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Just Like His Name

By LEROY ASERLIN

OHNNY Pliers was just like his name — cold, hard, snub-nosed and strong. He shoveled coal with me on the eight-to-twelve. That was on the old Bristol, runnin’ between New York, Liverpool, and anywhere else on the globe. Two old, cracked, natural-draft Scotch boilers was all we had to work on. They popped off at 160 pounds and at 160 the steam is awful wet and hard to keep up. But Johnny just kind of bossed that watch and he worked like Satan himself when she was steamin’ hard. On my first trip with Johnny, the coal-passer on our watch was a limey; his name was Herb. Never did know his last name. Last names don’t count with the guys on your watch anyway. We got alone pretty good with Herb; he gold-bricked some, but Johnny always slipped him into line when he needed it. Johnny rode Herb some, but it was all pretty good-natured stuff, and then off watch Johnny didn’t treat Herb any worse than a fireman usually treated a coal-passer in those days. As I was sayin’, we got along pretty good that trip, Johnny, Herb, and me. The weather was cool enough topside so the engine room wasn’t too bad, and we didn’t hit much rough weather.

When we got back into New York, Herb met some dame second night in, got married the third signed off the ship the fourth, we were short-handed the fifth. With a trip to Buenos Aires comin’ up. The unions weren’t tough in those days. And in those days going to sea was about the last thing you did. When you couldn’t do anything else you went to sea. So we held our breath and waited for the new coal-passer.

I saw him first. The fires were banked and the cargo all loaded, so it was just about a stand-by job, not much work to it, at Johnny was topside shootin’ the breeze with Zach Finn, the cox. They called me “Kid” on the ship, but hell’s bells, this new coal-passer must have been at least three years younger than me, n’ to mention the forty pounds must have outweighed him. John didn’t see how we were going to get any work out of him. He was small, and he had great brown eyes like a spaniel. He had skinny little arms and thin shoulders; looked like he was half freezein’ all the time, the way he kind of huddled himself together. His skin wasn’t exactly dark, but dark enough so I knew he was Irish or Swede, and his nose—the giveaway. ’Course I told myself when I saw him that he might be Persian or Arabian.
nenian or something like that, use who ever heard of a Jewish a shoveling coal in the stoke of some rust-pot like this.

What’s yer name?” I ask him, in’ to be real friendly.

Bernard Weinstein,“ he ans, like he’s expectin’ me to do nothing about it.

Ever pass coal before?” I ask. No.”

Ever ship before?” No.”

Well why the hell are ya start-out on a tub like this, espec- dy doin’ what yer gonna be a’t” I suppose I did sound little mad askin’ him that, but I couldn’t figure it out. He exed like he shoulda been a sboy.

Jobs aren’t too easy to get,” says, “especially for me.”

Then I start tellin’ him what coal-passer’s got to do. What easiest way to get the coal out the bunkers is. How to start in the bottom of the hoppers so that gravity does the work you the first two weeks. How, in the coal gets way back, you e to use a wheelbarrow on a-by-twelve, which is tough especially when the seas are kin’ up a bit. Then I tell him the firemen want their boiler scraped all the time so we can as much draft as possible up through the grates. Then I show how to work the ash-hoist— it didn’t work worth a damn steam, so it was mostly manual.

had my own work to do, so I just showin’ him how to fire a boiler from a bank in the is when Johnny Pliers walked He banged the fire-room door at behind him, latched it, looked at the water glass, then at the pressure, at me, and finally the new coal-passer.

“Kike, ain’t ya?” rasps Johnny, more as a fact than a ques- tion.

“I’m Jewish, if that’s what you mean,” says the kid, tryin’ to throw those little shoulders back. Not many guys I’ve seen could look into those cold, bleak, gray eyes of Johnny’s and not drop their own, and this kid was no excep- tion. His dropped. That’s all Johnny wanted to know; this kid was goin’ to be his meat.

“We don’t like sheenys on this ship,” says Johnny in a low voice, “you still got time to sign off if you want to. It’s gonna be a tough trip, and a long one.”

All the kid says is the same thing he says to me.

“Jobs are hard for me to get.”

He didn’t say no, and he didn’t say yes, and this must have got Johnny kind of mad, ‘cause he just tells me to be sure the fires are okay for the next watch because they’re takin’ her out this afternoon.

Things didn’t go so bad at first. The weather was cool, there was a good draft, the seas weren’t too rough except for a spell off the coast of Virginia. In fact, every- thing was just goin’ along like it should be. Everything, that is, except Johnny Pliers. Usually by this time he was giving the coal- passer a pretty good raggin’, but with young Bernie he never said much, only when he wanted some- thing done. When he told Bernie to do anything you could almost always sense an extra “or else” on the end. It seemed as though he wished Bernie wouldn’t do it so he could add his “or else” in there.

The old Bristol just ploughed along at six knots, never seemin’ to get anywhere at all. Yet day by day you could feel the sea
breeze hittin’ your back just a little softer under the ventilators—that is, when the ash-bucket wasn’t goin’ up one of them and blowin’ a fine spray of ashes down on you.

Bernie’s work was pretty easy at first, ’cause the coal kept runnin’ of its own accord out of the bunkers, but soon Bernie had to start shovelin’ it into the big hole we called the “hopper.” When he shoveled it off the top we got the fine dusty stuff that the draft would suck right up the stack, and Johnny would tell him to keep some firin’ coal down in those hoppers—or else. So Bernie would just about kill himself tryin’ to get the coal farther on down. Down farther it was lumps, and Johnny made Bernie bust them lumps up so we could shovel them in easier. I can’t help but remember how Johnny used to help Herb when the lumps got too tough. But Bernie just kept pluggin’ away all the time tryin’ not to give Johnny a chance to jump on him about anything. He still looked all the time like he was shiverin’ from the cold. I can see him yet, skinny as a rail, with coal dust stickin’ all over him and little rivers of sweat makin’ dirty gray streaks through the dust. Sweat from the heat, and him lookin’ for all the world like he was freezein’ to death.

On shipboard the deck hands stick together, and the black gang sticks together. Even closer than that, the watches all stick together. You eat together, sleep together, talk together, work together and even fight together. That’s okay just as long as some other watch-monkey doesn’t jump some guy from another watch, or next thing he knows, if he’s still conscious, is that he’s buckin’ a whole watch instead of one man.

But Johnny wouldn’t eat at the same table with Bernie. He made Bernie move to another tab Later on Johnny decided to move to another table himself, so I was with Bernie after that. When we were off watch Johnny spent most of his time playin’ poker with the eight-to-twelve deck-apes.

I remember the time when some guy kept callin’ Herb a “limey” and Herb didn’t like it. So Johnny stepped in and made the guy keep his trap shut after that, though Johnny kept right on callin’ Herb a “limey” and he didn’t mind it a bit.

Some of the other hands called Bernie a “kike” or a “fink,” a dozen other different names, but Johnny didn’t give a dam about that. No one really seemed care what they said or did, except Zach Finn, the cook and myself. I never could figure Zach out; he never said much and did much; he just did his cooking and kept his mouth shut, but you could tell he looked out for Bernie. When we came up off watch we usually had our chow already dished up for us—that was in the days of the old tin plates—and noticed that Bernie’s general had a little more than ours, so I guess Johnny noticed it too, because he didn’t shoot the bull with Zach much after that happens a couple of times.

All the time the weather got hotter. The hotter it grew outside, the heat was magnified down below decks twice as much. That little fire room with its dirty orange bulkheads and dirty black shadows flickerin’ around, that heat got so intense it seemed solid. Solid heat, the kind you felt you could cut a chunk out of and stick in your pocket to use up nor when you were cold. Heat th...
de you afraid to lean up against bulkhead for fear of burning your arms or back. Heat that
made you want to spit it out as soon as you drew a deep breath. That made the fires burn cold
that sounds funny, but it all had to do with the draft, especially when there isn’t any. Of

course you could take this heat, with your salt pills, until finally one day you noticed that
heat was gettin’ into your nose and makin’ your blood run red. It made you beat on a
khead with a shovel when you needed coal, instead of hollerin’ it like a man. It dulled your
ses, killed your appetite, and made you mad.

The hotter it grew, the harder Bernie’s work got. I tried to help him several times, pullin’ ashes,
stin’ them up, and breakin’ lumps. I noticed that every time I tried to help him, though, the
steam pressure would start drop-
ning and it was near kill himself to keep the needle up with just one work-
furnace, so I had to let Bernie
along as best he could. Then
bumped Bernie into the coolest spot that night. So he
rolled Bernie into the coolest spot
in that hell-hole, behind the old donkey-boiler, tossed a little water
on his face and got back to work.

It was steamin’ hard, and to
make matters worse they were usin’ the injector to get water into the boilers, and every time they turned the injector on, the steam pressure went down another ten pounds. I was gettin’
tired, and pretty weak myself. I
thought I was strong, but that damned heat took what backbone I had in me right out. It was all
I could do to keep my fires bright, and the ash-pits were piling up, and the coal was gettin’ low.

I never in my life saw a man work like Johnny Pliers worked then. He wrestled around for a minute or so and opened the emergency bunkers so the coal would keep comin’. Then he
started haulin’ ashes, scrapin’ pits, dumpin’ and runnin’ up ashes, and all the time he kept the steam up.

This went on for the next two and a half hours, and just when the other watch relieved us at

vent, and the boilers were steam-
in’ hard. The coal was just melt-
in’ on the grates, formin’ big
clinkers, shuttin’ off what little draft might get through. It was so bad, in fact, that we spent as
much time with the slice-bar in our hands as we did with the shovel. Bernie was kept hoppin’
and I could see it wasn’t doin’ him any good standin’ over those hot clinkers, sprayin’ salt water
on ‘em with those God-awful fumes comin’ up in his face, but Bernie didn’t say a word. Then
all of a sudden he keeled over. He bumped up against the bulkhead and slumped to the deck.
Johnny could see that Bernie wasn’t goin’ to put in any more time on watch. So he
rolled Bernie into the coolest spot
in that hell-hole, behind the old donkey-boiler, tossed a little water
on his face and got back to work.

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started haulin’ ashes, scrapin’ pits, dumpin’ and runnin’ up ashes, and all the time he kept the steam up.

This went on for the next two and a half hours, and just when the other watch relieved us at
midnight, Johnny keeled over. I damn near did too.

The engineer and the oiler dragged Johnny up to the mess-room and started workin' him over to bring him to. Bernie was okay by this time, but still mighty weak, so weak that he couldn't stand up by himself.

When Johnny came to, there was quite a crowd around him in there. Deck-hands, engineers, and even Zach was in there lookin' on. Nobody gave a damn about Johnny; they were just curious to see what was goin' to happen next. Just like yellin' for some guy at a fight, not so much as you wanted to see him win, as see the other fella get beat up.

Then Johnny opened his eyes. "Where's that gold-brickin' Hebrew bastard?" he bellowed out as loud as he could. "So help me, if I ever get the chance I'm gonna break every bone in that sheeny's skinny little body. Just like them Jews to pass the back on to a better man who can do their work when the goin' gets tough."

After that outburst Johnny shut up and staggered back to his fo'c'sle.

That night Bernie moved into Zach Finn's fo'c'sle. He still stayed on our watch, though. I don't think Johnny meant what he said that night in the mess-hall but he figgered he had to cover up for his passin' out, some way. But he never did speak to Bernie after that. Bernie just did his work and kept quiet. There was nothin' for me to say to anyone, so I just kept my mouth shut too.

The weather started coolin' again, and almost before I knew it we were tied up at the docks in Buenos Aires and unloadin' the cargo.

I'll never forget—it was on the fourth day, and we were givin' the fires and the pits a clean out. Ashes were scattered all over the plates in front of the boiler and Bernie was runnin' up the chute as fast as he could. He dump ashes in the bucket, the hoist it up along a track that curved over from the center of the fire-room deck until it went directly beneath the ventilator where the track led right on to the vent. When it got up even with the main deck it would have a trip and the top part of the bucket would fall out of the track and dump the ashes in the chute.

When the bucket dumped, I pulled a line down below and ran salt water into it to wash it out. Then he hoisted it down again. It was all supposed to run on steam pressure, but the valve was always fouled up, so as usual Bernie had to run it up hand over hand.

"Get those damn ashes off the deck," says Johnny.

And Bernie worked all the harder.

He was hurryin' too much, and he filled the ash bucket clear to the top to try to get a bigger load out. He even had some bust clinkers on the top of the ashes. Then he started hoistin' the bucket up. He'd filled it too full. He couldn't even get it past the bend, but he was too scared to let it down again and take some ashes out for fear of what Johnny might say or do. So he just gritted his teeth and hung on, strainin' every muscle in those skinny little arms of his.

Then Johnny saw him. He walked over, grabbed ahold of the line with one hand, pushed Bernie away with the other, and started hoistin'.

When he started hoistin', Johnny was right under the bend in the track, and Bernie was stand...
I was rakin' away, mindin' my business, when I heard Johnnie let out a yell, and saw the line pop out of his fingers. Before I could even move I saw the bucket me slammin' down the track, and it caught Bernie in the right leg, just below the knee. That bucket was full, too.

Before Johnny and I got Bernie out from under the bucket, we had pretty good-sized crowd down the fire-room.

Bernie’s leg was smashed. I didn’t mean broken, I meanashed; you could tell that by the way his pants-leg was washed around the pulp underneath. It’s a good thing Bernie was out cold. He wouldn’t have said what he saw.

Nobody said a word to Johnny, asked how it happened. A couple of deck-hands had been havin’ smoke on the gratings over the fire-room, and all they said was that it looked like the line popped out of Johnny’s fingers.

Everybody around there knew at lines just don’t slip out of the fingers of a guy with a grip like Johnny Pliers’—his grip was just like his name. I saw Zach Finn standin’ there noddin’ his head, but he didn’t say anything. Johnny didn’t say a word to anyone either; he just went back and started stokin’ coal into the boiler, and lookin’ at the needle.

The next day, a couple of hours after lunch time, Johnny got sick. Before it was time to go on watch, Johnny was dead. According to the report, he’d had a heart attack from overwork.

I helped take Johnny out of his bunk and take him ashore for burial, and while I was takin’ him out I noticed a bad, deep burn on his back, right in the middle of it, too. Burned right through his shirt. It looked like a hot cinder, or a hot ash, might have fallen down his neck.

I went up to see Bernie in the hospital the next day. I didn’t have much time because we had to split up the watches, bein’ minus two men, and we had to stand twelve hours then. Bernie had already heard about what happened to Johnny, so I didn’t say much about it. Bernie asked if I’d bring some of his stuff up to the hospital from the ship for him, since it looked like he wouldn’t be goin’ back to the States for quite a while.

I had to go into Zach Finn’s quarters to get Bernie’s stuff. Zach was ashore, so I just started lookin’ for Bernie’s belongings where I thought they’d be.

While I was lookin’ around, I ran across Zach Finn’s passport and looked at it. Hell, his name wasn’t Zach Finn at all—it was Isaac Fineberg. He didn’t look like a Jew.

There was a pile of dirty clothes in one corner, so I looked through those to see if any of them were Bernie’s. But the stuff was all Zach’s, and stashed away under the dirty clothes was a little red and white box, half-full, marked “Rat Poison.” Hell, we weren’t troubled with rats on the Bristol.

Well, it’s a wise thing when shippin’ out to believe half of what you see. The half you do see, forget about it, keep your mouth shut, ’cause maybe that ain’t true either.
Philosophical Anarchism—A Third Alternative

By BYRON R. BRYAN

By far the worst feature of present-day thinking about international problems is the almost universal assumption that all "realistic" men must choose between two alternatives—"communism" as practiced in totalitarian Russia, and middle-class capitalism, with its dollar-worship, as practiced in western countries. It is even assumed that those who criticize one of these two systems must be implying support of the other. This intolerant brand of thinking is undoubtedly being used during our present "red scare" to discredit any person who indulges in sincere criticism of the existing order, no matter how sound and thoughtful such criticism may be. It apparently never occurs to those who in the name of "free speech" attempt to deprive their neighbors of that very freedom, that no healthy society can afford to silence any minority within it, no matter now absurd its views may appear to be. Only those who have reason to fear that the truth is not on their side have reason to become excited about criticism. Unjustified criticism furnishes its own reply in the light of experience; justified criticism merits consideration, not suppression.

It is obvious to anyone that there are many other courses which the human race might conceivably follow besides the two which have been mentioned. Some of these alternatives may indeed be worse than either communism or capitalism; I propose to tell you about one which I suspect might be a great deal better. It following in America is not very great, but in some European countries it has considerable influence. It stands for a way of life which is a drastic break with all of the prevailing doctrines of our time. Many people are not even aware that it exists. It is called "philosophical anarchism."

Anarchism as a clearly-stated philosophy is only about a century old, and of all misrepresented minority viewpoints it has the curious honor of being the most falsely portrayed. In the minds of most people an anarchist cannot exist five minutes without brandishing a dagger, throwing a bomb and giving several emphatic tugs at his long black beard. To Marxists it is a special brand of slander for anarchism; to them it is an expression of "petty bourgeois decadence." It is perhaps time that philosophical anarchism was defined clearly and accurately. I know of no one who has done this better than Emma Goldman, who called it "th
hilosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made laws; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary." Note that this definition, far from supporting violence, specifically criticizes all existing societies because they make use of it. It is true that there have been a few misguided people in the past who have supposed that is possible to achieve freedom through violence; they forgot that the use of violence and intolerance is the sure way to make the achievement of the anarchist ideal impossible. St. Francis was quite aware of that fact eight hundred years ago; in our own time, Leo Tolstoy devoted the last years of his life to the advocacy of a similar viewpoint. It is no coincidence that some of the most outspoken near-anarchist sentiment our day can be found in the publications of the Catholic Work movement. It is no coincidence other that one of the earliest spokesmen of our national conscience, Henry David Thoreau, as an anarchist; or that William Lloyd Garrison found it necessary to declare that "we cannot hold any office which imposes upon its incumbent the obligation to do right, on pain of imprisonment or death." The unspeakable arrogance of one person deciding that knows what is best for another and that he will compel that other obey him is at the heart of most of the totalitarian and imperial tendencies of our age. Communism at best can offer us nothing but the horrifying prospect of ruthless and all-pervading state control; western society can offer little more than military conscription, statist bureaucracy, and the worship of Mammon. Need it surprise us that the people in both these societies are living in constant fear of a war which will annihilate them completely?

What would an anarchist world be like? Obviously, it would be a world without wars, without states, without the exploitation of man by man or by the state. It would be a world in which individual responsibility would be greatly increased and in which human beings would have a chance to make the most of their talents. It would be a world in which his new freedom and responsibility would give man a dignity to which previous societies have at best paid only lip-service. William Morris in his description of such a society in News From Nowhere suggests a good use for some of the ornate government buildings of today; they might, he thinks, be good places to store grain in!

The average person has a stereotyped reaction to such portrayals of what might be—that they are hopelessly impractical. By "impractical" he means, presumably, that such ideas are not going to be carried out in the foreseeable future. It does not seem to occur to him that we will approach such an ideal when enough people want it and desire it, and that the sooner we begin our approach the less wasted effort we will have and the better will be our chances of some measure of achievement. If we fail, at least we shall know that we did what we could and that the destruction of our planet has come about through no fault of our own; if we waste time following our present course, which leads us directly to destruction, we shall find that it would be much wiser to sit quietly and pre-
pare for death. The latter action has at least the merit of a certain dignity; the former has less merit than conscious suicide.

It is often argued that men are not capable of governing themselves; as a matter of fact this is one of the most widely-accepted assumptions to be found in the modern world. Fascism, communism, and capitalism are all agreed on this point, however they may differ in their application of it; we know also that it is to the interests of all existing governments that men should continue to think them indispensable. It is painfully evident that men brought up in our existing authoritarian societies have been taught so thoroughly to lean upon others that they would have a hard time standing on their own feet. Too many of us have a horror of making "mistakes" and a desire to avoid such an unsatisfying situation by allowing others to act for us; we then permit ourselves the luxury of becoming infuriated when our "representatives" do not represent us. In the majesty of our rage we turn out the incumbent and put another man in the office. The newcomer proceeds to do exactly what we ought to be doing—he speaks for his own interests, and again we are angry with him because he does not represent ours. Such is the cycle of political elections and parties. How long will it be, one wonders, before we wake up to the fact that each of us must be his own "representative"?

We must lose our fear of "making mistakes"; we must realize that there is no other way to learn and that parents and teachers are doing us no favor when they drill into us a consciousness of our own "inferiority." It is time we displayed a little consciousness that so long as we do not interfere in the lives of others, it is no business of theirs to interfere with us. If it is difficult enough for us to know what is best for ourselves—most of us find that alone a lifetime occupation—how much less can anyone else be in a position to know what is good for us! We are told that neuroticism is greatly increasing in the modern world; the less opportunity people have to work out their own satisfactory adjustments, the more certain we may be that our mental institutions and psychiatrist's offices will be swamped with patients. Of course at times we ought to ask others for advice, but there is a great deal of difference between recommendations which we follow of our own free will and those which are forced upon us.

In an anarchist society the functions now carried on by government which do not interfere with the freedom of the individual—and there are not as many of those as one might think—would be carried on by mutual agreement. The unpleasant spectacle of a majority coercing a minority would be forever eliminated. One would be free to join with one's neighbor or not in carrying out projects for such matters as schools and fire protection. If it should be argued that such an arrangement would be less "efficient" than that followed at present, one can only reply that it would reflect human needs much more adequately and that the freedom and dignity which such a method would give each person would more than compensate for the fact that the evening train might not always arrive on schedule. Our western bourgeois society has placed much too great a premium on "efficiency anyway. Happiness, spirituality, freedom, and peace of mind ar
ear more important qualities; when we have achieved those we will probably discover that we can get along very well without much efficiency.” At the present time we usually achieve efficiency at the expense of all other desirable factors. When we are ready to learn to live more simply and in more brotherly fashion, then we will be ready to talk about achieving philosophical anarchism.

No doubt many of the ideas in this article will seem strange to the reader who has not encountered such a philosophy before, but I hope that they will not be rejected on that account. I hope so that it will be evident that the philosophy of anarchism is far too complex and has too many implications to be presented all adequately within the limits of a short article. To appreciate one must be capable of examining the very foundations of his thinking and of looking upon all history and culture with a thoughtful mind. If one does so, he must, I think, conclude that the societies which have contributed the most to human happiness and progress are the societies which have given the most freedom and opportunities to their members, and that great men have always been distinguished by their ability to think and act for themselves, regardless of the prejudices of those about them. Greatness always transcends rules; when we are determined at all men shall be free to develop whatever potentialities for greatness which they possess, we may expect an outpouring of silent and creative endeavor such as we have not before known. It seems clear as well why the idea of “world government” is fallacious as a guarantee of peace.

Such a doctrine rests on the assumption that an evil government plus an evil government plus an evil government can somehow be combined without the result being a particularly ominous concentration of evil. We have no reason to believe that the principle of government will become less undesirable when it is made stronger and more entrenched than ever before. At least at present, if one is persecuted by one government one may conceivably find refuge elsewhere; in a world state, one who might offend the powers-that-be would have nowhere to go—unless rocket transportation should have advanced beyond its present level!

For those who would like to investigate further the pattern of thought which I have sketched in this article, I would recommend particularly Peter Kropotkin’s Mutual Aid, in which the argument that it is not “natural” for men to work together without coercion is effectively answered, William Morris’ News From Nowhere, and Herbert Read’s Poetry and Anarchism. The writings of Thoreau, Godwin, and Tolstoy are essential for an understanding of the historical background of anarchism. Meanwhile, the time for us to think and to act is short; the time for us to free ourselves from the dictation of outworn thoughts and conventions is here. If we cannot achieve general freedom, we may at least as individuals attempt to free ourselves. In the country about New York and San Francisco, hopeful movements in the direction of a freer society already exist; from them may yet come an inspiration which can save at least some men from the madness of our present war-making world.
Two Posies for the Liberal Arts

By ROBERT C. WYLDE

German Lesson

Die Maus ist grau.
First, the thorough approach —
Is ist in the present or past?
Is that a boy mouse or a little girl mouse?
Die Maus ist grau.

Die Maus ist grau.
Next, progressive approach —
Does grau look like "green" or like "gray"?
Is Maus like a rat, often chased by a cat?
Does die mean the same thing as "day"?
Die Maus ist still grau.

Die Maus ist grau.
Last, the pragmatic approach —
Why not set some cheese-baited traps?
If you're bothered by vermin, whether green, gray, or German,
You just buy a cat, then perhaps
Die Maus ist nicht.

On Reading Poems

Or, I know the Value of Music, But What's Wordsworth!

You've found passion in St. V. Millay,
You've found fancy in E. Allan Poe,
But you haven't read poems
Till you've pored o'er the tomes
Of Byron and Shelley and Keats.

You may quote from the Avonside Bard,
Have acquaintance with Milton and Donne,
But you aren't educated
Until you're elated
By Kyron and Belley and Sheats.

You may know the romances of Scott
And the vitriol output of Pope,
But your knowledge a curse is
If you don't know the verses
Of Shyron and Kelley and Beats.

So hurry to Kyron and Belley
And hurry to Kelley and Sheats —
You've got no book learning
Till you've got that old yearning
For Byron and Shelley and Keats.
The Sweater

By DICK DARLING

As Della Harvey hobbled painfully up the sidewalk to the front door, she saw the curtain on the living room window lift. She turned to wave to her neighbor before she went in. "I hope you have good luck with those roses you ordered," she called, cheerfully. The smile faded from her face as she opened the door quietly and stepped into the front hall. As she walked through the hall toward the kitchen, a voice from the living room called angrily, "Della, you come here instantly." Maud Harvey sat in the giant armchair beside the dining room por, her immense body quivering with vexation. "Mother, you've been walking around the room again," Della said, as she entered. "You know the doctor said you mustn't. With a heart like yours it's very bad."

"What am I supposed to do?" Maud answered, harshly. "It was past time for my medicine, and where were you? Busy gossiping with that woman next door. I don't think I didn't see you; anding behind that rosebush so he wouldn't see that twisted leg of yours. That's wicked. You got that leg as a punishment for your sins."

She leaned forward in her chair, her puffy face purple with age. "You'll pay for all your wickedness. I'll tell the whole world how you take care of me." She fell back into the chair, panting and exhausted.

"I'll get your medicine right away, Mother," Della said gently. "I didn't realize it was so late. You know I wouldn't make you wait purposely."

She walked past her mother, through the dining room, to the cabinet in the kitchen where the medicines were kept. The three shelves of the cabinet were filled with little jars and bottles, bottles and jars of every shape, size, and color. There were tall ones, short ones, round ones, square ones, purple, red, green, and clear ones, most of them half full of medicine that Mrs. Harvey had tried at some time, only to set them aside after one or two doses which showed no results. There were other bottles too, bottles of disinfectant and antiseptic with the ugly skull and crossed bones on them. Della took a squat green bottle from the lowest shelf, carefully read the label, though she had done it a hundred times before, counted exactly eight drops into a glass, and half filled it with tap water.

Maud lay back in her chair, her eyes closed, moaning painfully as Della returned. She supported her mother's head while the old
lady gulped the bitter dose. “You’ll let me die one of these times,” she said petulantly, as she revived. “It’s horrible for an old lady to have a cruel, ungrateful daughter who won’t look after her sick old mother.”

Della set the glass back in the kitchen and replaced the little green bottle on its shelf in the cabinet. Her mother sat silently staring in front of her, her great soft hands folded piously in her lap. Della took a partly knitted sweater from her sewing basket and sat by the window to take advantage of the late afternoon sunlight while she worked.

“What are you making now?” the old woman asked.

“It’s a sweater for the sale they’re giving at the church,” Della answered, without looking up from her work. Her flying fingers moved back and forth with the needles and the yarn. The room became quiet, except for the soft clicking of the knitting needles.

Maud broke the silence. “I wish Reverend Bisby would call on us,” she said. “He certainly isn’t as good a minister as Reverend Bascomb was. He always called on the sick members of his flock.”

“Everyone likes Reverend Bisby,” Della answered. “Twice as many people go to church now than when Reverend Bascomb was alive. I think Reverend Bisby is just as good.”

“But he’s no man of God,” the old lady rejoined quickly, vexed that her daughter should question her judgment. “It’s no credit to him that more people come. Reverend Bascomb told them what would happen to them for their wicked ways. This new man’s a sinner just like the people he preaches to. He’ll reap the same wages they do.”

After a silence as long as Mrs Harvey could bear, she said, to no one in particular. “It’s hard for an old lady to be sick and alone To see her only daughter a wretched sinner. Many’s the time, girl, spent the whole night nursing you. Marked with that twisted leg even when you were born. But I knew my Christian duty and did it. Yes, there’s been wickedness in this house. Your father was bad. The day he died was a blessed one. If I had known that the child I carried within me was already marked, I would have wished that God had taken me too. It’s been a load almost nobody could bear. But I’ve been a good Christian woman and I’ve always known that I’ll be rewarded.”

Della put the sweater back into the basket. “It’s too dark to knit any longer,” she said. “I’ll make supper now.”

“Yes, you’ll make supper now,” the old woman answered. “Hour late, as usual. I’ve been so hungry for hours that I could hardly stand it. Yes, you’d starve me if you dared. You’re just afraid they’d find out and then they’d . . .” Della turned and walked out of the room.

Maud was napping when Della set a tray of food on the table beside her. She shook the old woman gently to awaken her. “Call me when you’re finished Mother,” she said. “I’ll bring you your medicine then.”

Della ate alone in the kitchen with the door closed between the rooms so that she could pretend that she was alone in the house. Her mother was right. She was begrudging every minute she devoted to her. The day after Della graduated from high school, twenty-three years ago, Maud had her first heart attack. She hadn’t left
the house since. Only rarely did she leave the living room except to walk painfully to the bedroom across the hall. For twenty-three years Della had left her mother only to go to church and to do the marketing. For years she had listened to her mother’s abuse. Yes, she was waiting for Maud to die. She had been waiting almost as long as she could remember.

She began to feel that the relation between her and her mother was not normal when she was a very small child. She remembered the first day she had ever walked. By that time she had reached the age at which most children had started school. She had taken a few faltering steps, sagging the bad leg behind her.

"Mother," she had called. "Come, Mother! I’m walking just like you do." Mrs. Harvey had come running into the room. She looked the happiest Della had ever seen her. "Show Mother, dear. How Mother how you can walk." She hobbled a few steps, then looked up hopefully at her mother. Maud’s eyes were filled with tears. She went into her bedroom and closed the door. Della remembered hearing her sobbing alone in her room.

Mrs. Harvey had always been devoutly religious. She never missed a church service. Reverend Bascomb came to the house at least once every week to talk to her. Della went into the back room each time, until Reverend Bascomb left. When she stayed she looked at her with a cold, disapproving manner which made her uncomfortable in his presence. He felt more conscious of her leg then he looked at her.

One time she came into the kitchen for a drink of water while was in the next room talking to Maud. "There can be no doubt of it, Mrs. Harvey," she heard Reverend Bascomb say in the tone he used for sermons. "You know it says in the Lord’s own words that children must pay for the sins of their fathers. It’s as though she had committed the sins herself. It’s there in the blood. You mark my words, good lady, she’s a bad one. She’ll go the way of her father unless you watch her. God works his wonders in mysterious ways. We can only do what he directs us. He wouldn’t have marked that girl in such a manner if she weren’t already a sinner."

Della went back into the garden then, wondering what her father had done that was so bad. He must have been bad for God to have done something so terrible to her.

She had seen a picture of her father once. She had been going through some old boxes in the attic, completely enjoying herself rummaging in the old things she found there. In the bottom of a box filled with old books she had found a tin-type picture of a handsome young man. He didn’t look like any other man she had ever seen. Even in the faded old picture he smiled as though life were a huge joke he was playing, something to laugh about, but never to take seriously.

"Who is the man in this picture?" she asked, as she showed it to her mother. "He looks awfully nice."

Maud threw the picture in the stove. "Yes, he looked nice, all right. All the ladies thought he looked nice. So handsome! He knew it too. Being handsome just made him bad. He was a terrible husband." She looked closely at her daughter. "You look a little like him, except for that leg, of course." Della didn’t quite know
how such a nice looking man could be so bad, but she supposed it was right if her mother said so.

Maud was always very quiet and preoccupied after Reverend Bascomb’s visits. She spent long hours reading from her Bible, scarcely noticing that Della was there, speaking sharply to her if she tried to get her attention.

She spent less and less time with Della after that. Part of the time she acted as though Della were not even there. At other times she would sit and stare at the child in repulsion. When she did play with Della it was with great reluctance. Finally she stopped altogether.

One Sunday morning Della came home from Sunday school excited and happy. “Mother,” she called as she came into the house, “our class is going to have a party in the church basement on Saturday. Teacher said I was to bring sandwiches. Everyone is bringing something.”

“A party?” Maud asked. “In the church! Who ever heard of such a thing? Of course you can’t go, you wicked child. Reverend Bascomb doesn’t know about this. But he will. I’ll tell him.”

Della hid in the closet of her bedroom until she heard her mother leave the house; then she hobbed down to the garden where she lay in the grass and wept.

There hadn’t been any party. Maud had seen to that. There never was a party either, not for Della. She was invited to the home of one of the girls at school, but Maud had stopped that too.

“You aren’t to have anything to do with those children at school. You come straight home every day, and by yourself, too. If there’s any more talk about going to other people’s houses you won’t go to school either. There isn’t much use for a cripple to go to school anyway. There’s nothing in this world for people like you.”

For twenty-three years Mrs. Harvey had nursed her ills, eating, and reading medical literature. Her ills had grown apace with her eating and reading. She had tried countless remedies but none of them had ever helped her. Della had stayed by her side, nursing her, sympathizing with her at first, then pretending a sympathy she no longer felt. There wasn’t much else she could have done. She supposed her mother was right. There wasn’t much in this world for a cripple.

One Sunday evening when she returned from vespers service at the church she found her mother unconscious, on the living room floor. The doctor she called had examined Mrs. Harvey carefully before giving his decision. “Your mother’s heart is in bad condition,” he told Della. “She’s too fat, for one thing. There’s too much work for any heart to handle long. She’s going to have to be very careful.”

She had filled the prescription he gave her, and for months she had given her mother the eight drops in water, six times a day. “It is a stimulant,” the doctor told her when she questioned him. “It will keep your mother going for a while. Can’t work forever though.”

Della stood up and cleared away the dishes in her usual manner. She took the little green bottle down from the shelf as she had so many times before. She felt tired and hopeless, doing the same things over and over. It was quite a change. No matter how great the sin she was paying for, she couldn’t help feeling that the punishment was to
terrible. But then Maud was probably right. She always seemed to be. Reverend Bisby, the new minister, said that God forgives sinners, but maybe he was wrong. Della carried the medicine in to her mother.

Della was busy with her knitting every spare minute she had for the next few days. She finished the sweater the morning of the day before the sale. She gave Maud her lunch early that afternoon so that she would have time to help the Ladies’ Aid get the church ready.

"The sale is tomorrow, mother," Della said, as she gave Maud her after-lunch medicine. "I have to go over to the church this afternoon and help them get it ready. I promised I'd bring the sweater over. I won't be gone more than a couple of hours. You'll be all right till I get back."

"You're a liar, Della!" Maud burst out accusingly. "I don't believe there is a sale. You just went to go some place where I can't watch you to keep you out of your bad ways. You just made that sweater for yourself. But I have punished you. Just take a look at your sweater now."

Della stared at her mother, not understanding the meaning of her words. She walked across the room as rapidly as her deformed leg would carry her. She lifted the lid of the basket. The sweater lay in two heaps, cut up the front and back with scissors. When she turned to her mother there were tears in her eyes.

"How could you? I worked so hard to get it ready for the sale. I haven't got anything else to take."

"You've been wicked," the old woman answered with great satisfaction. "You needed to be punished and I punished you."

Della stared at her mother, her horror ill-concealed. "You're the wicked one," she said finally. "You're a useless, wicked old woman. It makes me sick that I'm your daughter." She turned and walked out of the house.

As Della opened the front gate, returning from the church, she saw the curtain stir on the front window. She walked directly into the living room where her mother sat moaning in her chair.

"It's way past time for my medicine," Maud whined. "I've been getting weaker and weaker."

Della walked past her mother into the kitchen to the cabinet. The little bottles were lined up on the shelves before her. There were tall ones and short ones, round ones and square ones, red, purple, green, and clear ones. She took down a large bottle and carefully read the red label. She looked up and stared at the door to the living room. Then she slowly put it back on the shelf, took down the little green bottle, counted out exactly eight drops, and set the bottle back on the shelf. She filled the glass half full of water and carried it into the living room to her mother.
The Hero

By DAVID PERKINS

Emerges triumphant over the gangster; he
Steps from the lobby with his cigarette
Dangling from fingertips disdainfully,
Finds, with approval, that the streets are wet,
And so preserves, somehow, the atmosphere
Of lurking danger, pulls his hatbrim low,
Moves resolutely from the theatre
Determined to go on and overthrow
Evil in all its forms: he still can feel
The girl's kiss on his lips, an accolade
Given to him alone, a secret seal
Which, in that instant when their pact was made,
Changed all the world—it now is hers and his,
And he must guard it against treachery.
Significant neons flash him messages,
Confirming his responsibility.

Drawn into sharp attention, he observes
The nipples of buildings on the winter sky,
And sees her beauty in the rainwet curves
Of shining fenders; the enormous eye
Painted upon the plateglass window where
OPTOMETRIST blinks alternate red and green
Becomes his symbol: he will watch with care
That nothing evil passes him unseen.

Thus moving in a glorious aureole
Half dream, half real, he pursues the street
Toward some deliciously-awaiting goal
Where laurels fall like palms before his feet.

But suddenly, at the crossing, with the cop's
Harsh reprimand about the traffic light,
His vision falls to pieces, and he stops.
The city swarms around him in the night,
Ugly and ordinary; mocking eyes,
Rejoicing at his hot embarrassment,
Cut through the broken mask of his disguise;
His plaster personality is sent
Hurtling away from him; he moves his hat
Guiltily from its rakish angle—then
Tries to recall his nimbus: failing that,
He slouches forward all himself again.
BIG JACK Donald swore aloud when he saw the brand on the right hip of the steer. Then he swung the Ford pickup around for another look and added several of the more expressive words in his vocabulary as he recognized the same mark on another steer on his side of the sagging barbwire fence.

Big Jack knew that brand—that Quarter-Circle Y. It belonged to a new rancher in the country, and Big Jack disliked both the brand and its owner. The man had bought a ranch adjacent to the Donald North Pasture, and though the dividing fence had long been kept in shape by his predecessor, Bob Stewart had refused to fix it—Big Jack doubted that he so much as knew that it existed. So this was not the first time that he had found the Quarter-Circle Y in his herd.

And such cattle as they were! Big Jack snorted at the thought of them; who had ever told anyone in Kansas that they could raise cattle! If a man was going to be a rancher in Montana he should at least stick to Montana stock, not drag in a bunch of corn-fed stuff. They'd never make it through one good Montana winter, Big Jack thought.

He had been lurching along slowly with the pickup in second gear, as was his habit while looking over his cattle, but now he stopped the truck and sat with the motor idling while he considered what to do about this latest invasion.

The objective of his visit to the North Pasture was not just his usual morning inspection. Breakfast had been concluded with an ultimatum from Bert, the cook, about the situation in the meat house. Bert had told him in no uncertain terms that it had reached the emergency stage, and if Big Jack didn't do something about it right away, the outfit would be eating beans for supper. The argument that always followed this announcement had come with its usual violence, for Big Jack hated to part with one of his animals, even to eat it himself. But, as Bert knew very well, he equally hated beans. So he had been in a definitely bad mood when he headed up over the bench for the North Pasture a few hours before.

Now he continued his leisurely course across the deep-grassed range, still debating the disadvantages of a ranch cook who used so much meat that Big Jack would be lucky if he had anything left to take to Chicago. Bert was a good cook, though, and Big Jack knew he'd have a hard time finding another one. Besides, he liked Bert, as he liked anyone he could...
have a good argument with, and get mad at, without having anyone’s feelings hurt. A good fight always cleared the air for a while.

These were the best steers he had ever had, he admitted, looking speculatively at the animals grazing singly and in scattered groups on the rich grass of the North Pasture. They might even be good enough for a Grand Championship in Chicago. A man just couldn’t butcher his best beef for a no-good cook to boil up for some two-bit cowhands. He looked around hopefully, thinking that salvation might suddenly appear in an old dry cow or two, on a range he knew perfectly well no dry cow had ever been allowed even to smell. This was his best pasture, and it was kept for his best beef. Anyway, the last of the dry cows had been disposed of a few months before, when he was faced with the same problem, and he had been worrying ever since about what would happen when they were gone. Cursing again as he realized that this time some of these prime steers of his were going to have to go, he headed back toward the bunch along the fence.

Then with all the force that characterized every decision he had ever made, an idea struck him. Big Jack yanked the gear-shift down hard, the way he did when he suddenly decided to do something and wanted to get it over with in a hurry. His face twisted into the determined half-smile, half-frown that those who knew him recognized as a signal to watch out.

Why not, he thought. He’d lost enough good grass feeding that worthless Stewart’s steers this summer to more than equal what Stewart would get for those two if he shipped them. And it was nothing he hadn’t done before—he’d had a couple of Miller’s Aberdeens last fall, and they had been damn good meat, too. He and Miller had had a good laugh over it in the Stockman’s Bar at shipping time, when they were relaxing with a good stiff Scotch and soda after the loading was over and they were leaving with the stock for Chicago in a couple of hours. It seemed that Miller had also enjoyed a taste of Hereford. Stewart had probably been eating Donald beef all summer.

Big Jack’s smile set a little harder on his face, and his foot jammed the accelerator down until it wouldn’t go any farther. He didn’t go back to the road he had followed on his way up, but went off straight across country for the ranch. Slowing down only once as he left his course to go through a gate out of the pasture, he made the rough trip over the hills in record-breaking time. As he rattled into the barnyard and stopped in front of the tool shed in a fine cloud of dust and chicken feathers, the two men who had been investigating the interior of a tractor stopped their work and strode over to the truck to see what the boss had on his mind.

“Pete, there’s a couple of steers up in the North Pasture I want butchered,” Big Jack snapped abruptly. “Right away. Jim, you stay here and get that tractor fixed.”

He paused to let that sink in then continued in almost exaggerated detail. “Better talk Speed—he’s the best horse we’ve got for that. If you leave right away you should get them done here by noon. Then you two and Bert can work on them this afternoon. And for God’s sake don’t forget to close the gates!”

“Where are they?” Pete didn’t
like to ask Big Jack anything; it usually turned out to be the wrong thing to do, and he'd probably get the wrong ones anyway.

"They were along Stewart's fence—by the time you get there there's no telling where in hell they'll be. You'll know them when you see them, though—got Stewart's brand on them," he chuckled. "Couple more Kansas steers got lost."

Pete and Jim chuckled, too. "Going to collect a little interest on that grass, boss?" They didn't like Stewart either—they wished he'd fix his fence before they had to.

"Yeah. It's about time, too. But hell—he won't miss them—probably doesn't even know he's got any left. Well, you'd better get up there—I'm going on into town. Don't know when I'll be back."

Big Jack grinned as he headed for town; several things that had been bothering him were settled to his satisfaction, and he felt relieved.

He was still grinning as he got out of the pickup in front of the Stockman's Bar after he had finished his business and remembered that he needed some tobacco. Miller drove up beside him, and they walked in together, deep in their argument concerning the respective merits of Aberdeen and Hereford cattle. It was not until he looked up to order their second Scotch and soda that Big Jack noticed the man sitting alone at the end of the bar. There was a half-empty whiskey bottle and a beer glass in front of him on the bar, and Big Jack knew by the color of the liquid in the glass that it was straight stuff.

"That damned fool is going to get drunk if he doesn't watch out," Big Jack laughed. "Isn't he about the saddest looking character you ever saw?"

"He sure as hell is. Must be a new drunk in town—never saw him before."

"I haven't either—oh yes, by God, I have, and so have you. That's our friend Stewart—of the Quarter-Circle Y."

"Well, I'll be damned. Didn't think he drank. Don't you remember how he wouldn't have one with us last spring? Made me plenty mad—the least a man can do is take a drink with you when you're buying it!"

"And fix his God-damned fences! But I got one on him today. You know that deal we pulled on each other last year? Well, just by chance there happened to be a couple of peculiar looking steers in the North Pasture when I went up looking for meat this morning. I sort of had to get rid of them—didn't want to mess up my herd with strange brands."

"By Gol, you're a good one, Jack. That's the best thing I've heard of for a month. Maybe we'd better buy him a drink, just on general principles."

Big Jack sniffed, "Hell, no. He's got enough right there to keep him pie-eyed for a week. Besides, I've got to get back. Let's have another short one and then get going."

On his way out of town, he stopped at George's Garage for some transmission oil that the boys needed for the tractor. He always went to the garage just before he went home, for George was a special friend of his, and he liked to have time to talk to him. Today the garage was overflowing, but George talked for a minute anyway after he lifted the heavy oil can into the back of the truck beside the pasteboard car-
tons of groceries and the square pink and yellow blocks of salt.

"Guess your neighbor Stewart is in a pretty bad way—did you hear about it down town?"

"I saw him in the Stockman's a little while ago, pretty well organized. I didn't hear anything about him, though."

"Well—you know, he hasn't been doing so good out there; now his wife's sick, and he needs money. You know old Jones at the bank—well, he won't give him a loan because he's new around here and he doesn't trust him, and I guess quite a bunch of those Kansas cattle of his have strayed off. Damned shame—he's a nice young fellow."

Big Jack didn't think so, but he nodded his head slightly in agreement. Then, thinking of the North Pasture, he added a cryptic comment about the state of the fence.

"Yeah, I know," admitted George. "I know. And why the hell did he want to get those Kansas cattle anyway—there's nothing wrong with Montana beef. He doesn't belong in this country and it's just his tough luck if he doesn't get anywhere. But he won't last much longer. Well—I got to get back to work—see you next week."

Big Jack thought about what George had said as he drove fast toward the ranch for a few miles, and then forgot it as he turned off the highway onto the dirt road that led down to the creek bed and the ranch. The sun was setting now, and he began to remember that supper would be ready when he got there and that he had missed dinner. Bert might even come through with some fresh liver from one of those critters.

Realization

By MARJORIE BOESEN

The moon weans itself deliberately
From the light clouds,
Making a slow, spectacular entrance
Into the giddy night-life of the stars.

Reasoning mind . . . abstain
From being swept into
Their vanishing.

I would welcome in the New Year with you,
And drink our customary toast to happiness,
Only there is no happiness, with you, or away,
And I am unavoidably detained.
The Green Eyeshade and the Gas Oven

By BETTY H. BUTLER

HE GIRL stepped out of the elevator and through the pen door lettered "Review-tribune Editorial Rooms." Her teels dragged as she walked and her shoulders slumped. She dropped her purse on one of a long row of desks, took her coat off and hung it on the rack near the door.

"Got anything good?" the city editor called from his desk. He did not look up; all she could see of his face was the green eyeshade pulled low on his forehead and the cigar jutting sideways from under it. She walked over to him.

"The rhododendrons are blooming in Audubon park." Her voice cocking sing-song.

"Sounds like a song title."

"I wish it were. Writing songs would be more interesting than being a city hall reporter."

"What are you beefing about? Ity hall's one of the best runs here is."

"Yeah, it sure is. Building permits, police appointments, interesting floral exhibit in city parks—phooey! Of course, there's the milk report once a month. That's exciting."

The cigar shifted from one side of the eyeshade to the other.

"Don't let it get you down, kid. Excitement's bad for the ulcers."

"I am probably the only newspaper reporter in fact or fiction who hasn't got enough to think about to cause even one little measly ulcer. Why doesn't some irate taxpayer come in and shoot the city treasurer, or maybe a thug bump off the police commissioner, or something—anything I could write a good story about."

"What's eating you today, anyway? Aching to be a columnist? Jane Arden Pegler, maybe."

"That's where the money is."

"Not around this joint. The voice behind the cigar lowered to a confidential tone, and the green eyeshade moved briefly toward the glassed-in office of the managing editor. "If there's any money around here, it goes out for keeping your eyes open and your mouth shut and not writing over the readers' heads. Now, you got any little features that don't hurt anybody and are all right for a family newspaper?"

She shrugged her shoulders and lifted one side of her mouth in a grin which was carefully not quite a sneer.

"Couple of number seven heads, maybe."

"So now you're learning the headline schedule, too?"

"I thought newspaper people were supposed to know everything."
“My God, the things they teach in journalism schools!” The cigar made a swift trip to the ashtray and back again. “No, that’s all right, kid, that’s fine. Now write me a good story and I’ll give you a bigger spread. So far the whole sheet is wide open.”

“Thanks, boss, but I’ve got a big enough spread right now,” she said drily, starting toward her desk. The city editor chuckled and bent again over the pile of copy.

Frowning, the girl sat down at her desk and kicked the shoe off one foot and wrapped her foot around the rung of her chair. She took a package of cigarettes and a pad covered with scribbled notes from her purse. She carefully lit a cigarette, letting it droop from the side of her mouth as she drew in the match’s flame, then tilted her chair back and stared abstractedly through the smoke at the coat rack.

The city room was quiet. She was the first reporter in from the afternoon’s assignments. A couple of typewriters pecked spasmodically down by the long copy-desk and the pneumatic tube from the Associated Press room shot the cylindrical leather copy-carryers “into the news editor’s box with a familiar whoosh! thud!” Every three minutes the electric clock on the wall clicked loudly and shifted its minute hand.

The girl began to type, translating her notes swiftly into well-ordered, routine paragraphs. When she had finished two pages she took them over to the city editor’s desk and dropped them in the copy-basket. The green eyeshade lifted briefly.

“Today’s Monday. Joe doesn’t come on at the police station until six and we aren’t covered until then. You’d better check ’em.”

“Okay.” She sat down at the opposite side of his desk and pulled one of the phones toward her. She dialed the police station number and received the usual “Nope, everything quiet” in answer. She dialed the fire station.

“Well, we oughta be able to dig up something,” the switchboard operator said cheerfully. “The inhalator squad was just called out to North Broadway—couple people gassed.”

“Dead?”

“I dunno. Won’t know till the squad gets back and reports, and that might be a couple hours. Address is 6504 North Broadway. You wanta go out?”

She put her hand over the phone mouthpiece and spoke to the city editor. “Couple people gassed out on North Broadway, boss. The report may come in too late for the first edition. You want me to go out?” She was speaking rapidly now.

The eyeshade lifted.

“I never send a woman out on a police case. But I guess you can go of your own free will if you want to. All the cars are out, though—you’ll have to go by bus.”

She turned back to the phone. “Can I get out there by bus? All our cars are out.”

“Oh, well, if that’s all that worryin’ you, I can send the assistant chief’s car around. His driver has nothin’ better to do. Right away, Main street entrance, okay?”

“Swell. Thanks a lot.”

She replaced the phone receiver and jumped up from the desk.

“Gee, he’s sending the assistant chief’s car around after me! What were you saying about Jane Arden?”

“When you come down out of the stratosphere you might give me the address so I can send one
of the photographers out when they check in."

She gave him the address, stuffed a pad of paper into her purse, snatched up her coat and started down the stairs without waiting for the elevator. She stood at the Main Street entrance to the Review building only a few minutes before the big, bright-red sedan drew up and the driver opened the door for her. Her heels tapped importantly on the sidewalk as she walked quickly toward him.

The car slipped smoothly through the five o'clock traffic and picked up speed as they left the downtown area. They turned onto North Broadway and headed away from town among shabby frame houses interspersed with coal yards, garages, trading centers and beer halls.

Number 6504 was a two-story corner brick building trimmed with soot-stained green woodwork. A tavern called the Silver Dollar occupied the ground floor, and next to it was a wide arched doorway with "Paradise Apts." written above it in cracked gilt letters. The small red truck used by the inhalator squad was parked in the side-street next to the building. It was surrounded by children, running around it and pointing and shouting. The assistant chief's car drew up to the sidewalk and the girl got out and thanked the driver. The children stopped shouting and drew aside respectfully, staring at her and at the car as the driver pulled out again into the street.

She hesitated on the sidewalk, but the children were watching her expectantly, not yet beginning to talk again. She turned quickly and walked to the front of the building.

She pushed her way through the crowd that blocked the sidewalk in front of the arched doorway, not jostling but taking advantage of every break between the stolid, waiting bodies. They were talking in low voices, compassionate and vicious. "The kid found 'em when he come home from school—" "She had the door locked and the firemen had to bust it down to get in—" "Well, she wasn't no good, but I sure felt sorry for that poor kid—"

The girl stopped before the policeman on guard at the door, her purse gripped tightly under one arm. She spoke loudly enough for the crowd to hear, her voice crisp and assured.

"I'm from the Review. Can I go up?"

The policeman looked at her indifferently and shrugged his shoulders.

She began to climb the worn, splintered stairs. It was dark at the top and people were moving around in the hall above. The dank, musty smell of death was thick in the stairway, not the smell of immediate human death, but the odor of little deaths, like cockroaches and spiders and mice.

When she reached the head of the stairs she was breathing hard. Two men were bending over stretchers under the window at the far end of the hall. The curtains were blowing in from the window like fog-gray ghosts, and the faded green blind flapped sluggishly. The heavy air smothered the breeze before it reached the stairs, leaving a mist of gas-smell.

A fireman stood by the stairs, watching the figures at the end of the hall. The girl walked toward him, lifting her feet so that the heels made no noise on the bare floor.

"I'm from the Review. Can you
"Give me any names or—or tell me how it happened?"

The big man's voice was deep and soft.

"You'd better get the dope from one of the detectives. They'll be out in a minute."

The girl looked down the hall again. The first door to the left was partly open and someone was moving around in the yellow light from an unshaded bulb. The door lock was torn off and the door jamb was splintered.

"Is that where it happened?"

"Yeah. We had quite a time gettin' 'em out. Thought at first the man was a goner. They're treatin' the woman mostly for shock now."

The men were still working over the two shapeless bundles. Behind one of the closed doors along the hall someone retched, and sobbed faintly. The smell was an invisible fog, closing down on them.

The girl started toward the end of the hall, then turned suddenly back, her hand on her stomach. Her face was gray. The fireman said loudly, "They're both gonna be all right."

Above the muffled murmur from the crowd outside a siren screamed, and a few second later two men in white uniforms pounded up the stairs, single-file, with a stretcher between them. They knelt by the nearest bundle and lifted it onto the stretcher and came down the hall again, walking heavily in step with the burden between them. The girl pressed back against the wall to let them pass.

The woman was moaning steadily now. Her head rolled weakly from side to side and her eyes were closed. The blondish strands of her hair, matted against the blanket, were streaked a little with gray. A spot of rouge on each cheek stood out starkly against the green-white of her face.

One of the emergency stewards looked up at the girl as they passed.

"She don't look very pretty, does she?" he said cheerfully. "Wait'll you see the man, though."

"We'll bring the other one," one of the firemen called, and the two stewards went on down the stairs. The firemen followed in a few minutes with the other stretcher.

The man's mouth was open and slack and the breath pushed out of it and was dragged back in with a harsh rasping sound. The grayness of his gaunt face was pricked along the cheeks by a stubble of white beard. He did not move and there was no sound from him except the harsh, machine-like breathing.

Someone came out of a room along the hall. Suddenly there was a small boy standing beside the firemen, looking at the man's body on the stretcher. Behind him were two heavy-jowled, solid men with flat, expressionless faces dressed in gray suits and gray hats.

The fireman put his hand lightly on the boy's shoulder. The boy did not look up, he only stared after the stretcher. His dark eyes were empty, drained of both tears and feeling. He stood quietly, his hands hanging from jacket sleeves that were too short. His skin was pale and a little grimy, and a dirty Band-aid partly covered a purple bruise on his forehead.

"Can you—can you give me the story?" the girl asked the taller of the detectives.

"She from the Review," the fireman said.
The pale eyes of the detective looked at her stolidly.

"We got most of the story from the boy, here," he said.

The boy spoke without looking up and without expression, as though he had been cued into his speech.

"I got home from school and the door was locked and I couldn't get in, so I went down the hall to get Mr. Jones. He had another key and he use to let me in sometimes if Ma locked me out, but he wasn't there either and I went back and banged on our door for a while. I though maybe they was both asleep in there." He looked up at the girl for the first time, and then away again. "That happened sometimes," he said quietly.

"I couldn't raise nobody there, Ma didn't even holler at me like she generally did, so I went downstairs an' got Mrs. Hanson an' she come up and tried to get in, but she said the key was in the lock on the other side and she couldn't open the door, so she called the cops." The boy sighed and stopped talking.

"Where are you going now?" the girl asked. Her voice was shaking. The boy looked up at her with his tired, calm eyes.

"I got a aunt out in the Valley—guess I'll go out there tonight." He jerked a thumb toward the first detective, "He said Ma won't need me while she's at the hospital."

"We got cops at school," he added after a moment. "But they're just kids really an' they tell us when to cross the street and stuff like that. I was s'posed to be one next week only now I guess I won't be."

"Why not?"

"Oh, Old Lady Hanson'll kick us outa here soon's Ma gets back.

She don't like us much anyhow. I'll hafta change schools again an' I guess Ma'll hafta get a new job. I don't know. I guess it don't matter much."

His head dropped again and he was silent. The first detective cleared his throat and turned to the other.

"Take the kid out to his aunt's in the prowl car," he said. "I'll take our car back."

The second plainclothesman took the boy's hand and they started down the stairs together.

"Can we blow the siren?" the boy asked with faint interest.

"If you say so," the detective answered.

The girl jerked her eyes from the boy's back and took a firmer grip on her pad of paper.

"Can I get the names?" she asked faintly.

The man pulled a piece of paper from his pocket and read off names and ages.

"Suicide?" Her voice was returning to its professional pattern.

"Accident. The boys hadda break the door lock to get in, but the door nor the window wasn't stuffed with rags nor anything. The woman was in bed and the man was on the floor next to the bed. The gas-oven was on full blast—they'd probably been usin' it for heat—and the oven door was open and the flame was out. That room's pretty drafty and there's been a wind all day—musta blew the flame out. We figure the man smelled somethin' and started toward the oven, but he keeled over before he got there."

"Say they was fully clothed when we found 'em," the fireman said suddenly.

"They wasn't," said the detective.
The fireman shifted from one foot to the other.

"Well, it might make it a little easier for the kid. I'd just skip over that part if I was you, ma'am."

The girl bent her head quickly over the pad of paper and asked for the detectives' names.

A voice came up the stairwell.

"Is the girl from the Review up there?"

"Yes, I'm here," she called back. It was the photographer. She thanked the two men and started down the stairs, walking slowly with her hand on the rough wall and keeping her eyes on the patch of clean sunlight outside the door.

She was silent while riding back to town with the photographer. She leaned back against the seat and closed her eyes while he talked.

"Got a couple pictures of the kid. He's a cute kid—too bad somebody can't take him besides his mother. The bartender downstairs says the cops should run her in for practicing without a license." He laughed. "His aunt out in the Valley won't want him much—has seven kids of her own, he said."

The steady clatter of typewriters filled the city room when she returned to her desk. People were calling back and forth and everyone was moving at top speed.

"Hey, I saw you get into the assistant chief's car out there," someone called. "Out on something big?"

"Just—just what you'd call a routine story, I guess." Her coat slipped from her shoulders and fell across the back of her chair. The city editor called and she went over to his desk.

"Anything good?"

"I don't know exactly. It was a man and a woman—they're both going to be all right. The detective said it was an accident. The flame blew out on the gas oven and I guess they didn't notice it in time. She lived in this apartment house with her kid, a boy about nine, and this man lived down the hall. The kid found them."

The city editor's pencil was drawing circles on a blank sheet of copy paper.

"Oh, one of those deals, huh?"

"It wasn't pretty."

"The first few dozen never are. Maybe none of 'em are. Well, there might be a human interest angle there about the kid, but since there's the other angle too, we'd better just play down the whole thing. Write me a routine story, names and not too many details. Better go eat first, though—you can't make the bulldog edition now anyway."

"I'm not very hungry. I think I'll do the story now and skip dinner."

"Okay, but get something later. Have a coupla beers with it."

She sat down at her desk and took the notes out of her purse. She put her head in her hands and stared at the pencil scrubbings for a long time, and when she finally rolled a sheet of paper into the typewriter the city room was half deserted again and the click of the electric clock was loud in the stillness. She typed slowly and with many corrections, without looking at the notes. At last she put a "30" at the end of the second page.

She walked over slowly and put the story before the city editor. The cigar shifted under the eyeshade as the pages turned.

"Good story."

"I—I wish there was something could be done for the kid."
The cigar left the eyeshade and paused over the ashtray.
"There isn't. If the woman had died maybe we could just slide over the man and slap on a little sob stuff and start a collection for the kid. It'd make a nice promotion for the paper that the boss'd go for. But this way there's not a damn thing we can do. There's nothing anybody can do, see?"
"But—but this is a big newspaper—there should be something—"
The city editor pushed his eyeshade back onto his forehead and looked up at her, full into her face. His eyes were dark and reached far into him and were surrounded by deep lines, and the light shining through the eyeshade cast a green shadow over them.
"I told you I never send women out on police cases," he said softly. "Do you know why? Because when a man sees things he doesn't want to remember and can't forget he can go out and get drunk. A woman can't."
"I suppose Emily Post wouldn't—wouldn't recommend it." Her voice almost stopped on the last words, and she turned quickly away and went toward her own desk. The city editor watched her for a moment, then he shook his head slowly and picked up the story, and the eyeshade again covered his face.
The girl took her purse from the desk and walked out into the hall toward the women's restroom. The room was empty, and she put her purse on the shelf under the mirrors and went into one of the booths, pushing the door shut and locking it behind her. Then, leaning against the wall, she began to cry.

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FRAZER'S MEAT MARKET
BETTER MEATS FOR LESS
801 South Higgins
PHONE 5018
MISSOULA, MONTANA
Crepuscule

Shadow meeting shadow, dimness seeking dimness,
Otustretched, yearning, melting onward
The transparency of lake
Lies dumbly awaiting the glide of caresses,
The tender submissiveness,
The hovering presence,
The gentle embrace of fog.

Ghostly tendrils mist, blur
Lineaments of earth sharpened by pangs of winter;
Soft inevitability, clinging nothingness
Smooth angular outlines, veil stark hunger of fields;
The tender submissiveness,
The hovering presence,
The anonymity of fog.

Beat of Iron Wings

From the jackal strife, the rabid sermons of unreason,
The insensate mouthings, foul, corrosive,
Of man, horror of questioning eyes and greed-crazed soul
Mind death-ridden by death fears, death longings,
O Time, death victor, death destroyer
(Beat of iron tongue, beat of iron wings)
Unchain slave-victim from Promethean torment of sense;
Prisoner in earth shell,
Blind in noon of life,
Blind in night of death,
Groping in yawning cavern of fear—
Shadows beckoning,
Mind miasma, life miasma—
Hear the beat of iron tongue, beat of iron wings
Bringing silence,
Depth of silence,
Silent depths of death.
I was sitting in Charlie's Bar and Grill, getting ready to stuff myself with one of Charlie's extra-special steaks, and feeling the deep-seated joy which comes only to the baseball fan whose favorite team has just won the World Series. It was the first time that the Blue Jays had won the world championship in many years, and all the loyal supporters were gathered in Charlie's place, whooping it up. As I stretched my neck to try to look over the heads of the crowd for the waiter who was supposed to be bringing my steak, I spied a fat individual who could be none other than Jumbo Martin, the Blue Jay's scout. He was making his way through the mob with his hat pulled low on his forehead, his hands in his pockets, and his head bowed, as though he carried a great burden.

"Jumbo," I shouted.

"Al," he murmured, extending a pudgy hand.

He raised his eyes, sighted me, and pushed his way to my table. "Hello, Al," he murmured, extending a pudgy hand.

We shook, and I motioned to the vacant chair across the table. He took off his hat, eased his two-hundred and fifty pounds into the chair and sighed deeply.

"Jumbo," I said, sliding back into my own chair, "What's the matter with you? The Blue Jays have just won the World Series. You should be jumping with joy, and instead you act like you just lost your last friend."

"Al," he replied, "I lost something far greater than that. I let the greatest player in the history of baseball slip through my fingers."

"But, Jumbo," I objected, "You discovered this Sullivan, who scored the winning run today, and you brought up young Gonzales. He's a cinch to be voted the league's most valuable player." I had more to say, but Jumbo stopped me with a wave of his hand.

"Nevertheless," he sighed, "I had in my hands the greatest player who ever drew on a spiked shoe, and now he is lost to the Blue Jays forever, and it's my fault." He dropped his hand listlessly to the table and was silent.

He had aroused my curiosity, but the flood of questions forming in my mind was stemmed by the arrival of the waiter. While I was fumbling in my pocket for the money, Jumbo motioned the waiter to him with a wiggle of his finger. "I need some nourishment, waiter," he said, "Bring me a pitcher of beer."

The waiter left and returned in a few minutes with a pitcher of beer and two glasses.

"None for me, Jumbo," I ob-
jected, as he began to fill my glass, "I'm off the stuff."

He nodded absently, and filled a glass for himself. Then, with a few creaks of his chair, as he shifted his weight, he began his story.

Well, Al, he said, it was last fall, near the end of the season. The Blue Jays were in fourth place, and I was getting ready to take a trip out to the Coast to scout this Gonzales, and bring him back for a tryout. About the time I was ready to leave, I got a telegram from Buzz Carlton. You remember Buzz, Al; he used to pitch for the Jays about ten, fifteen years ago. He's managing one of our farm clubs down in Georgia now. This telegram begged me to come down and take a look at a ball-player he had. It didn't say what position this guy played, or anything, just said come. Now Buzz isn't the type who gets excited easy, and from the sound of the telegram, he was really excited, so I cancelled my ticket to the coast, and caught the next train south.

It was two days later when I got off at some one-horse burg away back in the mountains and found Buzz waiting at the station with a busload of ball-players. "Well, Buzz," I said, "Which one of these athletes is your gift to the big leagues?"

“That bunch of shoe clerks," he groaned, "They all got two left feet, and wear the wrong shoes on both of them. There ain't a one of them with a batting average the size of his hat."

“That's too bad, Buzz," I replied, "But did you bring me all the way down here to tell me your troubles?"

"Get on the bus," he said, "I'll explain everything."

It turned out that Buzz's team was on its way out to the local orphanage to play an exhibition for the kids. The other team was a bunch of farm boys from the country around there, and all the way out I was pretty burned up at Buzz for dragging me into the backwoods to look at a bunch of barefoot boys. "Jumbo," he kept repeating, "You'll see something today that will make you forget this trip, and everything else."

"Listen, Buzz," I yelled, "Right now I am supposed to be out on the coast, signing up the best player the Coast League has seen since Joe DiMaggio." At this he just smiled and told me to wait.

The orphan's home was a worn-out old place with a baseball diamond that must have been there since the Civil War. As a matter of fact, the infield looked as though the War had been fought right on it. There was an old wooden grandstand, and it was full of scrawny, ragged kids who were jumping up and down at the sight of real ball-players in uniform. I tell you, Al, it was just about worth the trip to see how happy those tykes were. Over in front of this grandstand there was a rangy, barefoot lad about twenty, in overalls, who seemed to be the pitcher for the other team. He was warming up, throwing to the catcher with a nice easy motion, and Buzz nudged me, "That's your man," he told me, "Watch him."

Well, the game began, and Buzz's team, being the visitors, batted first. From the first pitch, I knew this kid had it. Buzz and I were sitting up in the grandstand, right behind the plate, and that kid was shooting fast balls in there that you could hardly see. He had a curve, too. It sailed up to the plate nice and straight, and
then broke away from the bat like the kid was pulling it on a string. The first three batters went down on strikes, with exactly nine pitches, and I was ready to dash right down there and sign the lad up, but Buzz said, "Wait. You haven’t seen him pitch to a left-handed batter, yet," and, come to think of it, I hadn’t. Now you know as well as I do, Al, that some right-handed pitchers can’t pitch to left-handed batters at all, and if a pitcher can’t, he isn’t worth a dime to any kind of a ball club. I had forgotten that in my excitement, but I relaxed and waited for him to work against a lefty. I didn’t have long to wait, because the first batter on Buzz’s team in the next inning swung from the left side, and I settled down to watch. Something happened then that you’ll hardly believe, Al. That kid took off his glove, slipped it on his right hand and started to pitch left-handed! I didn’t believe it myself at first. How many men do you know who can write with both hands, or hammer nails, or anything like that? None; and yet his kid could pitch with either hand! And to top it all, he was just as good left-handed as he was right-handed! Right away, I knew that Buzz was right. This was the greatest discovery in baseball since Abner Doubleday invented the game. Think of it, Al. This kid could never be bothered by a sore arm, like most pitchers are, because, if one arm was sore, he could pitch with the other one; and he’d ever have trouble with left-handed batters, or right-handed batters either, because he could pitch from either side; and he could pitch twice as often as any other pitcher, because he wouldn’t wear one arm long enough to tire out. Oh, I had great dreams, all right. As soon as that game was over, I rushed down and told that kid that the big leagues were waiting for him with open arms. There my plans hit a snag for a while. He didn’t want to play ball for the Blue Jays. He just wanted to stay where he was and raise chickens. Chickens! The Blue Jays were calling him, money and fame were his for the taking, and he wanted to raise chickens! That almost drove me frantic. I finally dangled a five-thousand dollar bonus in front of his eyes, and when he realized that five grand would buy half the chickens in the state of Georgia, he signed.

Here Jumbo paused and passed a hand over his eyes as though to brush away the memory of a bitter scene. The excitement of his last few words had brought a flush to his face, and his voice rasped a little as he talked. He stared into the pitcher, which was empty by now, and then signalled to the waiter. "More beer," he grunted. "Have some?" he inquired, when the waiter had returned with a full pitcher.

"No, Jumbo," I said, "You know how I am when I get on the stuff. My wife will murder me if I come home smelling of just one beer; you know how it is."

Jumbo nodded reflectively, filled his glass, and continued.

To make a long story short. We boarded a train and came north to join the Jays. It was night when we arrived, so I put the kid to bed in the hotel, and ran up to tell Lefty Faber, the manager of the team, what I had. You have seen what a temper Lefty has, Al, and he was in a bad mood that night. "So," he yelled, as soon as I was in the room. "You have been spending your time and my money
down in the bush leagues when you should be out on the Coast, signing up Gonzales. Who is this rube you gave five thousand bucks to? I had to have his okay before I could give the bonus to the kid, and I guess he had been waiting for me ever since I had wired for permission. Before I could say a word he was off again. "Well, where is this boy wonder? Bring him in here and let me see what you are giving out my money for. What position does he play? He'd better be good, whatever he does." When he calmed down a little, I told him, "The kid's a pitcher." "Left-handed or right?" he demanded. "He'd better win twenty games next year, whatever he is, or you'll be scouting for some team so far out in the sticks you'll get your mail by pony express. Well, answer my question," he roared. "Right-handed or left-handed?" "Both," I replied. "What?" he screamed, "Are you drunk again? If you paid out my five grand for nothing, I'll have you thrown out of baseball." "Now wait, Lefty," I begged, "Let me tell you about it. I know it sounds crazy, but, so help me, this kid can pitch with either hand, and he's as good as Bobby Feller with either one." "Ye gods," howled Lefty, "I got a second division team, and a crazy scout. Don't you know that nobody can pitch with both hands? The United States is full of ball players, and not one of them can throw with either hand. It's just impossible. It's unheard of. You go sleep it off, and get that kid out to the ball park in the morning. If he's not a pitcher of some kind I'll skin you both alive. Now get out."

Well, I left, and the next morning, early, I took the kid out to the park. He was scared, being so far from home and everything, but I calmed him down, and set him to warming up with one of the reserve catchers. Pretty soon, Lefty came out, and called the kid over. "Now, son," he said, "You're a pitcher, aren't you?" "Yes, sir," he kid replied. "You pitch right-handed, do you?" Lefty went on, with a nasty look at me. "Yes, sir," the kid answered, and would have continued, but Lefty cut him short. "Well, that's fine," he said, "Get out there and pitch a few right-handed for our friend, Mr. Martin." The kid did as he was told, and in about a minute he was opening Lefty's eyes with his speed and control. "Maybe the kid has something, at that," he mused. "Lefty," I pleaded, "Let him throw a few left-handed." That ruined everything. "Listen, Martin," he roared, "I told you all about that last night. If I catch him so much as trying to throw left-handed, I'll run him, and you, clear out of the state." Then he added, "Anybow, I've changed my mind. I don't think he's much of a pitcher, but I'm going to start him in the game. "You can't do that to the kid, Lefty," I yelled, "He doesn't know the signals; he doesn't even have a uniform or a pair of shoes, and he's never pitched in front of a strange crowd in his life." "I'll fix him up with a uniform and some shoes," Lefty snapped. And I'll fix up some signals for him. As for the rest of it, if he's worth five thousand dollars, he ought to be able to pitch his first game on Ladies' Day in Brooklyn without getting nervous." So, when the crowd began filling the stands in the Blue Jay's park that afternoon, the kid was in uniform, and slated to pitch.
He was nervous, of course, and it didn’t help much when Lefty came over to the bench before infield practice, and growled at the team, “Okay, you bums, the owner of the Blue Jays, Mr. Rogers, is in the stands today, and you’d better be on your toes if you want to be with this team next year.”

The kid slid over to where I sat on the bench, and whispered, “I don’t think I like it here, Mr. Martin. If you don’t mind, I think I’ll give you back your money and go back to Georgia.”

“‘No, no,’” I soothed him, “Don’t mind Lefty, he’s really a fine fellow; just get out there and pitch, and everything will be all right.”

An idea had come into my head at the sound of Rogers’ name, so I outlined the scheme to the kid, and, though he didn’t seem to like the idea, he agreed, and went out in front of the dugout to warm up. Rogers was sitting in a box near the players’ bench, and I could see him watching the kid as he threw. Lefty had an eye on the boy, too, and you could tell he was pleased by the way he paraded in front of the bench with his chest stuck out, as though the kid was his own discovery. At last he walked over to the owner’s box, and I could tell by the direction of their eyes, as he and Rogers talked, that my boy wonder was the topic of conversation. That was what I was waiting for. As soon as Lefty took his eyes off the lad to talk to Rogers, I signalled to the kid to change hands, and toss a few left-handed. I knew that if Rogers found out that the boy could pitch with both hands, Lefty wouldn’t be able to stop the kid from doing anything he wanted to on that pitcher’s mound. A two-handed pitcher would bring plenty of spectators into the ball park, and Rogers would chop up his manager and feed him to a lion out by second base if it would bring in more customers. I misjudged one thing, though. Rogers hadn’t stopped watching the boy for a minute. The kid was about in the middle of his delivery when Rogers woke up to what was happening and let out a yell you could hear in Denver. That yelp not only spun Lefty around in time to see what was happening, but it made the kid jump about a foot, and he lost control of the pitch and the ball sailed over the grandstand.

Jumbo paused again. The burden of a great sadness was on him. He choked a little on the last of his beer, and turning to the pitcher to refill his glass, found it empty again. “More beer,” he shouted to the waiter, and the pain in his tone made a sad contrast with the hilarity of the crowd. The full pitcher appeared almost immediately, and Jumbo again attempted to fill my glass. “No, Jumbo,” I said patiently, “I am not drinking these days. You know how I get when I’m in my cups, and, besides, the wife will not stand for it.”

“Yes,” reflected Jumbo, “I’ve seen your wife in her angry mood. I don’t blame you.”

He paused long enough to drink a half a glass of beer, before he continued.

Of course, that was about the end, as far as Lefty was concerned. He chased me off the bench, and I had to watch the game from the stands. Before the kid went out to pitch the first inning, I saw Lefty talking to him, and I knew that he was threatening to brain the kid with a bat if he tried another trick like that. The kid looked pretty sure that
Lefty would do it, too, and I began to feel sorry that I ever took that poor lad out of Georgia.

When the game got under way, though, I was ready to change my mind. The kid was just as good as he had been in the game at the orphanage, and he blew down those major league sluggers just like he had Buzz’s team. Sometimes he looked a little puzzled by the left-handed batters, but he stuck to Lefty’s orders and pitched right-handed to all of them. Then, in the sixth inning, something happened. The kid’s control and speed vanished, and hits began to rattle off the outfield fences. They got three runs off him, and he had to be taken out.

After the game, I took a chance on Lefty’s rage, and went down to the dressing room. “Well,” Lefty sneered, as soon as he saw me, “Your boy wonder just turned up with a sore arm. Maybe ball games only last five innings where he comes from.”

“Now, wait a second, Lefty,” I said, “Give the kid a chance.” “A chance,” he screamed, “The bushes are full of pitchers who can come up here and last five innings, and they only get one hit off him, a scratch single that the third baseman should have had. Then, in the sixth inning, it happened again. The kid blew up completely, and had to be taken out. “I guess I can’t pitch no more, Mr. Martin,” he mumbled, “I got two sore arms now.”

I took him to the best doctors in the country, Al, but they all gave me the same answer. There was nothing wrong with his arm muscles, but his confidence was gone. “Martin,” the last one said, “These things take time. His arm never bother him except when he tries to play baseball. That’s because he doesn’t think he can play baseball any more. But it’ll work out. In ten years he will have forgotten all about it.” “But doc,” I begged, “Ten years is too late. Ball players are old at thirty. Can’t you do something?” “Nothing,” he said, “He is in perfect health and has no trouble with his arms when he doesn’t much about it. When we hit Nashville, I passed the kid off as a left-hander just up from the Three-I league, and believe me, he showed some stuff that made that Nashville club blink. After watching his first work-out, Johnny Potter, the manager of the team, signed him right up, and offered to let him pitch the next day. That was all right with me, because I wanted to see the kid pitch again before I took off for the Coast. I wasn’t too worried about Gonzales getting away from us anyway, as I had an option on his services that Lefty didn’t know about. The kid pitched the next day, and, so help me, Al, they never saw such pitching in that league since Dizzy Dean was playing with Columbus. He struck out eleven men in the first five innings, and they only got one hit off him, a scratch single that the third baseman should have had. Then, in the sixth inning, it happened again. The kid blew up completely, and had to be taken out. “I guess I can’t pitch no more, Mr. Martin,” he mumbled, “I got two sore arms now.”

That looked like the end for the kid, but we still had an ace in the hole. The Blue Jays own the Nashville club in the minor leagues, and so I took the kid and headed for Nashville. The sore arm didn’t show any signs of healing up, but I didn’t worry too
play baseball. Beyond that I can
do nothing."

That's about the end of the
story, Al. I turned the kid loose,
and he was as happy as a baby
with a new toy. He never wanted
to be a ball player, anyhow. He
headed for the mountains with
that bonus money, and the last I
heard, he was the biggest chicken
farmer in that part of Georgia.
Every holiday he sends me a cou-
ple of nice fat fryers.

The rest you know. I went to
the coast, signed up this Gonzales,
and picked up Sullivan in Salt
Lake City. Between them they
won the pennant for the Blue Jays
this year, and the World Series,
too. Lefty was replaced as man-
ger during the winter, so I am
once again the Blue Jays' Number
One scout. But it hardly seems
worth it, Al. Every time I think
of the greatest player in the his-
tory of baseball raising chickens
in Georgia, I break down. Al, we
lost him, and it's all my fault.

Here Jumbo, strong man
though he is, began to sob. A
tear trickled down his nose and
splashed on the table. I confess
that I, too, was moved to emotion.
This was more than flesh and
blood could stand. "'Waiter,' I
cried, leaping to my feet, 'Bring
us some beer.'"
The City

By MARJORIE RYAN

I.
The city gutter swam with smelly heat.
A ragamuffin lad with stringy hair
Sat on the curb and spat into the street,
And blinked against the pavement's yellow glare.
A throaty humming sounded overhead.
The youngster rose and squinted up his eyes;
He bit his lip. "A plane!" was all he said.
The shred of silver cutting through the skies,
Slipped out of sight, was gone. And just a trace
Of her clean brilliance did she leave in view —
The eager look that flushed the young boy's face.
He squatted on the curb and looked anew
At what went on before him as he sat.
After a while he pursed his lips and spat.

II.
The sprawling sidewalk market's earthy smell,
Its boxes brimming bright with colored fruits,
The music of the broken English yell
Singing the price of dandelion roots —
This is New York. This is her flesh and heart.
And then I saw the slim Italian lad
Who helped his father labor in the mart.
The boy bare-foot, plainly, neatly clad.
He worked with speed, but with an easy grace
And as he raised his head to smile at me
I saw the beauty of that sun-smereed face —
The dark eyed innocence, the jeu d'esprit.
And looking at that little boy unshod
I almost thought I saw the Son of God.

III.
A loose mouthed gang of boys loafed at the door,
Their eyes like slits—and watched the girls swing by.
Inside the dark and dirty little store
The walls were gaudy with the month's supply
Of comic books and magazines and such.
A grimy youngster with a tear-stained face
Reached out his sticky fingertips to touch
The pane of glass that topped the candy case.
He stood enchanted as the moments passed
And rubbed his fist across his mouth and sighed.
The warm wet penny he set down at last
And clutched a peanut bar. His eyes were wide
And shiny bright as he began to chew.
This was the best of all the things he knew.
The King-Bull Didn’t Know

By MARTIN HEERWALD

The Autumn sun rose slowly and bathed the snow-clad mountain peaks and high hills with a pink light that was neither warm nor cold. The crisp morning air rested upon the earth as if it were one unified, yet intangible, substance, weary of restless movement. In a small meadow, between the forested ridges of the high, granite mountain where the snow had not yet fastened itself, lay a herd of elk. They had bedded down in the high grass near where the mountain stream, checked in its rush to the valley, spread out on the grassy level to form marshes and a waterhole. Then below them the cold waters gathered again and cascaded over rocky slopes, merging with the river.

While the rays of pink light crept down the mountains and lingered through the dark forests, the members of the herd, as if prompted by a common signal, began to rise from their beds. The spring calves stretched their long legs and pointed their noses to the early sun. Then with dumb innocence in their eyes they puzzled up to their mothers. But their mothers shrugged them off and made their way to the waterhole with the rest of the herd. The calves persisted in tagging after them, and with perplexed, young instincts looked for that lost sign of recognition. Somehow, the cows were beginning to forget these young ones whom they had fondled with such care all summer. Now the calves were strange annoyances who had to be pushed out of the way, odd creatures too old to be looked after and too young to be accepted.

At the water hole, the yearlings, beginning to feel a strange new power, shoved each other about. Older bulls drank independently, then walked away from the herd toward clearings on the hillsides. Young cows without calves gathered in small groups and felt an instinct of growing apprehension.

Still lying in his bed of grass, the king bull raised his head and watched his herd waken to the new day. Then he arose slowly and walked toward the water hole. The big Bull’s walk showed a trace of stiffness, but he paid no attention to the members of his herd as they watched him limp to the waterhole. They stepped aside to give him room. After he had drunk and eased the stiffness of his aging muscles, he walked briskly to the forest’s edge.

Before entering the forest, King-bull turned and looked back upon his herd. And he didn’t know, or think of, why he was there and why he was leader of
them all. Something of his being, far below the levels of his awareness, forbade him to be anything but what he was. Neither did he mark the change that had come over him. During the summer he had paid scant heed to the herd, allowing them to stray wherever they might go. He had roamed the grassy lowlands, slept long in the shade during noonday, free and indolent. But as summer passed and autumn days went by, the seeds of restlessness sprouted within him. He began to gather his herd and each day sensed a stronger concern.

Now, as King-bull trotted along an obscure game trail, he didn’t consciously know that he followed it because it would lead him to the high ridge and the seasoned grasses. From these grasses, possessed with a fragrant tang under light snow, he built the store of energy needed for winter. Nor did he realize that the spread of his antlers prevented him from freely passing through thick forests below. And also, it didn’t occur to him that he could keep watch over his herd from the high ridge.

But King-bull’s actions were too definite, too orderly and meaningful, to be caused by chance. There were many things that he didn’t know, but some all-permeating intelligence knew for him. That same intelligence, inherent in all nature, made him king, guided every move, and now prepared his herd for the mating season.

Halfway up the trail King-bull met a five-point bull, a straggler from the herd since last year. He was the same one whom the king fought in a light skirmish last autumn. The five-point had been prematurely powerful, but awkward, and King-bull knocked him off his feet and left him stunned and bleeding. Had the five-point proved tougher competition, he would have been killed.

Now as they met again, the king stiffened and snorted his superiority. He poised his head and neck for battle and pawed nervously at the ground. But that intelligence common to both of them knew that the time of the five-point had not yet come. The young bull snorted defiance but at the same time stepped aside, allowing King-bull to pass. Next year when the old king’s sinews contracted even more and cut down his speed, the young bull would kill him and take command of the herd. This year the five-point would spar with younger bulls and win a small herd of his own.

King-bull trotted up the trail again and stopped at the top of the ridge to drink from a small pond. It had dried out during summer, but autumn rains and snows began to fill it again. Then he moved on along the ridge, leaving tracks in the fresh, sticky snow. As he grazed, something about the condition of the grass foretold an early winter. The restlessness inside him mounted, and while he chewed the grass he raised his head now and then as if to bugle his feelings to the air. But his feelings allowed him only to sniff the crisp air and blow it out sharply in puffs of steam.

The sun was still low and the grass was plentiful, but King-bull often left it to look over the valley where his herd was. He looked only because his instincts told him to. Far away, the mountainous horizon, diffused by blue haze, mingled so softly that the jagged line was hardly perceptible against the sky. Somewhere from beyond those mountains, King-bull had fled six years ago. When he was a five-point the man-
Mountaineer

scent came, exploded the air, and left the leader of the herd dead. But he didn’t remember this, nor did he remember how he had taken command and led the herd along the river, through the long valley, into this area. During the escape many more explosions killed most of the herd. Now once again, the herd was large and nearly all of them in the valley below were the king’s descendants. Most of them had never experienced the man-scent, but ever since the first of their ancestors experienced it, something remembered it for them.

Gray clouds gathered on the horizon and a light breeze stirred the air. Small aspen leaves glittered golden in the sunlight, and as King-bull sniffed the air he sensed the coming of snow. By mid-morning his restlessness grew stronger than his hunger, and he could graze no more. A gray overcast covered most of the sky now, and the first light crystals of another snow floated down among tall evergreens. The air was quiet again, and the gray sky would hang for many days and cover the earth with a snow that would stay until spring.

King-bull felt the compulsion to keep moving somewhere. He looked down upon his herd again, and they too moved restlessly. Energy burned inside him, accentuated all his senses, and a rapid, pulsating flow of blood awakened all his muscles, took away the stiffness, left a young, vibrant feeling.

Then from across the valley on the other side of the ridge came a long, low, whistling sound. Another herd had moved into the area. King-bull whirled around at the sound and all his restlessness rushed out as he answered with a powerful bugling that started from the shrunken diaphragm at his haunches, then belowed out from his lungs. He exchanged two more bugles with his challenger on the ridge across from him. Then King-bull started down the slope, and all his being craved battle. Other bulls picked up the call and answered from the valleys. King-bull sensed the difference between the challenge and the answers. He singled out the bugles of his challenger and made straight toward him.

The whole earth tingled with the life of the new mating season. Snowflakes sifted down through the tranquil, shifting air. The challenger’s bugles moved steadily down the opposite slope, and King-bull answered each one.

There was no restlessness left in him. Inside him flared only a suffocating power demanding to be let out. King-bull pushed forward, but there was nothing reckless in his movements. He picked his path carefully, dodging thickets where his antlers might catch in branches. And as he strutted forward the muscles stood out on his big neck and along his back.

Halfway down the slope King-bull spotted a clearing and sensed that he would meet his challenger there. The bugling ahead came nearer and grew louder, more irritating, in King-bull’s ears. And with all his battle experiences at his command, King-bull stepped into the clearing and saw a big eight-point waiting on the opposite side.

They stood snorting proclamations of power to each other for a few moments. Then they lowered their necks, swung their heads from side to side, and pawed at the earth. They charged simultaneously with forefeet lunging out. All their pent-up power surged forward. Before they could...
crash against each other, the air exploded. The eight-point's forelegs doubled under his weight, his antlers dug into the ground, and he flopped over. King-bull swerved to one side as the eight-point's back hit the ground with a thud.

Then King-bull stood still, the cold air rushing in and out through his quivering nostrils. His nose searched for the man-scent. But there was no wind and he could not even sense the pungency of the air after the explosion. His instincts sought coverage, but they also knew that he must move carefully. When King-bull stepped forward he felt a burning pain pierce his body and lungs and the air exploded again. His legs moved automatically, for the strength had gone out of them. Darkness closed in as he moved down hill, the only direction he could go. The pain in his lungs was getting hot and sickening, and the echoes of the explosion still rang in his ears. He felt everything sagging within him. Gone was the power of a moment before, gone was the restlessness, gone was everything he didn't know. Blindly, he sensed his antlers crash into a tree; then he crumpled against it.

And as King-bull lay there dying under the softly falling snow, he didn't know that the five-point would prematurely be king.

SEE YOU AT MURRILL'S
The Disciple

By JAMES McRANDLE

T HE LITTLE man stood at the doorway of the auditorium. From the other end came the strident voice of the speaker driving home his final points, interrupted from time to time by scattered applause. The little man reached down to a chair and picked up a handful of leaflets, shifted his position a trifle, and waited for the end of the meeting. The leaflets were printed on cheap pulp grade paper. On the front of each one was a large conventionalized picture of a worker gripping a hammer in his hand. The muscles in his arms bulged and his forehead was covered with large beads of sweat. The figure itself was in black and white but the background was a shimmering, bloody red. Beneath, in bold type, was the heading: WORKERS! THE FUTURE IS YOURS! John didn't bother to read the rest; he knew it almost by heart, since he had spent the last two nights in a back street printing shop preparing the sheets. He looked down the hall again, bright and shabby under the yellow glare of many lights. The speaker's ostrum was a primitive wooden affair draped with two flags; one red, white, and blue, the other red. The speaker stood white shirted, now beating the table with his fist, now pointing directly at the audience, now lowering his arms to his sides. His voice rose to a crescendo and then dropped till it was so soft that one wondered how he could be heard throughout the auditorium. "Good man," thought John, "Really knows how to put the point across. Makes them understand what it's all about." He glanced at the audience: row upon row of necks and backs of heads. He could see their blue work shirts and smell the biting odor of cheap tobacco. Once in a while the sound of a thermos rattling inside of a lunchbucket was heard as a foot kicked against it. He looked again at the necks of the men: fat necks, lean necks, necks lined with age or roughened and reddened from the sun and the wind. Here were the men who should be hearing this, here were the important people of the future. Break their illusions, show them the truth. John wondered if any of these necks and collars and shoulders belonged to spies or police. He had no doubt that some of them did. But which ones? It was almost like a game, trying to guess which ones were the informers. Perhaps that big man with the union button on his cap was one, or that little white collar worker who sat hunched up in his aisle seat, or the one in the corner, or that one. This suspense was what made belonging to the movement
so wonderful. It gave meaning and adventure to life. You weren't just John Anderson, number 481 on the company payroll. You were part of a great body of men who encircled the globe and prepared it for the millenium.

But now the speaker had stepped down from the platform and the crowd began to move out of the hall. John awakened from his reverie and started to hand out the leaflets. Soon he was in the middle of a milling, sweating throng. Men on all sides of him were talking quietly about the speech. Jumbled sentences and phrases filtered through to him. Mechanically, he jammed the papers into outstretched hands, over shoulders and between the bodies of men. His head swam as he thought of the immensity of the movement. All of these men were only a small segment of the whole; it existed in every city of the country and in every country of the world. How could it be stopped? It was irresistible. There had been setbacks, but those were only temporary, and now they were winning victories. Just the other day he had read in the Worker of the battle at Guadalajara. How he wished he could have been there! There, with the worker-fighters of all nations. He could almost hear the shouts of the Italians of the Garibaldi Battalion as they repulsed their own countrymen. He could see himself as a part of the brave group of Germans who held the line and prevented a breakthrough, smelling the earth and the sweat and the blood and the acrid, burning powder. Feeling the hot sun beat down on his back as he sighted his rifle at some Fascist Italian or hireling Moor.

His knuckles whitened as his fist clenched tighter around the stack of leaflets.

Spain! that was the place to be. That was where a world was being won. He thought of the battle of the university city, of the men there who had been in many fights before, street battles in such distant cities as Marseilles and Hamburg. And as he thought of these things he knew that ahead of him stretched the bitter days. He could envision bloody, shoving, pressing battles with the police and he wondered if he would be able to withstand the flailing fists as others had done. Being in this crowd tonight gave him the feeling of being in some tremendous mob, feeling the swirl and the surge, hearing the hoarse shouts and muttered threats of the workingmen. Perhaps they would be storming a factory or denying a street to the forces of the government. Perhaps there would be the whine and snarl of bullets and the angry cries of the wounded. He felt his fingers tense and his muscles tighten. The blood coursed faster through his body. His heart was pounding. This was the feeling of the mob. This was the exhilaration one would experience in the revolt.

The last man straggled out the entranceway, adjusting his threadbare coat. John handed him a leaflet, put down the few remaining papers and turned to face the deserted hall. The yellow lights shone down on the barren disarray of empty chairs. The banners, which a few minutes ago had seemed to wave so defiantly, now drooped limply. The smell of sweat and smoke still hung over the hall, but the energy and life which had charged the air were gone. John sensed this as he turned. Now the brightness and cheapness of the room struck into
his consciousness. He glanced at a dead cigarette lying crushed on the floor and then stared at the high, dusty ceiling. Suddenly a feeling of revulsion gripped him. The triumphant, combatant spirit had vanished. He felt like a small, cold lump in a vast loneliness. Now he was ashamed of all those heroic thoughts of the moment before and he said to himself, sarcastically, "John Anderson, hero... like hell."

A man at the other end of the hall called for him to start folding down the chairs. One of the men came up behind him and said, "He sure showed 'em what's goin' on, didn't he? Yup, when it comes we're not goin' to be on the losin' side."

"Yeh, we can't lose," John mumbled.
He turned away, wondering if he had made his answer sound convincing enough.
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