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EXCERPTS . . .

Taken From Freshman Themes;
Because of Their Merit in Description
and Diction.

Night Scene

Maxine Peters

Myriads of moonbeams rioted down a broad pathway of light to play upon a countryside. They danced madly on the ribbon-like stream and tipped its dark waters with sparkling crystal. Legions of them swarmed along the black branches of leaf-stripped trees and etched them with threads of palest yellow fire. They tumbled into the inky shadows of the woodlands and trailed a shimmering gleam behind them. They cascaded into the deep hollows of the rolling fields. Then, bathing the whole countryside in a shower of liquid silver, they gamboled back up their pathway, scampered behind a cloud, and left the world to darkness.

Beware of the Bovines!

Maxine Peters

Then, unconsciously, I felt my gaze compelled upward to meet the arrogant stare of—not one bovine animal, but a seemingly endless line of them coming down the steep path on the opposite bank to refresh themselves from the very waters in which I stood. My courage oozed out among the pebbles; my eyes fell confusedly before the intimidating ones of the leader; my heart beat allegro instead of its usual andante. I must confess it, I was completely cowed!

On Being Nineteen

Betty Davenport

At eighteen, you are like a person who has been watching a parade from his window. You have carefully noticed those who walk below you in the street, and have seen people of varying types—successful, pathetic, ignorant, cruel, gracious, gasping, degenerate, and a few who are really fine and inspiring. You know that you are to cast your lot among them, and you start down the steps into the street, sometimes lagging as you recall the pleasant, irresponsible time you are leaving; sometimes taking two steps at a jump in your haste to get down among them and into the full swing of that parade.

Smart Fish

Nelson Collins

Had I tried this on a pickerel or wall-eyed pike, I am certain that these two species of fish would have eaten both dead and live minnows, but not so with the black bass. While I have never cared for still fishing, I have discovered that the bass desire something fresh from the larder when they feast, so in the event I ever do fish for bass with a minnow, the bait must be well enough to wiggle and do a "Sally Rand" dance with its caudal fin.

Artistic Indianapolis

Jane Colsher

The past meets the future on equal terms, and representations from every nation grace its walls. Indianapolis, wandering through its galleries, enjoys a metropolitan feeling of possession. It's only a cultured, wealthy city that can boast an Art Museum.

What Happened to Nell

By

Mary Louise Colvin

"Yes, stranger, it is a nice little town we got. Up and comin', too, since they built the new county school here. It's about the biggest building in these parts, fer nigh on to twenty miles. Yes, those are perty grounds. A good site, I'd say, what with all them trees and everything. Funny thing about that, though. You see, this ground around here al'lus was barren; things wouldn't grow good. A'course now that they've got so many new-fangled fertilizers on the market, and all the ground's been ditched fer miles around, there haint been much trouble with growin' stuff. I kin remember though, I cal'late thutty years ago, when there jest warn't no farmin', 'cept for truck patches and pasture. A man was doin' good if he could get enough vittles out of the soil to feed his family.

"Do you see that tree yonder, growin' right north of the school? That tallest one with the big trunk. Well sir, that tree has a story. At one time it was the only livin' thing besides a little grass and weeds, fer miles around. If ya' got time to spare, I'll tell you 'bout it.

"Well, Si Lance's daughter, Nellie, was about the pertiest little critter fer miles around when I was a boy. That was a long time ago, too. She was a gentle, timid little thing who was a good, obedient girl until Herb Carewe came to this town. I knowed Herb, knowed him well, and he were a wild 'un. One day him and Nellie met up, and, pshaw, just like that they was gone on each other. Understand, he warn't a bad lookin' feller, and he could lie with ease. That sweet li'l gal trusted him as far as the ends of the earth. A' course she didn't know he was a' hidin' out because of hoss-

stealin', and other law-breakin'. Why, they was combin' the state fer him. Anyway, he and Nellie got engaged and were about ready to git married when the law caught up with Herb. You can see he was in a spot, what with his gal believin' he was a travelin' salesman, and never thinkin' he'd done any wrong. I think he had a good spark in him after all, though, 'cause he got the sheriff not to tell anyone what he'd done so he could spare Nell. I guess he did love her, as well as he could. Well, he told her he had to go away for a while, but would be back in about a year. A'course he knew he wouldn't be. It would-a' broke your heart to see that pore girl a-weepin'. She almost died, though, when she got a letter that Herb had somebody write, sayin' he'd been killed in a train-wreck near Chicago. She never dreamed it were a lie, or that he was alive all the time.

"Well sir, bein' a sentimental little cuss, she planted a little tree in the graveyard, 'cause she said it made her feel that Herb's spirit was near, and that was his memorial. After a while I think she went out of her head. I don't know, but anyhow, she didn't live longerin' six months. They found her dead one day, under that little maple she had watched so keeful-like. Well, everybody expected that tree to die after she passed away, 'cause it wouldn't get no waterin' or no carin' for. Funny thing, though. Do you know, that tree thrived and grew twice as fast as trees generally do? Its leaves were just as green and healthy, and it lital'y flew up, like it was goin' to hit the sky.

"A couple years ago, when they decided on buildin' the new school, they was a-goin' to cut down that thar

maple to make room, but folks around here allus remembered Nellie, so they got up a petition and had the school-house put over far enough so that the tree could remain a standin'. Thar's a lot of sentiment and romance in that old maple. It's a right perty thought, hain't it? Well, I got to get my milkin' done. Hope to see you again if you ever come around these parts. What did you say yore name was?"

The tall, silent stranger turned to the old farmer. In a scarcely audible voice, came the answer, "I guess you don't remember me. I'm Herb Carewe."

Night Life on the River

By

Jane Colsher

A great chasm of black separated us from the multi-colored glow of the city—a gigantic dragon guarding its treasure. A chain of flickering lights made a feeble attempt to span the darkness, and lone red and green orbs sparkled here and there among the white ones like tiny rubies and emeralds giving opulence to the mighty river's crown. We plunged ahead toward the city with its illuminated skyscrapers and silhouetted towers; suddenly a giant network of steel and cement loomed ahead of us, barely discernible against the evening sky. Another moment and we were a part of the Mississippi's regal splendor.

Above the locomotives roaring into the distance and the dirty freighters chugging upstream, we heard the rush and gush of the turbulent muddy water. Like eternity the river stretched beneath us—bottomless. Who would trust those treacherous depths for life and livelihood? Yet, a colony of miserable houseboats, enlivened by occasional lanterns, huddled near the bank, keeping faith in God's protection.

Street lights shot wavering gleams far out into the broadening stream. The glints and sparkles of night cast eerie reflections on the ripples, while weird lights played on the warehouse windows.

Suddenly, with an incandescent blaze of glory, the pleasure steamer, "J. S.", appeared against the still, black night and slithered toward her dock. The waters gleamed and flashed; the sky was shot with color, and the air was rent with the blaring strains of a jazz orchestra and the riotous laughter of life that has had another thrill. The levee became alive with honking horns, flashing lights, and clattering crowds. A cock on a nearby boat decided it was morning and began to crow; a sleeping hound stirred lazily on his mat; and a weary watchman shuffled swiftly on his rounds.

Then, as suddenly as it had come, the joyous influence of the steamer disappeared. The lights were darkened; the crowd had passed on its way, and the gaiety was gone. Silent night took possession of the waterfront, and life resumed its usual course. Without warning we became a part of the multi-colored glow of the city; we had conquered the great black chasm.

Fog at Midnight

By

Aliceruth Johnson

A deserted city street. Midnight. Fog pressing against my eyes. The echoing clank of my heels on the hard pavement. I peer into the gloom, straining to assemble the blending shades of gray into some familiar object. Behind that dark and clammy curtain—what? I wave my hand, hoping to rend and tear it away. I glance about furtively, to catch some illusive shadow before it dissolves into the gloom. Heat surges up into my body and ends in a chill shudder. I open my mouth

and suck in the damp air—heavy air—air from a tomb. The gasp for breath is deafening. My heart pounds. My ears throb. My body feels empty. My footsteps become jerky and somehow far away. I glance down. I am walking on nothing. I am floating. I feel a presence. It is behind me. It is clutching at my heels. I must run—run for my life!

I speed through the air, enveloped by panic. I glance to the right. A black shape looms out and I stop abruptly. It is a garbage can! A garbage can filled with coffee-grounds and orange peels from someone's bright linoleumed kitchen. Leftovers from the meals of people—human beings. I feel ashamed and quell the desire to hang my head. Abashed, I look around. I am walking on a sidewalk. It is a foggy night. The vague, shadowy monsters that had struck terror to my heart are the friendly old elm trees that line my street. If I look up I can see stars, and at my side—a garbage can!

How to Catch Salt Water Crabs

By

Aliceruth Johnson

Perhaps you believe that a crab is a crab any place in the world. But this is not true. On the contrary, crabs are very intelligent and temperamental, and have their only likeness in the one common end—namely, outwitting the fisherman.

Anyone not acquainted with the peculiarities of a crab may not give him credit for much intelligence, and that is a fatal mistake, as I have learned, much to my sorrow and discomfort.

The actual preparation and the motions of catching a crab are small and insignificant compared to the brain

power and strategy that must be employed to outwit such a fellow.

The first requirements are a row-boat, a large bushel basket or baskets, according to how many crabs you expect to catch, a small frame net with a short handle, three or four spools of fishline, about a half pound of raw beef, cut in three-inch chunks, and a large burlap bag to put over the top of each basket to keep the crabs from dying before you reach ashore.

The best time to go "crabbing," as it is called, is just after high tide. You row out past the sand bar, anchor your boat, bait your lines, cast them over the side, and wait.

How long you will have to wait I am not prepared to say, as it all depends upon the circumstances. If you have prepared sandwiches and have come expecting to stay all day, you will probably find that your line will be heavy with clinging crabs as fast as you can let your lines down and draw them up. If, on the other hand, you are in a great hurry, and need the crabs for next meal, you will probably fish for hours and not get more than five or six small, anemic-looking creatures.

At first I believed that the crabs banded to gether and cast a vote as to whether it would be a "biting" day or not; but I decided, after seeing that no two fishermen had the same luck on the same day, that I had not given the crab all the credit due him. I finally came to the conclusion that they post lookouts to take inventory of each individual fisherman's supplies. If they find that he is prepared to make a day of it, they call out their reserves, who clamp their claws on the bait as fast as it is lowered. If on the other hand, they find that the fisherman is in a great hurry, they send up a sickly brother every hour or so. The fisherman gives up after a few hours of this, goes home, and opens up a can of sardines.

The actual drawing in of your lines requires little skill. If you have a

bite you draw your line up slowly and carefully until the prospective catch reaches the surface; then take your net, scoop up the crab, and put it in the basket.

This sounds very simple I know, but it all depends upon one thing—your attitude. If you are anxious and have a smug feeling of satisfaction, when you see the crab come to the surface, he will note your expression, drop off, and go back to his companions below, so I warn you to look very unconcerned, as though catching that crab were the farthest thing from your mind. You may gloat as much as your heart desires after he is safely in the basket, covered with the burlap bag, but not a moment before.

Strategy is what it takes to be a successful "crabber."

Women Shoppers

By

Stephen Bailey

I love my sisters. I am starting with this statement so the reader will realize that I believe women have their place in the world. As housewives they are unsurpassed, as presidents of women's clubs they are superb, as missionary workers, bridge players or school teachers they hold their own. They sew stockings beautifully, wash dishes excellently and as a whole, cook fairly well.

There is a phase of life on this planet, however, which turns the fair sex from the peaceful ways of everyday living to the methods of the insane.

I speak of the gentle art of shopping. Shopping turns the meek housewife into a domineering Mussolini. The department store is her Italy and the husband is temporarily placed in the shoes of King Victor Emanuel, passively tolerating the dictator.

The experience of the hatshop is one of the most tragic from the man's

point of view. At nine o'clock the woman elbows her way into the shop, dragging her husband behind her. She seats herself before a mirror and motions for him to sit in the small, uncomfortable chair to one side. He tries to be philosophical about the whole thing for he knows that he must sit there for about four or five hours doing absolutely nothing. As the wife begins the order of selecting he thinks about the lovely person she was "yesterday." What beautiful eyes she had that first day at Niagara Falls. Finally he gives up reminiscing and just waits. The terrible monotony is broken every now and then by having a grotesque headpiece poked in front of his nose for approval.

Man's tolerance at a time like this is wonderful to see. He stands and sits for hours while she tries on gloves, shoes, dresses and overcoats, and he never says a word. He gives his rising temper a mental cuff and controls his feelings, no matter what they be.

When it comes time for the man to shop, however, there is a definite change in attitude. The men's department was made for men, (so he thinks.) He strides over to the pajama counter and selects the first two he sees. He is just about to pay for them when his wife come up and tells him that red pajamas just won't go with the orange bedspread. She, thereupon, selects two green ones that are entirely unacceptable to the man. Pair after pair piles up on the counter while that clerk becomes wearier and wearier. As the fortieth pajama climbs dejectedly to the top of the pile, the husband and clerk interchange sympathetic glances. "Somewhere the sun is shining, somewhere laughing children are at play." The husband finally compromises with his wife and a lavender pair to match the comforter is purchased along with a yellow pair to match the morning cornmeal mush.

Women shoppers not only drive their husbands goofy, they also take ten years from the life charts of

twelve-year-old boys. Who will forget the long pants controversy between parents and child.

"Why Johnnie, you'll look like an old man in long trousers," says the parent.

"Yeah, and I'll look like a two-year-old without them," answers Johnnie. So Johnnie looks like a two-year-old for another year. When the day finally arrives for the first step into manhood, Johnnie is accompanied by his maternal parent. Since he is growing fast, a suit fit for Primo Carnera is chosen, and his mother was right, he does look like an old man.

What is there about shopping that transforms women? Is it the suppressed passions of their ancestors, the Amazons, coming to the front? Is it a hangover from the customs of the American Indian? Anyway, the next time you hear the war-whoops from the bargain basement and see the mad dash of warriors for the last pair of silk hose, or when you see the mangled form of a husband drop exhausted on the corduroy pants shelf, try to be tolerant. Remember evolution takes thousands of years.

Dog-Gerel

By

James D. Pierce, Jr.

I think that perhaps I have spoiled an excellent chance to remain quiet; for it certain persons should read this desultory piece, I should be "drawn and quartered" without one moment's hesitation. I love dogs, and I think, excusing the trite and hackneyed expression, that they are one of man's best companions. However, I feel that a good dog should be a real "he" canine and not the much-too-common variety of a "cowering beastie." I detest being made a personal body-guard to a four-legged pampered, carnivorous, domesticated mammal. I prefer the dog that barks to go out

and howls to get in. There is a warm spot in my heart for him even if he does howl at three in the morning after one of his frequent rampages over the neighborhood. He knows his own mind and even a neighbor's harsh and uncomplimentary expletives seem to swerve him little from the voicing of his desires.

But the lap dog—the sleek, often sick, snuffling thoroughbred must have its regular "airings" and the household is upset if one of these is accidentally or purposely missed. To top off the whole thing, the darling (I hope my soul is not destined for Tartarus) must be walked according to prescription. The leash must be snapped on when crossing all intersections, but he must be given complete freedom at all other times except when a bigger dog comes along; then, mud or no mud, I must hold him in my arms while he glowers down as if to say, "If I could only get loose." The larger dog does not wish to fight; he is curious to know just what this funny creature really is. Could he possibly be in his own class of vertebrate animals? Our hero then appeases his wounded dignity by barking vociferously after the unconcerned animal.

His virility and fighting ability is again exemplified when, on some occasions, he chases a squirrel. He is quite abashed when this furry creature holds his ground and he, our Beowulf of dogdom, must swerve in order to avoid a collision. Chasing and fighting with cats is unheard of as he knows that "discretion is the better part of valor." It is indeed trying on my nerves and general good disposition to take this dark little animal for his nocturnal "cavortings." He either tries to blend his dusky frame into the dark surroundings in order to slip away, or he stays so close to my feet that I must go through various contortions avoiding him. He is the kind of dog that one steps on but once. I might add on the dog's

behalf that perhaps even a St. Bernard might suffer from my full weight, being classed in the language of the hoi polloi, as a two-hundred-and-fifty "pounder."

This animal is not only king while on his daily jaunts, but he also is dictator while in the house. If he and someone else wish the easy chair, there are no questions and there is no arguing—he reclines while others use the straight-back chairs. The only consolation is that he can only fill the corner of one easy chair at a time. When a bed spread is marked with his cute little foot-marks it is quite a joke and as a reward for taking him out, it is my spread that is thus "finger" printed. He also likes to chew on things, not, however, his toys which consist of a rubber bone, an old tennis ball, and rubber imitation rat. He is afraid of the whistle in the rat, the bone is too large, and the ball is too old. As a consequence, he selects a new tennis ball or a glove. The new tennis ball no longer interests him as soon as he has succeeded in puncturing its periphery with his needle-like incisors. One finger of a glove is all that he likes. He is like a person who rejects a center stamp out of a block of one hundred.

All days are dog days for me. One can see with half an eye that I am a martyr to the cause of this cerberus. I am one because I feel sorry for him and "willy-nilly," I can't get out of it.

Pinkie

By

Grace Ferguson

There has been more than one Pinkie; yet the original has dominated the line, and his personality has shone forth in his successors—Pinkie II, III, and IV. But with Pinkie V and VI came drastic changes. They didn't possess that subtle similarity to the original; one might almost say that they were "outside the pale."

First there was, very naturally, Pinkie I. Before him there was no royal line; infidel Blues and Browns are scattered through the history of the rulers. But Pinkie was a great character. He had two beautiful black ink eyes and a tiny little round nose. Dignified, despite his rounded shape, he was kindness itself, and he guaranteed to soothe away all "tummy" aches, rheumatism, head pains and, in fact, any kind of ailment. He was generous to a fault, especially when the water in him was too hot for comfort, but it must be admitted that he had a heart of gold. He was the prince of hot-water-bottles.

Hot-water-bottles! You are laughing! Oh, you have not a proper respect and appreciation for the virtues of the hot-water-bottle. It has been the faithful servant of the human race for many, many years. Its predecessor, the warming pan is now highly venerated, drawing high prices in all antique shops.

Yes, the hot-water-bottle is an all-sacrificing friend. It has no wish but to share its heat with you, nay, more than share—to give you its heat till it becomes lukewarm and bereft of the only wealth life gives to it. Then we no longer have any use for it; so we put it from us, push it to the bottom of the bed, or drop it to the floor. We have all it can give us. That reminds me of a woman I once knew, who used her friends that way; kept



them close to her till they had no more to give her; then she threw them aside. But that is morbid, and the Pinkies are not morbid, so let us talk about the Pinkies.

Pinkie II meant well, but he was not in perfect agreement with his stopper. He leaked, a fatal sin in a hot-water-bottle. Pinkie III rotted on a hook in the bath room. Pinkie IV suffered with me through many a long night before my appendectomy. The last of this family, Pinkie IV, was a credit to all.

But with Pinkie V came a strange revolution. The other Pinkies had been roundedly rectangular with stoppers at one of the ends. Pinkie V was quite round and flat, with his stopper in the middle. Cold, he was; and yet there was a pleasure in his very coldness. He numbed the pain into oblivion.

Then, stranger than ever was Pinkie VI. Unlike the patriarch of the Pinkies, he was not filled with water. Unlike Pinkie V, he was not filled with ice. When his cord was attached to an electric socket, he became hot; when it was detached, he slowly cooled off. One day his hot temper got the better of him, and he rebelled. Blue flashes shot out from him, and he rumbled threateningly. I banished him to a closet where he has sulked ever since.

I fear an even greater revolution in the Pinkies. The claimant to the throne is a perverse and most unusual sort of Pinkie. When given two cold drops of water—he became hot! He has many supporters, and I may give in to him. However, this one concession I make to that long and honorable line of faithful servants—he must be pink, or out he goes.

Where the Heart Is

By

Mary Catherine Funkhouser

It is the pleasantest thing in the world to be awakened from slumber each morning in my sun-flooded, delightfully cluttered-up room by a series of muffled "house noises." They are comfortable, wholesome sounds, brought about by the normal stir and awakening of things that have been quiet and unmoved throughout the long black night. They begin with my first realization of consciousness, follow me throughout an average day, and are always there at bedtime to lull me to sleep.

The first of our house's morning greetings comes from two of the friendliest windows imaginable which are directly above my bed. These windows greet me in a variety of pleasing ways. On sharp, cold days they creak a bleak good morning while little feathers of snow cling desperately to their sills and casements. When it is raining, they are sure to weep a wet warning for me to wear a water-proof. If the day is windy, they whistle me out of bed with a mournful, quivering little whisper, delightful to the ear.

The next sound is that of my mother whose footsteps I can hear in the hall. I hear her voice, gentle and persuasive but firm, saying, "Dad, it's after six." Without so much as opening my eyes, I can lie in bed a moment and gather bits of domestic data that are sure to be useful as the day advances. If I am able to hear the steady purr of gas in the upstairs sitting room, I know that it is a cold day; the spatter of grease in a hot skillet tells me to expect pancakes for breakfast. Whenever the soothing sounds of the morning are profaned by the sudden shrill jangling of an old farm dinner bell, I am aware that the previous night has been unusually hilarious for my older brother and that mother has resorted

to this gruesome method of awakening him.

It is the custom for the first one down in the morning to wait in the dining room until the rest of the family has assembled. Here, by heeding the house's sounds, I may discern the family's morning moods. The splashing of the shower upstairs mingled with Dad's wavering baritone to the tune of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," assures me that the male members of the family are in fine spirits, for father only sings when he feels especially good, and brother never aggravates a sour morning mood by a shower bath.

There is a hush about the dining room in early morning that has a most refreshing effect on me. Gleaming things, polished things, copper things, greet me from every side. Sitting there with my back toward the living room, I can tell what kind of a fire is in the hearth. A brisk crackling and snapping announces a green wood fire, while a steady roaring suggests big gnarled logs. A dry, crisp cracking tells me that the hearth is filled with coal.

During the middle of the day I am usually away, but upon my return in the afternoon there are the sounds again. I am aware that there are guests in the pool-room by the cool, calculated click of billiard balls against each other, or I know that there is a teapot by an energetic hissing sound coming from the direction of the kitchen.

Aside from aiding in determining the family's moods and occupations, these precious sounds are a uniting family tie, of common interest to all members. So accustomed is the family to this theme song—this medley of home melodies—that when the least strain is found missing—if even a few notes are unduly flatted or sharpened—there is sure to be trouble. If, for instance, at about eleven o'clock the night symphony lacks the usual creaking of the second step above the

landing, there has most likely been a delay or mishap in brother's arrival home and the day's song is sure to end in a jangling discord of the telephone bell, explaining the absence of the filial measure. There is a variety of unnatural, unexpected noises which add a sort of mysterious harmony in a minor key to the usual songs. They come from such sources as scraping eve-pipes, banging doors, or squeaking hinges. The family is at once interested and attentive to these noises and hasten to investigate and repair them. I shudder when I compare the lack of interest of the apartment dwellers (who live across the street) in their "house noises" as compared to ours. A disturbing sound to them means only that the ice box of the Brown's (who live below) is out of commission again, or that Mrs. Meek's (directly above) Pekingese pup is having an other tantrum.

I think I shall always remember the night that the iron coal window in the basement became unfastened. The cause of the dull, rhythmic beating could not at once be determined and I was reminded of Poe's "Tell Tale Heart," that grew louder and louder until it was finally located and stopped. Our house too, has a heart. Its pulsing beat is heard continually in the every-day sounds of windows, radiators, and curtains. Creaking hinges, rattling shutters, drip, drip, drip of faucets, jangling rings of telephone and door-bell, roaring fireplaces, simmering things on the kitchen stove—all these beloved sounds are combined into one continuous, throbbing heart-beat. This pulsation is steadfast and strong—to be heard perhaps, at the break of day, through the quiet of the long afternoon, or even lasting on past midnight as the old house settles quietly to rest. Always I shall listen for, hark to, and cherish the rhythm of this priceless household heart-beat which assures me of domestic contentment, and indicates the perpetual stirring of spirit and life within the walls of our home.

The Trials of Being Both Minister and Father

By

Margaret Foster

When the minister preaches his first sermon for a new congregation, he usually expounds and expostulates, and astonishes the people with his eloquence. They congratulate themselves on having hired a "jewel." However, on the following Sunday, after observing three young hopefuls down on the second row, with mischief-seeking eyes, they know that most anything is apt to happen almost any time. I speak with authority, because my father is a minister, and I, for a number years, was his gravest apprehension. After surviving four years of my reign of terror, he was able to accept the boys with calm philosophy. He was sure they couldn't be any worse, but sad to relate, he didn't know the boys.

I started out piously enough for anyone. As an infant I smiled sweetly upon all members of my father's flock, and graciously accepted dolls, chewing gum, gold watchchains, or anything else they had to offer. I even told them the story of Pocahontas, and recited the twenty-third Psalm from the top of the communion table, at the age of three years. It looked like a great beginning for the ideal minister's daughter. But, it didn't last. I am sure that somewhere in my dim, distant past there must have been a wayward ancestor, and I struck right out on this sinful creature's path at a very tender age.

Possibly you remember the popular jazz hit of years gone by, called "I Love the Ladies." My Mother, blissfully unaware of my true nature, sang it often as she worked.. I gave her

away one Sunday morning by singing one line of it with great feeling and still greater volume during an inspiring sermon. Right then and there my parents began to suspect me, and I think, to distrust me as well. Then there was the occasion on which I slipped from mother's loosened grasp and ran down the aisle, gleefully shouting back to her, "I'll bet you can't catch me!" Lectures concerning my future conduct began during the oatmeal next morning.

As I grew older, I read my Sunday school papers at the services while my younger brothers entertained the audience. They followed my noble example with great pleasure and Daddy could always count on them to keep even the habitual snorers awake. They practically earned his salary for him. Charles, especially was a super-showman. He always sang with the choir, and invariably went on a few bars for good measure after the music ceased.

Both boys gave great promise of being future Fosdicks, but it didn't "pan out." Their mutual goal was to be able to sit in the awe-inspiring, upholstered chairs on either side of the pulpit. Finally Daddy reluctantly consented to let Vernon try it one evening as an experiment. He was on his good behavior all evening, and sat up in great state, looking for all the world like a Napoleon. The next Sunday night, Charles was given permission to occupy the other chair, but not seeming so ecclesiastically inclined as was his brother, he did so only once. Imagine Daddy's mortification when in the middle of his sermon he observed broad smiles upon the faces of his usually attentive sheep, and turned to see his son strutting around behind him and holding a raised umbrella over his head. From that time Charles sat in the accustomed place, with Mother between him and the aisle.

As we became more mature, and hence more dignified, Mother began to cause trouble for Daddy. She was not always satisfied with his per-

sonal appearance. True, she started him out to church looking his best, but by the time she arrived his costume was disarranged. This ruined the day for Mother, until he conceived the idea of pointing out his imperfections to him from her seat in the choir. Poor Daddy never could understand sign language, and when it was accompanied by queer facial expressions he was practically helpless. There was but one way to protect himself, and long-suffering Daddy did it. One night he stopped his discussion to announce, "I can see by my wife's signals that something is the matter with my hair. Pardon me a

moment while I fix it." He carefully adjusted the stray lock, while Mother mentally shrank to the size of a worm. For once Daddy was victorious.

Pitty the poor minister. He has the trials of Job. He does everything from washing dishes at missionary banquets, to the impromptu teaching such classes as the "Buds of Promise" and "Knights of the Cross," who never live up to their pretentious titles. His life is truly one of hardships, but none of them can compare with the humiliation of having a son who tells the class that he can't attend their party on Friday, because "we take our bath on Friday night."



ANNOUNCEMENT

The June number of MSS.
will feature the prize-winning
entries in the 1934 Butler Lit-
erary Contest, in the upper-
classman section.

Forgetting

By

Harriett Perkins

Mr. Koss closed the door and walked away slowly. Every movement expressed weariness; complete exhaustion. He knew he could not make them understand how he felt. They simply would not, could not, understand. He had been in there two hours talking to them. At least he had pleaded his case the first hour. After that he had given up; agreed to their every word; bowed mutely in doglike submission to every order dictated with pointing finger at him; had agreed because it was foolish not to, and finally broke down and cried like a school-boy. Queer it had been—crying in Mr. Hornston's office. Of all places: Mr. Hornston's office! It had velvet curtains at the ceiling-high windows that afforded such a fine view of skyscrapers, distant towers, and broad stretches of clear, springtime sky. It had heavy polished furniture, he remembered; so brightly polished that he could see Mr. Hornston's face reflected, square and rosy in the desk; and Mr. Alison's slim figure stretch itself the length of the cabinet as he moved with such soft steps back and forth across the room from desk to file

God, the silence of the room! And how his voice had sounded, weak and trembling!

They didn't understand—that was all. He had told them how he felt. At first Mr. Hornston had patted him on the back, and said it was too bad. But then, gradually he had changed; his jaw had set hard, and his words had come out sharply. Certainly, he had said, it was too bad, but things like that will happen: it's life, you know, and people must learn to face it. If you are to be a success, you've got to work for it. You've got to fight. You can't let things get the better of you.

You've got to be strong. That's what he had said. Success? Why, what was that? If it was what Mr. Hornston had, he didn't want it. Fight? Well, maybe he didn't have any fight in him any more. It had all left him, somehow. He felt weak and tired and sick. He wanted to crawl away somewhere. Perhaps he had let it get the better of him, but he couldn't help it. He couldn't get the thing out of his mind. Of course he shouldn't brood over it. Good old Molly. So good and gentle. She had understood. She hadn't become upset and agitated, or cried and carried on the way some women would. She had spoken quietly and soothingly. "Oh, my dear, how sad for you! Things like that will happen—we can't help them. It's not your fault. Everything is for the best. You'll see."

But she couldn't help him, really. He must help himself. He knew that. He must find himself. He must not brood. He must not brood. It was such a desperate feeling. The world, somehow, pressed close against his heart; he couldn't breathe sometimes. If only he could stop breathing altogether! But no, there was Molly; and there was little Patsy and Harry. He couldn't leave them. What in Heaven's name would become of them in these hard times? Oh, no, he must go on—with it haunting him night and day. Why couldn't he get rid of it: this stifling fear—the depression; and that awful sound always in his ears. It had never been a pleasant job at all, Lord knows. Blistering heat in the summer, terrific cold in the winter, long hours, little pay. But it was hell, now, driving that same car over that same route day after day. Mr. Hornston couldn't understand when he said it was driving him mad. Mr. Hornston couldn't understand how he felt. No one understood—really. He alone knew the anguish, the dread, the weight of it. That place—that miserable place—where he had clanged on the brakes and stopped, thinking he had run over a cat. Of course he'd get

out and put it in the grass. What if he was late—he hated hitting anything. Then he had heard a sound. He could not forget it: a groan. He had stiffened, grown cold and weak. Then he had had seen it. He saw it before him always now: lying there on the cold street, its little leg flattened out like an ironed stocking, its little arm outstretched across the rail, its tangled curls heavy and thick with blood. He couldn't bear the thought of it. It tortured him. How had he been able to get into the house and call the ambulance station? The passengers had just stood there and stared. He had to do something. Of course it hadn't been his fault. He knew that. Everybody told the police it wasn't his fault. No one blamed him. The little thing had run out from behind parked cars, they said. It wasn't his fault. No—no—. He had helped the police carry her into the house; shuffled with them up the steps and into that dismal room: the wallpaper was a sickly yellow—faded. They didn't have electric lights, only a lamp. They were awfully poor. The front window was broken; they had stuffed it with paper. There weren't any curtains. A rug was on the floor, threadbare, though, and completely gone in some parts. They had laid her on the sofa. The big, black leather sofa that had only one arm left; the stuffings were falling out one end of it. A picture hung over it. A picture of Jesus with a verse from the Bible printed in big letters under it. They had laid her down gently. The shadows of the police were big upon the wall. The mother kept walking up and down out front and crying: "My little girl! My little girl! She wouldn't come inside. . ."

That was a week ago. It seemed eternity. He couldn't sleep now, nor eat. He had gone to Mr. Hornston and asked him for a few weeks off, just to get calmed down a bit—to get his mind on something else. Mr. Hornston had said if he left his job wouldn't be there when he came back. Too bad,

he had said, but life is hard, and one must face it. Mr. Hornston had faced it. But Mr. Hornston had never run down a little child and crippled it for life. Mr. Hornston didn't have to drive old "502" by the same place every day, and see the little gray house with the little rocker on the porch. Why couldn't they take that inside? Bright yellow, it was, with swans for handles. He could see it a whole block down the street—the one bright thing there. The little house was dirty. The little fence leaned crooked. The maple tree in the front was dead; just like his spirit. Why couldn't Mr. Hornston see? Why couldn't he understand?

He tried to shut his eyes as he went by, but he couldn't. He must look. Somehow he must go slowly, and stare, and think. "I ruined a life. I ruined a life." Then shudder as though a cold wind blew in upon him. What were sunlight and budding trees now? What were blue skies and clear brooks? He hated them. They mocked him. And little Patsy's voice, and Harry's at their play? Could he help crying? Hearing them laugh. Seeing them running free and happy. And the nights, the long, long nights. If he slept it was only to waken in the dark, harrassed by horrid dreams. Fears, nameless fears, pursued him, would not let him rest. He would dream he was trying to cross rivers of blood, struggling in rapid currents; dream of pale women who walked before him, denouncing him as a murderer of little children; dream he was rocking in a huge rocker painted yellow with swans for handles—live swans who groaned horribly as he rocked

Why, he asked, did this have to happen to him? Of all the motormen in the city, why must he be the one who must suffer? Hadn't he been a good husband and father? Hadn't he always attended conscientiously to his work? Had he ever purposely harmed anything in his whole life? Yet he must suffer.

He could not walk along the street

any more with light, carefree step. The noise and confusion of the city—it got on his nerves. He wanted to scream. He desired quiet and rest: that was all. He wanted to go some place where he would forget. To get away: that was his wish—to get away from it all. To find peace somewhere. To rest. To forget. To grow strong again. It was weak to give way to his emotions—he must not let go. He must not let go. He must not let go!

People walking up and down the street, didn't it bother them; this confusion? Didn't they feel their heads would split with the noise? How could they walk along so calmly, chatting, laughing so unconcernedly? Didn't they know that life is tragic, solemn, cruel? Didn't they feel its pressure? But they hadn't had their hand on the controller that night. No horrid sound of groaning was in their ears. No vision of mangled flesh haunted them. He must not let go. He must not let go. He must be calm. He must not think about it any more. He would think about the sunlight on the budding trees. How pretty it was. Golden . . . Golden . . . The budding trees. The maple tree in front was not in bud. It would never bud again. It would never throw shadows over the little gray house; never shut the glaring summer sun from it. She would never run in the sunshine again . . . But he must not think of that. He must not brood. He must have pleasant thoughts. It didn't do any good to worry. It only made it worse. The bells in the Christ church were ringing—how sweetly! He paused to listen. Was there any evil in the world, any sorrow? They seemed to sing out no—no—no! Was the world then, happy, and he simply unhappy within himself?

He walked on slowly. He must get somewhere quiet and peaceful. The park. He would go to the park. Perhaps there under the shady trees, along the quiet paths . . . oh, how lovely here! The city seemed miles away.

He must breathe deeply. He must be calm. He must forget. How clear the water was in the lagoon. How white the swans and graceful. He walked to the edge and watched them. They moved slowly about in the cool, blue water like stately sail boats propelled by gentle winds. They made a beautiful design with the cup-shaped, deep red water lilies. Blood red, they were. Blood! Blood! The little rocker—it had swans for handles . . .

Vacations

By

Barbara Oakes

Willis Dean stood glaring down at the dirty, rain-streaked roofs below his window. An early April sun had just set, and the city was settling down into its cold, gloominess. Everyone else had left the office and gone home to waiting dinners and to cozy, curtained living-rooms, and to pipes and papers that could be strewn about, and to wives that were interested, but not solicitous. And there was Jerry Pock, lucky devil, just leaving for a month's vacation. There must be quite an advantage in being a bachelor, and in being able to leave on your own quiet vacation by yourself.

To be able to do anything just by yourself would be a blessing. He thought back to the conversation at breakfast that morning. "Willis, a slice of toast and a cup of coffee really aren't enough breakfast for a hard-working man."

"I've existed on that for a good many years, my dear."

"Well, I'm sure I don't see how you can. I do wish you would come home for lunch, too. Drug stores never offer you a balanced meal. And they aren't clean. I could fix you up a lovely little lunch every noon. And perhaps you could lie down afterwards, to break the strain of the day."

"But I really don't have time, Anna."

"I feel that you could make time, if you wanted to."

And it was that way every morning. Only yesterday it had been about overshoes, and the morning before it was long underwear. He pulled his coat on slowly, and pushed into his overshoes, and started walking downstairs. He never began this first lap of his homeward journey without wondering what Anna would say if she knew that he chose this manner of descent instead of conserving his energy in the elevator. "Like to walk? But you shouldn't!"

Dean honked his way disconsolately through the traffic. The house would be hot when he got home; it always was, with every window locked solid and tight against any possible draught. Everything would be spic and span and stuffy, just as it had been every night for nearly twenty-five years, and he would be supposed to leave them that way. Twenty-five years with the same family! With Anna getting cross and scolding, and with Ruth becoming more and more strangely silent and moody. Suddenly it occurred to him: he'd take a vacation—away from the family, all alone, like Jerry Pock. He'd go south somewhere for a month and get away from this nagging home atmosphere and this miserable northern weather. He wouldn't put it off, either. He'd tell them tonight, and leave next week. Why hadn't he thought of it before? It was just the thing to do! As he turned into the driveway it began to rain, and he caught sight of his wife hurrying up the front walk.

* * *

Mrs. Dean turned the key nervously, and stepped quickly into the dark hall. Here she was—late again. And now supper would be late, and Willis would be crosser than ever. She went into the kitchen, slipped a white frock over her good dress, and began peeling potatoes over the sink. Really,

Willis was getting harder to live with every day. This morning at breakfast he had nearly taken her head off at everything she said. Goodness knows, she didn't want him home under foot every noon for lunch, but it would be better for him, because he always picked out all the starches on a restaurant menu, and he was getting fat. He really was quite fat, but of course it would hurt him awfully if she told him that.

She hurried into the living room to turn on the lights and to be sure that the oil burner thermostat was turned high enough. What could Willis be doing all this time out in the garage? He'd catch his death of cold in the damp air; he always did, but experience never seemed to teach him anything. Oh, she was so tired of telling him what to do and of looking after him. How she would love to get away some place, maybe to the ocean, where things were big and wide and fresh, where you could forget about people, and fill your mind with peace and beauty. How long had it been since she'd seen the ocean? Not since their first wedding anniversary, when Willis had taken her back down to North Carolina to see her mother. Her mother was gone now, but how she would love to go back. All right—she'd go back! By herself. And she'd stay until she began to miss them here, and then she could come home. Willis and Ruth would have to shift for themselves while she was gone. It would be good for them, especially Ruth.

Ruth was getting to be such a problem—sulking and pouting around the house. It had been a mistake for them to send her East to school; she wasn't good for a thing now here at home, and she was always talking about her friends at Sarah Lawrence. She used to be content with her friends here. What was the matter with them now? Oh, she couldn't understand Ruth at all, but of course she really didn't see much of her. She never got

up for breakfast, and most of the day she was up in her room writing letters and reading. Mrs. Dean began to set the table, and she remembered how they had started out taking turns in getting the meals and taking care of the house, but now—. There was Willis at last. And there was Ruth's step in the corridor upstairs.

* * *

Ruth Dean sat down slowly on the window seat at the end of the corridor, and stared out defiantly at the misty night. She had made up her mind definitely: she was going away. Another month in this house and she'd go crazy. Half the time her mother and father didn't seem to know that she was around, and when they did notice her they began to nag and criticize her. She was going to take the car and go away to the mountains, where she could be alone without feeling lonely. It was so hellishly lonesome here, and none of her old friends seemed interested in her any more. They'd all been together while she was away at school, and now it wasn't easy to get back into the crowd. Oh, if they'd only let her get a job! Why did they make her sit at home like this with nothing to do? She just wasn't one of those born housekeepers, and her mother never let her do a thing by herself, anyway. Girls all had jobs nowadays, and it gave them something to do, and it made them new friends. But she—she was going away. Not to meet new people, but to be really alone for once, so that she could get her life straightened out in her own mind, and then come back and do the things that would make her happy.

A "home girl"—that's what everyone thought she was. But heaven knew she wasn't! This sticking around home, and the family, especially, was more than she could stand. Well, she'd never get the car if she told them that. But anyone could see that she did need a change. She'd go downstairs

now, and break the news after dinner.

* * *

Mr. Dean pushed back his chair, and wadded his napkin up beside his plate.

"Please fold it, Willis. It makes it so much easier for me."

"What? Oh, all right . . . Bad night out, isn't it?"

"Yes, very cold and uncomfortable. You're not going out tonight, are you, Ruth?"

"No, Mother, of course not. Do I ever?"

Mr. Dean cleared his throat. "Anna, I've been thinking. I—I think I'll take the car and go away for a little while. Take a trip south for the rest of the bad weather."

"You—leaving town now? By yourself?"

"Yes. Things are slack at the office, and I think—well, a change might do me good. You—you don't mind, do you?"

"Mind?" His wife stood up suddenly. "Of course I shan't mind. I'm going away myself next week. But I simply can't imagine your getting along by yourself away from home. Where are you going?"

"Why, just South, I guess. Where—where are you going?"

"To the ocean. Carolina, probably. You know it's been a long time—"

"What about Ruth, Anna?"

Ruth smiled sardonically. "Oh, don't bother! I'm leaving, too, or at least, I was. But I'd rather counted on having the car. I suppose there are trains that go to the mountains, though."

"The mountains!" Mrs. Dean sat down suddenly. "Do you think we're going to let our daughter start off by herself on a trip like that? Why do you want to go?"

"Well, you don't want me to stay here alone while you're gone, do you?"

"You could go over to Helen's."

"Oh, no! I want to get out of this town. I'm so sick of it!"

"Yes, I think you are . . . Ruth, why

don't you and your father go together in the car? You could go down into the Smokey Mountains in North Carolina."

"Carolina? Isn't that where you want to go, Anna?"

"Well, yes, but I was planning to go by train—"

"Mother, why don't you go with Father, and let me go by myself? I'm certainly old enough."

Mrs. Dean stared absently at Ruth, and slowly began to fold her napkin. "I suppose, Willis, that we could all three go together. It wasn't exactly what I had in mind, but it seems like the only sensible thing to do."

"No, I wasn't thinking of that, either, Anna. But of course it would give us a vacation. We'd get out of town—at least."

"Yes," said Ruth slowly. "We'd better all go together, we couldn't feel right about it any other way."

Angles

By

Martha Rose Scott

Russ was sprawled at his ease—that is, as much ease as he could obtain in a metal chair (with slippery silver arms) which oscillated easily back and forth in the manner of a chicken picking up grains. He had thrown one arm out and his fingers were wrapped around the neck of a glazed silver bird which was reflected in all of its disproportion in the glass top of a triangular-shaped end table. There also, were mirrored two books with bright red covers contrasting with the blue cushions in the chairs. Russ was trying to read a mystery story by the light of a lamp which threw its gleam up to the ceiling instead of onto the pages. It was more effective that way, as if the sun which threw its rays down on the earth was not an excellent example of efficient

illumination. There was a bowl of brittle glass flowers on another table which Russ toppled off as he stretched his legs toward the shining electric wires of the gas log. Above the mantle was a pale still-life picture of several pink apples tumbled on a yellow table cover. Russ reached for a cigarette, realizing suddenly that they had been put back in the silver case which required pushing a button before the mechanism would roll out the desired article. Russ got up to manipulate it, and walked toward the great glass window which stretched the length of the room. The electric eyes of other homes were glaring into his. One of the neighbors had just lowered their Venetian blinds. Very well—he gave the cord a jerk and obtained privacy—the privacy of what?—association with these awkward angular cabinets and oscillating rockers? The green statue of an indefinite sort of figure streaming out towards something made a shadow on the cream-colored blind. Russ's thought reached out to the home of his childhood. There was the deep warmth of his father's armchair and a footstool which he remembered immediately. He could see his father's spectacled eyes appearing over the top of an old volume of law cases which he was studying, his feet comfortably stretched toward the blue and orange tongues of fire springing from an old pine log. He himself had often lain in front of the fireplace for hours imagining castle spires in the yellow flames and great red caves in the underlog. There were brown leather books tossed open on the long library table. A vase of vivid bittersweet which he had cut away from the tough vine himself, stood on the bookcase along with a group of shells from the Gulf of Mexico. Rather a jumble, he recalled. Opposite the fireplace was the picture of his grandfather, a large canvas from which the sturdy old minister frowned piously on the family.

He was disturbed in his reverie.

The glass clock on the mantle which exposed all of its gold internals, chimed a bar of sweet music and then returned to its noiseless duty. There was a heavy old Seth Thomas at home which used to tick a rather melancholy rhythm in the room and bellowed out the hours. Dad used to wind it every night. This thing ran a month without assistance, and had such an impudent face that Russ believed it could run eternally without winding. He turned abruptly toward it. He allowed it a scoff and left the room, running dizzily down the spiral staircase built around the central pillar of his modern "celotexed," "tiletexed," "glasstexed," "glazzetexed" home. Once on the street, he glanced back and there in his second floor window the shadow of the green figure was dimly blurred on the blind.

The Foods of My Childhood

By

Arleen Wilson

Brown bread and huge round cheese remind me of Uncle Bob. Chocolate covered cherries make me think of the twinkle in old Mr. McLean's eye whenever he brought us a box. Toast and gravy, containing every now and then a bit of left-over meat, stand for lunch on washday, while ground meat sandwiches are symbols of Sunday night suppers, eaten chairlessly and untidily in the kitchen.

Hot dogs and Holloway suckers I have long associated with castor oil. Olives and watermelons I remember with displeasure. I did not particularly mind disliking olives, for they were merely a side dish, but I resented deeply the injustice of serving anything so tasteless as watermelon under the name of dessert.

With all food, I believed in saving

the best till the last. I always ate the crust of my pie after the nose, and pushed the fruit to the side of my salad plate in order to finish my lettuce first. I almost made a game with bananas and cake. After the initial bite and the inevitable "Mm, it's good"! uttered somewhat indistinctly from a mouth half full—after these, my interest in the bite being consumed lessened, as I made plans for the last morsel. Half way down the banana I must peel off the skin, to make sure that there was not a bad spot on the tip. I must be careful to save the heel of the cake; the icing was so thick there. As I tasted that last bite, I felt a thrill at its perfection.

Whenever I see Tootsie rolls or candy bananas, I see also the little store where we spent our pennies. Grandma Leash's shelves held ever so many kinds of candy. As an experiment, we invested one cent in each kind, then selected a few favorites to patronize exclusively. We bought little round peppermints to use as pills in playing hospital, licorice sticks to smoke, and red hots to smear daringly upon our lips. And once we bought a chocolate rabbit.

It was Easter morning. We children had come home after Sunday school; the others were at church. Betty and I stood before the buffet in the dining room, admiring the chocolate bunny which was to be the prize for our egg hunt that afternoon. I was sorely tempted to break off the little shreds along the edges. It smelled delicious. We drew closer. And then the tragedy occurred. One of us—we never knew which—jiggled the buffet, and the bunny fell over in a hundred pieces. We were terrified. Suppose the corner store were not open! If we went to the drug store we would run the risk of being discovered, for Dad knew the man who ran it.

Betty called the others and explained, "If each of us gives a cent," she said bravely, concealing her anxiety, "we can divide the pieces into

fifths and get another bunny." They agreed, and I ran all the way to the corner store, so that I would get back before the rest of the family. My relief was great when I saw that the store was open. Grandma Leash seemed rather surprised at my buying anything so artistic as a chocolate rabbit; usually we paid more attention to caloric value than to appearance. But I offered no explanation. And though the new bunny was hollow, and probably made of less expensive chocolate than the other, nobody guessed the exchange that had taken place. Our little tragedy turned into a feast.

Mother's teas were as delightful on the back stairs as in the living room. When we were sure that the kitchen was deserted, Roberta and I crept in. We scraped out the crumbs that lay deep in the pan of the devil's-food-cake-with-date-and-nut-filling; we spread the nut bread crusts thick with butter; we rejoiced in the macaroons that had been rejected because they stuck together. We helped ourselves to loaf sugar, lemon ends, and any nut meats that might have fallen on the floor. Halfway up the back stairs we munched daintily, trying not to grimace as we bit into unsugared lemon, and addressing each other in cultured tones as "Mrs." and "Madam," as though we were fine ladies at a fashionable tea. Sometimes we adorned ourselves fittingly with finery from our collection of ribbons and laces. Sometimes we invited a guest or two from across the street. It was really the best way to entertain, for everyone agreed that the food was more important than anything else; and at our own parties the refreshments were hopelessly commonclass.

Ice cream molds remind me of the first wedding at our house. We served them at the reception, and for breakfast, lunch, and dinner during the next few days. Strangely enough I found myself tired of ice cream. It was usually a great treat, and was most frequently offered when we went

riding in the Buick. Ice cream cones were always in the back of my mind when we started out, though I would have been ashamed to mention them. Roberta, however, who sat in the front seat, often whispered in Dad's ear something which caused him to stop at the next drug store, and bring out two handfuls of cones. It was fun to lick the ice cream lightly at first, then to force it deeper into the cone with your tongue; to eat as slowly as you could, so that when everyone else had finished you still had a little left.

I cannot imagine our old basement without a barrel of apples in the corner; or a church supper without meat loaf and soggy pudding; or a fudgeless Sunday afternoon. I hope that concentrated food tablets are never perfected. It would be a shame to deprive childhood of the pleasures of eating.

There Was a Crooked Man

By

M. Eddingfield

"There was a crooked man, and he
went a crooked mile,

He found a crooked sixpence against
a crooked stile;

He bought a crooked cat, which
caught a crooked mouse,

And they all lived together in a little
crooked house."

For years I have been vaguely perplexed as to the identity of the Crooked Man, and only recently did I stumble on to a satisfying solution for this question retained from my childhood days. It was quite a surprise, I assure you, to bump into it so suddenly. Of course, I had always cherished a vivid imaginary picture of the fellow. He was small and lean and crooked. His crooked little eyes looked out from beneath crooked brows. He had a

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-

demic 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

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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 “whoood” 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?

