

thin, crooked nose and a curious, crooked mouth. On his head he wore a tall, crooked hat and about his shoulders a black, crooked cloak. He supported his thin, crooked legs by a gnarled staff that he clutched in his old, crooked hand.

One evening not long ago I was reading Mother Goose rhymes to my small brother. As I finished the last poem, "There Was a Crooked Man," the evening paper bumped against the front door with its usual peculiarly pleasant sound. I went to get it, and as I walked inside leisurely unfolding it, my eyes fell upon the headlines—"Wealthy Wall Street Magnate and Politician Taken into Custody by Paris Police"—or something to that effect with a sub-head reading "Faces Deportation Charge to U.S. Authorities." Perhaps my mind was still concerned with the last poem I had read, but instantly I knew who the Crooked Man of nursery fame was. The fellow was a politician to be sure!

In a flash it was all very clear! The crooked lane was the Crooked Man's term in office. The crooked six-pence that he found against the crooked stile was the money gained illegally under the guise of public benefit. The crooked cat was his "stuffed shirt"—I've heard that expression somewhere! And the crooked house—ah, yes! That was his influence that protected him from the dubious people.

Suddenly I laughed aloud at my stupidity for not having guessed his identity long ago.

## 20th Century College Student

By

**James Jordan Stewart**

A twentieth century college student is a misnomer, for he is, in reality, a student of nothing but folly. His father has sent him to school because it is the conventional thing to do; the qualifications of the institution being either its athletic supremacy, its social superiority or its purported aca-

demical advantages. The first element of his education is initiation into some esoteric society, where he will be first subject of, and then participant in, all kinds of gross barbarities.

After four years of dissipation and debauchery his marks of seniority are a proficiency at cards, drink, sports, and women. His sole serious concern has been to successfully pass his examinations without resorting to actual study, for all things he endures not to be mistaken for a scholar. To this ignoble end he has shown great ingenuity and has learned the manifold method of cheating, oblivious to the fact that had he employed half as much time and effort in honest study he would have reaped a much more prolific harvest.

However, at his graduation he will pass from a brother in the bond to a brother in the "Bond and Trust"; and if he is an "all around good fellow," which he is sure to be, he will become a member in good standing of that great cult of mutual "soft-soapers"; and so his education will have served its end.

## Guethary

By

**Louise Garrigus**

I lived in a small town for several years and I have spent a good many years in Indianapolis, and a few years in large cities. But I lived six months in a village. I knew my circle in that small town, and friends in this Indianapolis, and not so many friends in those larger cities. But I knew everyone in that village.

Its name was Guethary, and it was down in southwestern France, right on the Bay of Biscay, and only a few miles away from the Pyrenees—and Spain. But the sea, while so near, lay always below the village, and the mountains, while so far, loomed always down upon the village; and when I think of Guethary, I think of those mountains first, and then, always after



I think of the sea. Doused in rain from April till May, sunned from June till October, and swept over by brisk fall winds till November—when I left it—Guethary now, in March, will be coming to life again, with the yellow flowering shrubs blooming on every hill, the fields turning green, and the sea becoming a blue mirror of the brightening skies. Perhaps a fourth of a mile away from the main road which goes from Biarritz to St. Jean de Luz, Guethary is so apt to be overlooked that tourists rarely venture into its streets, or, if they do, soon venture out again, and thus it is remote and far away—in spirit—from everything but those eternities of nature—rain, wind, sea and mountains. From year to year it goes on with its one coal dealer, its one grocery store (to which a cafe is attached, a hotel is overhead and a bakery is in back), its two stationery and newspaper shops, its one pharmacy, garage, butcher shop, laundry, its two pastry shops, its post-office, its hardware store, barber shop and shoe soling shop. Those stores pass from father to son, or from mother to daughter, and they and their tradition are maintained.

How the intimacy of that village comes back to me and how well I came to know that one great family of Basque storekeepers and villagers—for so they were—with all their idiosyncracies and humors! There was the little woman who sold candies and knick-knacks of cheese and fancy foods. She came from Toulouse every spring and returned to Toulouse every fall, living, so she said, on what she made at Guethary during the summers. Fifteen years ago her husband died and since then she had had only her dog—a nine-year-old brindle, dun-colored and fat, with a sad, sleepy and obstinate old face. She lived in a little house set back on the main street and sold her butter and eggs, tinned meats and bonbons in a little store set in front of the house. Wooden and gray, it had a roof slanted down and pro-

jected out so far over the counter that adults could not go under it without stooping, but I sometimes wonder if that roof had not been deliberately made just high enough for the children, who all came to buy from her—candies out of the big glass jars lining the wide counter, twenty-centime hunks of gingerbread and chocolate to eat with their rolls.

There was Harispe, the hardware dealer, who became every summer Saturday and Sunday afternoon the town hero when he played his inimitable game of pelota against neighboring teams. Pelota? It is the national game of the Basques, and as simple and primitive as they themselves. It is played by throwing a small hard ball against the stone wall which stands at the end of the pelota court, and then catching this ball when it bounds back, on the palm of the bare hand, or striking it with a paddle, or picking it out of the air in a wicker, scythe-shaped basket called the chistera, attached to the hand by means of a glove, and then throwing the ball back against the wall, and catching it, and throwing it, the score being made by the one side or other defaulting. For twelve years Guethary's pelota team had held the championship in that part of the country and all because of Harispe, everyone affectionately believed, who swung such a wicked chistera and was so skilled and at home on the court. How great a shock to see this hero standing behind his hardware counter on week days! But how he would drop the question of your buying an axe or a pair of shears for the gardener to discuss with you the Sunday afternoon game and what the Spanish team should have done and didn't! Poised, remote from his business of nails and tools, slightly condescending to you as a prospective buyer, but friendly if you came to chat, this little hard limbed, stubby moustached, greyish haired man who played so proudly his role as here in that cluttered up, dusty shop, when



he had to make his world your world.

And Sasco, the grocer, who was not Basque but French, with that blue denim apron tied around his plump waist, and that shirt always open at his white, womanish throat! He was so bored when he had to weigh out onions for you, select watercress that was fresh and not wilted, cut off slices of *pate fois*—put up in the shape of a sausage—and feel the Spanish melons to see if they were ripe enough. As for bills, he would never make them out. Yet he would smile and lean out to call a hearty "Bonjour!" when he passed me on the road driving his big truck.

Perhaps characterizing most of those Basque storekeepers was their indifference and contempt for the means by which they gained their livelihood. They worked and employed all their families in working, but they did not care to let you know it, always eager as they were to drop business when you entered to discuss with them the death of Doumer, the trial of Gourgoloff, the high taxes, the new family in the old villa, the probability of rain tomorrow and no fishing for the sailors who put out from port every fair day. Their emphasis upon the value of work was well placed. They knew that to live idly was to live not so well. Yet they know the value of idleness. And they balanced the two—work and leisure—and idled at work, and yet worked enough to enjoy idleness.

Nor do I forget the church, set up on a hill, and the cemetery just beside it where I could stand and see the ocean, the red and blue sail boats upon it, the mountains far away, and the

hills near, rolling towards me in their rhythm of forests, farms and white houses. Or the school, near the church, where the black alpaca-aproned boys and girls learned the simple facts of their simple sunlit sea-washed-air existence—farming and store keeping, and for a few more prosperously fixed families, living off saved up incomes. There were few telephones, few automobiles, few knockers (and only for friends), no pressure of competition, and an unworldly disregard for things worldly.

There are things that we know and love more than by the knowing, and things that we know and love less by the knowing. Guethary I knew and loved. It sounds—the iron clank of the oxen hooves on the pavement outside, the grind of the heavy, iron-wheeled carts which they pulled, and the long, high cry of the drivers as they "whooped" those straining, patient animals into going faster. And its winds—whirling about the village and houses, blowing up the dust on its one main street, rattling the flower wreaths laid before the monument built to its soldier boys, sifting the sand at the base of the red-brown cliffs, whipping the sea into froths of white caps and spume.

Little village as it was, with a hundred people more or less, most possibly less, I felt, from the bleachers where I watched those exciting pelota games, in my walks down those quiet, pine bordered streets where French families lived behind high stone fences, on that main street, in those shops, sweet life. And who can ask more from any village, any place, anything, than this?

