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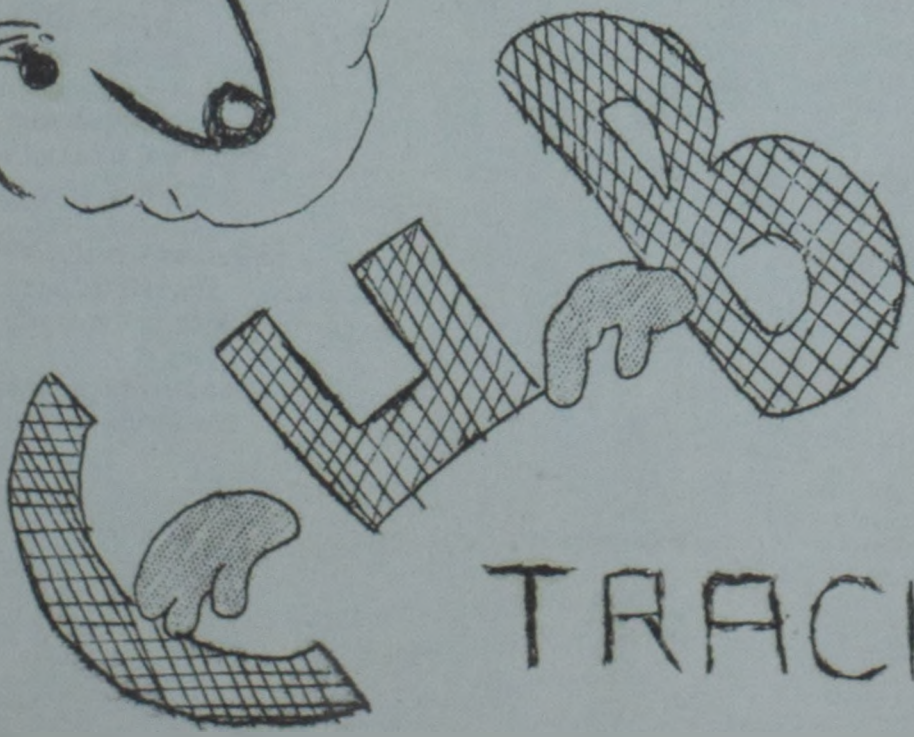
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TRACKS

CUB TRACKS

Freshman-Sophomore Literary Magazine

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Unconquerable Spirit

Strange how it feels, thought Joe Nelson, to have no harvest to think about this year. No wheat to haul, no granaries to build, no dirty, hot hours of combining.

"Mark me down one hundred per cent. It took it all," he said to the teller, shaking his head. The lines showed deep in his forehead, as he added with irony, "No worry about the labor shortage this fall." Hail had swept the territory. The wheat, heading with a promise of large yields, was now flat and broken in desolate, rain-soaked strips.

Joe Nelson, thoroughly acquainted with the gamble of his vocation, had taken hail insurance to the amount of ten dollars an acre, but his insurance check would not begin to pay the worth of the lost wheat. "Wish I'd taken twenty now," he told the teller with a wry grin. "Would help out when it comes to paying the seed loan."

The air of the bank was filled with the noisy hum of farmers waiting their turns to file hail-loss reports. Jim Johnson was reporting damage, too. "How bad did it take you, Jim?" Joe asked his neighbor who was busily lighting his familiar unlit cigar.

With his customary slowness, old Jim took the cigar out of his mouth, measured the distance to the cuspidor with a glance, and spat. The words stumbled out painfully in his Danish accent. "In the thirty years I been here, I never seen the hail like that. It just about left fifty per cent on the home place. But that north eighty—" His eyes focused on the floor, and his fingers flicked the cigar nervously. "That's all gone." After spitting again, he faltered, his words a hoarse whisper. "That seed was the last of me 1928 Ceres."

Bill White—short, mustached, of German descent—waved his pipe vigorously and joined loudly in the conversation. "One year it's hoppers that blacken the sun, there's so many of them. The next year we don't have no rain, and the blades turn yellow and die. Or the sun gets too damn hot after a rain and there's rust." The smell of alcohol hung heavy in the air as he gesticulated with his pipe, and continued, "And this year, this year the hail comes, and fifteen minutes—" His voice broke out harshly. "Fifteen minutes takes the work of a whole spring."

Smatterings of conversation along the same theme filled the air. As more and more farmers shuffled into the bank to report hail loss, the extent of the damage was estimated. "I just talked to Red Benson. He said it started up near Barner and went south. Took a strip a couple miles wide clear down to the Hansen brother's place," said one of the farmers.

"Yah, it cleaned the reservation as far west as Wolf Creek," confirmed Joe Nelson. "Gus Crapp didn't have a thing left." He shook his head slowly. "Same, his crop wasn't insured for a penny."

The economic standing of the whole community was affected by a storm, which in an hour had come and gone. Yesterday the green wheat had waved healthily, the heads forming large and full. Looking over his

fields, Joe Nelson had prophesied a boom year. This was going to be the year when the farmers would really hit the jackpot. He could pay off all the debts hanging over from years before and build on that extra bedroom that Emma had been planning on for so long.

Then this morning the sun had come out bright and hot. The air was sultry in midmorning; before noon black clouds slowly darkened the sky. As the foreboding stillness increased and the air grew cold, Joe Nelson and all the other farmers began worried preparation. Herding the chickens into the coop and running the pickup into the garage, Joe made ready for the storm that he prayed would not, yet knew would, inevitably, come.

The storm struck with a crash as hail stones, a white flurry of icy snowballs, were driven fiercely by the strong wind. The fragile wheat plants did not have a chance of survival against this enemy which attacked with such terrible fury. The blades were broken, mashed; the flood of water which accompanied the hail washed the fields into a hopeless, tragic entanglement of green and mud. This havoc was wrought by a storm which lasted, perhaps, only fifteen minutes. Dams were washed out, barns flooded, bridges gone. But the worst damage was done to the wheat crops, from which was to have come the main cash proceeds. With the hail insurance and by selling a few cattle, chickens, milk, cream and eggs, Joe Nelson and the other farmers could make their living for another year. And then, of course, there was the government allotment. But with a bumper wheat crop he could have the extra things he had planned for--a new dining room set, the tractor he needed, and war bonds as insurance for the future.

When the storm was over, Joe had put on his overshoes and set out to survey the damage. The windows of the house, protected by the screens, had not been hurt, but the panes in the small windows of the bar were shattered to a million pieces. His gaze fell on the carefully-tended hedge, the branches now twisted and broken. And, although Emma Nelson and the Nelson children had spent many back-breaking hours on the large garden, it would produce nothing this year. Noticing six little chickens dead in the sea in front of the coop, Joe suddenly thought of Janet. "You can't even keep the things your kids love," he brooded as he stamped on. She had waited patiently for the six eggs to hatch, and had fed the new little chickens oatmeal at regular hours during the day, loving them as children love pets.

His boots were heavy as he waded slowly across the road to the early-wheat field. There was nothing left, nothing to reward him for the long, cold hours he had spent plowing and seeding it. His other crops were in identical ruin.

Little piles of ice were still evident when Joe opened the screen door and hollered in, "Do you want anything from town, Emma?"

Emma, in a bright-colored cotton dress, stepped to the door. As she handed him the list, she said softly, apologetically, "It's pretty long, but I guess we have to have it."

Their eyes met for a long moment of common understanding. Scrimping, scrimping, always scrimping--that's the way it was. Then, with a shrug, Joe turned and tramped down the steps.

Supper that night for the Nelson's was full of hope and new plans. Joe was silent for a while, and then came out with, "Janet, how would you like a 'bum' lamb?"

"Oh, can I really, Daddy?" she squealed. "Can he live in the little stall in the barn?" Clapping her hands excitedly, she pressed him with another question. "Oh, can we get it tomorrow?"

As the clamor of the children arose over the prospect of a new pet, Emma smiled brightly at Joe. He looked at her, and then said, "You know, Emma, I've been thinking about it. Maybe we can build on the new bedroom anyway. I'll have quite a bit of time this fall so I can do all the work myself. Lumber's expensive, that's the only thing." Joe thought for a moment, then remarked hopefully, "But we should be able to spare enough from the hail insurance."

—Helen Ann Lund English 12c

The Menace

Throughout the history of medical science, many wonderful cures have been discovered. Many otherwise fatal diseases are now quickly checked by special serums, antitoxins, etc. Patient experiments combined with sheer luck has brought to civilization thousands of discoveries by which a population can be more safely perpetuated.

But there is one deadly disease whose cure is thus far unreached by science. Patent medicine frauds have dared not expose even to their most gullible of suckers an attempted cure for this ailment; doctors only stare in awe when questioned as to any research concerning it; and practitioners confess that they are completely powerless in this matter. Posterity is therefore left unprotected in the hands of fate, to have this disease thrust unmercifully upon them.

This menace comes in the form of a fever and strikes once every year during the spring months. It has a temporary deadening effect upon its victim, making him unconscious to ordinary stimulants. His whole mechanical set up is retarded and his capacity for the use of mental energy is completely paralyzed. His brain becomes entirely unattached to the other organs of his body, and he is entirely at the disposal of his emotions and his equilibrium.

The fever is most plainly recognized in the victim's eyes. They remain only half open and take on a dreamy, far away look. They, too, become disconnected from the brain, and, therefore, objects focused upon them merely become a blurry background for thoughts forever secret to the victim. These rambling thoughts have been proven by close observation to be happy dream stories with the fever victim always the hero. This is shown by a slight, and rather silly smile upon his lips.

Voices from the far beyond seem to be calling him out of this world and the warm sunshine and budding trees do their bit of luring by warming the breezes and filling them with a sweet odor of new plant life. Everyday life, becoming dull and trivial, is cast away and the fever stricken individual is thrust into a coma where he can make a world of his own, a coma that is so pleasant it is sometimes pitifully cruel to awaken him.

The very thought of work drops the victim's face into a sad, weary expression. The mention of words such as textbook, assignment, concentration, and research makes him stagger for the nearest easy chair and pant for some five or ten uneasy minutes; but by whispering sweet words such as shade, drifting clouds, bathing suit, and cool food, the victim raises a heavy eyebrow, parts his lips, and hopefully gasps, "Now you're jivin' hep. Shoot it lazy to me, Maizy."

Yes, comes spring and nothing can be done. We're goners, everyone of us. Even a few staunch professors break down and are caught staring out through classroom windows with all the symptoms mentioned above. A few must have some secret antitoxin by the way they flit around as they would on an invigorating October morn. But it must be very dangerous and painful to take, so let them keep it.

Knowing well enough that this is a typical spring day when fever such as this flourishes in all its glory, I will end hoping that you soon become one of its happy victims. You see, I was badly paralyzed during an earlier campaign of this dreaded disease, so things are getting pretty dull now.

Oh hum, guess I'll take a little siesta myself.

Excuse me, please!

P.S. If the name of the above mentioned fever is not recalled to your memory, you are either dead or are suffering from such a severe case of said fever that you are temporarily drunk with happiness; the latter of which is most enjoyable.

BILL

Bill insists on holding me far, far, away while dancing-even though the step is slow and romantic, or if it's fast, jitterbug music. We have been embarrassed several times because of his unassuming attitude.

Peering across the smoke-filled, five feet of space between Bill and myself, I find Bill's face--I look at the arms holding me, and putting two and two together, get two arms, one head, and two feet, all belonging to one person, Bill.

I glance around and as I do so, fall head first into someone else's arms--Bill excuses us and I excuse myself to Bill. We dance on.

There always seems to be an embarrassing moment during an evening. This evening is no exception. A fellow I know, Fred Bilegow, spots me dancing. He gets a pained and surprised look on his face and rushes over to dance with me; he takes me in his arms, is about to dance me away when lo and behold Bill walks up and says, "Pardon, sir, I was dancing with the lady." There ensues an embarrassing struggle, Bill pulls one of my all too frail arms, Fred the other. I finally end this struggle by putting my foot down hard, on Bill's foot. Then I smile sweetly and say, "If you don't mind, Bill, I'll dance with Fred." All the time, hoping Bill will club the fellow to death; but I dance off with Fred, leaving a bewildered Bill behind, only to find him after the next dance waiting.

Bill is the intellectual type. Not that I don't enjoy a lengthy conversation about physio-therapy, metallurgy or the psychological drives of a rat, but a girl likes to be told she looks lovely or that the moon is nice tonight, and would she like to take a walk? Not Bill--he insists on talking for hours. I start to tell him my experiences and knowledge, he only frowns and talks louder using his hands to gesticulate. I try to change the subject of rats, but Bill is not to be defeated. The room becomes quiet, everyone listens, looks and claps. Modest Bill blushes and leans over the table and suggests going home. I look at my new dress, the soft lights, sigh and say, "Yes, Bill."

The air is cold and I tell Bill, he puts his coat around me! I glance up at him and he's in his thin jacket--well, try again--"Bill, I'm still cold." He increases his pace from three miles an hour to five and states, "Nothing like a good brisk walk to warm you up."

"Yes, I see the house at a distance." Thank heavens my feet can't stand much more of this. We arrive home, with my hair down, up and around not unlike a zombie. Bill profoundly states, "We're home!!! I look at the heavenly, beautiful house and say "Yes Bill, we're home." We go inside, and Bill sweeps me in his arms, kisses me and asks the silly question--"Are you ever sorry you married me?" I look up adoringly and I say, "No, Bill."

Crime and Punishment
by Dostoevsky

This book, refuting as it does, the existence of a "Superman" and denying the principle of the "will to power", is a bulwark in the cause of all nations and individuals fighting an aggressor. Traveling down the same road of thought as Nietzsche's Thus Spake Zarathustra and The Will to Power, this book comes to an exactly opposite conclusion. Instead of acclaiming the rise of "Superman", this book foresees his psychological bankruptcy.

The leading character of the book, Raskolnikov, is a student who is continually studying and brooding over the enigmas of human conduct and of good and evil. He comes to walk in a dream, a trance, continually torn by a subconscious struggle between his conscience and his mind. Finally, his mind triumphs. He becomes an automaton; a slave of his theories which maintain that "men are in general divided by a law of nature into two categories, inferior (ordinary).....and men who have the gifts or the talents to utter a new word" and who are thus "extraordinary". "The second category all transgress the law; they are destroyed or disposed to destruction according to their capacities. They seek in very varied ways the destruction of the present for the sake of the better". They can find within themselves a sanction for wading thru blood.

Surrounded by poverty, consumption, prostitution, degeneration, and insobriety, Raskolnikov, filled with morbid egotism, is forced, under the influence of his mind and its theory, to murder. When Raskolnikov kills an old Jewish pawnbroker, he has an inner sanction—she is "vermin" and should be killed. But he has no inner sanction for killing her innocent, simple-minded sister.

Expecting a reaction of remorse and guilt because of this crime, Raskolnikov is shocked when he has none. Realizing that if there is no conscious reaction to a real crime, there is no crime, no good and evil, no law, and no value, and therefore his theories of the "Superman" and the "will to power" are as invalid as the law, he had reacted against, he tries desperately to find "guilt". He revisits the scene of his crime, drops hints, and finally confesses to his girl, Sonia. In desperation, and upon Sonia's advice, he gives himself up to the police, hoping in this way to acquire a sense of guilt. He is exiled to Siberia. There, thru the devotion of Sonia, who voluntarily followed him, he is finally converted to religion and redeemed.

In the character Raskolnikov, Dostoevsky has portrayed the results of the doctrine of the "will to power" on an individual. In one of Raskolnikov's dreams, he portrays its effect on society.

".....He dreamt that the world was condemned to a terrible new strange plague that had come to Europe from the depths of Asia. All were to be destroyed except a chosen few. Some new sorts of microbes were attacking the bodies of men, but these microbes were endowed with intelligence and will. Men attacked by them became at once mad and furious. But never had men considered themselves so intellectual and so completely in possession of the truth as these sufferers; never had

they considered their decisions, their scientific conclusions, their moral convictions so infallible..... Each thought he alone had the truth and was wretched looking at the others..... They did not know how to judge and could not agree what to consider evil and good; they did not know whom to blame, whom to justify.....men rushed together, but why they were summoned and who was summoning them, no one knew..... Men met in groups, agreed on something, swore to keep together, but at once began on something quite different from what they had proposed. They accused one another, fought and killed each other..... The plague spread and moved further and further....."

This book can be read either as a great novel, or as a deep psychological study, in which light it has been presented above. Taken in this light, it is difficult--very much so. But, for the problems it raises, and studies, it is very worthwhile and perhaps, even indispensable. This is one book that should be read by everyone mentally able to do so.

---Bernard Hoffman English 11b

Report By a Martian Scientist

Martian men of science have observed that human beings of the northern United States display a peculiarity before unfamiliar to the world of science. During the spring and summer of each year, they replace their white skin tones with a rose or a nut brown hue. This last color is acquired by only a small percentage of the populace; the majority retain the warm pink or the light tan shades. It is very likely that color changing may be connected with the religious lives of these people for those of darker hues seem to command the respect and admiration of their associates while the pale skinned persons are not so honored.

While scientists have been unable to isolate a single factor which accounts for the phenomenon, they have agreed that exposure to the sun is the immediate cause. The drinking of colored liquids and the application of ointments and lotions may have an effect as well.

One case observed--that of a particularly pale maiden--evidenced several radical changes in the course of a few weeks. The maiden was first seen clad in white (no doubt the color of purity) kneeling on a flat top roof. Surrounding her were several volumes of literature, a music box of some sort, a container of colored liquid, two jars of white ointment, and an instrument consisting mainly of twin-colored discs. She applied quantities of the ointment to her skin, drank some of the liquid, and prostrated herself as if worshipping before a god. Two hours later her skin had taken on a rosy tint. Soon she stirred and then suddenly sprang to her feet and disappeared inside the dwelling.

It was not for many days that this same person appeared again on the rooftop. When she did she brought the same equipment and went through the same rite, but this time she lay with her face toward the

the sun. After two hours time, she returned indoors.

A similar course of action was followed every few days for a period of six weeks, each exposure leaving the person with a bright pink skin tone which turned to a brownish shade before her next appearance.

The regularity and apparent effort put forth by countless individuals of the northern part of the United States at this time of year proves that the changing of color is an important event in their lives. Until further information can be procured, scientists will abide by the theory that the whole procedure, is a religious ceremony of worship to the sun god.

---Phyllis Ruffcorn English llb

Snuffy's America

I remember the day that V-Mail letter came. Several of the girls were gathered in our room reading the letters that they too had received. There it was, in my hand, with my name written across it in my brother's sprawling handwriting. Its blackness intrigued me, yet, something within me seemed to hold me from opening it. Its tiny size for some reason seemed to command solitude. Well, perhaps not complete solitude, either, but at least the absence of the giddy laughter of the girls. I remember I laid the letter on the arm of the chair in which I was sitting, and read the card from Mother telling that the tulips were beginning to show through the ground under my bedroom window at home. Confusion and girlish chatter still filled the room; so I just sat and watched the others, enjoying their own correspondence. Suddenly, one of them exclaimed, "Sherry, why aren't you reading your letter from your brother? You've been waiting for it for sa-implly weeks!"

Everyone's eyes seemed to be fixed on me as I picked up that small envelope containing a page of what I knew would be hard-to-decipher writing. As I took the single sheet of paper out of the envelope, I wondered. Why hadn't I opened it before? Why had I, at first, not wanted to read it in the midst of many frivolous and cheerful girls? Hadn't my brother always written in a light-hearted fashion? Wasn't it because of his carefree ways that I had nicknamed him "Snuffy"? Certainly I was being foolish.

I folded back the top and began reading:

Dear Sherry:

Haven't had time to write much lately--been busy, as all of us over here are now. I think lots, tho, about the gang at King Coles, and even wonder if Neva and Johnny are still going together. And are you still trying to get that tan you couldn't get last summer? I miss knowing all these things. But I'm proud to be doing my part; and Sherry, I know I can count on you for doing yours. Those of us over here base our faith in you at home. America, with its

democracy, is even more wonderful than you know, and it's up to you to keep it that way. I'm counting on you, Sherry, to keep Snuffy's America--America!!

Love,
Snuf

The girls must have realized my feelings for they soon left the room, and I sat for a few minutes with my eyes glued to that small bit of paper. He hardly seemed like the Snuffy I had known. He sounded so different from the starry-eyed lad who was eager to go "over there" to find out what it was all about. The one who had never given a thought to tomorrow, who had always said it was foolishness to look ahead to that old bugaboo, emergencies. He had never seemed to be serious, even when it would have, on many occasions, saved Mother embarrassment.

But he was serious now. He seemed suddenly to have felt that our country and its democracy was worth fighting for. I was sure that when he spoke of democracy, he did not merely mean the right of the people to choose their leaders and to take part in legislative affairs. His words held a deeper meaning. He meant the result of such a government. He meant the land, the people, the American way of living. He was speaking of the folks in the little country homes, and their gardens; the galaxies of movie stars who appear on the screens of each local theatre; the hunters who take excursion trips far back into the mountains seeking game; the millions of boys and girls who attend school everyday; the mothers who are so understanding; the people who crowd into a stadium to watch a football game; the young people who are gay and exciting, who are always ready to have fun--ready to go to a fireside or a picnic on a minute's notice. Things such as these are the democratic things in Snuffy's America that he must miss and cherish most.

I am now entrusted with keeping these things unchanged. To me, this means that I can do my part on the home front today. I feel deeply thankful that I have been called upon to keep Snuffy's America--America, the land where something fairer always lies ahead.

---Jean Smith English 11b

Where Monkeys Have No Tails

The jungle. The weird, lonely, creepy jungle--stretching for hundreds of miles. The swamps, the mud, the slimy grass and weeds. The spooky shadows, the hollow, mocking sounds coming from deep in the forest--all these and much more. Monkeys play in the tree tops. Parrots and birds of gay plumage flit overhead, crying in high screeching voices that send shivers down a man's spine--especially if that man is out in the jungle alone--lost for two weeks.

The lone Marine started. He was standing waist deep in the warm, green mud that gave off strong, nauseating odors. He had been standing

there for eight hours--out of sight from the thing--the gibbering noise--the unknown presence.

That weird screeching--now high--now low--always present. Chills ran up and down his spine--just as a coyote's howl had caused them back home in his boyhood. Those waves of shivers in time with that noise----; where did it come from? It seemed to come from straight ahead. He held his M-1 rifle ready--for eight hours--tense in the mud--the bright green mud. Monkeys scolded overhead--still the eerie scream and wordless voice--if it was a voice--kept on. His nerves were tense--his voice was paralyzed. Through his mind--all his consciousness--ran this line of a song he had heard. "Oh, the monkeys have no tails--- oh, the monkeys have no tails---." He found himself wondering, "Where didn't the monkeys have tails? Why didn't they have tails there--wherever it was?"

He dreaded the coming night--no sleep--the green, strong, slithery mud--no bed--only the awful green oozing slush.

Still the thing kept on. Now it sounded almost human--now weird and unearthly. He heard a movement ahead--coming closer. wave after wave of cold, dreading chills ran over his back--his mouth was dry--his hands shook. The time had come. That terrible noise, that weird presence, was almost there. It came from overhead. He spied a movement--saw something. It was making unearthly, shivery, shrill screeches--almost like weird singing. He shot. The thing--it looked like a monkey with no tail--fell slowly. It landed at his feet in the mud--the green, sickening mud, with a soft splash, covering with green slime as it struck. He saw it was a Jap--he had found it--the place where "monkeys have no tails"----- . Now he know. He had conquered, once more. He was holder of that jungle swamp with its soft, gooey mud, the wild sounds, and the dark shadowy trees. Alone, lost, afraid, he had found and conquered that mysterious place, where "monkeys have no tails."

---Curtis Stadstad English 25c

POLITICAL STRATEGY

Another election year, another season of rallies and speeches and banners. What is it that sells the candidate to the voters? Nine times out of ten it isn't his ability!

Because my father was several times a candidate for office, I became an interested observer and learned much at different political socials. The church ladies, or the Women's club, or the lodge auxiliary--taking advantage of an opportunity for a little extra revenue--would tack on their advertisements "Candidates Invited". Sometimes it was a dinner, sometimes a card party, sometimes a lawn social. The candidates of course would all come and wait their turn to bow to the crowd.

On one of these occasions, the chairman of the social committee stood up and introduced a candidate for sheriff. With an already-elected strut, he advanced to the stage and waving his hands he swore to clean the country

of corruption! "That corruption?" I thought. Oh well, he had to have some motto. He got quite a hand--mostly from his would-be deputies.

Next to be introduced was the face we all knew, for it decorated every rail fence, telephone pole, and pine tree in the country. I learned one thing about this man, that he hid his liabilities! How did I know? In his pictures he wore a hat and looked like an up-and-coming young man, but when he stood there before the crowd and raised his hat, he had the baldest bald head that I had ever seen. No, I wouldn't vote for this man, he wasn't honest--but maybe I should, for he was clever in making the best of situations!

The third man to step on the stage was a candidate for constable. While talking to me a little while before, he told me that he'd never played cards in his life, but had to when he was running for office. That man should never have started, for the votes he might have gained were all lost, because in learning how to play Whist, he trumped too many of his partners' aces.

It was at another one of these socials that I saw a politician who really won the crowd. She was a heavy set matron seeking election as county superintendent. The occasion was a picnic, the stage a V-8 pickup, the steps an apple box. When her name was called, she stepped on the box and then to the--but she didn't make it--the box gave way under her weight and with a resounding crack, flattened on the ground! With no little difficulty the woman regained her balance and climbed on the truck. She faced the crowd, opened her mouth to speak--and broke into a hearty roar. I think that she won their votes.

I have observed other ways of gaining votes. One is appealing to the emotions. Often, I noticed in the paper "raised six children", "World War Veteran", "born and raised in Montana," or "forty years a taxpayer". Are these qualifications? I have heard some say that they would vote for the man with six children because they thought he needed it, or the veteran because he fought for them in the war. Others remarked that old taxpayers should have first choice and that being a native helps.

One influence on vote--getting that I cannot disregard is setting up the drinks. It seems to have been a companion feature of elections all through history. In early days, my folks tell me that it was a familiar sight in this community to see a feminine politician traveling the county in her buckboard. At every group of men she would stop, pull out a jug from under the seat and give them all a treat. At the polls a long shot of whiskey was considered a fair exchange for a vote.

Nowadays the ways are changed but the idea is the same. One incident that I heard about is typical. This politician entered a bar, and with that "good fellow" spirit, set them up for the crowd, and then introduced himself. With a satisfied feeling, he slipped out before the people decided that it would take two drinks for a vote. The only catch in this method was that to these people a drink from any other candidate would have been as good. The politicians were all the same to them. Besides, when election day came, they were very likely still at the bar, caring very little what went on at the polls.

Nearly all candidates resort to some sort of advertizing. In the political section of our local newspaper were ads of three men running for the same office. The first man had his motto, "I'll be economical, honest, and courteous." I then looked at the second ad, "My aim is to be honest, efficient, and courteous!" The third man not to be outdone, stated his policy as one of efficiency and economy!

Then there are the politicians who overrate themselves in an attempt to impress people. At a card party I attended a rather arrogant middle aged man stood when it was announced that he was seeking the office of auditor. He related his experience which included farming, real estate, business, railroading, and lumbering. Yes, he said that he had the experience which qualified him. I laughed, for I knew that man. He left farming because his mortgage was foreclosed. He didn't stay long in real estate because he lost on all three deals that he transacted. Businessman, yes, but only until the initial investment had disappeared. I've never heard why he left railroading to be a lumber jack.

Now about the baby kissing politicians--strategists to be sure. In my own childhood I had occasion to meet one. It was at a large picnic and this man would toss nickels to different groups of children. Ah! I thought, this was good picking, so I joined each new group as he approached. Finally he recognized me and stopped to talk, "you are going to get lots of folks to vote for me now, aren't you little girl?" "Oh, No!" I said, "not for you!" "Why not?" he said, rather startled. "Not for you," I repeated, "my dad's running against you!" He gave away no more nickels that day.

What suggestions have I about campaigning, about gaining votes, about impressing people? None. It would be a dull election if all we knew about the candidates were their qualifications!

---English 11B, Kathleen Flynn

MY FIRST TRIP TO LONDON

The "C.O." of my squadron finished signing my forty-eight hour pass to London. I had thirty miles to travel to reach the nearest railroad station, and the next London train departed in two hours. Fortunately, I caught a ride with a Captain going to the station on official business. Hitch-hiking was our only means of travel, as gasoline was so severely rationed that only official and government vehicles were in operation. Almost every traveler used a bicycle, and it was not uncommon to see women and children going and coming from the village carrying large baskets on their bicycles.

I bought my ticket from the agent and presented it to the gateman. I thought this procedure odd, but found that in England you presented your ticket when you entered and departed from the station as well as once during your train ride. The "L.M.S." train for London puffed up to the station and stopped. It was a small engine by our standards, but was clean with shining brasswork. Iron bumpers were fastened on the four corners of the coaches and a chain coupling was used instead of our air couplings. The coaches were small and divided into compartments, six people to each compartment. The train's whistle was very shrill and sounded like a peanut-whistle.

We started on schedule and traveled at a fast rate, but unfortunately we stopped at almost every town, and in England towns and cities are very close together. The country-side was beautiful, all the fields being enclosed by green hedges. It was "gently-rolling" country. All the factories and airfields were camouflaged so cleverly, that it was almost impossible to see them at a short distance. They must have been invisible from the air.

Two hours later we arrived at Saint Pancras station in London. The station's glass roof was completely gone, most of the framework remained, but all the glass had been shattered from bomb hits and concussion. All this damage occurred during the "Blitz of '40 and '41." The houses and buildings near the station were bombed out in sections, the result of bombs aimed at the station, which missed the target. All these buildings were very old and dilapidated and should have been destroyed years before.

We decided to find a cab to go to the hotel, but there were so many more people with the same idea that we were forced to take "the Tube" to "Picadilly Circus". The train in "the Tube" traveled so fast that we were at our destination in a matter of minutes. "Picadilly Circus" (cont.)

we found, was an avenue, so crowded with people that you traveled with the crowd or not at all. All the buildings in London are built of stone or brick, and all of them are dirty and coated black with soot and smoke.

The Hamilton House was the only hotel that had a vacant room. A Canadian Major told me that it was an historical old building. After inspecting our room I agreed that it was old. The plumbing was the oldest and crankiest I had ever seen. Our room was unheated except for one electric heater, which heated the room for five minutes when you inserted a shilling. We inspected Lord Hamilton's bathtub. It was a fancy bit of workmanship, but had to be filled by carrying water in buckets. I think I prefer the modern bathtub, even though it isn't fancy.

We had been washing in our helmets for a month and decided that we needed a bath. Imagine my feelings when after filling the bathtub almost full of water, I glanced at a sign reading, "Be patriotic, save fuel, use only four inches of water."

Dinner was announced and we decided to eat at the hotel restaurant. The menu was written in French, so we shut our eyes and selected that to which our finger pointed. My partner chose mutton and I chose spam. Neither of us enjoyed our first meal. This taught me a lesson. From that day on I asked what each course meant, or what the waiter recommended.

We started to see the town, but found that the blackout was in effect. Fog had drifted over the city and people were all around you, but were invisible to the eye. People were walking on the sidewalks and all you could do was watch for glowing cigarette tips to avoid them. I collided with many people until I followed the crowd down the right side of the walk. All hotels and public buildings had heavy blackout curtains over their doors, and often you were lost in front of the building you were seeking.

That night we had "raiders" over London. The sirens rang but we stayed in bed and listened to the bursting "ack-ack" shells. Pieces of "flak" fell like hail on the hotel roof but the bombs were dropped in the suburbs.

The next day we arranged for a tour of London. We were shown: St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, Parliament, Big Ben, Tower Bridge, London Bridge, Fleet Street, Fish-Market, Downing Street, Captain Cook's "Discovery", London Tower and many other places of interest. We were given little time to visit, but resolved to come back on our next pass and spend more time at each place.

SMALL TOWN

Have you ever lived in a small town? If you have, you will no doubt soon realize that Scobey is no exception. Not that I ever will regret the years spent there--no, I believe they are invaluable to me as a steady foundation for whatever I do later in life.

According to Joseph Kinsey Howard's book, Montana High, Wide and Handsome, Scobey can take a bow for a bit of originality; for as he pointed out, in 1928, Scobey shipped out more wheat than any other town in the world. She must be modest, however, for she had many close rivals. Being only three years old in 1928, I can't say I was very impressed by it all, except that my father bought a new car that year, and we motored to Wisconsin to visit relatives. These two incidents are my earliest tangible recollections. Yes, Scobey surely prospered that year.

We hear so much about "classes" in society. Well, Scobey has its class distinctions just as does as any other town. At the upper end of Main Street is the residential section, which boasts of almost the only trees and few scrubby lawns in town. The first big house, easily the nicest, belongs to the local doctor; next is that of the prosperous owner of the bakery; then the banker's house, which presents an imposing front; from then on, in varying degrees of architecture come the homes of the mayor, circuit judge, the owner of the theatre, the store keepers, ministers, barbers, clothing store manager, and, of course, our county officials. But spread about this nucleus is a collection of structures, varying from attractive bungalows to shacks in the most deplorable state. The depression hit Scobey as it hit every other little town, with one bad result in respect to her appearance. Everyone in the country bought a cheap lot on the outskirts of town and brought in a granary from the farm. After putting in a few windows, doors, and partitions they called it home, and Mrs. Hanson or Mrs. Johnson moved in with all the little Hansons or Johnsons for school during the winter. In spring most of these people migrated back to the farms to put in their crops, leaving Scobey more desolate around the edges than a ghost town.

The railroad tracks are located in the north end of town, and beyond them, towering above the whole, are the elevators which spell Scobey's existence. Beneath the elevators, still north of the tracks, lie the baseball field, grandstand, two filling stations, and cemetery, tourist park, and just one dwelling, but that makes up for a dozen. I suppose every town has its degenerate citizen, about whom no one knows a thing, except that he is like a bit of the town itself. You don't think about him except maybe sometime when you are sitting in the car parked at the curb, waiting for your mother, who always talks to Mrs. Wilkerson an hour before she can get away, and then you may give him a passing thought as he walks by. Scobey did boast of two of these characters, and one of them lives in this peculiar abode just north of the tracks. It just can't be called a house, for a house seems to denote walls of lumber, glass windows, and some semblance of a curtain; but not so Gene Froman's. A large amount of tin has been beaten flat for a roof, paste board boxes make up the shed, some type of railroad tie makes the construction complete. No paint seems to stick to these off walls, with the result that the tin has an odd bluish-orange cast, and a dark, mossy green clings to the ties; but this has so blended into the landscape that it doesn't bother one.

Gene Froman loves poultry, and also seems to enjoy variety. It isn't uncommon to see old, bent Gene in his yard with pigeons cooing all about him, and often carrying one nestled in his gnarled old hand. Chickens of all varieties, and three or four straggling turkeys make up the rest of his flock.

No one knows anything about Gene, he doesn't have any close friends, he goes and comes unnoticed, save for his friendly, shy smile and quick "Hello". He is said to be French, but can pass for anything, just a plain, common man.

Shorty Russell was the opposite of Gene Froman, yet he was another derelict. No home, no past, no relatives, just a bum who came to Scobey and stayed. I do know more about Shorty though, because he died of a heart attack just last summer while mowing the doctor's lawn, and his obituary revealed some facts. He had a sister, but no one could locate her, so Shorty was buried on the town, but nearly everyone turned out for his funeral, and the business houses closed from two to four.

Shorty was always talking to himself even if no one else would listen. He had his own garden, and always managed to grow the biggest potatoes, and have the earliest peas in town. He always joked with the ladies, played with the children, drank beer and played poker with the locals, and made himself handy doing odd jobs in almost every house in town. You know the kind of person Shorty was, no exception--just a kind of lovable old bum, and I miss his whistling and friendly greeting when I go to get the mail at 10:00 every morning.

Scobey has its good and it has its bad, but it has something else too, something that gets under your skin and makes you kind of choke up when you're far away in a much busier world. Then is when you feel like getting on the bus and just going back to where your troubles never seem quite so pressing, and where there's always another day to get things done.

--Edith Jacobson, English 11b

