually from one of fear to that of a madman, rises suddenly, kicking his stool away.) (Wildly) No. NO. (Retreating toward the companionway, and looking back over his shoulder) Take your eyes off me!

Jackson. You're afraid! Do you hear? You're afraid. You're looking back over your shoulder, Golds. (Laughs) You'll always be looking back over your shoulder— Do you hear?—always—and those thirty women—they'll always be there behind you, Golds! They'll get you, Golds. They'll get you!

(With a fanatical yell Golds disappears.) (Jackson rushes forward to the companionway and shouts after him.) Do you hear? Those thirty greasy faces—those bloody-faced women—Golds—they'll get you! Do you hear, Golds? They'll get you!

(Jackson laughs wildly.) (Turning) We've got him—you thirty women—I hate him worse than you—and we've got him!

(From the distance are heard shouts of "Golds," "Get back," "Look out!" etc.)

(Jackson rushes over to look out of the port hole onto the deck.) (Jubilantly) We've got him! He's drunk, you thirty women—drunk with fear—he's going— (He breaks off into laughter—hateful and fanatical laughter.)

(Spider comes vaulting down the stairs.)

Spider. (Shouting) Get up on deck, Jackson! Man overboard! Golds washed overboard.

Jackson. (Laughs) Washed overboard? Golds washed overboard? (Shouting) Like hell! He's down there in the sea some place, but those thirty women have him now. He's scramblin' across the slimy bottom and lookin' back over his shoulder—and he's afraid—HE'S AFRAID! Do you hear? HE'S AFRAID!

(Curtain)

THE FRONTIER OF EDUCATION



ALFRED T. CHANDLER

With some students of San Jose State bitterly denouncing the institution as an overgrown high school, and some others gaining virtually nothing from their four-year sojourn here, it is high time to analyze the college and its reasons for existence.

Of course this article cannot present figures with the accuracy of a census, but anyone with eyes and ears open knows, vaguely, that two camps of students exist, in general, here at State; the "boosters" and the "knockers." Also we have to admit that the minority of knockers or misfits is greater than necessary. Since we are the material that will carry on the business of education, let's look for some of the causes of this discontent.

No doubt two general factors producing misfits outweigh all others. There are those who have chosen the wrong school and are not getting what they want; this phase includes those who attend the college by parental decree. The second comprises those who sink to the disheartening level of probationary standing.

San Jose State does *not* pretend to give *everyone* a college education; the school specializes in training definitely for the profession of teaching and vocational work. For instance, a student desiring a course in liberal arts should attend one of the neighboring universities or colleges; you would choose neither Pacific nor Stanford to major in machine shop practice. Logically, State should fill a need not met by these other schools. Of course Stanford, California, and Pacific, combined, cover a comprehensive field, giving the State College the opportunity to pioneer in a brand new phase of education.

A farsighted administration has grasped the significance of the vast field untouched by other schools, and, amid the discouraging shackles of contemporary ideas, has awakened country-wide interest of educators in the San Jose Plan. Specialized vocational training is the frontier which surrenders to the progress of our school. Such training is not given by any other similar institution; the theory underpinning the actual program assumes that you don't need four years of liberal arts education to be a first-rate machinist or laundry worker. This gives rise to the technical and limited courses available without a long appendage of prerequisites.

All prospective students should consider their fields of endeavor and attend the college delivering the desired goods. Some who come to State take an education course when they really want a course in liberal arts. State offers several specialized courses in science, art, music, education,

industrial arts, and others, none of which are liberal arts courses in any sense of the term.

The other general cause of our malcontented minority lies in the mechanical set-up of education. Enough discussion and doubt of the efficiency of pedagogy, arising from highly reputable educators and psychologists, has caused cynical skepticism of it in the minds of many students.

Most students weather their storm and stress period and drive through for graduation. Others don't. Naturally the pupil who sags to a level inferior to that of his fellows criticizes, justly or unjustly, the system or institution to which he's subjected. In nearly all cases he ails mentally, and his pathological condition is a result of his own failure. Social adjustment is the next avenue of progress San Jose State must pursue. If our school finds a panacea for the failing student, we do a great service to humanity. True, it may upset the dogmas we've so carefully built, and may take plenty of grit to toss overboard a few pet theories. But is it not far more worth-while to successfully adjust three- or fourscore maladjusted students a year than to emphasize their sense of inferiority by disqualification? Of course this does not include the majority who successfully graduate. We are considering the extremes.

Interjecting some speculative idealism at this point, we see the chart of progress pointing in the direction we are traveling, and State seems to lead the way to a newer, broader, finer concept of education. The opportunity is here. We have launched successfully, it seems, one new idea in the realm of pedagogy, and if the high-powered personnel is any criterion, we may write a vital page of history of education. State already trains the most intelligent part of the masses in the courses now offered. If we progress, we will hatch from the shell of dogma, to grow toward increasing perfection in our chosen profession.

To reiterate, we want a school of students who know what they want, and we want a mechanical set-up encouraging our best effort, and not built on negative, restrictive standards.

So we must consider State as a distinct unit. It does not meet the educational needs of all of the high school output. It specializes in the definitely middle ground of education not covered by the trinity mentioned at first, and is pioneering in the field of vocational and practical education. From this we have merely to step across the threshold into a new phase of education. State, potentially, is the foremost leader on this frontier.



AN IMPRESSIONISTIC SLANT ON VENICE



RUTH FIEGER

Midnight is past; a boat glides through the narrow canals, the figure of the gondolier shows like a black shadow, and a sepulchral cry, "Giae, giae!" sounds as the gondola shoots past the sharp corners. The moon is high in the heavens, but her light reaches not to these narrow watery ways. Only a few twinkling stars peep between the tall houses, and now and then a tardy light glimmers behind some barred window. Hark! Who goes there? Behind a half-opened door that is nearly on the level with the water a girl peeps forth and then hurriedly scuds away; ours is not the gondola she was waiting for. On the marble steps that lead down from noble doorways to the water, sleepers are lying stretched. From time to time a boat glides past us, so close that the sides almost graze each other; the gondoliers greet each other with secret signs, and we peer curiously at the masked figures reclining on the cushions. Then all is still again, and we hear nothing save the lapping of the water against the keel and the splash of the oar. We listen, and now strange sounds meet our ears. It is the hour of flood, and the tide, slowly rising, fills the lagoons and flows into the Canal Grande, among the palaces of the proud old names.

"All is still; the sea breathes only.
Sighing deep, lamenting sore,
Knocks the Doge's bride, deserted,
At each lordly palace door."

Far away there, beyond the Lido, murmurs the sea in which the Doge was wont to throw his golden ring in token of betrothal. And that, really, is what seems to be heard; one feels the power of the great deep, but cannot see it; but is imprisoned in a labyrinth of narrow watery paths, which cross and are tangled endlessly in one another and lead—who knows where?

Some such impression as that above described is felt by a traveler arriving at night by the train and then rowing from the station into the city. All firm foundations seem to sink away from under one's feet. What a different picture does Venice present in the dazzling sunshine the next day. She is still alive, the silent city of the Doges! With full hands she pours out her treasures; a fairy city which sprang not from the earth, but the sea; still touched with the glamour of the East, and yet mistress of all Western culture—so rich in arts and arms, in loves and hatreds! Venice is a sphinx whose enigma can never be wholly penetrated. As has been said, the entire city did indeed rise out of the sea and is the most colossal edifice upon piles

that the world has ever seen. In order to support the enormous weight put upon them, it was necessary to choose only the mightiest trunks and the finest sorts of wood.

There are beautiful houses of worship and palaces in which the Doge was crowned, things of beauty, all; but yet a little shadow rests on these splendors. A slight shudder mars the enchantment, for the hands of Venice are stained with blood—much noble blood sacrificed to unworthy passions. Near the palace is the door that leads to the prisons and the Bridge of Sighs, and these things seem unworthy to be so near to the beautiful.

And what a squadron of gondolas! On every side is heard the cry "La barca, Signore!" "Commanda la barca?" The gondolier greets his visitor, his oar in his left hand, his right raised with a slight gesture of salutation; the blue shirt, bound at the waist by a red sash, reveals his open breast, and his sunburnt face looks frank as he smiles. A moment and the picturesque, sinewy figure is in full movement; the oars dip into the wave and the bark shoots like an arrow along the Grand Canal.

Rich as Venice is in beauty, however, one thing is wanting to her—nature. Whosoever wishes to enjoy nature would be disappointed. The public gardens of Venice are the creation of Napoleon, who pulled down hundreds of buildings, even consecrated buildings, in order to give this space for recreation to the Venetians, making them thus the most rare and singular of presents—a solid piece of dry land, a promenade among trees!

Truly, a land of romance and dreams is Venice; the waters are dark as blue steel in a setting of glittering stone palaces and churches. Looking out into the boundless expanse of sea, far away a white-winged seagull is circling, but at length it, too, is lost to sight in the infinite distance. A distant music enchants the ears; it is the gondoliers upon the Canal Grande singing their old songs—songs which have never yet been written down by a stranger's hand, but which live in the memories of the people.

FRAGMENTS

A glow, a promise of the coming sun;
The sun, the monarch of the day begun;
The day, a portion of the time to be;
The time, an atom of eternity.

A breath, a signal of the life of man;
The life, expression of a mighty plan;
The plan, a purpose of an inner soul;
The soul, a fragment of the Perfect Whole

EDNA BRADFIELD

SEVEN OLD KOREAN LYRICS

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL BY YOUNGROE PYUN

O pale, mournful-burning lachrymose candle!
What sorrow or grief affects your soul
So? Tell me why you shed tears so profusely
While your body dissolves, wick and all.

* * *

Ravens are coal-black and cranes are snow-white,
Storks are long-legged and ducks are web-footed;
Thus all things are different in size and sight;
No use to complain that villains are vile-hearted.

* * *

Hushed is the autumnal river as the night
Advances, and my fishing-rod feels no bite:
Poor in gain, yet with heart free and light,
I'm rowing back full-laden with moonlight.

* * *

The sun is setting and the horse is chafing,
And the way to fare is a thousand li! Cease weeping,
My love, unfasten your clasp and let me free,
Since we cannot make the sinking sun to tarry!

* * *

If the road in the Land of Nod is,
Like the one in reality,
Impressible, e'en the stone-paved walk
Under his window, of surety,
Wears out by my visitings
That know no satiety.

* * *

If the willow's drooping sprays are a warp,
The oriole must its golden shuttle be,
That darts back and forth on the leafy loom,
Weaving out young summer's pensive glee.

* * *

In the dead of frost-sprinkled night,
Though you're not visible as in light,
By your doleful honks I know
You and I are under the selfsame sorrow:
O lagoon-sick geese!
O homesick I!

WHITHER JAZZ ?

DELOS WOLFE

SOLO MARCATO

Jasbo Brown was drunk. He was usually drunk. In fact, sobriety would have been an unpleasant innovation in the life of this negro orchestra leader. A pint of Gordon Water, a half-hour of music and Jasbo spent the rest of the evening in gin-soaked heaven.

His orchestra was playing a minor strain. Jasbo lolled in his chair, a half smile on his face. A plaintive chord wrung the tune dry. The shuffling negroes on the dance-floor reluctantly released their partners.

Jasbo was a good orchestra leader. He knew negro psychology. Contrast! Jasbo stumbled to his feet. "Carve dat 'possum!" he shouted. One! Two! The band crashed into a jig-time negro favorite.

Jasbo stood in front of the orchestra, swaying slightly as he chuckled at the suddenly frenzied dancers. "Come on, Jas!", they called, "play that ole trombone. Make it talk, Jasbo." Jasbo grinned. He threw out his chest, took a deep breath, and raised the trombone to his lips.

The trombone is a sensitive instrument. In spite of its clumsy appearance, it ranks with the violin and the human voice as a medium of expression. And Jasbo Brown could play. He breathed into the trombone, and it awoke. Its birth-cries were the wails of the jungle and the laughter of a savage race. Jasbo squeezed all his emotions, all his primitive ecstasies, all his knowledge of life and love, through the bell of his horn. And the patrons had learned to love Jasbo's music. It took them back into the green shadows of the jungle.

Jasbo was "hot" that night; "hot" like the sun that had painted his race a chocolate-brown; "hot" like the red blood that flowed in his veins. The sweating dancers clustered before the stand. They swayed in delight, shouting encouragement to the black maestro.

The dance ended. Jasbo grinned and blotted his brow with his coat-sleeve. The crowd was under the spell of his blustering trombone. "More, Jasbo, more," they entreated, "more! Jas! More!"

More, Jas! From such a beginning came our modern jazz orchestra. The raucous clamor of the first jazz band has modulated into the rhythmical melody of the orchestra of today. The cry of "More, Jas!" has become an entreaty for "more jazz!"

Jazz begins with the rhythm of darkest Africa, and ends in the counterpoint of lightest America. For all its present refinement, jazz is a savage creation. Once in a while it tosses aside its mask of harmony and allows us to see its sweating, contorted visage.

Jazz has reversed the plot of Robert Louis Stevenson's story. Mr.

Hyde has become Dr. Jekyll. He seldom assumes his old form now. More and more, jazz is accepted as the handsome young Dr. Jekyll.

The blaring cornet, the adenoidal clarinet, the squeaking fiddle, and the banging piano have calmed down. They are considered neither musical nor modern. In their place a trio of saxaphones croon against the E string obbligato of the violin and the gentle rhythm of the guitar.

Art Hickman gave us the modern dance orchestra when he introduced the saxaphone into his St. Francis Hotel band at San Francisco in 1914. His was the first modern jazz combination: two saxaphones, a cornet, a trombone, a violin, banjo, piano, and drums.

The saxaphone gives jazz its special "color." The peculiar tone of this black sheep of the wood-wind family is the backbone of every dance orchestra. Most leaders thought the mournful tone of the saxaphone unsuitable for dance work. Hickman showed them that the old instrument (it was seventy-four years old at the time) had a laugh or two far down in its husky throat. The saxaphone is a sort of instrumental paradox. It is a reed instrument, but, unlike the other reeds, it is constructed of brass instead of wood. When the soft voice of the violin was lost 'midst the clamor of the dance-hall brass, the saxaphone stepped into its place. It has been father, mother, violin, viola, 'cello, bassoon, and oboe to the modern dance band.

The orchestra today consists of three saxaphones, two trumpets, a trombone, guitar (in place of the banjo), drums, and piano. These instruments make up what is known as the standard ten-piece unit. A violin is usually included, however, and most large orchestras contain a violin trio.

Until hardly ten years ago most orchestras concentrated on making as much noise as possible. But "hot" jazz has cooled to "sweet" jazz. The evolution from Ted Lewis' raucous crew to the soft harmonies of Anson Weeks and the sweet insinuations of Paul Whiteman is one from racket to rhapsody.

There can be little question that, on the technical side, jazz has educated the public in the essentials of music. It has given the people a new appreciation of rhythm, harmony, counterpoint, and instrumental timbre. They have been educated up from the once-so-popular "hot" chorus, in which some half-baked musician, hilarious with gin, gave vent to his emotions by blowing a clarinet out of shape. You will find the dance-public of today partial to soft, dreamy music. They prefer smooth "legato" dance-steps to the hoppy little movements of a few years ago.

Does such technical advancement mean an improvement in taste? Perhaps not. It does, however, provide the elements upon which better taste can be founded. The probabilities are against the lowering of good taste to the popular level. The lover of the symphony, for all his enjoyment of jazz, is not likely to desert the classics for the "jazzics." The jazz lover, on the other hand, either remains still or moves upward. His interest is usually in

jazz as a dance background. Sooner or later he is bound to become music-minded, and be attracted by music for its own sake. One thing is certain. The classics of Chopin, Gounod, Verdi, Beethoven, and others are not material for special arrangements. The practice of "jazzing up the classics" is not only unfair, but it confesses a scarcity of material among popular composers.

It seems to me that jazz is first of all a style of instrumental coloration. I believe the modern orchestra should confine itself to the simple tunes composed by those who know modern music and its needs. The composer can lend this primal jazz material the color necessary to fulfill the requirements of the new school of arrangers.

The arranger usually works with six voices, the saxophone trio and the reinforcing brass team. These instruments have three distinctly different and fundamental tone-colors. The first of these is the "round" tone-color, similar to the word "oh." The second is the "open" tone-color, similar to the word "ah." Finally we have "piercing" tone-color. The effect is like the vowel "e."

You must have danced past an orchestra at some time or another, and noticed the number of saxophones each member of the wood-wind section had lined up in front of him. They use differently pitched saxophones to obtain varied tone-colors. Although each of the saxophones possesses all three color-tones to some degree, more pleasing effects are realized by using a baritone for the "round" tone-color, a tenor for the "open" tone-color, and an alto for the "piercing" effects.

The brasses can produce three distinct tone-colors. When a trumpet or trombone is played through a megaphone it produces the "round" tone-color. If it is played open, "open" tone-color is the result. To produce the "piercing" effect the musician uses a wood or metal mute. These tone-colors are the pigments the arranger uses in mixing harmonious counterpoint.

Each arrangement is a miniature prize-fight. In one corner we have "Cyclone" Saxophone, in the other, "Knockout" Brass. The referee is rhythm. "Cyclone" is a smooth, fast boxer. He is calm and cool, but once aroused he throws notes with reckless abandon. "Knockout" has a terrific sock and plenty of science, but he lacks endurance.

They usually start in by sparring softly. Saxophone has a habit of leading first, but Brass invariably counters with short, staccato punches to the mid-section. Rhythm is a splendid referee, keeping the boys stepping lively at all times. The first round is usually even. The advantage, if any, goes to "Cyclone" Saxophone. He also wins the next round; this time by a wide margin. The only time "Brass" gets in a lick is when "Saxophone" pauses for breath. But when the cymbal sounds for the third round, "Knockout" Brass comes crashing out in an attempt to land his justly famous sock. Saxophone skillfully avoids the onslaught, side-stepping or ducking each smashing blow. From then on the battle is all in favor of

"Cyclone" Saxaphone. As Brass tires, Saxaphone seems to gain in strength. The cymbal sounds the final warning. "Cyclone" Saxaphone wins the decision!

Rumor has it that another instrument is being groomed to challenge Saxaphone's supremacy. This old-timer, a former champion, is known as "Violin." He is training in an attempt to stage a come-back. Paul Whiteman, Vincent Lopez, Anson Weeks, and a score of other leaders are ready to back him. "Cyclone" had best watch out for his title.

Since his place was usurped by the saxaphone a decade ago, the violin has become a weak, colorless instrument. In the modern orchestra the fiddle either doubles the melody with some other more prominent instrument or provides a sweet, if somewhat ineffective, obbligato on the E string. In the meanwhile the saxaphonist has developed a remarkable technique. The trumpet player is equally versatile. He climbs dangerous heights until his notes are like spun glass; he trills, slides, and cavorts during the breaks. He would make a listening symphony-player green with envy of the delicate shadings and subtle tone. The trombone player, once merely a blower of bass notes, plays rapid passages with remarkable ease. He achieves the tone of a 'cello, with all the power of a brass instrument behind it.

But modern music is "diminuendo," gradually becoming softer. Orchestrations contain more and more of those little marks, *pp*, which mean "take it easy." Under these conditions the violin is more effective in many ways than either the saxaphone or trumpet. Orchestras that included but one violin a year ago have added two more in most cases. Take warning, Brass! Watch out, Wood-winds!

Jazz has many by-products,—composers, crooners, and singing trios. These are essentially of the jazz world. The composer of jazz needs only a bare musical training. Other things are more important—imagination, sense of melody (or shall I say "memory"). Irving Berlin sits at the piano and picks out his tunes with one finger. Many of his fellow workers in "Tin Pan Alley" use the same methods. The writing of music is the least of their worries. An idea, a title, and good lyrics are the real requisites. One can steal a tune from any hymn-book.

No orchestra is complete without a trio. In the good-old-days the quartet was the chosen combination. But it seems that many of the leaders have acquired the trio habit, and nothing will suffice but a trio. George Olson introduced the idea to the dance-world. The style was taken up at once by a dozen different leaders. For a while all was serene. Each orchestra had its trio; the trio had its megaphones; and everyone concerned was happy, even the audiences. Then along came Eddie Bush. Eddie was a Filipino boy who sang with a very clever trio Earl Burnett had discovered in the wilds of San Diego. Mr. Bush had a natural falsetto voice, which was very effectively used in the trio. The results were pleasing, but the after-effects were not. There was immediate dissension among the members of the various

singing trios. Any tenor who could yodel immediately imagined himself an Eddie Bush. In attempting to steal his style the trios took on an unnatural tone. The feminine type of harmony that resulted would have been pleasing had it been rendered by a girl's trio, but it was certainly out of place coming from strong masculine throats. At present most of the orchestras have gone back to the he-man trio, but a few still retain the Mills College effects.

Crosby, Columbo, and Vallee! Crooners! Names to thrill feminine hearts. Rudy Vallee is the lad who made crooning famous. Woman just could not resist the appeal of his soft voice and the curl of his dark-brown hair. Overnight he became a sensation. Women loved him, and threw flowers at him. Men hated him, and threw grapefruit. Rudy didn't mind. He became expert at dodging breach-of-promise suits and grapefruit. He also acquired an amazing knack of cashing checks that ran into four figures.

It took Bing Crosby eight years to become a household necessity. Everyone bought his records, and there was a nightly battle between Ma and Dad to see whether the family would enjoy Amos 'n Andy or Bing Crosby. But that was after Paul Whiteman discovered him on the Orpheum Circuit and featured him with the Rhythm Boys. Were it not for his occasional sulkiness Bing would be leading them all.

Russ Columbo took Bing Crosby's style and his own sex-appeal, and traded them in on the hearts of feminine America. What he lacks in vocal personality he makes up in looks and showmanship.

A crooner differs from an ordinary vocalist in that he imitates some musical instrument. Rudy Vallee uses the glissandos of the E flat saxophone effectively. Bing Crosby utilizes the tone and technique of the trombone. Louis Armstrong is a human trumpet. Russ Columbo, while he attempts to copy Crosby, sounds more like a violin sul G.

Jazz has given us this peculiar type of vocalization just as surely as it has given us the saxophone. It has done this quite unintentionally as it has given musical fundamentals to the common people.

CODA

The picture of hilarious Jasbo Brown has faded. Ted Lewis is an empty shell. They represented "hot" music, loud discordant jazz, smelling of earth and sweating bodies. We have civilized jazz. Black fades to white, heat to cold. Paul Whiteman waves a magic baton. Ben Bernie thinks up new wise-cracks to spring on his radio audiences. Anson Weeks devises means for lovelier harmony. A hundred others like them are producing "sweet" music.

Jazz is the musical symbol of the melting pot. Its original elements, products of the African jungle, have been molded and formed by the people of the United States,—Negro, Jew, and Gentile. Only in America did jazz arise. Good or bad, it is our contribution to the music of the world.

SKIS AND ARNICA



DUNCAN MCKINLAY

During our recent vacation from scholastic duties I became a winter sports fan addicted to the use of skis. My disastrous experience on the first day of this sport leads me to chronicle its event with the hope of dissuading others from being as reckless as I.

A pair of skis hanging on the wall looks inoffensive and even a trifle alluring. As soon as they are secured to a pair of boots, however, they are as traitorous and as unreliable as it is possible for inanimate objects to become. To start with, it is a two-man task to secure them to the boots, and at least one of the men must be extremely well muscled. The foot, with a boot on it, is first shoved between two iron clamps which are designed to chafe the skin from the outside of the large and small toes. A strap is then passed over all the toes and tightened until blood circulation ceases and the outside toes are forced firmly against the iron clamps. A second strap is then placed over the instep and enough leverage secured to lower the instep to the face of the ski. A flat-footed person has an undeniable advantage during this operation. The third and last strap is passed around the heel and tightened with a lever-clamp until the skier is fully aware of the pain suffered by Mr. Achilles before his demise. The feet are now immovable and insensible, and the skier is ready for the jump. The skis stick at the top of the slide, then start suddenly, as if greased, and carry their victim over the jump and into the thin, thin air. There is sufficient time, while sailing among the clouds, to look down and notice that the ski toes have crossed themselves, but not enough time to straighten them. Immediately upon touching the snow, trouble begins. A moment is passed in an endeavor to stand upright, a bump is felt, the toes finish the crossing process, and the long slide on the stomach has begun. Upon reaching the bottom of the hill, the hair, pockets, and collarband are filled with snow; the skis are actually wrenched off, and the hand sticks are lost. The number of bruises received depends on the number of complete rolls, and in my case varied from four to eleven.

The jump is over, the hill must be climbed again, and the skis must be re-strapped to the feet. Ah me!

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

RUBY GODDARD MEYNIER

If I had been asked, twenty years ago, what place in California was the most ideal for a child, I should have answered promptly that it was Los Gatos. This little town that rests so snugly among the hills at the foot of the pass to Santa Cruz, its main street curved like a broad horseshoe across the highway that follows the creek up the pass, with its bell-tower, churches, stores, and homes crowded close, would have been my only choice.

Los Gatos meant home, hills, and small creeks, and stars at night, and the canyon breeze sweeping through the gap from Santa Cruz. It meant long sunny days when I traveled barefooted through the softly dusty streets, and up into the brushy, brambly hills along streams after ferns and moss and tiny frogs. It meant that on snappy winter days there were fences from which the fluffy sparkly frost could be scraped with mittens into hard little ice balls for devilish purposes. It meant flowers in spring, and school, and the library and books without end.

But if there had been fairies then, and I had met one on one of my jaunts through the woods, who would have granted me one wish in return for some extraordinary task completed, I should have pleaded eagerly, promising anything within or without my powers, "Please, Please let my name be changed"; for I had been christened "Lillian."

The school yard was my favorite haunt, after all of the children had deserted it for the day. There were swings, long swings hanging from the great oak trees, in which one could sail swiftly up to the dry-green leaves, or in which one could sit twisting, "winding-up", then letting go one's foothold on the ground beneath and dizzily untwisting while the world spun furiously past and continued to reel drunkenly by as one staggered to unsteady feet.

At the back of the schoolyard the Los Gatos creek ran its tempting course; tempting because its banks were high and the schoolyard fence bordered the top of the bank, and the challenge to descend, risking a broken neck and a plunge, was obvious.

And then, at the corner of the schoolyard, also overlooking the creek, was the lime-kiln, another dangerous and fascinating spot. Built on a hill, it had a runway on which one could walk right into the chimney and peer down to the spot where the rock was melted when the furnaces below were going. The smell of lime dust and the dizzying hole with the narrow pathway around it inside the chimney were terrifying in their lure.

But perhaps the most delightfully dangerous spot of all was the railroad trestle which ran just outside the school-grounds, crossing the creek. Doubly dangerous on account of the trains and the height above the creek-bed, it afforded a view second to none. Here the tips of the trees were far

below, and water glinted like a magic stream along the stony course. And the water-barrels set out upon little platforms, for use in case of fire, resounded with deafening satisfaction when roared into. Here, on a cross-beam of the trestle, I used to sit, the tracks above my head, in terror lest a train pass over me while I was there, letting my imagination run riot as to possible wrecks with me under train, trestle and all. Of course in all my dreams I was the heroine, and in every one my name was magically changed to suit the beauty that became mine.

My name was an obsession with me. I used to sit in the swing, or with my feet dangling over the edge of the lime-kiln pit, or lie on the trestle staring at the stream below, through the ties, and plan a means of escape from my name. "One thing is certain," I once figured it out, "you can't change your name in the town in which you're born." What a riot there would have been in the schoolyard, had I appeared some morning, announcing that I was changing my name to "Mary" or "Helen" or some such sweet happy name!

I remember thinking on one occasion that it was a pity that grown-ups couldn't understand the babies. I was certain that I must have shrieked bloody-murder in protest at the name given me when I was christened. I tried to remember back to the time when I didn't hate, nay loathe, the name of "Lillian," and was thoroughly convinced that I had hated it when I was born. It wouldn't have been so bad if I had never been called anything but "Lillian" in full, for intrinsically "Lillian" is a good enough name. Naturally, though, I was "Lill".

"Lill" lent itself dreadfully to the atrocious name-rhymes that were chanted sing-song fashion to the rhythmic thud of the jump-rope, or shouted in a shrill high monotone from over a fence or from behind some shed or barn. Being sensitive to the name and self-conscious to the point of actual pain, I was tortured by every taunt. It doesn't take children long to realize when teasing takes effect, and at times the schoolyard rang to:

"Lill, Lill,
Ate a pill,
And Lily's beau
Lives on the Hill,"

and others of that nature. Moreover, there was an added taunt in that last couplet.

The Hill, in the last twenty years, has lost its significance. It has faded obscurity as the town has spread farther and farther into the foothills. But *then* the Hill was the wealthy residential district, and not to be confused with the hills, or with the hill-farms up the canyon.

Any one living in the hills or up the canyon was bound to be poor, for the hill-farms were oak-studded and rock boulder strewn so that only the meagerest and most laborious of livings could be wrested from them. The boy who was facetiously called my "beau" came from one of these hill-

farms a couple of miles up the canyon. "Lily's beau lives on the Hill" I therefore took to be a direct insult to his poverty. If I hadn't been poor, myself, I most likely wouldn't have minded; but I was. We, my mother, sister, and I, lived in that disorderly tangle of yards around the sawmill at the foot of the Hill, and were poor as church mice.

I roamed the hills at will, barefooted, wild-haired, freckled and spectacled, tattered. Naturally, then, I felt a kinship for this boy who worked on the farm like a man, only going to school when he could be spared. He, too, was kept back in school by his poverty, till he was practically companionless.

Except for our poverty, though, there wasn't much between us for me to build a romance upon, for my actual association with the boy was limited to the class room and a few brief encounters outside. But my romantic soul would have utilized even less. His name, alone, Ernest, was enough to excite my imagination. And then he was a handsome boy, with gold-brown, curly hair, a shy, winning smile, and dark blue eyes ringed with black lashes. He was awkward and quiet, but in my eyes a hero and the ideal of all my dreams.

Every chance meeting with Ernest was an occasion around which I wove dreams and air-castles without end. The most memorable event occurred on a fine stormy day when I had gone for a walk in the rain.

I had strayed farther into the hills up the canyon than I had realized and was beginning to feel panicky about getting home, when Ernest came down the road on his shaggy old plow horse. He was on his way to town and offered to take me with him. The very idea of riding with him rendered me speechless with excitement, and I could only nod my head in response to his offer, and climbed up behind him without a word.

Although I tried desperately to uphold my end of a rather desultory conversation, I felt that everything I said was wrong. Ernest, however, sensed none of my excitement and apparently did not notice my dumbness.

"What are you doing so far from home in all this rain?" he asked. "Ain't you afraid you'll get lost? You're soakin' wet."

"I like it. I was just hiking," I answered.

"You must be crazy. I always thought girls couldn't bear to get wet," he commented, "and you sure are wet! You'll catch it when you get home."

"No, I won't, either," I said, answering the last statement, ignoring the first part, for I didn't know just what to say to it.

We rode on in silence for a little way, and then, turning again, he said in an important voice,

"I'm sixteen now, and I'm goin' to quit school."

"You can't."

"Sure I can. When you're sixteen you don't have to go to school any longer. I gotta help Dad at home all the time. How old are you?"

I could see myself diminishing in importance in his eyes as I answered, "Thirteen."

"Well, you gotta go three more years, then," and he slapped the horse's neck with a note of finality.

There was no answering his last statement, so I just shook the hair out of my eyes, and we rode on in silence, until, before long, we reached the city limits. There I dismounted for fear of observing children and the teasing I should get at school if I were seen riding with him. As he helped me down from the horse and said "Goodbye," I just grinned and waved my hand. I don't believe I even thanked him for the ride.

During my walk from the city limits to my home, my mind was filled with thrills about the boy I had just left, and I re-lived the whole ride, saying, in an imaginary conversation, all the things I should have liked to say to him and didn't. It wasn't until I slipped through the fence that surrounded the sawmill that I forgot about him in a sudden apprehension as to my reception at home, when I should arrive, dripping and muddy, with a whole morning of truancy to account for. But when I did arrive, everything was in confusion.

Why, I don't clearly remember, but for some reason we were moving, leaving Los Gatos to make our home elsewhere. During the bustle and excitement, one thing stood out clearly in my mind. That I was leaving all my favorite haunts, the hills I loved, and the freedom I enjoyed, I realized not at all. I only knew that I was going somewhere where I was not known as "Lill," and the inspiration had come to insist that my name be changed.

I spent long hours in my bed, when I should have been sleeping, tossing about and planning. What should I do? I didn't have any middle name, or the solution would have been simple. I tried it backwards, but "Lillian" lent itself ill to tampering, until I finally hit upon the scheme of cutting it in half. "Lill" as one half was not a success, but "Lian" might be better. It sounded silly, and also was too much like "Leon." Once hitting upon the idea of division, however, I went one step further and evolved "Lee-Anne." The more I said the name the better I liked it.

Mother, with the understanding heart she had, consented to the change. But Sis was another matter. I tried fistic persuasion, and ended by getting us both sent to bed for the day. But instead of being remorseful and contemplating my sins while there, I made up a fine fairy story for Sis, in which she was a fairy Queen who changed my name to "Lee-Anne." The story worked like magic, with the exception of her insistence in eliminating "Lee" and calling me "Anne" only.

"Cause if I'm the fairy Queen, I can call you anything I like, and it has to be so," she said with finality. "Anne" was not so intriguing, but it was a good name, and at any rate was better than "Lill."

Eventually we were installed in our new home and started in the new school, and "Anne Phillips," secretly exulting in a new name, was completely happy. Only once was my peace of mind endangered. The little girls

and big girls usually played in separate parts of the school yard; and for that matter, I was usually "Sis" to my little sister anyway.

But one fatal day Sis and I had a disagreement. It was May-day and all the children were together, taking part in a large celebration, the older ones taking care of the younger. Sis made up her stubborn little mind that she wanted to do something which I, with my new self-importance, thought she should not do. She set up a howl.

"Lillian, Lillian Phillips, if you don't let me—" and got no further, for, panic-stricken lest some one should hear the hated name, I stopped her, granting her demand. The rest of the children were so interested in the excitement of that day that I doubt if they even heard her, let alone noticed her. But for a few days I went about in fear and trembling, you might say, and could almost hear "Lill" dinning in my ears again.

"Lill" gradually faded into obscurity and "Anne" took her place definitely. When, at sixteen, I was left to make my way in the world, I felt secure in my new name. In fact, except in moments of reminiscence, I rarely thought of myself as anything other than "Anne."

The years in which I worked my way through high school and normal were busy, happy ones. Almost before I knew it I was teaching in my own little school. But throughout all these years I had not forgotten a blue-eyed, curly-haired boy who had figured so romantically in my childish dreams. And finally I decided I would go back to Los Gatos, hoping to see Ernest again.

Having made up my mind to go back to the "old home town," my imagination began to run riot. All my idealistic remembrances cropped up. I remembered the swing, and the lime-kiln, and the great trestle, and the creek with its fascinating waters. Long days in the hills and the cool feel of grasses on bare feet flooded my memory. I could hear again the buzz of the sawmill across the street from the school, while I dreamed again, in fancy, over a dull lesson to its droning hum. I could see Mother's face anxiously watching from the old screen door which never would shut completely, and again could see her tired worn fingers smoothing a pillow.

And as I looked forward to seeing Ernest in the flesh again, I was in a romantic haze. The air was rosy, and clouds all had a silver lining. So it went until I arrived, somewhat breathlessly, one Saturday morning, at the Los Gatos depot.

It was just before Easter, the beginning of my spring vacation. I had a new hat and bag and a great bunch of violets, and if I had been a sylph or a dryad I could not have felt the earth less real beneath my feet, when I descended from the train at the old familiar platform. I went around to see about getting my trunk sent to a hotel, and recognized an old friend. He had been station agent when I had been a child there, and had weighed me on the baggage scales many a time. I asked him if Ernest still lived on the same farm.

"Ernest? Sure," he answered. "This is Saturday," he went on, "and he is liable to blow in here any minute. He generally parks his flivver here at the station." He seated himself on an empty crate and reached into the pocket of the shapeless old vest that hung dispiritedly from his stooped and rounded shoulders, drawing forth "the makin's" for a smoke. As he pulled the string of the tobacco sack tight with his teeth, he mumbled, "Here he comes now."

Sure enough, a dilapidated car was groaning its way up to the platform. A man stepped over the side by the steering wheel and made his way to where we were. It was Ernest. I should have recognized him anywhere by his eyes, dark-rimmed and blue, with their same clear look, and his curly red-brown hair. All at once his face lighted up, for he recognized me. His smile was as winning as ever. And then, as he extended his hand in greeting, it happened. The day had been warm and fine, romantic and ideal, but now the cold breath of reality, like the draft from a great refrigerator, swept over me, for Ernest's greeting was:

"Well, well! If it ain't Lill!"

There's no need to say that that one word, "Lill," was enough to bring me down to earth. It took all of the spontaneity out of my greeting. I hated myself for being stiff and formal. I owed it to my ideal of him, if not to his friendliness, to respond in like manner, but my smile felt stiff and my arm ached with his handshake.

Fortunately Saturday was a busy day for him, and I was soon left alone to transact my business with the station agent. I bought a return ticket instead of having my trunk sent to a hotel.

As I waited for the train, which did not leave until afternoon, I wandered back over my old haunts, or rather in search of them. With my eyes open to reality, after the shock of Ernest's greeting, I noticed for the first time that the little town had changed, oh so much! I could see from the main street that lovely homesites were nestled away among the hills through which I had roamed as a child.

But even then I was not prepared for a smart stucco school that replaced the old frame building. Gone were the great swings; and the oak trees, except for a very few which had been left as ornaments to the new building, were gone. The lime-kiln had been replaced by a chain-store, and I didn't even look for the trestle. I wanted to keep at least that one memory unaltered.

It was with a feeling of regret, of sadness and disenchantment that I watched the little town, set like a gem among the green hills, diminish as the train carried me away. But as it faded in the distance, twilight, deepening, seemed to blot out the new, bustling summer resort and to veil it with a mystic purple haze. I saw again Los Gatos of the wooded hills, whose streams sang with every child's fancy, whose enchantment and mystery, lure and delight had woven a spell indestructible, unforgettable.

BEAUTY

DALE RASMUSSEN

I have asked, "What is Beauty?" I have asked of the restless seas, the silent glades of the mountains, the stars and the sky, the sepulchral loneliness of the desert. They could not tell me what was Beauty. Only her shadow wandered there.

Then I listened to a song of yearning that my heart sang when the warmth of the sun played upon it. I listened through the long, dry heat of summer. Through the gathering chill of autumn and the wild fury of winter I listened. Then darkness faded and the light of spring broke through upon the world. Soft and sweet was the song, like the murmuring of winds among the trees. Beauty was in that song, yet I could not find her, for the words eluded me.

Only this I knew. Beauty is possessed of many forms. A pallid thing with hair unadorned she comes to many, a wan, shadowy shape that goes unnoticed before the multitude. Or again she appears in scarlet and gold, dazzling to the eye. To some she brings peace and an impassionate love of life. Others she arouses to battle, sends them forth with a war cry upon their lips. These I knew, her varied images, but her own fair face I had yet to behold.

I wandered with four men through the fields one day to hear them converse with one another. It was a pleasant day, the drone of insect wings lulled the air, a warm breeze whispered among the grasses.

"A beautiful day," said the first, a slender, fair-skinned youth with the eyes of a poet.

"A day wherein men grow fat and flabby and lose their manliness," growled the second, a broad shouldered giant with wide nostrils, a massive chest, and fire in his eyes.

A lone, gnarled oak grew upon the hillside. Dying, it scanned the sky and the earth with peace undisturbed. The third, a man in his declining years, one whose hair was silvered and steps faltering, looked long at the aged tree. Slowly he spoke. "There, my friends, is a sight of indescribable beauty. See how it reaches its arms towards Heaven as if to acknowledge the presence of God."

"Not so, not so, father!" cried the fourth. "Even to look upon it depresses me. It is a melancholy thing that casts a shadow upon the brightness of this fair day." A young man was he, possessed of no more than twenty years, full of radiant health and laughter.

We came upon a herd of cattle, feeding on the deep grass. Two bulls fought in their midst; bellowing madly, bloody froth flecking their lips, they clashed again and again in an unreasoning effort to destroy, to trample and obliterate.

"A beautiful fight," the second exclaimed, a responsive passion written upon his face. The word "beautiful" sounded strange as he spoke it.

The first had turned his eyes away. There was something of horror in his voice as he said, "It is a sight revolting to the finer senses."

We met a girl who carried in her arms wild flowers that she had gathered. The joy of spring was in her eyes and when she saw us she smiled. The fourth of our group returned her smile and said to us, "She, you cannot deny, is the most beautiful thing we have seen today."

The third sighed and shook his head. "Once I too would have said that. Now I am only reminded of days gone forever and am saddened by the memory."

The grass parted and a slender serpent, ringed with black and red and yellow, glided across our path. I, who am a lover of all the lowly things in nature, called out childishly, "Look, comrades. Is it not a thing of grace and beauty?"

Incredulously the first answered, "Beauty in the form of a snake? Impossible. It is a representative of evil forces."

The second muttered, "A mere worm in size and strength."

"It is one of the lower animals—nothing more," the third said without warmth.

The fourth laughed as if I had jested, and lightly his thoughts wandered away.

When the day was gone I pondered long upon it, welded the moods of it together and wove it as a whole into the song of my heart. Clearly now the song was sung—song of Beauty—and the words were there. Beauty is she who answers the cry of yearning that finds birth in the soul of humanity.



THE RIDERS

MARY CECILIA MILLS

The wind blew hard about us when we rode today. It ruffled the horses' manes and whipped our hair about our faces. The horses gloried in it. They leaped and played a childish game, pretending fright at all the well-known objects by their path. They viewed some scattered newspapers with feigned alarm and tried to sidle cautiously around them, then seemed to laugh at the trouble they gave us. They kept abreast, watching jealously to see that one did not lead the other by so much as half a head. The slightest signal and they raced like wild things, unwilling to rest even when we slowed them to a walk.

Our spirits and the horses' were in sympathy. We kept to the open country and the hilltops. When we crossed a road we gazed at the bustling cars and their occupants with kindly superiority. Poor, commonplace creatures, forced to travel prosaically in winding file, while we rode with the wind at our backs! For a little while, at least, we could laugh at the rest of mankind.

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY

AGNES WALDEN

Poor Roscoe! Poor, poor Roscoe! Unfortunate enough to contain in excess that characteristic element found in most individuals of the male sex—fear of women—he still wore, at the age of twenty-six, a rabbit-like expression of bewilderment. Always at the sight of a woman approaching to speak to him, an uncontrollable desire to flee would seize him, and, after offering a muttered excuse, he would leave in a nervous frenzy. Whenever he was forced into the position of conversing with a young lady, he was invariably careful to maintain a distance of at least three feet between them. Even with this assurance of safety his heart managed to miss two out of every three beats, and his eyes took on the dazed look of a trapped animal. He had never touched a girl—oh, my, no!—he wouldn't have dared. But one little vixen had brazenly grabbed his elbow one day and thereby caused the loss of one night's sleep and an increase of nervousness on his part.

Even in business he could not avoid them. It seemed to him the boss was endlessly fond of filling the offices with these creatures. His gentlemen friends, likewise, continually gabbed in spirited tones about their girls—their wives—their daughters.

Finally forced into it, he began walking great distances by himself. He took care to steer clear of civilized parts, and gradually built up the practice of strolling along a wide expanse of deserted beach that he had, by chance, found. No women—no women—no women—just peace.

But it wasn't peace for long—fate took a hand. One day, from out of nowhere, there appeared, before his nonplussed vision, a great fat woman that seemed to careen down the hillside with the intention of crushing him with her mammoth body.

"My baby—my baby—she's on that rock!" She gestured towards the sea with five pudgy fingers. "Oh, mister—you are a hero! Save my baby—go—you must!" And with a violent push she sent Roscoe sprawling.

"I'm going!" Roscoe muttered in a strangled voice.

Poor Roscoe—who didn't know swimming from baseball—staggered to the water's edge and began his struggle with the sea. At the sight of the seething water his heart froze within him—but he'd do anything to escape from that accursed woman—and if it were only a child—.

He soon discovered, however, that the sea reached no higher than his waist line. Finding the rock, he prepared to lift the child on his shoulder when—oh, horrors!—a very pretty girl of mild proportions sat up and displayed two rows of white teeth for his pleasure.

"I can't swim!" She turned her trusting blue eyes full into his. "And the tide's coming in!"

"I can't ei— well—well—I'll carry you—!"

And the mammoth mama, who met them on the shore, appeared more

favorable from this different angle of approach.

"You're a hero!" she cried, as she threw her arms around him.

And Roscoe for once—looking down into the eyes of the "child" who clung to his arm—didn't mind.

SECOND WIND

MYRTH QUIMET

Have you ever wondered how you would react under the stress of a great catastrophe? Would you come through it with a stronger, more fully developed character, or would you let it "get you down" and turn you into a weakling and a coward? Of course, we all want to believe the very best of ourselves, but who really knows what his actions will be?

Look at the people who have lost their entire savings in the past year or so. How have they come through it? I know of a husband and wife who, during the last fifteen years, had never had to deny themselves anything. The man is getting past middle age and thought he could retire soon and let his son carry on the business. During the stock crash he lost everything he had striven to acquire for many years past. Now he and his wife have moved into a tiny apartment. He goes to work at nine in the morning, and she does her own cooking. Neither of them is whining about his hard luck, and they both seem finer and quite happy. They can even joke about it a little and say that they are starting out on their second honeymoon.

Then there is another couple. They, too, lost their life savings. The woman is practically a nervous wreck, and the man felt that it was all more than he could possibly bear, so he ended his life. Now the woman is dependent on her children for her support, and everyone concerned is miserable and unhappy. The man is considered a coward and a failure. How much better it would have been had he gone on living and tried to "stick it out."

What vital thing is it in one person, that enables him to recuperate from a heavy blow, that another person lacks?

Sometimes I feel that I am simply "skimming" over the top crust of life and that there is a great deal deep down that I know nothing about and cannot feel. I live a normal life—that is, I go to college, have "heavy dates" with the boy friends on certain specified nights, play bridge, and do the many other conventional things of this age; but somehow, something vital is lacking. I have my little trials and tribulations just the same as anyone else my age, of course, but somehow they smooth themselves out and leave no very lasting impression. If I "flunk" an examination, I feel rather doubtful and worried about the outcome, but it usually turns out all right, and I go on as usual. Nothing very drastic ever occurs to me; so how can I ever find out how I would come through a really great hardship? How can I ever be tested?

I do not mean to say that I want a great deal of trouble and sorrow to come to me, but I sometimes wonder if my outlook on life would not be broadened and my capability of feeling things deepened if I were called upon to decide a matter almost of life and death. Perhaps, however, at the last minute I would "fudge" and become weak and afraid of life.

It is the people with "second wind" and recuperative power that will "get on" in this world. Have I those necessary characteristics? Perhaps I shall find out in a more forceful way than I even dream now. Who knows?



MR. LUDLOW'S HOLIDAY

MARY MILLS

"—and mind you ask Higgins for that money he owes you!" shouted Mrs. Ludlow.

The rasping echoes of her voice escaped from behind the walls of the flimsy cottage and pushed their way into the street. Tom Ludlow sighed as he silently received her last admonition. He waited patiently until he was sure that she had finished and then walked slowly across the strip of garden that separated the cottage from the street. He gazed dispiritedly at the little plot. On either side of the dirt path lay a brown and dingy patch of lawn. A few sickly looking shrubs grew in the corner or leaned against the side of the house. The only object which seemed cheerful and unaffected was the sturdy geranium, still blooming flamboyantly in its place by the steps. Tom cast it an approving glance, slammed the gate with quite unnecessary force, and started on his four-block walk for the street car.

Once out in the street he felt better. The pale spring sunshine seemed very sweet to him after the darkness and mustiness of the cottage, the smell of cooking cabbage, and coal oil that continually pervaded it. He took a great breath and sighed with satisfaction. Surely old age must be coming upon him swiftly if he was annoyed at such familiar discomforts as these. All his petty grievances were increased this morning. The coffee had been boiled too long, the eggs were underdone, and "that rascal of a boy" had forgotten to deliver the morning paper. His wife's voice had seemed more than usually strident. To cap it all, Henry had been peculiarly exasperating. Undoubtedly, the greatest burden of his life was Henry, Mrs. Ludlow's brother. Ever since their marriage Henry had appeared periodically, lean, shabby, penniless, and filled with bitter invectives against the employers who had failed to appreciate his services. Mrs. Ludlow, who thought of him always as a pampered younger brother, would listen sympathetically to his grievances and by her combined nagging and pleading would prevail upon Tom to outfit him with a suit of clothes and to find him a new

job. Henry always accepted these offers with great complacency and prolonged his stay for an indefinite period. If Tom managed to suggest that Henry's visit was unduly long, he was immediately put to shame by Mrs. Ludlow, who declared him to be a miserly and inhuman wretch. After the first few attempts Tom found the easier course was to accept the omnipresence of his brother-in-law, although he never ceased to grumble inwardly.

There were times, however, when the presence of Henry was almost too much to be borne calmly. Henry was possessed of an enormous appetite. He usually succeeded in reaching the table first and in acquiring all the choice bits of food. Mrs. Ludlow gazed at her husband coldly when he remonstrated and declared that Henry needed plenty of nourishing food; he was "delicate." Henry's political views, which he aired on every occasion were in continual conflict with the more conservative ones of Mr. Ludlow. Henry spoke in a patronizing manner, attaching great importance to his own words, and laughing with scornful good nature at what he termed the old-fashioned theories of Tom.

Of late, Henry had actually been working on a job for almost a month. Mrs. Ludlow had been quite overcome with joy and pride. She had done everything possible to add to her brother's comfort. The change which she had made seemed almost sacrilege to Tom. His five-o'clock tea, the time-honored custom brought with him from England, was postponed until more than an hour later, the better to accommodate the working hours of Henry. Life, Tom reflected morosely, was becoming one great bundle of annoyances. He should probably live to see his wife and his brother crowd him out of his own home.

"Hi! Old fellow! watch where you're going!" He drew himself up with a start and hastily stepped back upon the curbing. A burly driver had stopped his truck with a slam of brakes, and had narrowly avoided hitting him. The driver, more relieved than angry, rumbled on his way again, leaving Tom to hurriedly collect his scattered senses and rush towards the street car. But in spite of his hurry, his old legs failed to catch the car. When he reached its accustomed stopping place, the trolley was just disappearing around the corner.

Resignedly old Tom lit his pipe and prepared to wait for the next car. After all, he would not be at his little shop at a much later hour than usual. At the thought of the shop, Tom Ludlow's face brightened. His work of repairing clocks and watches, his shop, and everything that pertained to it were his greatest joys in life. It was his boast that he had never been unable to mend a timepiece that was brought to him. His old fingers were peculiarly sensitive and well-fitted for the work. His clocks became almost friends to him. He loved them all, from the delicate little Swiss watch to the chiming, deep-voiced grandfather's clock.

Just then another trolley appeared and Tom rose expectantly. But it was not the one which would bear him to his work. This one bore a sign,

"Orchard Hollow." That was out in the country. On rare occasions he had journeyed out to be among the fields, away from the throb of the traffic. He was suddenly seized with a wild daring. What if he should leave his shop and go to the country for a holiday? He worked industriously six days a week. Surely he was deserving of a little holiday. Mrs. Ludlow would never be the wiser—and if she did? Tom shrugged his shoulders. He was becoming bolder with each instant. The car stopped. Mr. Ludlow hesitated for an agonized moment. He wanted greatly to go, but he could not quite reconcile himself to leaving the old shop on a week-day. It seemed too much the act of a traitor. The bell jangled warningly, and casting conscience to the winds, Mr. Ludlow scrambled up the steps. The conductor looked kindly at the little, grizzled old fellow whose eyes shone with such an enthusiastic light. Mr. Ludlow found a seat and with a gratified sigh prepared himself for new adventures.

The end of the car line had been reached. Mr. Ludlow watched until the car was headed back to town and then walked to a little rise in the ground to get his bearings. The scene before him was friendly, serene with the tranquillity of a warm spring day. All about him lay stretches of orchard and meadow, fruit trees just coming into pink and white blossom, and mustard tingeing the green of the hillsides with gold. The squat farm-houses were scattered here and there, looking like gigantic mushrooms. Away to the east, the blue ranges of mountains lay clear and distinct, the trees on their summits showing their lacy silhouettes against the sky.

It was very beautiful and very still. Tom could hardly believe that he had been that morning in the city, sad, smoky, and melancholy. The earlier events of the morning seemed curiously unreal. He was aware only of the sun and the exhilarating scent of the air. He sauntered down the country road, gazing with lively interest at the orchards and farm yards on either side of the fences. A man passing in a churning, rattling car, looked with surprise at Tom's show of energy and offered him a lift, but Tom shook his head and marched on. Two children, playing in the grass at the side of the road, looked up and called to him. Tom's answering smile was more friendly than any he had given for a long time.

The old man continued his walk through the country. He bought some sandwiches from a little wayside stand and decided to make a picnic of his lunch. In an unfenced meadow, underneath an oak tree, he finally took time to rest. Pleasantly tired, he unwrapped his sandwiches and began to eat hungrily. He thought for an instant of his shop. How did it feel without him? What would his wife think if she could see him? Resolutely he turned his thoughts back to the present. When his lunch was over, he stretched out contentedly in the sun. The pungent smell of the mustard rose all about him. Bees droned drowsily among the wild flowers. All nature dozed. A sense of security descended over Tom. He felt sure of himself, able to cope with any problem, even the redoubtable Mrs. Ludlow herself. He lit his pipe, and stretched contentedly in the sun.

It was much later than usual when Tom entered the cottage kitchen. Both Mrs. Ludlow and Henry were seated at the tea-table and rapidly demolishing its contents. Henry had thrown one leg over the arm of a chair and was leaning back in a pose of extreme nonchalance, trying meanwhile to entertain his sister with some fresh anecdotes. Mrs. Ludlow, for once, was not listening. Her face was puckered up in a worried line, and her eyes continually stared at the door. Both occupants of the kitchen started at Tom's entrance. Henry choked on a bit of toast, and Mrs. Ludlow tried to erase the worry from her face and assume her usual forbidding expression.

"You're very late," said Mrs. Ludlow. "It's a pity you couldn't get home for a meal 'stead o' lettin' it get cold."

"It's been a very busy day," said Tom imperturbably. "A very busy one," he repeated emphatically. He reached for the last piece of currant cake. Henry reached for it also. Mr. Ludlow glared at him and, seizing the cake, took a satisfied bite from it. Henry felt the need of revenge. He leered resentfully at Tom, and laughed disagreeably.

"I'll bet it wasn't all business, old man, that kept you tonight. I'll bet it wasn't."

The spirit of the afternoon was slightly diminished in Tom, but it was still present. He snorted indignantly. "You bet it wasn't, eh? Let me tell you, you lazy idler, you do a little more honest work yourself, before you start snickering about mine. I'll end your nonsense!"

Henry looked alarmed. The day of reckoning had not come, but it was on its way. He could see its shadow in the distance. It would be some time before Tom would be really aroused, but the time was coming.

Mrs. Ludlow looked at her husband, her face a strange mixture of pride and awe. Being a woman of simple speech, she did not attempt to express her emotions.

"I'll be making you some fresh tea, Tom," was all she said.

NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN

Always I shall remember a bronze bird flying
Through the cold clear air of an October morning,
Over the dull marsh, the beak pointed south, crying
To other journeying birds his sullen warning.

Never shall I forget a swift bird winging
Against a green autumn sky, the dark red stain
Crawling on the water as he fell, nor the singing
Of a silver bullet forever in my brain.

WILLARD MAAS

