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# MOUNTAINEER

SPRING 1944

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## SHOULD WOMEN ATTEND COLLEGE IN WAR TIME?

Gwendolyn Evans

Today, more women are enrolled as college freshmen than last year at this time, according to a recent survey made by a popular news magazine. After this was published a few months ago, a soldier wrote a letter to the editor commenting that this situation was fine, but why weren't these women doing war work or something that would help to bring a more speedy victory. This is indeed a serious charge, and how are we college women going to answer it?

First, I believe, we should analyze our reasons for coming to college, and then analyze our attitudes now that we are here.

That money is of extreme importance for a college education is well known to any student - and especially to his parents. Perhaps this partly explains why more women are now in college than formerly. Boys who would have had to share expenses are in service for their country; therefore more girls are able to attend advanced schools as there is more available money. Or maybe it's because wages are higher, much higher; and if people can afford it, why not send their daughters to college?

Some people live in a college town, and the matter is somewhat simplified. Others enjoyed college life and want their children to do the same. Still others want their children to have advantages that they never had - a sacrifice that too many students fail to appreciate. Or perhaps some doting mother simply wouldn't think of allowing her daughter to live in the unfavorable environment of a crowded industrial area. And of course, after all the awful things one hears about the WAC and similar organizations - "Well, my dear, you know how it is."

But not all of us are here as victims of our parents' good intentions. A great many students are working - some part-time; others are completely independent. To them, college is a matter of getting an education - the hard way. Wages are low; sororities and expensive pleasures are limited or completely non-existent on budgets; clothes are servicable rather than fashionable, and studies seem never to be done. Perhaps these students really know why they are here.

What are our attitudes toward the present world conflict and the planned peace of a post-war world? What do we think about them? Or do we day-dream, instead of thinking in terms of reality? What do we think of college itself? How do we justify our being here?

That there is a war on is not very apparent to most of us. Of course, the cadets are stationed on the campus, but to those of us who entered college as freshmen this year, these soldiers are an accepted part of college life. There is nothing unusual about



their being here. On various occasions these men are patriotically entertained at tea dances, after which a girl can feel that she has made a worthwhile contribution to the war effort and can place her patriotism on a shelf until the next tea dance. Rationing isn't a worry to the majority of us; consequently, we don't trouble ourselves to learn much about it. But we do feel the awful effects of the war because, now, if we want to hear from our favorite boy friends we must haunt the mail boxes. Almost all of us at one time or another take part in discussions of post-war problems. And we accomplish about as much toward solving the problems as do various politicians. But at least we're thinking about them--or we guess we are.

As we are so eager for an education, we never, or almost never, complain when the instructors present us with assignments. We only sweetly suggest that "This isn't the only subject I'm taking"; "Well, I simply haven't time to do all this"; and "Who does that guy think I am?"

Just how do we justify our being here? That's comparatively simple. We'll use our education in the post-war world. They will need people with training. Just who "they" are, and how we intend to use our education is a mystery that we prefer to let remain unsolved. Besides, when that special boyfriend comes home, we're going to get married and forget all about college. We've said so dozens of times.

Perhaps that soldier was right. After all, what are we doing to speed that day of victory?

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### THE FOOTHILLS

In the foothills we lost our youth,  
As long before in flatlands following  
We paid to earth our ripened childhood.

O see rise about us now the hills,  
The monster buttocks soft with lust,  
Desire rounded to a shape we knew;

For dreams came once to rape our sleep,  
Beheld there, seeing no other, our hands  
Sought, fondled, bedded down at last

In fullness, drunk of rest: And waked  
To find what we had bred by night,  
Our manhood held by hills, fair-flung  
To couple in another dream.

John Moore



## FOREIGN KNOWLEDGE

Virginia Perkins

It's funny how you can pick them out, thought Dick as he sat on the library steps, languidly enjoying the spring sunshine, and not worrying in the least that he should be inside boning up for the history quiz he was bound to have the next hour. They were easy to spot. They crowded the library, somehow diffusing the atmosphere with what seemed like a moldy medieval scholasticism. From the way some of them looked and dressed you'd swear they had spent hundreds of midnight hours poring over books by candlelight in a garret somewhere. This was highly unlikely, of course, but sometimes you wondered. They were always the first to volunteer with a long-winded reply when the prof asked a question. They formed a hell of a bottleneck to the acquisition of those grades Dad was always insisting he could make if he'd try. You seldom saw them in the coke shop, the meeting-place of the elite of the campus, and if you did, it would be a bunch of them sitting around a table doubtless discussing the situation in Russia before the Revolution or the comparative merits of French and English eighteenth century literature. They never attended the campus dances, and you never saw them downtown at the bar which was the chosen Mecca of the college crowd that quarter. Yep, Dick ruminated, they sure are queers, those brains.

The campus dozed in the spring sunshine. It was the middle of a class hour, and only a few students walked lazily about or slept on the grass in front of the Student Union. Dick squinted into the sun as Al strolled up and sat down beside him.

"Hi," Dick said, "what you know?"

"Damn little. Think the old man'll spring a quiz?"

"Oh, sure, he's always got something up his sleeve. Oh, well, one more flunk can't hurt me."

"What did you think of that brawl Saturday night?" Al asked. "Where'd you go after you left us?"

"Rode around a while and then went home." Dick winked at Al. "Joyce has to keep hours, you know."

"Yeah, it doesn't give you much time. Well, I'll wander in and do a little cramming, I guess."

"See if Kay's in there, you mean. See you, Al."

"Yeah. So long."

Dick's thoughts went back to Saturday night. They had had fun. Joyce was a snappy little dancer, and he liked her curly black hair cut short and those dark eyes laughing up at him. She wasn't

too distant, either, for whenever he kissed her, her nicely curved little body would be soft and yielding against his. Oh, she was warm, all right. She was no doubt holding out for his fraternity pin. According to the fellows at the house, it was surprising how loving a girl would be for the privilege of wearing a frat pin. Dick was thinking he would give Joyce his pin one of these days. She would be even less distant then, and a fellow had to have a little fun. Besides, she was the kind of girl he could take anywhere and not feel ashamed when people referred to her as "Dick Otis's girl." That was something too.

Dick yawned and even dozed a little there on the steps. Life was good, and he wouldn't even dread the history quiz if it weren't for those damn brains who were always pulling up the grade average. The poor goons probably weren't really bright--they just spent all their time studying. Hell, he liked school, especially sociology and economics, which was his major, and he got reasonably good grades too, considering the amount of time that he spent pounding the books. But there was more to college than just books. Dick had discovered that early in his freshman year, and it was the policy he was still practising.

The next day in sociology old Prof Johnson pulled a fast one. He divided the class into pairs to lead the class discussion the following week on various social problems. "Mr. Otis and Miss Newman," he said briskly, "will you look into the causes and remedies for child delinquency in factory districts?"

Dick groaned inaudibly. Miss Newman was one of those brains who always popped up with the right answer in class. Oh well, if she was so darn crazy about studying, she could do most of the work. Prof Johnson was suggesting various reference sources and she was busily copying them down.

She hurried up to him as class was dismissed. "When will we be able to get together to work on this?" she wanted to know. Her face was animated and her eyes bright--no doubt at the prospect of delving into the problem of child delinquency. "We'll have to spend quite a bit of time on it if we have to give a half-hour discussion."

"Well, I don't know," Dick was reluctant. "I'm pretty busy--track practice and all. How about mornings? Do you have any time?"

"I could work at nine o'clock."

"That's fine. I'll meet you in the library at nine, then, Miss Newman."

"Oh, don't call me that. That's one of the things I've never liked about college. Everything is so formal. Just call me Marian."

Dick looked at her again. She really wouldn't be bad looking, if she would put on a little lipstick and do something with that blonde hair besides comb it. Those blue eyes had a kind of appealing candor, so, but not helpless. "Okay, Marian. See you then."



As he sauntered out of the building, Dick was thinking it might not be so bad as he had thought, working out the discussion problem with Marian Newman. But he promptly forgot her as he spied a black-haired, sweater-clad figure ahead of him. He quickened his stride.

"Hi there, kid, where you going so fast? Trying to run away from me?"

"Hello, Dick," Joyce smiled up. "No, it's just that I'll be late for class if I don't hurry."

"Oh, you don't want to go to class on a beautiful spring morning like this. Come on, let's go guzzle a coke."

"Oh, Dick, you're demoralizing me." Joyce's pretty little face was petulant.

"That's fine. How long is it going to take to demoralize you completely?"

Joyce giggled as she fell into step with him.

Dick was getting bored. After all, an hour and a half straight of pounding the books was something he didn't do very often. Of course, it was an interesting problem, and one that needed a lot of correction. The best way to diminish crime was to catch it in childhood, before it got to be really dangerous. You had to be careful, though, the methods you used in correction--some only tended to aggravate the situation. Yeah, he supposed there was some importance to the problem, all right, but after a couple of hours you needed a little relaxation. He was on the point of stepping outside for a smoke, when Marian, who had been working industriously across the table from him, laid down her pencil and sighed.

"I'm tired. Sometimes I get so tired of studying all the time that I could throw a book in the professor's face."

Dick asked the natural question. "Why do you? Study, I mean."

"Well, that's what I'm here for," she said, "to get an education. Besides, the folks are spending a lot of money to send me to school, and I feel under a sort of obligation to them. Sometimes I wonder if it's worth it all, but then I think of what it will mean when I finish, and I decide it is."

"But don't you ever want to have any fun? Don't you want to go to dances, parties, mingle with the other students? You're missing half you college education if you spend all your time studying."

She smiled, a soft slow smile that did something for her face--made it light up and lose its intence, busy look for a moment.

"That's a paradoxical statement for you. Yes, sometimes I do feel that I'm missing something, but I really don't have anything in common with the kind of students who regard social life as important,



if not the most essential part of college. I wouldn't know what to talk to them about. I'd be hopelessly bored before an evening was half over."

"That's intellectual snobbery. Say, this is is getting good. Why don't we continue it over a coke?"

"What about child delinquency?"

"We can finish that later. There's plenty of time."

"I thought you said you were busy."

"Not that busy. Come on."

As they walked into the coke shop, Dick noticed the curious glances his friends directed toward Marian as they spoke to him. When they were seated over their cokes, Dick continued. "Look," he said, "you're a sociology major. In order to be any kind of a success in your field, you'll have to know all kinds of people. You don't find many social problems in people of your own group. You'll have to learn to meet people readily--to mingle with the mob. Yet here you are holing yourself up among your books, learning data and reading about the problems, but not seeing them. You have to understand people in order to be a success in sociology. It's going to be pretty hard to step out of the kind of college life you're leading now into social work. You have to get a part of that background right now. As I see it, social life in college gives you the beginning of that background."

Marian was silent, thoughtful. It was obvious that this angle had never occurred to her before. Finally she said, "But doesn't devoting a lot of time to social life bring down your grades?"

"Well, yes, a little, but grades aren't really everything. It's practicality that counts in the end."

"I suppose there's something in what you say," she reflected. "But I don't know any of what you might call the social elite of the campus. I live alone, and I just never bothered to get acquainted with them."

"You know me," Dick said modestly. "That's a good start." He followed a sudden impulse. "Listen," he said, "the Medical Ball is this Saturday night. Why don't you go with me? Fix up your hair a different way and wear your prettiest formal and see how the other half lives. I'll promise you a good time. Do you dance?"

"Oh yes, we used to dance a lot at home. But I don't know--I'm afraid I'd be pretty much out of my element. I wouldn't know what to talk about."

"You don't know what your element is. You don't have to do a lot of wisecracking. You're not the type. Just smile at people--you have a pretty smile, and ask them questions and find out what



they're like. Above all, don't talk about school or what such and such a professor said in this or that class. There are times when trivialities can be important, and this is one of them. You'll get along all right."

Well, all right, I'll go--but I'm not so sure how this is going to work out. Shall we get back to child delinquency?" She smiled again--those blue eyes really packed a punch, if she only knew it. Dick grinned reluctantly. "Okay," he said.

Later that day Dick was still wondering why he had done such a crazy thing as ask Marian Newman to the Medical Ball. He had intended to ask Joyce; in fact, it was practically taken for granted. It would be easy enough for her to get another date, though, and he could explain to her. Maybe. His motives for asking Marian were a little mixed up right now. It would be easy enough to tell Joyce that Marian was a good kid in spite of her brains and just looked as if she needed a little fun, but in his own mind he was wondering if it was as simple as that. Marian really had a certain charm--that smile haunted him, it was so unknowingly provocative. God, he reflected, I've always been one to think those intellectuals were a little off, and here I am dating one of them. I must be a little off myself. Well, he'd take Marian to the dance, see that she had a good time, and then forget about the whole thing. It was just another dance, and Joyce was the kind of girl he really wanted. She had a little something extra to offer.

When Dick called for Marian on Saturday night he hardly recognized her. She had had her hair fixed--it was piled high in front and hung in low curls in back. Her dress was an odd shade of blue and cut so that it really did things for her figure. Not that her figure needed any help, he observed keenly. He considered himself rather an expert on figures. She was a wow. Quite a few of the fellows would be surprised to see the unknown girl Dick Otis had at the dance that night. He was a little surprised himself.

"What is this, a transformation?" he asked her. "You've really done yourself up proud. Are you really Marian Newman, or are you the campus smoothie?"

She laughed. "I'm afraid I'm Marian Newman."

"No reason why you couldn't be both." He helped her into the car. "You're really taking this business of seeing social life seriously, aren't you?"

"Well, I believe in doing things right."

"I know that after working on that sociology problem with you. Here's hoping you're as much of a success at the dance as you are in school."

She was. He danced with her a couple of times before they

started exchanging. She danced lightly, smoothly. This was going even better than he had hoped. Marian fitted in perfectly with the atmosphere of swirling skirts, soft lights and the college dance band alternately beating out swing and easy, flowing waltzes. It was with something of reluctance that he relinquished her to Jack as the program began.

He noticed that Joyce was with Bob Andrews. She shot him a kind of puzzled glance when she saw him, but he pretended not to notice. It was funny how he didn't seem to care who Joyce was with or what she thought of his taking Marian. He'd thought he would.

He was dancing with Marian again. "How's it going?" he asked. "Are you having a good time?"

"Oh, grand. It's much easier than I thought. I can't help feeling it's all a little silly, though."

"Now, listen, get that idea out of your head. We went through all that before. A little relaxation like this is just as necessary as all the books you ever read."

"I'm not so sure of that."

"Of course you are. We're going to have a lot of fun, honey, you and I." Damn it, those blue eyes were dazing him, making him say things he didn't mean. He'd have to be more careful.

"Wait a minute," she replied. "You're just the teacher and I'm just the pupil in this course. Let's not get personal."

"Say, that wasn't a bad crack. You're catching on fast, there, kid."

Andy cornered him during intermission. "Say, isn't that the same girl I saw you with in the coke shop the other day?"

"Well, yes, as a matter of fact, she is."

"I wondered then, but I don't now. Christ, you really believe in making them over to suit yourself, don't you? Your personal property?"

"Well, not exactly, but I'm working on it."

"Don't blame you. How's Joyce taking it?"

"I don't know. This happened kind of sudden." It was no use explaining to Andy how it had happened. He wouldn't understand.

They went down to the Island Club after the dance, and joined a group of Dick's fraternity brothers and their girls who were drinking and dancing. They were greeted by laughter and friendly salutes.



"Hi, Dick, come and join the party."

"You're going to let me dance with your girl, aren't you, Dick?"

The Island was crowded with college students who had come from the dance. Laughter and talking, the clink of glasses, and music created a din that beat upon oblivious ears. They were all gay in their pursuit of pleasure. The year was 1940, and war had not yet cast its veil of grimness over fun-seeking students. Dick and Marian sat down and he introduced her to those she had not met before. She promptly got up to dance with Max, and Dick ordered a drink. Dick had several drinks during the next hour, but he noticed that Marian stuck to coke. That was all right. A girl who did not drink was uncommon, but not so uncommon as to be considered a rarity. All the fellows wanted to dance with her, and it was nearly one o'clock before Dick was dancing with her again.

"I think we'd better go after this dance," she said. "My landlady will be wondering."

"Okay." He wanted to have her to himself for a little while. He held her a little closer for the remainder of the dance. She didn't seem to mind.

"Well, how did you like it?" he asked as they parked in front of her house.

"Oh, it was fun. I was a little scared at first, but then I thought it really didn't make any difference what those people thought of me, so I stopped worrying and started to have a good time."

"You know, Marian, I can't quite figure you out." His speech was a little thick, but he was thinking pretty clearly. "You've been around before--that's obvious enough. You can dance, you laugh in the right places, you can make small talk if you want to. And yet you spend nearly all your time on your school work and don't even try to have fun. What's the score?"

"I used to go out with a fellow at home quite a lot," she answered. "But when I came to college I was so determined to learn to be a successful career woman that I--well, gave up the idea of being a social butterfly. I didn't think it was important."

"You've been letting those brains of yours get in the way of your better nature. You want to stay young as long as you can--get as much fun out of life as possible."

"You've almost convinced me of that." Even in the dark that smile was dazzling. "I really have to go in, Dick. Thanks a lot for the marvelous time."

"Wait a minute." He slid over, pulled his arms tight about her. Her kiss was cool at first, and as it warmed, the alcohol pounded in his blood, pushed into his brain, momentarily driving out thought. She pulled away and he reached for her again, but she held back. "You shouldn't surprise me like that."

"You've sort of knocked me off my feet, too," he murmured. "Please, let's have another kiss."

"No, let's not make this into another Pygmalion and Galatea affair. The parallelism is a little too close, anyway. You've shown me a grand time, Dick. Can't we just be friends?"

Who the devil were Pygmalion and Galatea, he wondered. Oh, yeah, he remembered. Whatever had made her think of that? "Okay, but remember, the argument isn't ended."

She laughed in that disturbing way of hers. "We'll see about that." They got out of the car and walked up to the door. "Good-night, Dick, and thanks again."

"Don't thank me. The pleasure was all mine. I'll see you again, soon, Marian. Good night."

Dick shook his head as he drove away, trying to clear it, trying to figure out what had come over him. His motives for taking Marian to the dance hadn't been altogether altruistic, he had to admit, but they had been pretty much so. He certainly hadn't expected her to be the hit she was. She was really a rare girl--it wasn't often that you found one who was plenty all right as a date and had brains besides. Those brains made her cagey, though--she wasn't going to fall for anything very easily. The very thought of her was tantalizing--she looked so untouched, somehow. She'd have to get over that. What were women really good for, anyway? He wondered how far his powers of persuasion could go. He seemed to be doing all right so far.

Dick dated Marian quite frequently after that, but not so frequently as he would have liked. They went to dances, and shows, but quite often Marian would refuse to go because she had a test to bone for or a term paper to write. Then Dick would take Joyce instead, but somehow he missed Marian's company. Joyce was a good kid, she belonged to the crowd that he had always run around with, but Marian was different. She knew a little more than the current slang expressions and jokes; he could neck all he wanted to with Joyce, but Marian only let him kiss her occasionally, and then just once. She presented a challenge.

Then there was a swimming picnic. Dick took Marian. It was fun, swimming in the clear river water, yelling and having water fights. They had brought a lot of beer along, and everyone, including Dick, was feeling pretty good as the evening wore on. He even persuaded Marian to have a couple of drinks, although she



protested that she disliked the taste of beer.

Couple by couple the picnickers departed from the dying campfire, seeking the friendly darkness of the surrounding woods. Finally Dick said, "Come on, honey, let's go for a walk." The alcohol was warming his blood, and he wanted a little loving, and there was Marian, the firelight touching the shining blondness of her hair, coolly friendly, and yet more provocative than ever.

"Why?" she asked. "It's nice, here by the campfire. Let's just sit here and talk."

"Be nicer walking in the woods in the moonlight. Come on, Marian, let's be a pal." He pulled at her hand.

"Oh, all right." She got up reluctantly.

He put his arm around her as they walked. She let him keep it there. They reached the river bank. "Let's sit here and look at the moon." Dick's voice was heavy, urgent.

"I thought you were the one who wanted to walk," she said.

"Sit down," he ordered. He pulled her down beside him and kissed her eagerly, a long kiss. Her lips were warm and responsive. This was more like it. She was utterly desirable. If only she would forget to think for once, if she would surrender herself to sense and feeling. He mumbled in her ear. "You learned some other things-- better learn this too." His hands wandered over her body.

She broke away from him. "Please, Dick, don't. Let's go back to the fire."

"No." He grabbed her roughly. He was past thinking. Marian. Marian. He wanted her. How could she kiss him like that and yet be so stubborn? He started to kiss her again, but she forced herself loose from him and started to run back toward the campfire. His head cleared a little. He followed her.

"Marian, come back. Please, Marian, I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me."

"Yes, you do. You meant it to happen that way. Do you want to take me home?"

"No, but I will if you want to go. I'm sorry, Marian, really."

"Forget it ever happened."

She was silent on the way home, sitting away from him, next to the door. But as they reached her house she said, "I don't think I'd better go out with you again, Dick. You've been grand to me and I want to thank you. But I never thought it would go this far."

"It won't happen again, Marian, I promise."



"It would and you know it. It's better to call it quits. Thanks again for everything, Dick." She leaned over and kissed him lightly, then slipped out of the car and ran up the walk.

Suddenly he didn't care. Hell, if that was the way she felt about it, all right. Marian was a nice kid, but that was the trouble, she was too nice. He resolved to call Joyce tomorrow. Joyce with her laughing dark eyes and soft rounded body and knowing smile. Joyce would treat him right.

### SEA BOUND

What calls a man to seaward now,  
Compels the leaving home-bound things -  
A roof, the potted plants, his father's grave -  
To lean on air his walking pace and lead  
His naked hope to naked sea?

Form of wind in wheat, cloud-rush  
In sky, or heard by star-fall noise  
Made by wind in trees: mind how fertile  
All can be to seed a man and burgeon there  
Compulsion toward this sea-borne field.

This hope within a man so grows to need  
For root and leaf the shape of ocean-  
Water taut across his sight, a field for wind  
To tamper, cloud to shadow; needs this air  
That carried comes no tangent mile through trees,  
By one man's acre taxed, by city tithed;  
But seeming in the level light to be not bound,  
Where even shout of broken surf is no more strong  
Than fences built to shore his lonely acre in.

Or finds such empty strength in heave and surge  
That gives to water, ocean-wide, all storied struggles  
Heard before: of odysseys more numerous than stars;  
Or what the home-lost mind may do once caught  
And held by infinite space where loss of self  
Is least of losses.

Here stands one now in noise of surf,  
Not free to reckon up the noise or know or care  
How true a shape this bended wave on wave is,  
Beheld by wind in trees or noise a rain makes,  
Snake-like, through the grasses, to draw a man from far  
To know what never can be known of space,  
Of too much sea beneath familiar stars.

John Moore



## ON "PERSONALIZED SPELLING"

Gerald Castile

What do I mean by "personalized spelling?" Just this: spell the way you want to at the moment you are writing. In short, there would be no rules to follow other than those you wish to formulate at the moment you are working.

I am, by no means, the first to visualize such an unusual practice. Sir Walter Raleigh was one of the first. Other equally famous people have advocated such modifications as phonetic spelling for simplifying the work done by the human brain in the process of writing. Many thousands have vainly wished they could spell as they chose, because of the many brain-racking "possibilities" that present themselves in spelling a polysyllabic word. To amply demonstrate my adopted theory the rest of this monograph will be spelled as though I had never owned a dictionary.

Furst of oll I will grant yu that speling as one haphazurdly wished to on the spir of the momunt wood leed tu no end of confushun in oll forms of writtin cummunicashun. Miner obgectshuns like that shoodun't detur us frum such a worthy pragect, howevr.

TIME wood be saved for the persute of other tasks bie releaving us of the necessite of constantly looking up a word in the dicshunary. And every one agrees that time is one uf the most important possesshuns there is. Just amagine the harassed bizness man who, not being fortunate enuf to have a secratery, is forced to cumpose his letters under pressure frum the clock on the wall. If "pursnulized speling" was used just think of the time he wood save; he might even hav enuf time left ovr to go to speling skool at nite.

WORRIE is anuther intanguble factur that puts many gra hairs in our heds frum constant refurence to the dicshunary. College stewdents the country ovr have wurried ovr words in a theme ours aftur they hav handed them in for feer of incorrect speling. Professurs have aded wrinkles by the score to ther brows in puzzling ovr a stewdents speling. Howzwivs, riting frends, ponder over the korect way to spel such inofensive words as resipee and ah grattun. And just think of the por radio commentaturs who hav tuh pronowns forren plac names lik "Tarnopule" and "Cwajelain." I know the radio annowncers would be pleezed no end with a sistem lik this.

CUNVENUNCE is another important factor to cunsider. Stewdents wood be abl to "knok off" theems in no time using my proposed methud of speling. Mimeograffed lectur sheets cood be mad up without the constant fer of mistaks appearing on the final forms that weren't detected on the furst prufs. Authurs woodn't be plagued by observant readers who constantly write them tu remind them of errurs in ther speling. That one fact alone wood ad tremendously to the life expectancy of the nation's authors and publishers.



VARIETY wood be aded to individual riting if mi method shood bee adopted. When pepul reed buks they see the same old speling on the sam old wurd. If riting was dun mi wai it wood reele be inturesting to reed difurrt authurs wurks. The maxum, "Variety is the spice of lif" wood reely meen sumthing then.

JURNALISM wood profit, too. Pondur for a moment the mentul aganie the tipe setter gos thru in the composing room when accounts of hiely tekhnical nachur cum to him for setting upp. Using mi simple speling methud, he cood set up the slugs without the slytest wory of reprimands from the pruf-reeder's desk upstares. In fact think of the money the publisher wood sav in knot having to hir pruf-readers and cope-readers.

SKOOLING wood not contane the absolutely unnecessary studee of speling. This wood mean that another mor important klass cood bee added. For example klasses in "The korrekt way to stamp a lettr" cood bee included; a class lik this wood bee a decided improvemen of sum curricula. Improvements in colleg courses (made possubl by the elliminashun of the necessitee for korrekt speling) wood attract a great many mor stewdents.

Come Americans! We have advances in other fields, let's hav sum in the feeld of education. The "edducators" wood vot for it; why don't we submit it to the peepl by referendum; they mite vot for it, TOO; "The majority 'rules.'"

#### MACHINE

Push down on a button.  
Pull up a tab.  
Give out the change.  
Smile and say "thank you."

Push down on a button.  
He doesn't care.  
Pull up a tab.  
He has left me behind,  
Give out the change.  
How could he leave,  
Smile and say "thank you,"  
And I loved him so.

I am a stupid working girl,  
Mechanical feeder of coin.  
He's left me for another.  
Smile and say "thank you,"

Nancy Brechbill



## I SAW SPRING

Flora Sagen

I saw Spring too. Lots of people do. It was the seventh grade, fourth period study-hall. The clock was ticking away, and a few flies were fussing around the ink-spots on the floor. Outside, there was the faintest scattering of bird-notes, and the first few buttercups of the year, I knew, bloomed on the hill.

But I couldn't hear the birds for the ticking of the clock, and I couldn't look at the buttercups. Instead, I looked at the knobby head and skinny neck of Alvin, who sat in front of me. Never mind, I told myself. It'll be four pretty soon, and you'll be out of all this. Alvin had homely yellow hair that needed cutting, and stuck up like the skeleton of a tepee on top of his head. He had ears like the handles of a loving-cup, and gawky arms that stuck out of his sleeves. From the front, he made me think of a burned-out light bulb.

Alvin, I thought, why couldn't you look romantic? Why do you ruin all my study-halls and spring days like this? I propped up my tablet, with the picture of Robert Taylor, and concentrated my gaze on it. Why couldn't Alvin have a head like that, instead of those ungainly bumps? Robert Taylor.... A fly lit on my leg; I brushed it off. Robert Taylor....Bob.

A rumbling squeak like the death struggles of a locomotive broke out in front of me. It was Alvin. "Gimme yer English paper," he said. "No" I told him. "Keep it then." I stuck him idly with my pencil, and his shirt flapped like a pup-tent in a gale, but he said nothing.

Wonderful weather. Beautiful. But lonely.

I picked up the piece of paper that had fallen beside my desk. "We're going to play games at my howse tonight. A." it said. You spelled house wrong, Alvin, I thought. "No", I replied.

It's hard for a woman to be alone in the spring, I thought. A cricket made a mournful buzzing outside. All at once, the notes of the birds were too loud, and there were too many buttercups on the hill. Robert Taylor continued to gaze at me lushfully. Bob, I said, you're too far away. It's lonely for women in the spring. I folded the cover of the tablet gently, and put it back in my desk. The clock was still ticking away. I looked at the back of Alvin, and the knobs of his head had smoothed themselves away into the surface of an egg. The tepee of his hair had collapsed itself into glowing folds, and it was the color of buttercups. I saw spring too.



## THE HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET

Lee Atkinson

It sounds strange to say houses have personalities, but they do. It is not hard to tell what kind of people live in a house. There are ever so many clues that are noticeable, even from the outside. The houses in our block are pretty much alike, with the exception of one. This one is of dark red brick, and is three stories high. It has undoubtedly led a stranger existence than any of the others on our street. For a great many years, this house was owned by an old man and his wife. No one can quite remember whether or not there were any children in the family. There was a rumor about the neighborhood that Mrs. Smith was crazy, but we later found out that she had a tumor on the brain and was just a little queer. She wasn't violent, but she did do peculiar things such as hanging the newspaper on the line to air it out.

After the death of her husband, we sort of wondered what would become of Mrs. Smith. We rarely saw her--the only person who did was her next door neighbor, Mrs. Burns. She used to go over to see if Mrs. Smith was all right. They had a system whereby Mrs. Smith raised a certain curtain every morning to show the Burns' everything was as it should be.

The house gave a feeling of living death, even at mid-day; and I used to suffer a slight case of shivers every time I passed it.

Then one day, quite without warning, the house bustled with activity. The moving van came, moved out a few pieces of heavy old furniture and almost before we knew it, the Boys' Co-op was installed in the red brick house on the corner. For the first time in what seemed eons, the house throbbed with activity. It was as it should be. Spring was in the offing and everyone began sitting on front porches at noon to chat while waiting for the mailman. For the first time in the eight years I had lived in the neighborhood, I stepped out of the front door on my way to school and heard, "Where the h--- are my socks. Who got the laundry and what happened to my shirt?" Our neighborhood has always been quiet, so I was quite surprised on returning home one evening, to glance in the window and behold a jive session in full swing at 11:00 p.m.

The days were much happier. While all my grade school and high school days, I used to loath having to go to the store at noon, I now looked forward to it as one of the highlights of my day. It is surprising how I always managed to step out the door at the exact moment one of the boys came barrelling out the front door of the Co-op house on his way to the store to pick up a loaf of bread for Ma Tucker, their housemother and cook, whom they all adored. The same thing happened when I walked by in the evening on my way to the drug store to mail a letter and have a coke.



My life was complete. It was such fun to call across the street to the fellows playing ball. They were there every Saturday morning when I went out to sweep our front porch.

It wasn't long till I could call all the fellows by name, and since my little sister was a particular pet of theirs, we got in on all the gossip. We always knew whose parents were coming for the weekend, and whose girl had been jilted most recently.

On Sunday morning I usually had company walking to church, and anyone knows a cup of coffee on the front porch afterwards helps to start the day out right.

Things were rolling along beautifully, but it seems as though there is a lot of truth in the old adage, "You can't have your cake and eat it," for one day, we heard the sad news. Fifteen fellows from the house were to go into the Army, all on the same day. There was sadness everywhere that day. Then it was only a few weeks till the house was closed for the summer--for the duration, as there weren't enough boys to make a go of it anymore.

A few weeks after school closed, Ma Tucker was at the house getting a few things which she wanted. She called me over to help her carry some boxes out to her car. As I went into the house, I saw at a glance something that will live in my memory a long, long time. I saw home--a home for boys. A piano was in the corner, and comfortable looking furniture filled the rest of the room. Everything was to be used--nothing was merely ornamental. The house had been lived in, as only boys could live there. There were rings on varnished surfaces where glasses had been carelessly set. The burned places on the edges of tables spoke of long nights before finals when cigarettes helped a boy to stay awake. Even the dark spots on the wall around the table, head-high showed there had been slaves to the bottle--of Vitalis or Kremel. The wood work was chipped as in any other house, yet I knew it was skis and skates that had done it.

These little things taken alone were worthless, yet together they meant youth and manhood that had stopped their college careers which were training them for the things each wanted to make his life's work, to fight a war so that each might rear his children in a world free from all the horrors of war.

As I sat at home thinking over these things, I began to feel how little I am doing toward this great cause, and I vowed then and there, to change my ways and do all I can to bring back the lovely days I once knew. The only thing I ask is that I may once again call across the street to ask who is winning in the game of ball, and whether or not Earl's box of cookies arrived from his Mom.



## TO THINE OWNSELF

Jean Gordon

I went out to pick up the morning paper where it had fallen on the top step. Idly, I unfolded it and glanced at the headlines. His picture was there on the front page and his name was headlined in full, black letters. I handed the paper to Father.

"He did do something after all," Father mused. "Odd, to think of Matt Torkey Torkey dying on Bataan. He never seemed the type to me."

A wave of bitterness struck me and I turned blindly out into the morning sun, with the years crowding back into every corner of the yard, the picket fence and our narrow little street. And the years crowded back and I could hear the river rushing and a boy's voice, "If I have to die to do it, Marylou, I will be true to myself and you."

"Could it have been different," I wondered. "Could he have died better, with happiness and a little quarter of the life he fought for? Could I have made it different or Father or Mother? And the years came back like colored slides in an old fashioned stereoscope, when we lived just across the street from the Torkey's.

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I was sitting on the grass in front of the house when the truck rolled by. It was a riot of color, children and variegated animals. There was a little boy, about my age, brown-haired and dressed in faded overalls perched exactly on the peak of two mattresses, pointing like tentpoles from the floor of the truck.

"It's our new neighbors, Mother," I cried, "And they've got a little boy, just my age, to play with."

"Mother came to the door and looked out. And then was when it began, for I saw her mouth turn thinner and her eyes grow dark.

"What does Mrs. Little mean?" she said, "Letting a dirty bunch of----sharecroppers move in there? A fine mess this'll be with dirty kids and dogs overrunning our lawn."

But they looked beautiful to me, from the stooped, grayhaired grandfather to the littlest baby. The most wonderful things they had in the truck! A baby sheep, a funny old clock, with gold lion's heads on the sides, patchwork quilts and even a big wooden butter churn.

I sat just inside our fence and watched them carry things into the house. The little boy with the brown hair came over and leaned against the white pickets.



"You live over there?" he asked, waving his hand toward our house.

"Yes," I answered and scuffled in the dirt with my fingers.

"My name's Matt. What's yours?"

"Marylou. Marylou Jordan."

"Our name's Torkey. Torkey's Hungarian. My old man came all the way from Hungary."

It was like seeing Alice in Wonderland and the Mad March Hare come creeping out from the book. Hungary was like Heaven, so far away that you could just imagine it, but wonderful and exciting all at once.

"How'd he get here?" I asked.

"Came on a boat," Matt replied. "Took him 20 days to cross the ocean."

After that it was pure magic, the attraction that drew me over to the Torkey's to stand shyly by the door and watch, fascinated. I liked to sit quietly and listen to the older Torkey's talk to one another. They spoke Hungarian always unless there was an older outsider there. Mrs. Torkey took the two round black lids off the cookstove and put iron pots there to rest just above the flames. Some of the most delicious things she cooked in them! A kind of a pastry, rolled up with little black poppy seeds she called "kolache" or a neat dish with ground up ham and sort of rich noodles. And clean! Everything was spotless, but of course, I couldn't tell Mother that. She thought all foreigners were dirty. I would sit and marvel and forget the time when suddenly I would hear,

"Marylou. Marylou. You come home this instant."

I would creep home and go into the back door, thinking perhaps I could sneak up to my room without Mother and Father seeing me. But they always knew.

Mother would begin. "Marylou, if you don't quit going over to those dirty foreigners, I'll spank you within an inch of your life. Now, I mean it!"

And Father would say, "How many times do I have to tell you to stay away from there? What will people think? I will not have my daughter associating with people like that. I will not have it! We have a position to maintain in this town."

I wish that I had been older and wiser and perhaps much braver and, instead of wiping away furtive tears, I had stamped my foot and told Mother and Father that I didn't care what people thought.

I wish that I had explained to them what the Torkeys really were like, not dirty foreigners, but good, kind people, far better than they themselves, perhaps. But I only cried.

So the summer waned and September came. Matt and I were in the same grade, the sixth, and in the mornings, I would wait until I saw him come out of his house, then I would run up the block and meet him just beyond the turn. Everyone liked Matt at school. He was best in football and was the baseball pitcher too. It was wonderful to have Matt for a friend. At night he would wait for me and carry my books home. Often I grew bold and would let him walk with me all the way up to the door. Sometimes it would go unnoticed but more often I would hear about it when Father came home from work.

"I can't understand you," he would shout. "What is it you see in him? Why can't you walk home with the little Evans girl? It's about time you began making some real friends, Marylou. You'll be in high school soon."

I would sit there, with my eyes downcast, wanting to scream and shout, "But Father, I have a real friend. The best friend I've ever had." Yet I would sit quietly, waiting for the flood to cease so I could steal down the block and watch Matt play baseball with the other boys in the vacant lot.

We were both in high school soon, in such a short time it seemed. So many new things to do, algebra, home economics, manual training, and finally the play.

We all tried out for the play, everyone in the Freshman class. Miss Adams gave me the heroine's part to read and I read it well, I know, loudly and clearly. And Matt read the hero's part. I was so proud of him when I listened. It was his part. Not any other boy in the class could do it so well as he. I let him carry my books home that night, all the way.

"You'll be the hero and I'll be the heroine, Matt. Oh, if we're not, I'll just die!

But Matt had wisdom beyond his years.

"Don't hope too hard, Marylou. So many things can happen. I know you'll be the heroine, you just have to be, but I don't know about me--a lot of other guys might get that part."

I didn't know then, how things worked. For it was Henry Beech, the banker's son who got the part of the hero, for Miss Adams was wise, too. Mr. Beech was on the school board.

We walked home together again that night but more slowly.



"If you're not the hero, Matt, I won't be in the silly old play either. I don't care about it anyway." It was a big decision.

"Of course you'll be in the play, Marylou. I'll come and clap louder than anyone else."

I looked at him suddenly and saw him with full perception. He was growing tall and handsome and I felt a sudden pride and awareness of him surge into my heart.

So I was the heroine and Matt came and clapped. The whole Torkey family came and sat in the front row and I played the part just for them and for him. Mother and Father were very proud of me. They waited for me when the play was over and Father, with unaccustomed tenderness, put an arm about my shoulder.

"It was fine, Marylou. Now let's go home. You're probably all tired out."

"Why don't you and Mother go home, Father," I said. "I have to get my things together and see Miss Adams."

So I watched them go out the door and waited for Matt. He didn't say a word to me, he didn't need to. The night was soft and dark and permeated with the fresh, tangy smell of spring. We walked down the street, matching our steps, and wordlessly turned off onto the river road. The river was black, lit only by soft blobs of light where the waves came up to strike the moon. We sat down upon the bank and watched the water, feeling the current flowing through us. Matt lay down and put his head in my lap. I ran my fingers through his hair, twisting the curls round and round, feeling the warmth of his head on my hands.

Matt spoke from a depth. "Marylou?"

"Yes?"

"You know what I like about you?"

"No, what?"

"I like you 'cause you're honest. I know you're honest when I see your eyes. That's what I like best in people, honesty."

"Do you, Matt?"

"Marylou, did you ever hear that quotation, 'To thine ownself be true.'?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, that's what I want to do. I want to be true to everything. If I believe in something, then I'll never kid myself. I'll die to do it, Marylou, I'll be true to myself and to you."



"That's wonderful, Matt," I said, and repeated, "'To thine ownself be true.' Matt, let's seal it, I mean you and I, no matter what happens or wherever we are, will be true to true to each other, ourselves and----oh, everything!"

He put an arm about my shoulders awkwardly and kissed me tenderly. His lips were warm and shy beneath my own and then he cradled me against his shoulder and breathed into my ear, "Forever and ever."

We walked home with the world at our feet. But happiness, I guess, must be spiced with sorrow, for Father saw Matt leave me at the gate.

"Marylou. Get in here this instant. Do you realize what time it is?"

"No, Father."

"It's nearly midnight. What will the neighbors think?" And the old refrain. "How many times must I tell you, Marylou. You can't go around with people like the Torkeys and expect to amount to anything. I will not have it, a daughter of mine running around with common white trash. I WILL NOT HAVE IT!!" And his voice rose to a shout while I crept up to bed, with the night broken to ragged pieces at my feet.

But for three years it was forever and forever. I was Matt's girl just the same. We fought for each other and breathed the same air in every word, touch, pledged eternal fidelity. Sometimes, in school, when we knew everyone else was wrong, we would argue and argue and never give in and then I would look across to Matt and his lips seemed to say, "To thine ownself---" It was our pass word.

Then it was 1941 and we were seventeen, and seniors in high-school. And Johnny Wynne moved to town. Johnny was tall, with light wavy hair, older than the rest of us, nearly nineteen. His father was the new editor of the paper, a fat, pompous man who took over the town, just as Johnny took over the high school. Johnny was in my English IV class and sat on my left side while Matt sat on my right. Johnny was bold and his dark eyes, when he looked at you, made little curls go up and down your spine. Then, in February, he asked me to the Senior Ball. I was very proud, any girl in the Senior Class would have died to go to the Senior Ball with Johnny Wynne, but there was Matt-----

I told Mother about it that night in an off-hand way. Usually I never mentioned anything like that, but this was something to brag about, like other girls did.

"Mother----Johnny Wynne asked me to the Senior Ball."



"Johnny Wynne asked you to---. Well." She was very pleased. "I guess this calls for a new dress, doesn't it. Your father will be pleased to hear this."

"Mother, I'm not going with him."

"You're not going with him." She was incredulous. "You must be crazy, Why on earth not?"

I wished that I had not mentioned it, for when Father came home that night, it all began again.

"How many times must I tell you, Marylou. You're almost eighteen. You've got to start getting out and meeting better people. How do you think you can get ahead associating with that Torkey trash? I will not have it, I tell you, I JUST WILL NOT HAVE IT!!!"

So I went to the Senior Ball with Johnny Wynne, feeling, in spite of myself, elation in his prestige and envy of the other girls. We went with Bob Randall and Marian Evans and my father's joy knew no bounds. Johnny had his father's car, a sleek Packard, and as we went past the Torkey's, I put my hand to the side of my face, thinking that Matt might not see, for I had a lump in my throat as we went by.

It began then, for the next week I went with Johnny to a party at the Randall's.

"At last she's getting some sense," I heard Father say. "Maybe we've put an end to this kiddish nonsense."

And then one night when I was coming home from school, I found Matt waiting for me. I could not meet his eyes. We walked along the street, matching our steps, and for the first time, the silence was dark and confusing.

"I thought you would tell me at least, Marylou," he began.

"Tell you what?" dishonest with Matt for the first time.

"Are you going out with Wynne again tonight?"

"Yes, but Matt---you see, it's Father. It isn't that I---"

I had to stop for I felt his eyes upon my face.

His face was dark with pain. "I thought you meant it, Marylou. If we were honest about it, and said,---well, told me about it, I wouldn't mind. You're not being true to yourself when you go out with Johnny Wynne. You're going out with him because his dad's important." His voice broke, "You didn't seem like your

Father to me."

He turned and left me, walking swiftly, and I watched his figure go, all alone, through the ramshackle gate to his house.

Matt was true though, and Matt had courage for he went to college with the rest of us that fall. We saw him sometimes at the "Campus Corner" when we would stop for a shake or something after a dance, washing dishes, wiping the counters and sweeping the floor, for Matt's education was his alone, he was earning it the hard way. Often I longed to go into the "Corner" and sit at the counter and talk to him, but I was too busy with dates and parties and dances to find the time.

Then it was December and Sunday and war, when everything got all scrambles up and confusing. The next day, I found the time to go down to the Corner and talk to Matt. He was polishing glasses at the counter.

He wasted no time in preamble. "I'm leaving tomorrow, Marylou," he said, "I'm enlisting."

"Don't do it, Matt," I cried. "Wait and see. You're going to college. Let someone else be first."

"Do you think that gives me a lease on life?" he said. "I couldn't stay here, knowing that someone else was fighting my battle for me."

I knew that he was still true, to himself and to that which he believed, so I walked out of the shop, knowing that the gulf was too great to bridge in so short a time. I knew how wrong I was and how right he was, and I walked back to the dormitory with tears running down my face, for Matt, who was so good and had so little, and for myself, who was so wrong and bigoted and shallow.

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I went back into the house. Father was still at the table, combing the paper. A red flame of hate rose in me and I tore the paper from him and crushed it on the floor.

"That's for all the people like you," I cried, "that make people like me, and sit and dictate like God in a high chair. I wish you were out there, right where he is now."

His face was gray and frightened and uncomprehending and I stumbled from the room, knowing he would never understand, ever.



## MIDWEST TORNADO

Mardie Mitchell

That day the air was heavy and oppressive.

In the heat of mid-afternoon, my Grandmother stood looking out of the spacious farmhouse window, wiping her flour dusted hands on her faded apron. The lines in her forehead were creased deeper and she was worried.

"I don't like that sky."

My Mother kept talking about ordinary things and not noticing. I know now that she didn't want my sister and me to feel the foreboding fear she felt.

The sky kept getting blacker and something kept shifting. Outside there was no noise--just the little breeze, hot and slow. It rippled the fields of wheat, so golden just before the harvest. The sky was getting blacker until the sun was nearly shut out. With the going of the sun our hearts fell.

My Dad sensed it too, and in a short while he had the cattle, upon which we were so dependent, brought to safety; from what exactly we could only wait and wonder. Determined to go on as usual, Mother called us to the table. I remember Dad getting up to look out the window. The rest of us watched him as if he could turn to us and say it was all right.

He did turn but he said, "We'll all stay down stairs for awhile. Something is coming." Remembering my sister and me, he grinned and said, "Probably just one of those sand storms in a hurry."

Rain began to fall; not a sweet, peaceful rain that only a dry-land farmer can appreciate, but tiny, uncompromising drops. The wind increased, and whipped the old shutters on the house. The trees in the yard beat in the wind, and the red gate in the drive slammed as if in emphasis.

We had already noticed the racing but deliberate funnel swirling, sweeping, coming closer to the earth in it's fury. The cellar, dug back into the hill, was our refuge, while we waited for it to come and pass. I don't remember very much about it while we were in the dampness of the cellar. I have no idea how long we stayed in there. It seemed long.

Fortunately we escaped the full velocity of the tornado, being outside of its path. The trees lost small branches, the wheat bowed before the wind, the roof was robbed of some of it's covering shingles, but it was better than we had hoped for.

The next morning, with the roan and a lead line, my Father rode to the next farm, a distance of not more than two miles. He cleared



the road of obstructions left behind in the wake of the storm, as he went along. The big Swede was surveying the damage done when my Father rode up. The Swede, with his continual placid, unruffled facial expression grunted in greeting.

"Big wind."

The two repaired the damage on both properties.

Different people called from town, not much more than a small settlement about four miles distant, and said that everything was in pretty bad condition. Anxious for our friends and our house which we kept furnished in town, we went in that afternoon. Desolation met us; everything was crazily tipped and slanted with the incongruity of modern art. The rain had come with fury and half of the town was flooded. Basements were full, and pumps were working constantly. We rode up the street and the car lurched and bumped on the road. The top dirt had been blown and washed off leaving the gravel. As we passed the barber shop we saw Mr. Heflin's neck ties twisted tightly around the barber pole. Mr. Heflin had his leg broken. The velocity of the wind pushed the walls of his house inward, and he was unable to get the door open and get out.

We turned off Main Street and reached our house. I felt kind of sick. The young trees set in two summers ago were broken off a few inches from the ground. The grass hadn't been mowed all summer and it was matted and ugly. The board walk looked like a partially disassembled marimba, the picket fence that I used to walk zigzagged like a limp string.

The house itself was without a roof and the rain had warped the foundation and damaged the furnishings. My Mother had a collection of fine records and above all I hated to see them ruined. She has never built up the collection again.

There were no casualties, but many people whom we knew well were hurt, several seriously. One girl was lifted and thrown over the tracks. Her hip was broken and today she has a slight limp.

Many people were struck worse than we, and property gained by long years of hard work was demolished. The town has never forgotten that day in August.



## STEINBECK WAS RIGHT

May Johnson

Three weeks of my summer vacation were gone when I landed at my uncle's place, a little four-by-four farm in the Hood River Valley in Oregon. The valley is a fertile strip of land starting at the foot of Mount Hood and going northward until it meets the Columbia River. The soil and climate are very suitable for apples, cherries, and all sorts of berries, which explained the canning and packing factories that were scattered over the countryside.

After the novelty of the first few days wore off, I was looking for something to keep me busy. I was at the age when pin money was my most important need, so my cousin, Jim, suggested that I go with him early the next morning.

We started off early all right! It was about four a.m. when I was hauled out of bed. The sun was just over the eastern horizon when Jim and I reached a strawberry patch. We turned in at a gate and went for several blocks until we reached an open shed. Jim picked up a couple of wooden boxes that looked like baskets. He informed the man in the shed that I was going to work, and then off we went.

The rows of strawberries were planted so there would be two rows together and then a space wide enough for a person to kneel down and then two more rows. A picker would kneel down between the double rows and pick the berries from the plants on both sides of him, pushing the wooden basket in front. This seemed like a snap to me, so I went to work with the thought of easy money. The bottom on the lug was covered in no time. In fact, it didn't seem long until the lug was full and heaped up just as I had been told to do it. Jim took my full lug and gave me another empty. He was back soon and handed me a pink cardboard slip that had 10¢ printed on it. Jim was gone before I had a chance to say anything so I started filling the next lug.

Soon my knees were getting sore and every time I went ahead a bit it felt as though the skin was off. My back ached from bending over, the sun was getting very warm--in fact, almost hot, and my fingers were stained and scratched from the vines. It was my third lug and I was beginning to think I would never fill it when Jim came over and said it was time to eat.

Home-made bread sandwiches never tasted as good as they did then. Jim and I ate under the shade of a Bing cherry tree by a small irrigation ditch. It was the first time I had looked around at the other workers. Some were still out in the field picking away at great speed. Jim informed me that some of the pickers never ate dinner because they either didn't have anything to eat or else they thought they needed the money worse.

Behind the row of sheds where the empty lugs and crates were

kept was a row of little shacks. By each shack was parked some kind of a car. All of the cars looked like some thing the college kids had given up. Some of the cars were packed as if the owners were moving. Jim confirmed my suspicions. Almost all of the labor was migratory, the laborers who came and went with the berry season, the people who left Oregon berries to go to the Washington hop fields, and then back to Oregon for the walnut harvest.

While Jim and I still sat there resting the others tramped back into the fields. I then noticed the variety of pickers. One an old man in faded blue overalls. Another a pregnant woman, followed by three small, bare-footed children each carrying a lug. There were a few more school kids from the neighborhood, but they certainly could be distinguished. They had on shoes. Most of the migratory workers were barefooted. Some of the women had burlap wrapped around their feet. The women had on only one piece of clothing, a dirty dress. The children had on a few clothes unless they were under five and most of the ones too small to work were naked.

Here was a group of Americans living six and eight to a one-room shack. They were working for practically nothing. (The pink slip had meant I had earned 10¢ for picking ten pounds of berries!) They were uneducated. Their children didn't know what a home was, and probably never would. Most of them looked unhealthy.

I wondered then if something couldn't be done and I am still wondering.

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#### SPRING POND IN THE PASTURE

Some things of land no deed of gift imparts,  
 No acres bred to profit bring: such this pond,  
 This transient trespasser that says what season  
 Covers now the beggar earth; lines out  
 Each twelvemonth in the pasture lot  
 This melted chemistry of water, ice-made once,  
 Snow-compounded deep in winds of winter,  
 Relaxed and native now, a natural element  
 Assessed on doubtful ledgers of the mind,  
 As color, texture, feel of spring.

And finding this  
 Each year a man needs more than calendar,  
 More than one loud clock against this night,  
 To once again acquaint his way with ends,  
 With mirrored here all roundness of the earth,  
 Beginnings that are never shut of sky  
 But wrap around the days this blue element,  
 Not sample, fragment lost, but all in all  
 Itself enough of world and melting time.

John Moore



## TWENTY-FIFTH MISSION

Frances Coverdale

He had to remember what had been told him. He had been given instructions regarding almost any situation he might encounter. It was cold lying there on the ground--cold, damp, and dark. Tonight there wasn't even a moon. He felt feverish and his thoughts were not clear. He had to remember the major's instructions. His head began to throb and his tired senses seemed to take him back to the base. The major was giving final instructions. He seemed to be hearing the advice regarding landing in Germany. But this wasn't Germany. He was sure of that. On being forced down there the thing to do was to lie in the woods several days, no matter how badly you needed food or medical care and to be sure to bury your parachute. After three or four days you were to be on the alert for someone who would aid you. "Never approach more than one person. Always be sure he is alone." Those were the major's exact words. If you found yourself among enemies it would not be as hard to eliminate a single person as it would several. With several there would be little chance of escape. In conquered countries there were people who went for walks at night alone. "Always let the other person make the first move. Wait for a sign to show he is friendly." That too was the major. Sometimes it wasn't much of a sign; sometimes only a nod or a smile. It might be several days before help came. Usually in the darkness someone would steal up and leave a parcel of food and clothes.

He had better quit thinking of his instructions regarding Germany. This was France. People here were friends. That is, most of them. He would find safety. He would soon be back in England. Why not? Hadn't he talked with many flyers who had walked out of France? One night in a pub in London he had struck up a conversation with an R. A. F. pilot who had walked out of Germany undetected. Of course that was before the continuous bombing of Germany had begun. In those days some of the German people had even helped American and English flyers escape. It was being said now that the German army had to give English and American flyers who had been shot down in Germany, guns to protect themselves from the mobs. Before the people felt they had no fight with the enemy. It was their leader's doing. But now their homes were being bombed and they had blood in their eyes.

His head was reeling again. Why was it that his mind kept wandering, making him remember things he had promised himself he would never again think of. Now he was remembering Bill. He didn't want to remember Bill. Bill was his pal. Hadn't they trained together in the states? Hadn't he stood up for Bill and his girl when they were married a couple of days before they went overseas? Thoughts of his friendship with Bill had to be avoided till he could forget that Bill was dead. Now that he had let his mind admit it it startled him. After the first realization of



Bill's death he had closed his mind and tried to forget. The only thing to do was to forget. What good would remembering do? Just when you thought you had pushed something that hurt out of your mind your brain would play tricks on you and make you remember as he was doing now. He was going to remember and he didn't want to. His mind was deceiving him; catching him when he couldn't help himself and taking him back. It was the 24th mission. The one he had been on today or whenever it was he had been dropped here was his 25th, his last, when you were almost ready to go home, and then to get it. He had been given a rest between his 24th and 25th. They thought they were helping him settle his nerves but he wanted desperately to complete his 25th and get home again.

He was back in England again. It was the day of the 24th mission. There was Bill, quiet and serious, smiling encouragement at him. They had all had a restless night. As before all missions they had written home. They didn't say, "I am going to fly tomorrow. I may never write or see you again." Instead they joked about the food and the country and told them back home that before long they would be leaving "this floating bog" and coming home. They had hurried to mail them because they knew if they should not return the others would destroy their letters in an effort to save the folks at home further pain. They had started to load the bombs. Always before, you kept hoping the weather would be too foggy to fly but once they started loading the bombs you knew nothing would prevent their flying. It wasn't that they feared death. They weren't afraid to die. They were afraid they would never go home again. It was the constant fear in the back of their minds that you would never again see the people back home or the town in which they had lived. He hoped that Bill hadn't felt that way before he died but he knew that he had.

They were in the plane now adjusting their heated flying suits. It would be cold up there. Last mission the thermometer had registered 70° below zero. It had gotten so cold that his hands had seemed to freeze stiff and he could hardly bend his fingers to operate the radio. He was reliving it all. They had dropped the bombs on the target and were coming back. They couldn't seem to shake the German fighters that were tailing them. When they were almost sure they were rid of them, there had been a sudden burst of machine gun fire. It was that burst that had wounded Bill. He was again bending over him, forgetting the deafening roar of guns, forgetting the icy cold, forgetting everything but Bill lying there on the floor of the plane smiling that slow grin while blood trickled out the side of his mouth. He seemed to be trying to tell him something but the words wouldn't come. With glazed eyes he stared unbelievably as the smile faded from the young face and the hand which had gripped his own almost desperately fell to his side. His first emotion had been anger. He had seen men die before but this was different. It was then he had closed his mind to everything but the present and until now had not allowed his thoughts to return.

He must be growing more delirious. It seemed as if the solitary wanderer he was to watch for was coming toward him. He could



see him plainly now. He was coming closer. Coming to lead him back to England and eventually back home again. He wasn't going to die alone after all. He waited for the customary first move from the approaching figure. As it drew near the sign was given by a slow, easy grin from the same face he had tried to forget.

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### SPIKE

Although I know he's gone--he's gone  
I feel his spirit lingers on  
here by the river.  
Could he forsake the spot  
we loved so well. . .  
the deep hole  
where he dropped the salmon flies  
and watched alert, muscles tight  
anxious, waiting for a strike?

The willows here still hold  
the echoes of his shouts -  
the excited tumult when pole bent low  
quivering in spasms as deep below  
the water, white swirls of anger  
told us that we'd claim  
a prize in silver.

Could he forget the quiet hush  
of evening? The gentle rush  
of wings over head?  
The smell of yesterday's camp fires  
hanging pungent on the twilight air?

Ours was a fire of birch and pine;  
coffee black as night and strong as musk  
was our delight;  
and in the dusk  
from plates of tin  
we scooped with greed brown beans,  
and ate as kings  
thick bread with coated margarine.

Now, tho there's one shadow only in the water,  
I know that I am not alone;  
What matter where the body?  
The soul shall claim its own.  
And so we stand together  
While river water flows,  
And Spike and I fish silently  
Where the diamond willow grows.

Helen McDonald



## THE LAMENTS OF A GADGETER

Carlin Olson

That man over there--the one walking slowly along--is one of the effects of the war on the poor civilian population. Notice how, when he fishes for change, he brings out two lock-washers, a screw, and a new style picture hook? Notice how, when he drags out his handkerchief, he drags with it a grayed bit of extension card, mutters to himself and stuffs it back? Search that man and you'll find countless other bits of evidence, to prove that this man is no longer an average citizen, but a man of all trades, a gadget fixer, a temporary plumber, electrician and mechanic, all in one. No longer can a man have one profession and get by. Those days are gone forever.

Life in the cities, these days, is a concoction of different types of trouble. The dispatches from this front don't read at all like those from overseas. In the Pacific and Europe its: "Allies Make New Gains." At home it's: "Man Bites Off Doorknob When Latch Refuses to Work." If it isn't a latch, it's something else which the wife wants fixed pronto. Yes, life is a concoction of trouble, ration trouble, man-power trouble, boy-power trouble and just trouble in general.

In the department of "Repairs and Gadgetry," all house-holders are supposed to be pretty well supplied. Well, a small majority always were! They loved it. Even in the city they jangled with different kinds of hardware as they walked. That was all right with the rest of us. We could take our house-hold tools and tasks, or leave them. But now under the pinch of war, we are not so fortunate. All of us wear the badges of one great fraternity, a bandage on one hand and skinned knuckles on the other. In the city, too, no one escapes this modern curse. We all have bent nails and tacks in with our change. They are left over from the night before when the ironing board collapsed in the middle of a shirt.

Don't get the idea that these people are objecting. They are getting a liberal education and they know it. For instance, take the sewing machine. It doesn't help "un-stick" the bobbim to take the treadle off first. There is a wonderful field of research.

What all these problems come down to, is the shortage of man-power. Gone from our midst are the clever and hearty young men who used to come around to the house and fix everything in a flash, from the vaccum cleaner that "made funny noises" to the leak in the garage roof. The repairmen that are still with us, have a long tale of woe, and are usually ready to give lengthy descriptions of it. Get one on the phone (if possible) and tell him that there is water in the cellar, or that the oil burner is smoking and he will make you feel positively cheerful. "Think of the people over on West Copper Street," he says. "Their plumbing has been torn up for two days and there is no cure in sight. Think of those people who live in the apartment house on the boulevard, whose water tank exploded and flooded down three floors."



The woman's part in this picture is no easier than her husband's. She has to put an "interesting sounding" dish of corn and tomatoes before a family, snarling for red meat. She has to explain about the shoe ration stamps to her daughter, several times a week, telling her that they haven't been unrationed, yet. She has to make a good book pass as a birthday present for Junior, instead of those copper gadgets he wanted for his electric train.

She has to get the sauce-pans clean with only elbow-grease, for there are no scourers on the market. She has to keep the laundry by elaborate time tables and has to find something the dog will eat. And she has to listen to the man of the house grumbling about his gadgets.

Perhaps the best way to summarize the whole problem, would be in a huge mural, with lots of different panels. There could be one called, "Man With His Head In Furnace, Examining a Jammed Grate." Another panel could be called, "Man Cutting a Pane of Glass For the First Time in His Life," or "Man Told at 9:30 p.m. That Son Has the Coaster Brake Apart in His Bicycle and Can Dad Fix It, So Son Can Ride to School in the Morning?"

A building about the size of the Empire State Building could house this record, so that in 1970, when we take our families to see the sights, we can make everything clear. When a little tot asks us: "And what did you do in the World War II, Grandma and Grandpa?" we can point to the murals and say: "You look, Bub; I can't bear the thought of it."

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Spring ain't the same this year  
     Now that the boys are gone;  
 No one to whistle after  
     Our step upon the lawn;  
 No one to dress up for  
     In a voile summer gown.

Only meadow larks ' whistle  
     Follows us as we walk  
 Up avenues of maple  
     Intruding in our quiet talk.  
 No one left to admire  
     A girl and her voile summer frock.

Helen McDonald

## TIE CAMP

## Flora Mae Bellefleur

The logging road that we followed twisted dangerously around the steep mountainside. Deep chuck holes and rocks kept us going at a snail's pace. The view from high up in the mountains was magnificent; across the wide gorge cars were speeding along the oiled highway which in the distance looked like a chalk mark through the vareigated greens of second growth timber. On our side of the valley the scenery had an entirely different aspect. Huge tree-butts, upturned stumps, and dried branches littered the grassy slopes. Among the grotesque remains of majestic trees were piles of sod, rocks and brush pushed aside by a bulldozer to make skid roads.

Suddenly, the road turned and we found ourselves in a comparatively flat hollow which was the camp site. In the clearing were five bunk houses, the shop, and cook house all on log runners which gave them the air of impermanence. There were also three log cabins, a reminder of a forgotten homestead. The decayed roof poles of these old cabins had caved in, the doors sagged on their hinges, and inside dried spruce boughs were left heaped on crude slab bunks by hunters who had camped there in the not too distant past.

We had arrived at the camp before noon, and it was deserted; so after a hurried inspection of all the buildings I occupied myself by learning the art of setting a table in camp fashion. After my feeble attempts at ringing the dinner gong the men filed in silently, their hobnailed boots cutting tiny holes in the rough floor. They sat down at their designated places and concerned themselves with the business of eating. They were a strange looking lot in their coarse clothing with heads bent down close to their plates, eating rapidly. Finished, they walked lazily back to the bunkhouses smoking their noontime cigarettes. In a few minutes the owner announced that they were ready to start, and I, still clutching a piece of lemon pie, managed to get on the tie truck before it left.

The road was even worse than the other but the scenery was worth the ride. We passed a spring that was bubbling up at the edge of the road and had made the ground so soft it was necessary to put in several rods of corduroy road. Further up the mountain we came to an open space that was an old rock slide but which now was a lovely natural rock garden. Growing among the rocks were lacy mosses, oregon grapes, kin-ni-kin-nick, and short pink and white flowers. The multi-colored rocks, still wet from a recent rain, glittered in the noon day sun. Several dwarfed cedar trees clung to the thin soil between the shale but otherwise not a single branch or rotten log marred the exquisite perfection of this wilderness garden.

Around that hill was the mill site located on an almost perpendicular slope at the termination of three skid trails. The mill was simply a crude frame supporting the saw and a tractor



motor to run it. The slab pile, nearly five hundred feet long, was the most striking feature of the mill, built out level at a right angle to the slope. How one man alone could build such a structure utterly amazed me. Running parallel to the mountain were piled hundreds of ties, reflecting bright yellow in the sun. Behind the saw was the long skid way where muddy logs were dragged up to be cut in tie lengths. All around this small clearing tall tamaracks towered against the bright blue sky making thin shadows across the fresh ties. Branching out into the darkness of the woods, were the main skid roads which had been churned to dust by the biting lugs of the caterpillars.

The "cats" came down the dangerously steep hills slowly, twisting and turning between the trees, dragging logs behind over brush and boulders. The logs lashed back and forth against the trees as though struggling to free themselves from the steel cables that held them fast.

All afternoon, the work went on untiringly with perfect coordination of every man and machine, until the sunset shot red flames up into the western sky;----then everyone picked up his discarded hat and coat and headed homeward.

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#### UNCLE JOHN

Don't ever look at price tags, my uncle John would say. Whenever you want anything, go in and buy it. That's what my uncle John did, and he was always broke. Yet we all had to admit uncle John had a way... He had loose cash ready to afford that extra bit That added to a gift or greeting. He had a stroke That was pure artistry. "Yes," they said, "he's an artist Where spending money's concerned." But uncle John was more. He was a spendthrift of life, taking that which it dealt; And when he lost his stakes, his hand turned to something new He smiled at fortune. Uncle John was a connoisseur Of happiness; he shared it with others, for he felt He must make everyone he met try sampling it too. Some people didn't want to bother, but he'd insist. John died today. I heard his kin speaking together Of a price for his coffin. "Not too much," they had said, "But something fancy--he always was a man for show." There's one thing I shall connect with our John forever-- He was a giver of gifts; he was not a man wed To his wallet. He would always pay the price, although It was high. I'm wondering if he found it worth it?

Helen McDonald



