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Maine Campus Staff

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Barbara Ashworth Is New Lieut. Colonel; Follows Betty Kruse

Courtly Ceremony Is Performed By ROTC

REYNOLDS GOOD

Other Candidates Form Colorful Center Of Attraction

Another Military Ball has passed into history, and a new Honorary Lieutenant Colonel has received her commission in the R.O.T.C. of the University of Maine. Barbara Ashworth received the coveted award held at this time by Elizabeth Kruse, last year's choice for the appointment.

During the evening of the Military Ball, held this year on December 8, in the Memorial Gymnasium, an impressive ceremony took place. As the orchestra played "On Wisconsin," the R.O.T.C. officers formed in double line. Elizabeth Kruse, escorted by Colonel Alcott and Cadet Lieutenant Colonel Norman Whitney, passed between the officers. Next came the new Honorary Lieutenant Colonel, Barbara Ashworth, escorted by James Fitz-Patrick, president of the Scabbard and Blade Society.

Colonel Alcott presented Miss Ashworth with her commission and offered her congratulations in behalf of the R.O.T.C. Barbara then received a bouquet of red roses from Elizabeth Kruse and, as a fitting climax, the engraved cup from Norman Whitney.

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Debaters Plan To Take Trip

Debates with the University of Connecticut and Bowdoin colleges are scheduled to take place tomorrow, Dec. 14.

A team composed of William Treat and Elton Carter will meet the University of Connecticut debaters at Bangor High school on the proposition, Resolved: That the United States should adopt a policy of complete isolation towards all nations engaging in a foreign or domestic war.

The same question will be argued by Paul Morin and Francis Andrews at Bowdoin.

Math Delegates Attend Meeting

Prof. John E. Stewart, Spofford Kimball, Fred Lamoreau, Noah R. Bryan, Maynard F. Jordan, Warren S. Lucas, Maurice D. Jones, Jeanette Lamoreau, and Alfred Mallet, of the Department of Mathematics and Astronomy, attended the first meeting of the Maine Mathematical Conference held at Colby College last Saturday. Speakers from three Maine colleges spoke on new mathematical courses. Noah R. Bryan, professor of mathematics, spoke on "Reorganization in the Subject Matter of College Algebra," and S. H. Kimball, instructor in mathematics, spoke on "Transfer of Training."

Professor Harley Willard attended a meeting of the Association of Teachers of Mathematics in Boston, December 9.

Maine Elected To Nat. Association

The University of Maine has been elected to membership in the National Association of Deans and Directors of Summer Sessions, according to announcements made here today by Dr. Roy M. Peterson, Director of the Summer Session.

This organization, which is limited to about forty institutions, includes some of the largest and best-known Summer Sessions in all parts of the country. Eligibility for admission is based largely upon the character of graduate work which the institution is reputed to be doing. The other members in the New England States are Harvard and Boston University. At the last annual convention held this fall in New York City, the University was represented by Dr. Roy M. Peterson.

Prize Winner



DANIEL CAOINETTE was awarded the Campus writing contest prize.

'Maine Campus' Award Made To Caouette

Daniel Caouette '40, has been named winner of the Campus writing contest, based upon ability to write news stories, and interest shown in the Campus. Caouette is a history and government major.

Those receiving honorable mention are: Paul Ehrenfried, a sophomore in the College of Arts and Sciences; Robert Willets, a junior in Forestry; Corinne Comstock, a junior in the College of Arts and Sciences; William Chandler, a senior in the College of Technology; and Virginia Hill, a junior in the College of Arts and Sciences.

Calf Born Through Artificial Breeding

A 125-pound calf was born last week from the University herd, following artificial insemination of the cow. The calf's mother is Tilly Duger, a three and a half-year-old Holstein and its sire is Osbornale Sir Oliver Inka Ormsley, a bull leased from the University of New Hampshire.

A decided increase in weight seemed to result from the artificial method since the average weight of a calf is only 85 pounds at birth.

The Maine College of Agriculture is a pioneer in this field, having already made valuable contributions to the improvement of dairy herds through artificial insemination.

Col. Ashworth



BARBARA ASHWORTH was elected Honorary Lt.-Col. and received her commission at the Military Ball last Friday evening.

Smith Elected To Edit 'Echo', Frosh Paper

Newspaper Is To Be Published Every Other Week

Paul Smith, '43, was elected editor-in-chief of the Frosh Echo, freshman newspaper, at a recent organization meeting. Robert Savage was elected assistant editor, Lawrence Parkin, sports editor, Carleton Crossland, society editor, and John Webster, distribution manager.

The newspaper, which will be distributed free to students every two weeks, is making its initial appearance this week. It will contain a cover and seven mimeographed pages.

The paper is published with the aid of the Maine Christian Association. Copies may be secured in the M.C.A. building and in the dormitories.

Members of the reportorial staff are: Wentworth Schofield, Albion Beverage, John Kelly, Wilbert O'Neil, John Ranks, Jackson Long, Ed. Ward, Gupitell, George Bearce, David Hempstead, Robert Gordon, William Costello, Hyman Schneider, Gerald Limon, Mary Sargent, and Elizabeth Brice.

Any girls interested in joining the staff are urged to see the editor as soon as possible.

Old University Songs Amusing, Sentimental

By Bob and Barb

Reminiscing is often painful, but when it is on the subject of old songs there is something sentimentally fine about it. Wandering through an old attic we discovered the 1910 edition of the University of Maine Songs. There were one hundred and thirty-two of them. The book contains not only the familiar ones such as "The Stein Song" and the "University Hymn," but also many long-forgotten gems such as "Fired" and "I Doubt It."

The best way to introduce these old masterpieces would be to sing them. Since that is impossible, we shall print excerpts from some. For instance, the sophomores might have sung this one last Saturday afternoon.

"Where, Oh, Where, are the verdant Freshmen?"

Where, Oh, Where are the verdant Freshmen?

A little advice to the frosh runs in this manner.

"Once there was a verdant Freshman Who came to our college town; He was filled with fond ambition To win glory and renown.

Let the student lamp be burning, Shed its gleam upon this shark, That he may by careful poling,

Get at least a passing mark."

You might call this the "Sophomore's Lament," but our fathers called it "Fired."

"A Sophomore sat on his trunk, His heart was full of sorrow; The faculty had sent a note, He must go home tomorrow; And as he thought of college joys With fun, elective, and work required,

The only thought that soothed was this,

That all 'fine China' must be 'Fired.' The seniors will appreciate this one next year.

"As a Frosh they treated me quite roughly,

But—I the fearful gauntlet ran; They knocked me so about, That they turned me inside out. On the banks of the Stillwater strand.

"But when at last I left the hen coop, And to scratch for bread I began, Soon the bills began to thicken, And I wished I were a chicken, On the banks of the Stillwater strand."

For the benefit of the Aggies we will sing this.

"To dig up Greek and Latin roots, We do not come to college,

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Untermeyer to Speak Here On Jan. 11

Contributor's Club Will Sponsor Poet, Critic

Louis Untermeyer, of Elizabethtown, New York, will speak in the Little Theatre on January 11. His coming has been arranged by the Contributors' Club.

Mr. Untermeyer is well equipped to speak before any type of audience. Poet, critic, essayist, editor, business man, he is well versed in many lines.

Before his fiftieth year he has written and compiled more than thirty volumes of prose and verse. His translation of Heine has become standard, reinforced by the biography, "Heinrich Heine: Paradox and Poet." His anthologies have been adopted as textbooks in colleges and universities throughout the country. When the "Encyclopedia Britannica" was revised, he was selected to contribute the articles on modern American poetry.

Anyone wishing to buy a ticket, price 50 cents, should plan to see Phyllis Marks, Marguerite Bannigan, Charles Peirce, or any other club member.

The Contributors' Club held an initiation Sunday, December 10, in Stevens Hall. New members are: Mrs. Sanderlin, Jean Boyle, Calista Buzzell, Alma Hansen, Virginia Hill, Ruth Linnell, Charles Peirce, Carolyn Preble, Raymond Valliere, and Ruth White.

The next meeting of the club will be Sunday, January 7, at the home of Dr. Milton Ellis, club adviser.

Christmas Vespers Service Is Held

The annual Christmas vespers service was held on December 10, at 4:15 at Memorial Gymnasium.

Included on the program were selections by the University chorus and orchestra, a violin solo by Booth Leavitt, soprano solo by Ruth Trickey, vocal duet by Elaine Snow and Amos Fletcher, and selections by the men's glee club. Professor Adelbert Sprague was at the head of the program.

Brockway Speaks At Three Recent Alumni Meetings

Three alumni meetings were held this week at Allantown and Philadelphia, Penn., and Bangor. At both meetings in Pennsylvania, Placement Director Philip J. Brockway spoke on the Placement Bureau and campus news. There were eighteen members of the Lehigh Valley Alumni Association present at Allantown and twenty-one at Philadelphia. At the meeting of the Penobscot Alumni Association, a check of \$1200 was presented to the University for the endowment of one of the scholarships given by the association in 1920.

Mr. Brockway returned to the campus Monday after spending two weeks in New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania, discussing prospects for the senior class with employers throughout the region. According to Mr. Brockway, the outlook for employment is encouraging.

1941 Prism Board Named By Walker

Members of the permanent Prism board were announced today by Neal Walker, editor-in-chief. The members are Emily Hopkins, women's news editor; Gwendolyn Weymouth, activities and honor societies editor; Allan Piper, class editor; Joseph Ingham, photography editor; David Astor, men's sports editor; and David Greenlaw, circulation manager. Lawrence Kelly was previously named business manager.

Plans for the 1941 Prism were started last May when the design for the book as a whole was conceived. It will contain 1200 engravings and 25,000 words. Walker estimates that two tons of paper will be used and the total cost will be around \$8,000. The probable circulation will be 1400.

The leather cover will be gray rubbed with blue. The pages which precede each division feature special blue designs and large photographs.

Literary Supplement Shows Excellent Quality of Student Creative Writing and Editing

Literary Editor at Work



PHYLLIS MARKS, editor of the Campus literary supplement, takes time out to pose.

Scenes From 'Hamlet' Are Presented

Local Shakespearians Give Excerpts At Masque Meeting

Two scenes from the forthcoming Masque production of "Hamlet" were presented in dress before a meeting of the Masque organization Tuesday evening, December 12, in the Little Theatre. The meeting, several of which will be held at future dates during the year, consisted of a business conference and a discussion of the last Masque play, "Accent on Youth."

The Hamlet scenes presented included the closet scene with Earle Rankin as Hamlet, Esther Whitman as Queen Gertrude, and John Hector as Polonius. The king's prayer scene was also presented with Earle Rankin, and George Risman as King Claudius.

Several informal talks were given by Masque members connected with the last production. Refreshments were served, and the meeting was adjourned temporarily to allow the members to participate in the carol singing at President Hauck's home.

Providence Is Debate Winner In Tournament

Williams Is Second In Maine Contest Held Dec. 8, 9

Providence College won the inter-collegiate debate tournament, sponsored by the University of Maine, at Stevens Hall, December 8 and 9. Williams College was in second place and Amherst College placed third.

The subject for the debates was: Resolved: that the United States government should own and operate the railroads. There were six rounds of debates, as each team debated five and judged the other round. Each team debated three times on one side of the subject and twice on the other.

The following colleges took part in the debates: Bowdoin, Amherst, Colby, Providence, Rhode Island College of Education, Rhode Island State, St. Patrick's of Ottawa, University of New Hampshire, Williams, and the University of Maine.

Each of the first three winners won all five of their debates. Maine placed fourth, winning four out of five.

Roy Fernald Deplores Financial Inefficiency

Depicting the condition of Maine finances as deplorable, Roy L. Fernald, of Winterport, former State Senator and gubernatorial aspirant, told a Little Theatre audience yesterday that the people of this state are living under the most inefficient government of any state in the Union.

Fernald said that while the figures of the published financial statement show the state government to be in the black, "a close examination of them shows something different." He pointed out that there is need of good government in Maine, but emphasized that "we are getting poor government, waste, graft, inefficiency, with a heavy burden of taxation and a consequent lowering of the standard of living in Maine."

The merit system is necessary in the state government and must be separated from politics, the former State Senator said. In 1932 it took 41 pages to list state employees, while in 1938 more than twice that number of pages of the same size were required, he said.

Fernald advocated that the government of Maine be placed on a pay as you go basis and opposed any addition to the bonded debt, which, he said, is excessive and from which the people of the state have received no benefit.

As a "constructive suggestion," Fernald, a graduate of the University, advised the founding of an institute here for the purpose of discussing state, city, and town problems. He suggested that the institute call in public officials for discussions which should last three or four days.

After the address, the speaker invited questions from the audience, and in his answers he pointed out that there is no need to increase taxes in the State. On the contrary, he said, taxes can be reduced by economies of government, such as the consolidation of state jobs, the elimination of unnecessary county governments, and the governor's council, which he called an historical accident. He suggested that the State Controller be independent of the executive and placed on the same basis as the Federal Controller. Financial reports should be so written that the people can understand them without expert interpretation, he said.

To effect the necessary reforms in State government, Fernald stated that a higher level of efficiency is needed in August.

He spoke under the auspices of the Political Science Club and was introduced by its president, William Treat.

Includes Essays, Short Stories, And Poems

MARKS EDITS

Features Works By Oppenheim, Bell And Savage

By Prof. W. R. Whitney

The literary supplement of the "Maine Campus," published with the current issue, should convince any reader that literary ability, however unpublicized it may be on campus, is in a healthy way. That the material is, for the most part, of excellent quality speaks well for both the ability of the writers and the persistence of the literary editor, Phyllis Marks, in searching it out. That the appearance of undergraduate writing should be restricted to an annual supplement is a misfortune that has existed since the "Maine Spring," dead these many years, fell into a fatal decline because of reader indifference. Possibly along with the increased interest in other types of creative art—especially music and the theater—one may dare hope that the time is not far off when Maine will once again have a literary periodical. We have the writers; the question is, have we the readers?

For anyone who takes pride in the State of Maine, there should be satisfaction in the discovery that a large part of the contents of the supplement springs from the soil and thus is a part of a splendid literary tradition. Of

(Continued on Page Two)

Dance Planned By Boston Al.

Boston Alumni and Boston Alumnae Associations are sponsoring a gala New Year's party on Saturday, December 30th at the University Club. Andy Jacobson's orchestra, of radio fame, will furnish the music. Favors, surprises, and refreshments are being planned.

Roger Cotting has been selected as the undergraduate member of the committee in charge of arrangements, and Mary F. Cooper is assisting him. He has tickets available for those desiring them.

As attendance will be limited, due to the size of the hall, to 150 couples, early reservations are advisable. Undergraduates in the vicinity of Boston are urged to be present.

Newhall, '41 Named Kappa Sigma Head

Carl A. Newhall, '41, was elected president of Psi local chapter of Kappa Sigma social fraternity at its regular meeting last Monday evening. He succeeds Merrill Thompson.

Newhall is manager of varsity cross country and is majoring in civil engineering.

Other officers elected are: Frederick M. Newcomb, vice president; John F. Byrne, treasurer; Frank L. Wellcome, scribe; Atwood Smart, master of ceremonies; William Brann and Mervin Knight, guards.

4-H Clubs To Meet Here Next Week

The State 4-H Club contest, a regular winter event on the 4-H calendar, will be held on campus December 28-30.

Approximately two hundred outstanding 4-H Club members and local club leaders will attend, and faculty members remaining in Orono during the Christmas recess are invited to be their guests at the evening programs, Thursday and Friday, in the Little Theatre.

A portion of the Friday evening program will be broadcast over WLJZ at 7:15, Friday evening, December 29.

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Peace and War

It is unusual now if a week passes by in which rumors are not spread abroad of proposed armistices or truces between Germany and the Allied governments. At this season of the year it is particularly timely not only that such rumors be made, but also that something should actually be done about them.

Only recently a story, evidently originating in Rome, appeared in which it seemed that Hitler might again launch a peace offensive through the "good offices" of Signor Mussolini. According to this story, Hitler's sine qua non would be the cessation of actual warfare and lifting of the blockade. Herr Hitler let it be known in a roundabout way that he would seriously consider the re-establishment of the status quo before the annexation of Austria as a general settlement.

Although, on the surface of things, it seems that it is highly improbable that the Allies would accept such a proposal, it really is not beyond the realm of possibility. (Since the signing of the Russo-German pact we have felt that anything may happen.) England realizes now more than ever that her greatest enemy is the Soviet Union, especially the new imperialist-communist Soviet Union. England's imperialistic interests are threatened on all sides by Russia. The latter power is now acquiring in Scandinavia a jumping-off place from which she could attack England proper. Soviet agents are effectively preparing the way for the Russian annexation of India. England's treaty partner, Rumania, is apt to lose her province (formerly Russian), Bessarabia. In the Far East, Soviet control of China has passed beyond the menace stage and approaches reality.

If England has any intention of maintaining her pre-war position in world politics, she must tame the Russian Bear—and immediately. She may have to "lose face" in the eyes of neutrals (and probably at home) in order to regain her former influence in international relations.

Therefore, Great Britain has two foreign policy problems which are so closely related that they boil down to one—namely, the halting of Russian aggression. Peace or a truce with Germany is necessary before this can be attempted. Assuming that England has some faith in the authenticity of the rumored reports that Germany is peace-minded, her foreign policy may be along these lines: if Hitler is already willing to agree to a cessation of hostilities based on the return of the status quo before the annexation of Austria, then in a few more weeks he may be sufficiently desperate to make even greater concessions to the Allies. It may be worthwhile for the Allies to make some concessions on their part in order that they may more quickly form some resistance to Soviet encroachments. They might conceivably cooperate with a Hitler controlled Germany to attain their ends. As Russia continues to draw the pincers closer, both Allies and foe will be more willing to make at least a temporary peace.

Although the United States might be of service in arranging this peace, temporary or permanent as it might be, can she do so without becoming involved in a movement to break the Soviet Union; a movement which would indeed be futile?

Women Represented

Women of this university and of this state are indeed proud to be represented on the Board of Trustees of the University of Maine.

The first time in the seventy-five years of the existence of the land grant college of this state, a woman has been appointed to the Board of Trustees to represent the ever increasing women enrollment.

Mrs. Harry Brown, a business woman and a state club woman from Waterville, was appointed this fall to fill out the unexpired term of the late John Giger of Falmouth.

The representative of one third of approximately 500 of the 2000 total enrollment here is a woman who understands the problems and needs of this large group of college people. She is a woman who has never had her way paved too easily and so knows that all of college life is not as glamorous for the student as storybooks would lead one to believe.

The appointment of a woman to this board is one more long sought after accomplishment of the women of this state. The resolution to have the alumnae, collegiate women, and future college women of Maine represented was unanimously adopted by the State Federa-

CORRESPONDENCE

(The correspondence columns of The Campus are open to the public on pertinent subjects, and letters are welcomed. All letters should be signed with the author's real name, but a pen name will be used in publication of the letter if desired. The ideas started in these columns are not necessarily those of The Campus and should not be so considered. The editor reserves the right to withhold any letter or a part of any letter.)

University of Maine
Winter Camp
Princeton, Maine
December 10, 1939

The Campus Staff
University of Maine
Orono, Maine
Gentlemen:

Inasmuch as the method of choosing the Campus Staff cannot improve upon the calibre of the material, we presume that a complaint might meet the same indifference as the neglect from which it has arisen. However, if, during the next few weeks, this nasty situation should again enter into your apparently already overtaxed trains of thought, we would very much appreciate it if you collectively got off the proverbial seat. In the blind groping that you term newshawking during the past hectic season, and during the process of organizing the results into news and other questionable amusements, for what, surprisingly, continues to be a fairly interesting paper, you slouched out and even printed an article on the departure of forty seniors for an eight-week period in winter-camp.

Realizing, of course, that the news world has neither suffered nor yet gained from the loss, we are reminded of having made a September deposit under the vague heading, "Campus." Since we are no longer able to walk in for it as most off-campus people are obliged to do, another neglected situation, we suggest that you take down the over-polished apple, see Treasurer Pierce, and float a postage loan in behalf of "the forgotten men"—that is, if you don't forget it.

Expressing camp sentiment, with all due respect,

The Ritz Club
Edward Ross
Eddie Lawry
Jack Dequine
Harold Dyer
Dick Holmes
John Maines
G. A. Thibodeau

Hall, Jones, Sawyer Join Omicron Nu

Omicron Nu, national honorary Home Economics society, recently elected Lucille Hall, Elizabeth Jones, and Margaret Sawyer.

These three girls are seniors in the department of Home Economics in the College of Agriculture. Faculty members in this organization are Miss Bernice Borgman, Prof. Pearl S. Greene, Mrs. Mary Snyder, and Dr. Marion D. Sweetman.

Members are elected to this society on high scholarship average. Membership is limited.

Lucille Hall was winner of the Merrill-Palmer Appointment. She is a member of the Y.W.C.A., the Y.W.C.A. Cabinet, Home Economics Club. She has played on the intramural hockey, basketball, and volleyball teams.

Elizabeth Jones is a member of Alpha Omicron Pi social organization. She is a member of the Home Economics Club, Women's Forum, Y.W.C.A., Debating Society, and Masque. She was on the class executive committee her freshman year.

Margaret Sawyer is a member of Delta Delta Delta social organization. She is a member of the Y.W.C.A., M.O.C. Club, Masque, Home Economics Club, and Rifle Club.

tion of Women's Clubs five years ago. So we can realize that our interests and problems are the problems and interests of the state—whether University of Maine women or not.

Mrs. Brown, a charming personality, will attend her first meeting as a member of this board at the regular meeting of the board tomorrow, Thursday, December 14. The needs of the women connected with this University have always been recognized, but now may be expected to be more personally and understandingly solved.

R. K.

A Literary Magazine

The annual or semi-annual advent (as the case may be) of the Campus Literary Supplement is just another reminder that the University is lacking an important activity in its intellectual curriculum.

Since the Maine Review and the Mainspring passed out of existence several years ago due to lack of student support, the only media for publishing literary works of students have been through the Campus and the Prism. Neither of these are particularly suited for the type of material that is to be found in the Supplement and in publications of other colleges and universities.

We believe there is a definite need for a literary magazine at the University of Maine. The current Supplement as well as former ones stands as proof that there is writing ability on campus sufficiently worthy to warrant such a publication. How about some action to fulfill this deficiency?

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

(Continued from Page One)

the short stories, four—and possibly five—are indigenous to Maine; of the essays all but one are connected, in one way or another, with native material; and of the eleven poems, five and possibly six have Maine subjects as their inspiration. To this reviewer, this preponderance of home-grown material is gratifying, for it indicates that Maine writers are alive to the life about them, making effective use of it instead of ignoring it in favor of cosmopolitan—and therefore foreign—effects.

George Bell's "No More Sea," of which only an excerpt is published here, has the salty tang of real coastal speech; it is breezy, it is indigenous, it impresses one as being essentially true. In the same way Ruth Linnell's "And Winter Comes," a vigorous picture of a country woman's daily life, strikes a genuine spark. I like both stories immensely. Edward Oppenheim's "Runaways," a story told in the modern, objective manner, is worthy of publication in a magazine of wider circulation. All three are incisive, vigorous, real. Hope Jackman's "Daffodils" and Carolyn Preble's "Wilderness Fever," subjective treatments of distorted minds, are good in a different way, for their effectiveness depends upon implication. Less ambitious as stories, but at the same time interesting, are Richard Stratton's "Sven Decides to Stay" and Martha Cilley's "Night Duty."

In the field of the essay Elvora Savage's extemporaneous critical piece, "Kenneth Roberts, Journalist, Historian," is outstanding, especially so since it was written as a departmental exercise, in three hours. It is effective in both content and presentation. Virginia May's "Music Box Concert" and Phyllis Smart's "Something New" are both familiar essays, slender but pleasant. Margaret Heaton's "Tomorrow's Germans," the only essay not native in its inspiration, is a thoughtful, well-expressed piece of writing.

Lack of space prevents detailed comment on the eleven poems that make up the verse department of the supplement. The editor has shown discrimination in presenting a variety of material. Her own "Christmas 1939," a double sonnet, has as its subject the security of companionship in a distressed world and contains many striking passages. "Metamorphosis," by Natalie Hood, is a child's story of a fishing village character and is reminiscent of the work of R. P. T. Coffin and Edna St. Vincent Millay. Like Clark Thurston's "Obtaining Directions" and Jean Boyle's "Coast People," it deals with native characters. Of the three, I like Jean Boyle's best for its closing couplet.

In the new manner are John French's "Make Beauty," Hope Jackman's "Poem," Barbara Welch's "Free Verse," Phyllis Marks' "Cynic," Betsy Warren's "Dream," and Phyllis Smart's "Columbine on Winona Cliff." French's poem is the most startling of the group, partly because it departs so dramatically from established poetic forms, partly because of its effective imagery. I like especially the closing line,

"Beauty is on the wings of ducks in the sunlight and on a lonely pond."

If I were to offer an adverse criticism I should say that the poem could be improved by a little more restraint: one or two of the images are stretched until they crack.

All in all, the supplement is the best collection of student work published within the memory of this reviewer. True, some of the physical make-up is disturbing. Proofreaders' slips and awkward breaks in continued matter, especially in the story, "Runaways," are inevitable in a supplement that has been rushed through the press. But

Small Town Stuff

By University Snoops

Big week-end for all...Military a huge success—Congrats to Barbie Ashworth—Becky Hill and Bill Talbot—Connie Banks and Neil Walker...Lots of joys and disappointment over the week-end...Ken Burr looked mighty happy...Cam with Dick Chase at the dance...Nice corsage Bret sent Flosie...Good looking dresses...

Hilda seems to be going Turkish on us—In a Small way...Polly and Buzz together again—How amazing!!! Buzz picking out dress patterns for you, Polly?? Skip and Steve do make a cute couple...Sigma Chi had a goodly representation of candidates in their booth...Wonder if Steve got any of the candy that was sent to forestry camp—Jack Dequine seems to be doing all the thank-youing...

Doddie and Bob had their first anniversary on the night of Military Ball...Applicants for door-locker at 10:30 at Balentine please see house director or President Fitzgerald immediately...Charlie Clough and Polly Cushing seen recently looking at furniture—Any plans?? Clarry Genge certainly has been good ON campus this year—But when he gets to Boston...

Quite a fascinating new game at the Bookstore—Some good shots—Girls as well as boys...Lib Mulholland was thrilled with her date from Colby...Freshman fellows certainly did make up for lost time this week-end...Congratulations on the track meet...Nobody left in the Maples or North Hall that night—Wonder if some of those dates that the frosh men have been having on the sly still seem as thrilling?? Time will tell...

Lots of folks seeing lots of folks this Xmas vacation—Art Weatherbee coming up to see Polly...Betty going to see Tib...Emily Hopkins going to Philadelphia to see her man...Hal Dyer coming down to see Dorrice Dow...Rachel going to see Ken...Marianne Adasko and Ed Dyer...Fifty and Paul...Trick and Bob...Edith Hurley and Phil...Irene Whitman and her man at Stonington...And just lots of others...Besides those who haven't seen each other—Those here at school are not losing time during vacation but are visiting each other—Couldn't begin to name all of those folks, but you know who they are—They been listed before...

Peg's car comes in handy, doesn't it, Howie?? Quite a serenade that Lonnie Emery had at Balentine...Wonder if Marcia will cut over there next semester?? Colvin a few private telephone extensions...Congrats to Phil Marks on the grand literary supplement in this issue—Lot of talent here on campus—Good to see it recognized...Mary Bates and Torr Marston seem to be walking now—Too bad about that radiator...

It seems that the "mistle toe" at SAE was a fake—But it certainly proved

effective...Enough for now—Must go shop early for Xmas—Have a happy vacation and make the most of the New Year's Eve—Finals start shortly after vacation...Season's Greetings to you all...

Foreign Affairs

By Myer Alpert

A cool and calculating survey of Russian policy during recent months and especially during the terrible attack on Finland will tell us a story of tremendous importance.

First of all, we must examine the Russo-Finnish War. The Russian statement that she is merely protecting herself from a Finnish attack is not only absurd, it is also a most cynical appraisal of the present state of international relations between large and small European nations. The Russian statement that she is trying to drive out the Finnish "usurpers" and install the true Finnish people's government may also be similarly dismissed. The Russians know, as well as we do, that true revolution must spring from the people themselves to be effective; if imposed from outside it cannot gain acceptance, it creates resistance from the people.

We must carefully consider the possibility of this attack on Finland as being, perhaps, a defensive measure. Certainly, Russia is not afraid of an attack from any of the Scandinavian countries. It is said that England and France might kiss and make up with Germany and then the three attack Russia. The best thing that might be said about this is that it is all very highly speculative; in fact, I think it most ridiculous nonsense. The war between these three is being played for keeps. Indeed, Russia's imperialistic policy in the Baltic would be far more likely to cause such an alliance than to be merely a defensive measure against it. The best defense against such an alliance would be to withdraw from aggression in the Baltic and the Balkans.

Neither can the attack on Finland be excused as a defense measure against Germany, who might use Finland as a base for attack on Russia. Germany at present is engaged in a life and death struggle in the West. Russia is in a vastly superior strategic position to checkmate any German move toward Finland and to prevent any German domination there. Indeed, if Russia really fears a German attack, why did she not join with England and France months ago to crush the specter of German invasion?

No, the significance of the Russian domination over Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, of the Russian attack on Finland, of the Russian Threats against Rumania, and of the Russo-German non-aggression pact lies deeper than these speculative guesses. It means a vast, significant, and frightful turn in Russian policy. Gone is the Russia that worked for and tried to preserve international peace and morality, the Russia of Litvinov. Gone is the Russia of profound and splendid idealism, the Russia of Lenin that cried out against imperialism and despotism, that dreamed of a new and perhaps better way of life. And the

effective...Enough for now—Must go shop early for Xmas—Have a happy vacation and make the most of the New Year's Eve—Finals start shortly after vacation...Season's Greetings to you all...

Phi Kappa Phi Adds Twenty Members

Twenty high-ranking students in all colleges of the University are to be initiated tonight into Phi Kappa Phi, honorary scholastic society.

Those being initiated are: Myer Alpert, history and government; Ervin A. Arbo, education; Robert H. Bonney, general engineering; Leon J. Breton, chemical engineering; William Chandler, general engineering; Helma K. Ebbeson, history; Myron S. Gartley, agriculture; Walter E. Hanley, farm management; Joseph L. Harrington, agriculture.

Joseph M. Johnson, farm management; Chester Ladd, forestry; Wiljo M. Lindell, chemical engineering; Richard G. Morton, mechanical engineering; Alvalene M. Pierson, zoology; Edwin S. Rich, electrical engineering; Eugene O. Russell, chemical engineering; Elvora L. Savage, English; Edward W. Stanley, mechanical engineering; Marion R. Tufts, home economics; Norman E. Whitney, dairy technology.

NOTICE

All PRISM activity sheets must be in before Christmas vacation.

All hockey tunics must be turned in before Christmas vacation. Otherwise the cost of the suit will be placed on the girl's term bill.

Russia that led the international Communist movement is also gone.

In its stead has risen, in recent months, a Russia of terrible proportions, a Russian nationalistic, imperialistic state. With its rise, international sanity seems to have received its death blow, unless the nations guilty of breaking the peace are defeated, for has not international order been set back ten decades? With its rise another large and basic pillar of the splendid and bold Russian idealism of 1917-18 has crumbled away, for is the Russian government now an experiment in Stalinism rather than socialism? And finally Communism as an international movement has collapsed, for Russia as a nationalistic state can not lead an international movement.

The Russian experiment in a new way of life has rightly received much attention from liberals everywhere. Yet, it seems to me that much that was splendid and fine in the original conception has slowly and steadily crumbled away. How close to democracy has Russia approached in the last decade? However desirable social and economic liberty may be, political and intellectual independence are equally necessary and vital to a worthwhile way of life.

DUKE UNIVERSITY

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE
DURHAM, N. C.

Four terms of eleven weeks are given each year. These may be taken consecutively (graduation in three and one-quarter years) or three terms may be taken each year (graduation in four years). The entrance requirements are intelligence, character and three years of college work, including the subjects specified for Class A medical schools. Catalogues and application forms may be obtained from the Admission Committee.

"Pat" and his Waitresses of Farnsworth's Cafe

Extend a Cordial Wish for a Merry Xmas and Continued Happiness in Years to Come

Powerful Frosh Team Swamp Sophs Easily In 'Rules Off' Encounter

Show Good Times In Running Events

The winter athletic season opened last Saturday for the University with the freshman track team walloping their arch rivals, the sophomores, by a 100 to 35 score. By winning this meet the frosh were automatically relieved of freshman rules.

So devastating and powerful was the freshman team that their rivals were unable to score a single first place in the running events. The only first places for the sophomores were won by Graham, Johnson, and Bronk, in the pole vault, discus, and 35 pound weight, respectively.

The frosh showed surprising power in the running events with several of them doing fast times considering that the track was soft and very slow. This is true especially in the case of Dwight Moody, who won both the mile and the 880. Many seconds might have been chopped from Moody's time of 4:37 had the track been faster.

Bill Hadlock was high scorer for the day with a total of three first places for fifteen points. Although his times were not too good, Hadlock showed signs of improvement. Graham won with a total of eight points.

The most spectacular event was the high jump in which two frosh, Brock and Brady, leaped 5 ft. 10 ins. Brady, standing only 5 ft. 6 ins. tall, often times drew the plaudits from the crowd. Incidentally these two jumped higher than any varsity or freshman jumpers of last year's teams.

One consolation for the sophomores, however, was that the only meet records that were broken during the day were smashed by members of their team. Herb Johnson almost broke the college mark in the discus with a heave of 134 ft. 4 ins., and Ben Graham's leap of 11 ft. 3½ ins. eclipsed the former mark.

Sigma Chi Is Champion In Volleyball

Sigma Chi won the Intramural Volleyball championship, defeating Phi Mu Delta, 2-1, Thursday evening, December 7, in the Memorial Gymnasium. In a game between Phi Mu Delta, Southern League champions, and Kappa Sigma, Northern League champions, Phi Mu Delta won, 2-1.

Phi Mu Delta then played Sigma Chi, champions of the Central League, Sigma Chi winning the game. The round-robin system of play was used with student referees officiating at the games. There were three leagues, the Northern, Central, and Southern, with from six to seven teams in each league.

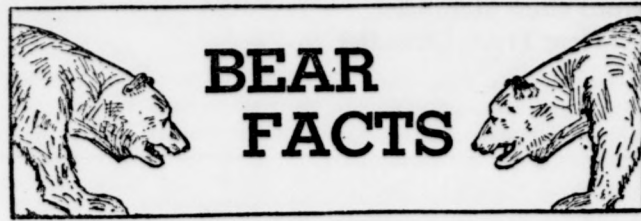
Starting January 3 with six games, the Intramural Basketball Tournament is next on the schedule. The tournament is divided into two leagues, the Northern and Southern. Playing at 7 p.m., January 3, are Dorm A vs. Independents, and Dorm B vs. Commuters. At 8 o'clock Oak East plays Phi Eta Kappa, while Oak West meets Tau Epsilon Phi. In two games at 9 o'clock the Underclassmen play Sigma Nu, the Cabin Colony and Alpha Gamma Rho playing at the same hour.

NOTICE

"A student shall be ineligible to represent his college in athletic contests who engages in athletic contests, except as hereinafter provided, as a representative of any athletic organization not connected with his college.

"Written permission may be obtained from the Faculty Manager of Athletics to play on the alumni team against the high or prep school alma mater ONLY. This permission should be obtained before the student participates in the game."

From N. E. College Conference Code.



By Dave Astor

Dear Santa:

We know you're kind of busy at this time of the year filling all kinds of Christmas orders, but we hope you've got a few minutes to spare to listen to some of our wishes. You see, over in the athletic department we're going to leave a big stocking, and we hope you'll fill as much of it as you think we deserve.

The thing closest at hand, and perhaps the most important for now, is to take care of our basketball teams and help them keep in good shape over the Christmas recess, for the coming basketball season opens only four days after the vacation. The chances for Buzz Tracy and the rest to break training over the holidays will be many and numerous. But if you can make them remember that their basketball season starts soon after their return to school, and that they should try to keep in as good shape as possible, the student body will be thankful.

Soon after the basketball season starts, Kris, final examinations start also. Tell the profs to take it kind of easy on the boys, and please make our athletes hit the books. An ineligible athlete isn't doing himself or his team any good. The boys, however, are putting a lot of time attempting to bring honor to their school via athletics. You know that this takes up a lot of extra time, and we know that the boys would appreciate it if the profs would take this into consideration.

Not in the too far distant future, Mr. Santa Claus, the winter athletic season will be in full swing. How about dropping a successful season in our athletic stocking, of which Ted Curtis, our Faculty Manager of Athletics, is the caretaker. There's nothing that does the spirit of the school so much good as to have winning teams. Give the boys the courage, fight, and determination that it takes to win ball games and meets. Just look back a ways to the Bowdoin game—it wasn't physical strength that won that encounter, it was mostly that never-failing spirit and determination to win. As long as we have fighting teams we'll have good teams. Have the fellows remember that when the chips are down.

The same thing goes for the student body. If we've got a lot of spirit, somehow or other that spirit is bound to get to the teams. Another thing, if we do happen to get beaten, give some of your understanding so we won't be too quick to criticize. It's awfully easy to criticize a beaten individual when he's down.

We've heard a lot of rumors about our having a student Union—a place for recreation for the students, and also a place to house members of visiting teams. It's a wonderful idea, Santa. The University needs one. We realize that we need a lot of other things, and gradually we're getting them. If you could make those rumors and dreams a reality we'll... you see it's so wonderful we're speechless.

Things 'n stuff we'd like... New glass backboards for basketball games... The cheerleaders to keep on their toes during the basketball season... A monster rally for the benefit of the winter athletic teams... Our swell band to keep up with their originality... Sam Sezak, the new frosh basketball coach, to start his stay at Maine with a slam bang season... The freshman athletic teams to continue through this year and through their remaining years at the University with as much success as they've had thus far... Snow for the winter sports team... Ted Curtis' winter sports team to start right where they left off... A lot of chatter coming from the players' benches... To surprise R. I. and N. E. by upsetting the Keaneysmen... Don Smith to go on breaking records... An invitation for the hammer throwing team, Lefty Bennett and Stan Johnson, to participate in the Olympics—when and if... Strong support for the track teams (no less an authority than Don Smith said that nothing can help a runner as much as knowing that the students are right behind him)... The athletes to remember Confucius probably saying, "Athletes who break training will soon be begging for another chance."

Finally, Santa, and this is not only for us, see if you can stop or at least shorten that war in Europe. If they're so foolish as to want to keep on fighting, keep it 'till over there. We'd rather do our fighting on the gridiron or the basketball court.

Very truly yours,
The Student Body

P. S. Most important, have God bless our University—this is a wonderful place and there's a swell bunch of people around here—even the profs.

The Amazon

By Corrine Comstock

Plans for the coming Penny Carnival are to be discussed at a meeting of W.A.A. Wednesday, December 13. Dorothy Phair, as social chairman of the organization is taking charge of the arrangements.

Peace is the new patriotism.

Jerry wishes you
a Merry Xmas and a
Very Happy New Year
**JERRY'S
RADIO HOSPITAL**

MOC Hike Held At Fitts Pond

The Maine Outing Club held its second hike the 25th and 26th of November at Fitts Pond.

The chaperones were Miss Eileen Cassidy and Mr. Pierce. Those in charge of the hike were Ruth White, Albert Bahrt, and John FitzPatrick.

Others making the trip included: June Phelps, Donald Wheeler, Josephine Blake, Georgia Fides, Frank Mudget, Daniel Roberts, Lois Savage, Elizabeth Grady, Gordon Blanchard, Frances Girard, Mary Moynihan, Florence Cross, Thomas Steeper, Nicolas Wenesla, Charles Benjamin, Doris Dixon, Margaret Steinmetz, Rudolph Haffner, Ruth Worcester, Joanne Evans, and Margaret Pearson.

Best Holiday Wishes
Lillian's Beauty Shop
46 Main St.

Many Wishes for a Merry Xmas
and a Happy New Year
SPRUCE'S LOG LODGE

DODGE CLOTHES
SUITS \$16.75 REVERSIBLES
TOPCOATS TUXEDOS
89 Main St., Bangor, Me.

Kenyon Emphasizes Speed As Varsity Basketballers Drill For Season Opener

Tennis Finals To Be Played Wednesday

The climax of the fall tennis season will be the finals in the annual doubles tournament. This match, to be held in the Memorial Gym on Wednesday, December 13, at 7:30 p.m., will conclude the slow-moving tournament in which play has been hampered considerably by early cold weather and the conflicting schedules of the doubles partners.

Four doubles teams entered into the semi-finals last week. These men combined an ability to win points and an ability to shake away the early morning blues, for all matches were held at 6 a.m. in the gym.

Although the favorite freshman team, Pratt and Pinanski, was defeated, two other freshman teams carried off victories to uphold the class of '43. Ingalls and Tooley defeated Watson and Lufkin (6-0) (6-2) for one victory, and Peckham and Southard were victorious over Svedeman and DeShon (6-2) (6-2) for the other.

Two upperclass teams came through to accompany the freshmen in the semi-finals. The veteran varsity combination of Hamilton and Crockett defeated Farrar and LaBarge (6-4) (2-6) (6-3), while Guard and Chandler overcame Pratt and Pinanski (4-6) (6-4) (6-1).

The semi-final matches were scheduled for Tuesday of this week. In the upper bracket Hamilton and Crockett were favored to top the freshman combination of Peckham and Southard. In the lower bracket Guard, the number one freshman of last year, and Chandler faced Ingalls and Tooley.

Frosh Squad Shaping Up For Opener

The freshman basketball team continued its practice all this week in preparation for the opener with John Baptist High on January 6. Both teams "A" and "B" show exceptional promise, and Coach Sezak is as yet undecided just which group will start.

The forward, center, and guard positions on the former team will, it seems at present, be filled by Ken Wright, former Hebron Academy standout, Dick McKee from Higgins Classical Institute, center Chet Savas from Winslow, Gene Hussey from Parsonfield Seminary, and Cliff Nickerson of Bath, guards. Milt Weinstein, of Bangor, Joe Adler, of Sanford, Lloyd Quint, of Deering, Lowell Ward, from Higgins, and Maurice Geneva, of South Portland, are the probable Team "B" members. Other players on the squad, which has been cut from 65 men to the present 30, include Pinanski, Lutes, Pratt, Edelstein, Hine, Fogler, Fagerlund, Irman, Adams, and Hamblin.

The team this year is a smaller one than the usual frosh outfit. There are, in fact, only two or three six-footers. Speed, then, will be the keynote of the club's offense and defense.

Each man is being trained to be able to play any of the positions on the team, making the entire team a more capable one. Coach Sezak's method centers mainly around the strengthening of combinations of players, which means that freshman games this season will be played with groups of five men, each lot replacing the other intact—five-man substitution. The success of this concentration of the players' endurance to defeat the opponents depends wholly on the physical condition of the team. This point cannot be stressed too much, for without the physical fitness of each man on the squad, the team cannot expect to be a victorious one.

According to Coach Sam Sezak: "The team looks rough now, but after

Varsity Track Squad Shows Much Promise

With the Christmas vacation on hand, there will be a lull in the practice sessions of the University of Maine track team. Upon its return from the holidays, Coach Jenkins will attempt to whip the team into shape for the B.A.A. relays at Boston early in February.

In the Sophomore-Freshman meet Saturday, one thing was brought home—the possibilities of the Sophomores strengthening the Varsity in the weights and pole vault. Herb Johnson, in this meet, proved himself a strong contender for a varsity berth in the discus throw. Last Saturday he threw the discus within a foot of the established University record. This is certainly heartening for the coach, because Johnson will add greatly to the strength of the team. Herb shows promise in the javelin.

Last year Coach Jenkins predicted that Gilman, Graham, Johnson, and Ingraham would be the ones of most value out of the Freshman class to the varsity squad. This prediction has come true, so far, with these men specializing in the hurdles, vaults, discus and javelin, and distance running respectively. Another man is Swett, but his participation in track events this year hangs on his eligibility. The reports are that he is going all right, and this is promising because of his value as a sprinter.

In the last few years the principal weakness of the Maine team has been a dearth of dash men. There has not been one that could even be called a good high-school runner. Without good dash men a team is almost out of the picture.

One weakness in the coming B.A.A. meet is the lack of experience the team has had in board running, but despite this and other weaknesses Coach Jenkins feels that the team will put up a real tough battle.

Students Gather For Carol Sing

The annual Xmas sing was held Tuesday night at the home of President and Mrs. Arthur A. Hauck. The program was directed by Prof. Adelbert W. Sprague, and arranged by Mr. Albion Beverage.

The program was as follows:
Joy to the World Arr. by Handel
Oh Little Town of Bethlehem Redner
Carolers

Adoration Borowski
Violin Solo—Adoration Borowski
Phyllis Brown, accompanist
Booth Leavitt, '42
Meditation—Goodwill Toward Men
Philmore Wass, '40

The First Noel Carolers
Reading—The Master Is Coming
Barbara Farnham, '42

Holy Night Gruber
Oh Come All Ye Faithful Portuguese
Carolers

The Women's Athletic Department suggests that girls bring back skis and other winter sports equipment after the Christmas recess.

Upperclass women who want to referee tournament basketball games should attend some practice scrimmages.

The ten "depression classes" of 1930-1939 at Stevens Institute of Technology are 96 per cent employed.

A few games definite improvement can be expected." And these few games will be tough ones, for a schedule which includes games with Hebron Academy, Kents Hill School, and John Baptist High holds in store no walk-away contests.

Meet Bates College at Orono

Speed and more speed is the byword of the varsity basketball team in preparation for their opening game with Bates College on January 6. "This emphasis on speed is especially important," said Coach Kenyon, "to make up for what we lack in height."

Bates College will have a decided advantage in their encounter with the Pale Blue by virtue of having many experienced men left over from last year, plus the fact that they already have played several games.

The nucleus of the Bates team is made up of several of their football stars. One of them, Harry Gorman, whose pass interception defeated Maine on the gridiron, will undoubtedly be a marked man. Others who will be hearing watches are Webster, a six-foot-two center, Art Bellevue, Norm Tardiff, and Vic Stover.

The starting Maine team will probably find Buzz Tracy and Harv Whitten as the forwards; Phil Curtis center; Chick Wilson and Charlie Arbor, guards. Wilson and Arbor were regulars on last year's team, and the others saw a lot of service.

Although Tracy and Whitten are not very tall, they cover plenty of territory on the basketball court. Tracy is the more spectacular player of the two. His constant chatter is a source of inspiration to the team, and he backs up his chatter with fight. Whitten, on the other hand, is a steady type of player—always in the middle of things, so to speak.

Curtis, at center, has shown sparks of greatness in his play. He moves around on the floor at a rapid pace, and his height will be especially needed.

Both Arbor and Wilson played good enough ball last year to be members of several all-state selections. This year both are expected to start where they left off. Both are quite speedy and especially aggressive. Arbor specializes in defense, while Wilson is well adapted to shooting long shots.

Several sophomores have shown promise and may break into the starting combination. Parker Small, Gene Leger, and Ike Downs only lack experience before becoming real varsity players. Since the present type of collegiate basketball forces a coach to use from ten to fifteen players a game, these men have been receiving much attention from Coach Kenyon.

Other veteran varsity material who should make a well-rounded varsity squad are: Fred Johnston, Ben Ela, and Mac Roberts, guards; Roger Stearns and Phil Soderquist, forwards; and Rheinlander, center.

German Club Gives Nativity Play Sun.

Deutscher Verein presented the nativity play, "Der Stern von Bethlehem," at the Little Theatre, Sunday evening, December 10, 1939.

The characters were as follows: Rudolph Haffner, as Josef; Alvalene Pierson, as Maria; Byron Whitney, as Kuno; Juliet Spangler, as Steffi; Hope Jackson, as Wirtin; Robert McDonald, as Stofte; Merle Wing, as Andreas; Paul Beegel, as Matthias; Norma Sylvester, as Hirtenbube; June Bridges as Englein; and Joan McAllister, as Englein.

Mr. William J. Cupp, of Bangor, was the director of the choir, which sang various traditional carols as a part of the play. Mrs. J. F. Klein played the organ for the choir, which was composed of: June Bridges, Joan McAllister, Helma Ebbeson, and Edith McIntire.

Mr. William Weatherbee assisted with the staging of the play. Nathaniel Doten served as electrician.

Keep America out of War.

Thank you for your patronage

Heartiest wishes for a
Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year

SAM AMES

SPORTLAND BOWLING ALLEY

Mill St.

Orono, Me.

SOCIETY

TRI DELTA RUSHING PARTY

Delta Delta Delta sorority held its formal rushing party Wednesday evening, December 6, at the Y.W.C.A. in Bangor. The dinner was followed by a program and scavenger hunt.

Freshmen attending were: Barbara Bean, Dorothy Bradbury, Mary Chapman, Margaret Church, Gladys Clark, Winona Cole, Phyllis Danforth, Helen Deering, Frances Donovan, Marion Fairchild, Iva Henry, Eleanor Johnson, Rita Johnston, Marcia McCarthy, Ruth McKay, Jean Mack, Mary Moynihan, Helen Mullen, Jean Patten, Patricia Ramsdell, Elizabeth Price, Joanne Solie, Mary Springer, Ruth Wilson, Nancy Wright, Rachel Alden, Lois Savage, Katherine Ingalls, Phyllis Smart, Catherine Ward.

A O PI RUSHING PARTY

Alpha Omicron Pi held its formal rushing party, December 11, at the White House Inn in Milford. Those attending were: Barbara Bean, Eugenia Berry, Florence Cross, Charlotte Morrison, Phyllis Bryant, Phyllis Danforth, Frances Donovan, Mary Hempstead, Iva Henry, Rita Johnston, Jean Kimball, Marcia McCarthy, Dorothy MacLeod, Jean Mack, Mary Moynihan, Shirley Roberts, Marie Rourke, Joanne Solie, Mary Springer, Rita Wilcox, Mary Lovely, Katherine Ingalls, Elaine Snow, Carol Fasset, and Robertine Theriault.

PI BETA PHI RUSHING PARTY

Pi Beta Phi held its formal rushing party in the form of a luncheon, December 10, at the White House Inn in Milford. Freshmen and transfers attending were: Irma Brown, Virginia Conant, Jane Given, Louise Hoyt, Mary Lovely, Victoria MacKenzie, Ruth McKay, Martha Page, Harriet Perro, Lois Savage, Mary Tarr, Bernice Thompson, Lois White, Nellie Whitney, Elizabeth Grady, Dorothy Willard, Elaine Snow, Lois Stinson, Miriam Holden, Ruth Briggs, Ada Towle, and Henrietta Austin.

Files Named Head Of Phi Kappa Sig

Maynard Files was elected president of Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity at a meeting held Monday evening, December 11.

R. Dyer Higgins was elected vice president; Stephen Gross, 2nd vice president; Harold Wheeler, 1st; Roy Raymond, chairman of house committee; Foyd Jackson, senior house member; George Chase, secretary; Chester Colley and Robert Bowser, thetas.

Patronize Our Advertisers

CHI OMEGA RUSHING PARTY

Chi Omega gave its formal rushing party Sunday evening, December 10, at the Penobscot Country Club, Orono. The program was a Major Chi O broadcast presented by the members of the sorority, directed by Mavis Creamer.

Those attending were as follows: Rebecca Gould, Helen Deering, Frances Donovan, Mary Hempstead, Jean Patten, Nancy Wright, Mary Minot, Jean Mack, Eugenia Berry, Mary Chapman, Margaret Church, Frieda Flanders, Ruth Wilcox, Catherine Ward, Katherine Ingalls, Dorothy MacLeod, Alice Stellings, Joyce Ramsay, Dorothy Bradbury, Rita Johnston, Helen Mullen, Florence Cross, Iva Henry, Harriet Furbish, Joanne Solie, Marion Fairchild, Gladys Clark, and Mary Parkhurst.

UNIVERSITY SONGS (Continued from Page One)

But of the earth and all her fruit,
To get a store of knowledge.
"And when we've found out how to grow

The rich and luscious Pumpkins,
We'll take our sheepskin home with us,
And shine among the bumpkins."

We will serenade the Chem department with this— H_2SO_4 on $KClO_3$.
"Here goes again," cried out the lad,
"With concentrated acid."

His face was calm,
His features had a calmness simply placid.

The $KClO_3$ he takes,
The quantity increases;
He pours on H_2SO_4 —
They picked him up in pieces."

The title is "I Doubt It," and so do we.

"If her willing red lips do challenge a kiss,
Irresistible something about it;
Does your puritan soul put away the sweet bliss

Well, maybe you do, but I doubt it."
Many a Dormitory Miss has sighed over this—"Nothing—But Another Girl."

"She had asked to have a caller,
For a "Friend" had come to town.
"Is there anything between you?"
Asked the matron, with a frown;
And the maiden paused a moment,
For her head was in a whirl,
But she answered quite demurely,

Manager and clerks of
Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.
MILL ST., ORONO
Wish you a Merry Xmas
and a Happy New Year

ASHWORTH ELECTED (Continued from Page One)

The officers stood at "Present Saber" as the ceremony ended with the playing of the "Stein Song."

Center of attention all evening were the five girls who were chosen from the junior class to be candidates for the office. They were Barbara Ashworth, Pauline Cushing, Elizabeth McAlary, Anna Verrill, and Helen Wormwood.

Miss Ashworth wore a white gown of frothy net woven throughout with a small metallic thread. Touches of color were supplied by the red rose at her throat and a red bow in her hair. She wore an evening wrap of white lapin fur.

Miss Cushing provided a contrast with her black net dress relieved by white ribbon on the skirt. Her evening wrap was of black velvet with a white hood.

Miss McAlary's gown was a silver-blue lamé, cut low with a full skirt. Her red roses were effective against this background. She wore a blue evening wrap with a white hood.

Miss Verrill provided a colorful note with her gown of red crepe with its fairly high neckline and short sleeves. Her gold and rhinestone

"Nothing but another Girl!"

We wonder if the Y.M. boys still sing the "Maine Y.M.C.A. Song."

"Give us a barrel of whiskey and sugar one hundred pounds,

The chapel bell to mix it in, and the clapper to stir it round.

We'll sit on the steps of Fernald Hall and to the people say,

"To L with classes and the Maine Y.M.C.A." "

Joseph Myers of
Myers' Grocery Store

extends to you a wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Photo Club Members Hear Fred Chandler

A meeting of the Photo Club was held in Aubert Hall on Monday, December 11, at 7:30 o'clock.

The speaker for the evening was Mr. Frederick Chandler, assisted by Mr. Frederick Martin of the chemistry department, who gave criticism of prints, spoke on the subject of composition. A discussion followed in which the club members participated.

accessories supplemented her gown. She wore a fur wrap.

Miss Wormwood appeared in white satin, square cut at the neck, with a rhinestone-studded bodice and a full skirt. Her corsage of gardenias completed the illusion of white. She wore an evening wrap of black velvet with a standing collar.

The chaperons for the dance were Major and Mrs. H. L. Henkle, Captain and Mrs. G. J. Loupret. Patrons and patronesses were: President and Mrs. Arthur Hauck; Colonel and Mrs. R. K. Alcott; and Dean Edith C. Wilson.

The committee in charge of arrangements consisted of: James Fitzpatrick, Leon Breton, Roger Cotting, Maynard Files, and Robert Montgomery.

Music for the dancing from 9:00 p.m. to 2:00 a.m. was provided by Tommy Reynolds and his orchestra.

PHI KAPPA SIGMA INFORMAL

Phi Kappa Sigma held its Christmas Informal last Saturday evening. Music was furnished by Watie Akins and his orchestra. Chaperons were: Mrs. Albert Bonenfant, Captain and Mrs. George Loupret, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Wallace.

Those present were: John Lewis, Lucille Clark; Donald Goodchild, Helen Martin; Thomas Fairchild, Rowena Fairchild; Dyer Higgins, Ruth Beal; Wilbur W. Cuzner, Sybil Higgins; Warren Randall, Honorine Hadley; Elmer Dennis, Alice Jensen; Norman Marriner, Anita Fournier; Carl R. Brown, Cecilia Dougherty; Donald Weston, Frances Andrews; Stephen Gross, Eleanor Dougherty; Mr. and Mrs. Joel W. Marsh; Sherman Smith, Doris Braden; John Marsden, Jr., Isabelle Garvin; Maynard Files, Elizabeth Emery; Floyd Jackson, Frances Bickford; Donald Smith, Glenna Johnson; Howard Erhlichbach, Natalie Smith; Harold Jordan, Emily Hopkins; Roy Raymond, Joyce Ramsay; Richard Cranch, Edith Jacobs; Donald Blaisdell, Julia Warren; Jordan Monahan, Barbara Gowen; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert K. Miller; Parker Small, Hilda Rowe; Kempton Adams, Madeline Smart.

Watches Jewelry
Round's Jewelry Store
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Expert Watch Repairing
Sheaffer Pens
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Merry Christmas To Our Many Friends

The Christmas Season offers us the opportunity of thanking you for our pleasant associations of the past year, and to extend to you our sincere wishes that the year 1940 will bring you happiness and prosperity in full measure.

The Grace Shoppe

Margaret Jones Wins Scholarship

Margaret Jones '41, has been awarded the Merrill Palmer scholarship for the spring semester, it was announced recently by Dean Arthur L. Deering. The Merrill Palmer school is organized for specialized work in home making. Graduates and undergraduates of colleges all over the country are accepted there on recommendation. The award is based upon interest in child development and scholastic rating.

Mary Ellen Buck '40, is representing the University of Maine at the school at present.

More than one-fourth of the University of Arkansas student body are relatives of graduates or former students of that institution. (A.C.P.)

Patronize Our Advertisers

Mrs. A. M. Turner Discusses New Books at Women's Forum

A meeting of the Women's Forum was held on Wednesday afternoon, December 6, at Balentine sunparlors. Mrs. Albert M. Turner spoke on new books. Tea was served.

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Day's

Importers of fine diamonds
Full line of nationally
advertised watches on
time payments
No interest or carrying charge
Merry Christmas

PARKS' HARDWARE & VARIETY

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR

Virgie's University Shop

Thanks you for your patronage and wishes you
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Ann Sheridan
STARRED IN "YEARS WITHOUT DAYS"
A Warner Bros. Picture
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A Welcome Gift

One of the most attractive Christmas packages—see it in the stores and order your Christmas Chesterfields now. Chesterfields, with their real mildness, better taste and delicious aroma, give real pleasure to anyone who smokes. You can't buy a better cigarette.

Christmas Chesterfields
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"BEN" of
HILLSON'S TAILOR SHOP
extends to you a sincere wish for a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year

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Wishes you
A MERRY XMAS AND A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR

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Wishes you a Merry Christmas and a Very Happy New Year

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SPREAD XMAS CHEER**
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The
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The Maine Campus

SPECIAL EDITION

ORONO, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1939

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

And Winter Comes

By Ruth Linnell

IT was four o'clock on a morning in late November. Anne opened the door of the farmhouse and hurried across the back porch, down the steps and across the dooryard to the well. It was cold and still. The ground was covered with frost. A rooster crowed now and again, but the sound seemed muffled, as if coming from a distance rather than from the nearby hen pens.

Anne shivered and lowered the empty pail far down into the well. It was still except for the creaking of the windlass and the banging of the aluminum bucket against the stone sides of the well. None of the animals were moving, for it was still dark. No one moved in the farmhouse either, for no one was there. Inside, the bedrooms were empty and chilly. In all the rooms except Anne's, the beds were smoothed and high, covered with heavy white bedspreads and with starched, ruffled shams over the pillows. Anne's bed was unmade. The covers were thrown back and there was a warm groove in the feather bed where Anne had lain not long ago.

Anne drew the pail up, full to the brim, and walked toward the house. She was a slight figure, bent to one side carrying the heavy pail. She had on faded blue overalls almost white at the knees, and a shabby grey sweater fastened at the throat with a safety pin. Her hair was grey and her hands the color of leather.

Some water slopped from the pail and on her feet. It slopped again until the pail was no longer too full. The water made her feet damp and chilly.

The kitchen was cold and smelled of kerosene, woodsmoke, and freshly ground coffee. She set the pail on a dresser in the sinkroom and filled the teakettle with a dipper. She was not lonesome eating her breakfast by lamplight there in the farmhouse with the empty bedrooms above her. The kitchen grew warmer and the smell of the coffee and bacon was substantial and assuring.

It had been this way for months since Enoch, her father, died. It was easier this way, without him. And he had wanted to die. The release had been long in coming. The work was no harder without him. His going had made little difference in that respect. For he had been an old man, unable to work, sitting in the kitchen rocker by the window with his pipe, lonesome for his wife and his friends. He had never had a good disposition, but those last years had seemed unbearable for her.

The farm was hers now—the brown fields, the plowed land lying covered with frost ready for spring and the living seed, the woodlot and the pasture land. The farm was hers to live on until she died—alone in the long, white farmhouse with its stone wall, its dahlia beds in the yard, and its rooms empty except for their furniture and papered walls and curtained windows.

Years ago she had worked for a time in Auburn and had married there. Her husband had died soon. She came home with her baby son and worked there on the farm. The boy grew quickly. It seemed only a few years that it took him to grow up and marry. She was still comparatively a young woman when he left to buy a home of his own.

Anne never particularly liked his wife. She was a thin, nervous girl, an inefficient housekeeper. They came to see her sometimes on Sunday afternoons and took her riding or sat in the kitchen talking, until dusk came and she got up to light the lamps. Whenever she went riding with them she made them bring her home in time to do the milking.

Norman always said, "But Mother, why can't you get one of the Nelson fellows to tend to it! Come up and visit us for awhile!" She refused. She was not lonesome, she told him, and the work must be done.

When Enoch died her friends and relatives urged her to leave the farm or at least to have someone stay with her. "Why no," she said, "I won't leave it here. Why should I? I have good neighbors and Norman"

(Continued on Page Eight)

Christmas 1939

By Literary Editor

HOW bitter-sweet this Christmas Eve does come!

Below us in the square the carolers sing,
Whose tattered mitts half cover fingers numb,
And voices soft cherubic chorales bring.
Quick, to the pane, to watch them pass our door,
In glittering whirlpools of the wind and snow;
For living, hallowed beams their lanterns pour
Upon the shovelled pavements where they go.
They're singing now of brotherhood and love
(Your gift my love, I bound in lacquered red),
And of the blue-white frozen star above
(Winking, blinking o'er your perfect head),
And when they've softly rendered "Silent Night"

We'll sit on cushions by the fire-light.

On soft down-cushions by the fire-light
And listen to their bells as off they go,
Then we can talk of things both wrong and right,
(How sweet your kiss beneath the mistletoe!)
Of little men who use tremendous tones,
Pied pipers swarming boys into Death's throes
Of cries—of breaking hearts—of Beauty's bones,
Of friends, dear friends who overnight turned foes.

Can you hear their muddy boots thud—thud
Across frontiers whose bounds they never knew?
Can you sense their shudders at the blood
That they (poor fools) in their first slaughter drew?

'Tis Christmas, let us pause a while my dear
To realize they are there and we are here.

Kenneth Roberts, Journalist, Historian

By Elnora Savage

This appreciation of the work of Kenneth Roberts received the prize given by the English Department for the best critical essay written by English majors in the senior year. The extensive reading for this exercise is done in the preceding summer, but the actual writing of the criticism is done in a space of three hours.

EVER as a newspaper writer, Kenneth Roberts was always sifting a grain of fact from a bushel of chaff." Thus says Ben Ames Williams of his good friend Kenneth Roberts, and I choose to quote him because, be it as a journalist, an historian, a novelist or an essayist, that is the first great, outstanding characteristic of Kenneth Roberts.

As a journalist, Mr. Roberts produced articles containing that same high explosive quality which makes his novels so vital, alive, and vivid. His indignation at stupidity and short-sightedness and sham, his inability to be deceived by surfaces, his intensity—growing at times almost to the point of profanity (although at other times he could be the least offensive of men)—gave to his writing a zest which made a name for him. So clearly, so logically, so accurately was his material presented that he was able to accomplish his purpose, and to get results. For example, his articles on American Immigration were probably very influential

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No More Sea PART I

By George Bell

A FELLOW may plan a thing out, like his life, so's he thinks he has the situation full and by, but he never knows when he's going to get fetched up with a round-turn. Now take me. All my life up until now I've been a sailor at heart and by practice. The earliest thing I can remember was coming into New York with father on the "Lydia Gray" when I was only about six years old; how I remember so well, I cried like a baby when we fetched Brooklyn Bridge in the offing, because I was afraid that the bridge was so low that it would pull the sticks out of the schooner. Father tried to tell me that it would grow high as we drew handier, but I cried just the same, so he sent me into the after-cabin with my mother and sister, saying that I wasn't man enough to be on deck.

And when I went to high school, I used to get so lonesome for the smell of salt, the feel of water-pitch, and the calls of the gulls, that my heart, and whatever other gear makes up a fellow's chest, got all tight, and I just wished the time away until summer, and then father and I would go coasting. Father kept saying that the schooling was good for me, and that I never would regret it, for the sea wasn't what it used to be, and all the jobs were petering out. Well, I hung on until I got through high school, just by the grace of God and Aunt Hannah pounding Latin, English, History, and the like into my head, and then I swore I'd never go to school again. I was free to follow the life of a sailor.

I had a long talk with father, and he didn't think much of the idea, but at last he said that there was salt in my blood, and if I wanted to follow the sea, that was my business—it was all right with him.

That summer we went coasting, and one afternoon, late in July, it breezed up considerable, and the first thing we knew, we were aground on Fort Point. Father was at the wheel at the time, but it wasn't his fault, for we had a lee shore, and the wind was too stiff to make it practical to jibe for fear of snapping a mast. Father just figured wrong.

We stove the living daylights out of her, and the next morning we had the "Walter Ross" tow us to Castine for repairs. We had the devil's own time then, for father did not have any ready cash at the moment, so he put a mortgage on the "Lydia." I had some money that my grandfather left me, but father said that he would not hear of using it, for I could not have it until I was twenty-one—unless I used it to go to college, and this was not that.

The schooner would be out of the water for some time, so it was decided that I go to work to help pay for the repairs. Dave, my youngest brother, would come to stay with father and help work the schooner up until school started for him.

I tried to find a job, but it was hard work. I only wanted it until Dave went back to school, which was about five weeks, so that was too short a time to go fishing or sign on for a deep-water voyage. Besides, I wanted to be close to the "Lydia" and father. Well, I finally got a job with my great-uncle Rufus who lived at Kinley, Maine. It's only five miles out of Bucksport, but it might just as well be five hundred, because it is awfully countrified. If you should ever want to get to it, just go so:

Do you know the road that goes out past the burying-ground with the woman's leg on the tombstone? Well, follow that road out until you come to Ned Harken's place. It's easy to tell, for his wife makes her underpants out of flour bags, and she usually has a pair on the clothesline. Then go down the road until you get to the forks. Then take the right-hand one, and you'll be in Kinley soon. It is a small place with only about a hundred able hands, all counted. I never saw so many old people in my life. But that doesn't have anything to do with the

(Continued on Page Six)

Metamorphosis

By Natalie Hood

THERE was a lobsterman lived down
Along the shore in Harpswell town.
A wizzled, ugly little man
With wind-dug face of cow-hide tan.
And all the grown-ups called him "Frank."
And all the kids would whisper, "Crank."

Because he was so much alone,
His face was solemn as a stone.
His chin came up to meet his nose
In regulation witch's pose.
I always was afraid to see
Him coming down the path by me
To get his float. He'd stand
And pull the ropes till on the sand
The little boat would grind and rock,
And he'd go flying down the dock
Like some small, sour-faced hustling demon
God had made into a seaman.
Then he'd row the dancing float
Out to get his motor-boat.
A splutter and a bang, and he
Would disappear across the sea.

One day, forced on by some strange whim,
I asked if I could go with him.
He turned, and peering down at me,
Snapped, "Kids like you can't go to sea."
I shook, but stayed, and begged him, "Please,"
Although I knew I shouldn't tease.
He grunted, turned to go, and scowled,
Then looked around at me and growled,
"Well, come along."

So all that month we'd go to sea
And haul the traps, just Frank and me.
The neighbors were surprised to find
That when he went, I was behind.
And now when Frank rows toward the beach
Half a dozen children reach
To drag his dory safely in,
And I sit on the rocks and grin,
And say, "Hi, Frank," and he grins back
And off he goes with all his pack.

There is a lobsterman lives down
Along the shore in Harpswell town.
A wizzled, ugly little man
With wind-dug face of cow-hide tan.
And sometimes grown-ups call him "Crank."
But all the kids say, "Uncle Frank."

Where Children Played

By Sally Linnell

I HAVE gone back once more,
Once more have sought and found
The grey barn, a staunchness
Its shadow on the ground.

I have knelt in the hay there
Tired, a child again,
Leaned against the rafters
Felt as I felt then.

Grim and grey, the old barn
Leans to one side,
Laughter has left her
Spiders confide.

Runaways

By Edward Oppenheim

HE sat down on the fence and he took his shoes
off. They were big high-ankled shoes with knot-
ty laces and run-down heels. He dropped the
shoes to the road and reached in his pocket for tobacco
and papers. His left foot pushed off the heelless and
toeless stocking on his right foot, and then his right
foot pushed off the tattered stocking on his left foot.
The stockings fell beside the shoes in the dust of the
road.

He rolled the tobacco back and forth in the paper
and then with a deft and practiced upward motion of
his thumbs he rolled the cigarette, stroked it into
smoothness, dangled it from his lips, struck a match
on his thumbnail and lit the cigarette. He took a long
drag and inhaled deeply. Gray smoke crawled out
between lips that were black and parched. He belched
and the smoke came out in a cloud.

He wore one-piece overalls, like those of a grease
man at a service station. They were new overalls,
clean except for the dust on the turned-up cuffs.

The road was brown and still, and the woods
around him were black and still. Everything was still;
only the little brook that ran beside the fence inter-
rupted the silence. It slish-sloshed over the straggling
spear-grass that lined the hollow through which it
flowed. And then there was a darning-needle that
zzz-ed around the man's head, but only for a moment,
and zzz-ed away.

The man's eyes were dull and blue; his lips were
thick—big parched lips; his nose was short and flat,
pugged; his hair was thin and fuzzy. He had a barrel-
chest and wide hips and short legs, and his neck was
short too—not a bull-neck, though. A solid-looking
man.

A muffled roaring arose in the distance and the
trees around carried and intensified the sound. The
man cocked his head sideways, scratched the heel of
one foot with the big toe of the other, and listened. It
was a car, coming fast. The roaring increased, then
diminished, then increased again. He knew that the
car had just gone down the dip on the last hill.

The car shrieked into sight, a green "39" Plymouth,
a roadster. The hitch-hiker raised his thumb but
remained seated on the fence. Brakes screamed and
hot tires screeched on the pebbly surface of the road.
Dust rose behind the car. It stopped and then re-
versed and stopped again before the man who had now
left his roadside seat and was standing. The car had
New York plates.

The driver was a woman. She was alone. She
rolled down the window and poked her head out and
asked, "Is there any drinking water around here?"
She was a young woman, not more than thirty at the
most. Her lips were sensual and too red with rouge
and her eyebrows were heavily mascaraed and her
high cheeks were pallid without need for powder.

"I guess the brook down by the fence here"—and
he raised a dirty index finger to point it out—"is OK,
lady."

The woman swung the car half off the road into
the shallow gutter and stepped out. Pretty well-built
and not too bad all-around, more like Chicago than
Maine, thought the man. "I'm going to have lunch
here. Will you join me?" And so saying she opened
the tonneau of the car and lifted out a large wicker
basket. She set the basket on the ground and from
it took a triangular white tablecloth which she spread
on the grass by the brook.

The hitch-hiker leaned back against the fence and
resumed his interrupted task of scratching the left
heel with the big toe of the right foot, and then he gave
alternate and equal care to each heel. "I ain't asking
for nothing but a ride, lady," this, bluntly.

"How far are you going?"

"Presque Isle, lady."

"And how far is that from here?"

"About fifty miles, I should judge, lady."

Then, half-lightly and half-scoldingly, "Please don't
call me 'lady.' My name is Luetta, but everyone calls
me Louie, so I guess you can call me Louie. And
please do have a bite to eat."

The man scowled. "What business you got out
here anyway?"

"Business?"

(Continued on Page Five)

Coast People

By Jean Boyle

THEY live in quiet—guarding close their
speech

Knowing the ocean as they do the sky;
Talking about the fishing boats come home,
Watching, at noon, the Boston Boat go by.
There's nothing down there at the dock to tell
Of schooners, white, with free and darting
grace;

Of clippers come afar from China seas;
Of foreign crews, whose clamor filled the place.
But in their eyes still gleams this heritage—
Theirs as a gift from generations gone—
The men—to see far lands beneath the sun;
The women-folk—a sail against the dawn.

Obtaining Directions

By Clark Thurston

IS this the way to Caribou?
I asked of farmer Brown.
He answered, coming to my car:
"It's twenty miles to town."

"Turn right at Joseph's gen'ral store,
An' left at Ephraim's mill,
Then foller down the Atkins Road
As fur as Rocky Hill."

"Keep straight at Hubbard's maple grove,
Where Dan'el's boilin' sap . . ."
"Thank you," I said, then to my wife:
"Jeannette, dig out the map."

Poem

By Hope Jackman

MOON in the river:
Silver coins and darkness.
Who plans the budget of the moon?

Make Beauty

By John French

OH, you people, make beauty, or be beauty,
or seek beauty, for who dares to harm
beauty? Make beauty, you people,
as the silk-worm makes his
covering, makes it from spewed
silk. Make beauty, you people,
for who dares to harm the silkworm
in his cocoon?

Make beauty in your youth like the
child who is like sunlight, for who
is there who dares to spit out the fire
that warms him?

And when you emerge proudly you are
like gun-blue hills in the cold proud
distance. And who can conquer the hills
except flowers waving in the sun-breathed
air?

Make beauty, you people, or thief it,
and remain cursed by the God of life, and
life itself, and all the bees of life's
honey-seeking.

Beauty is a stretched, taut fabric, and it
cracks in sighs of chest-pain.

Beauty is on the wings of ducks in the sunlight
and on a lonely pond.

Tomorrow's Germans

By Margaret Heaton

WHEN Germany adopted her present militaristic policy, she practically destroyed the higher elements of her culture and made it an almost impossible task for the future citizens of Germany to regain that former level of civilization. She sacrificed science, art, and music to brutality and war, and entrusted the future to providence.

In the past, the German people have been given credit and justly, for their profound scientific knowledge and insight. Today if a German scientist made a revolutionary discovery, unless it were an advance in the field of war machinery, he would not dare to announce it. Those who know too much are feared, and those who are feared find a peace in the fantastic concentration camps and other scenes of torture. Education now means only an increased capacity for suffering. Those who obey in blind ignorance cannot feel such bitterness as those who know how utterly deplorable their situation is and how futile is any rebellion against it. Higher education is practically non-existent; the militaristic regime takes care to leave no time for cultural pursuits.

This system of military training for all Germans, from babyhood to old age, seems nothing more than a throwback to some savage era. The German people are learning brutality consciously and deliberately—not the brutality of necessity but an organized and directed attitude that considers war the ideal solution to every problem.

The generation that knew the fallacy of such a policy is fast disappearing; the young people of today know only the doctrines of war and hatred that have been instilled in them from kindergarten age. A child who grows up surrounded by the machines of war and takes his first steps to the accompaniment of drums and bugles has no knowledge of any existing philosophy of life except a warlike one and he has a fierce loyalty to that policy which to him is right natural, and good. Very few rays of truth filter through the closely woven net of propaganda surrounding him. By making the young people believe that military life is the only life there is, the German government prevents any possible dissatisfaction with the exacting routine which confines them.

What most concerns us, in our relatively remote position is the consideration of the kind of individuals who will finally result from this process of regimentation. With their intelligence stifled as far as possible, they will be in no position to initiate the cultural reconstruction that will be necessary to restore Germany to a level of civilization comparable with that of the rest of the world. For the present they will have no choice but war, for an entire nation trained in arms, with no other skills, will make war inevitable. Therefore, they will fight and very possibly they may conquer. But they won't as they hope to do, dominate the entire world for time will not permit. When the few distorted geniuses who now direct their moves are gone, together with the rest of their generation, they will be powerless, for their training is that of automatic obedience. Taught always not to think, this very quality which made them invaluable to their leaders will make them valueless when the leaders are gone. They will not even be able to fight, for they will lack the political knowledge necessary to decide whom to fight against and whom to form alliances with. They will be a nation of soldiers, a vast army without officers, without the power to think for themselves and with no one to think for them.

Will they sink into oblivion until in time they may regain some portion of their lost civilization? Or will the other nations of the world, aroused against the Germany of today, absorb it so completely tomorrow that there will never again be a German nation on the earth? The situation defies prediction. Suffice it to say that in submerging the keen intellectual powers of the German people beneath a tide of militarism, an entire generation has been deprived of the right to happiness and security.

Daffodils

By Hope Jackman

IT had always been that way. Hal remembered now,—why he'd hesitated when he came into the room. The daffodils. Those devil's telephones that had listened for him all through life; wanting to tell the Devil he was there, there for unhappiness. He'd realized a significance in those daffodils—the elderly woman whom he'd brought into dinner,—she'd looked at him queerly when he hesitated. Hell, he shook himself impatiently, why did women always try to ignore his hitching, uneven walk and his scarred face. She turned to him now.

"But really, Mr. Severance, you must have had an interesting boyhood, knowing all those Swedes and Poles there in and about the mill district. Are they as bad as people say?"

"My dear Mrs. Barker, they are among the gentlest people—if you only knew—"

Yes, if she only knew how that day he'd ridden crazily up and down the daffodil lined paths of the park in front of the mill; if any of them knew how he had come shooting out of the path onto the boulevard; if only they could feel over and over as he did, their faces shoved along on macadam, feel the wrenching, tearing pain of a leg twisted between a post and a car wheel—then they'd know. He couldn't stop thinking about it now. The mill shift had been changing just at supper time; he'd started home when the whistle blew. And then it had happened. Gustav had reached him first. It was Gustav who carried him carefully into the house; it was Gustav who stayed by, talked tenderly with his father and mother. He remembered only snatches of it. He had been so tired—His hostess was speaking.

"Hal, you've been to England in the spring time, haven't you? Do tell Jessie about it—she's going, you know."

"Well, England is beautiful now. In a few weeks all the spring flowers will have gone by; it's too bad you're missing them. I remember them, especially daffodils like these on the table, only masses and masses of them."

Ah, he remembered them all right; how could he forget! He and Sidney had been married nearly two years. Their wedding had been on a day when snow fell prettily, and white covered the frozen earth, not when daffodils massed the ground. They had come to England the next winter; it was to be a gala holiday. The baby was coming in the summer time. They'd stay there quite a while. Sidney and he had been so happy. And then that day, the doctor ordered her so suddenly to the hospital. He'd come back to the flat, and the frightened maid told him. He took a cab, stopped once on the way, at a corner flower vendor's, and when he got back into the cab, he knew. He knew what was going to happen, for he was holding an enormous bunch of wisely nodding daffodils. And it happened. He went home to America, alone, alone forever, less than a month later.

They were talking about the Market now. He wouldn't be talking about it with them much more, unless Bert Warner would help him. That was why he really came here tonight. Hal, himself, had survived the crash, along with these other well-fed human beings around the table. But he was having a hard time lately, to keep the office and his clients. He should never have lent so much to Bill Manning last year. He should have known better. Clearly he saw the office on that morning. Marjorie, she was his secretary, had put an enormous green jug of new daffodils beneath the window facing the street. He'd gone over to that window when he came in; and he'd thought of Sidney and of his boyhood, had thought much on them, when he realized the daffodils were there. When Marjorie next came in, Hal asked her to take them into her office. He should have known that just moving them wouldn't help. Why had he made Bill a loan when he came that day?

"Yes, Mr. Warner, I'd be glad to have a talk with you; if you ladies will excuse me, please?"

"Of course, Hal, but don't let Bert keep you too long," warned Marian. My, she's a good-looking woman. She and Bert must be awfully happy.

"No, we'll be through before long—" Lady, you've no idea how soon I'll be through. He cast another

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Sven Decides to Stay

By Richard Stratton

THE chill breezes of early May whipped the turbulent waters of the Penobscot River into an infinite number of white wavelets that broke the dark surface of the stream, giving it a wild aspect. On the shore stood two bronzed "river horses," or drivers, surveying the flood and conversing in earnest voices. "Ya, aye know," declared one of the two, a huge, blond giant of a man, "da Penobscot may be da best loggin' stream in da world, but yust da same, Ole Yohnson, he tol' me about a stream out in Michigan dot dey call da Saginaw, an' he says dey are cutting more logs in a season as ve vill ever cut here."

"Sure, Sven, an' mebbey it's the truth," admitted Pat Flaherty, chunky Irish boss driver, "but just ye suppose now that it ain't. There ye'd be way out there in Michigan, flat busted. Anyhow, Sven, we'll be needin' ye here; we ain't got another man that c'n git logs through quick water like you."

"Don' worry, Pat," Sven replied, "aye von't go t'ill dis yob iss finish', but nex' year, dot iss someting else again."

"Och, man, ye're plumb daft," asserted the Irishman, "but enough o' that, here comes the logs; get the b'ys an' let's try to put this timber through the rapids."

So saying, Pat turned on his heel and started shouting orders at the top of his lungs. Above the sounds of his voice and the voices of the scurrying drivers, thundered a deep, ominous roar that indicated the approach of thousands of feet of plunging, rearing, grinding timber, rushing forward with the angry waters. As the growling logs came flooding by the spot where the drivers had been waiting, they suddenly became alive with tiny man creatures that skipped to and fro over them, scarring their sleek sides with cant dogs in an attempt to keep them running smoothly.

Riding a huge old grandfather of a log, Sven surveyed the tumult about him with the air of a master. Looking around, he spied Pat, who was riding a nearby log. With an exultant whoop, Sven turned to wave to the foreman; but as he did so, his log struck an eddy in the current and was precipitated forward with a lurch that nearly sent the big Swede hurtling backward. Waving his arms frantically, he twisted and weaved, trying to regain his balance, and had almost succeeded, when his log ran onto a submerged rock with a splintering crash. His shoe calks bit desperately into the wet wood, but in vain; suddenly, he found himself surrounded on all sides by that seething, crushing mass which he had ridden so easily but a moment before. It would soon be over, for no man could live long in that icy, log-infested water.

Then, there appeared from nowhere a flash of bright red hair and an agile form, running nimbly over the chaotic jumble of leaping lumber. An instant later, Pat was riding a log at the side of the struggling Sven, groping with a cant dog at the shirt of the mighty Swede. After a moment that seemed like an hour, he hooked into the strong cloth and pulled him to the safety of his own log. As soon as he was able, Sven roused himself and ran to the security of the shore.

That night at supper, Sven was very silent. After supper, when all the others had departed to tell stories or to sing songs, Sven edged up to the foreman.

"You know, Pat," he mused, "aye don' tink dot aye go out to da Saginaw River; if aye did dot, aye wouldn't have you to pull me out ven aye fall overboard."

Free Verse

By Barbara Welch

I WONDERED why you didn't come.
Now I know,
You never intended to.
It was tea-time and a propos
To say that you would come.
I waited, I hoped,
I wondered why;
But now I know.

Editorial Remarks

IN selecting contributions for this edition of the CAMPUS literary supplement, we have attempted to make a representative collection of creative student writing at Maine. It is our sincere wish that this be a precedent for a more inclusive University literary periodical.

LITERARY EDITOR.

WE take this opportunity on behalf of the CAMPUS to thank Miss Marks, the literary editor, for what we feel is a superb literary supplement. We feel that the high caliber of this special edition is a challenge to the intellectual interests to Maine students; a challenge that can be answered only through the organization and publication of an official literary periodical. It proves that Maine students have sufficient writing and editorial ability to publish a literary quarterly that would compare favorably with any similar magazine in the country.

THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Music Box Concert

By Virginia May

I WISH I could write music. A concert orchestra is playing a concerto of Ravel's now as I write this.

It started out with the millions of little sounds of spring. I remember springtime in Switzerland. A girl was walking early one morning in the Jura Mountains. Her face and hands were cold and her hair was covered with broken cobwebs.

A strong arpeggio on the piano marches loudly, strongly, into the atmosphere.

The girl comes upon an open space. The harp echoes softly, reverberating, swift and graceful like the many birds who are there with the girl in that tall clean forest. The girl is lonely and longs to talk to someone. The music becomes petulant, wistful, and talkative. It is crowded with little conversations, quick laughs, and the touch of a friendly hand.

The girl sits down in the deep moss and gazes about her. The violets, hepaticas, anemones, and may-flowers make an irregular pattern like an old-fashioned afghan all over the ground.

The piano slowly paces up and down, thinking deeply. It trembles with fear, and the violin voices its tears.

The girl has picked a few blossoms. She touches them gently and looks closely at their simple loveliness. She is so far from home. This beauty is exquisite—but empty, unshared. The girl is filled with loveliness and loneliness. She walks slowly away out to the edge of the woods. The music follows her sadly and stands looking after her as she goes down the lane to the house and closes the gate behind her.

I can hear the wind in those trees. I can hear those many strange, happy birds. I can smell the many-scented perfume of those flowers, and I can still feel that loneliness and that loveliness.

I wish I could write music. I would call it *My Morning Symphony*.

Columbine on Winona Cliff

By Phyllis Smart

AS strange as lipstick on a graybeard's face, In the stern rock, you crimsoned a small place.

All willing femininity, you bowed To an emboldened breeze, then cried aloud, Tugging at rooted feet in earthy hollow, "Here, Harlequin!" To an unheeding swallow.

Cynic

By Literary Editor

AWAY, away pretenders give me rest;
Your chatter grates upon my naked mind.
Inane and hollow noises
are not blest
With origin of purpose
mild and kind!
Aye, Brutus unto Caesar was
a friend,
And Judas smiled at Christ
your cryptic smile.
I find that word and action
do not blend;
For have not men of wisdom
been beguiled?

Night Duty

By Martha Cilley

RUTH PACKARD, student nurse, stepped briskly along the smooth-as-glass corridor of the Morgan Memorial Hospital, her rubber soled shoes making scarcely a sound. After all, one can't lag one's steps when one is on duty, even though that duty happens to be from 11 p.m. to 7 a.m.

As she moved up the long hall toward the beckoning red light, her ears and eyes were constantly alert. She was conscious in a vague sort of way of the smoothly run gears of this huge institution—how everything seemed to be done in just the right manner at just the right time. She heard the rustle of starched uniforms and the murmur of quiet voices. A stretcher, surrounded by serious looking figures in white, came down the hall from the operating room, carrying an inert white form. A thick wave of antiseptic and ether followed in its wake.

Hurrying alone, she caught, a glimpse of herself in a mirror. It still gave her something of a thrill to see the tall, grey-eyed girl, with a starched white apron enveloping a pencil striped grey uniform, and with a stiff white cap perched neatly above smooth rolls of dark hair, gazing gravely back at her. Ah! Her cap! It made her heart do queer gymnastics when she thought of it. It was so—so wonderful. It signified so much—something, perhaps, like what Florence Nightingale stood for. It was such a short time since the probation period had ended—that four months of learning, of making mistakes, of obeying orders, and of weariness—and she had at last been accepted as a regular student and received her precious cap.

The important thing now was to answer the light. It would be the fussy old lady in 210, of course. There was nothing really serious the matter with her, which was the whole trouble. She was just ill enough to be fretful and to desire a good deal of attention.

Nurse Packard entered the room quietly, with the already acquired smile of the professional. She was greeted by an outburst of anger.

"What's the matter around here? Everyone is so slow! A body could die and no one'd be the wiser for a week, I'll bet. Come, come, Nurse, do something for me. Take my temperature. Put an ice pack on my head. I'm sure I've a fever. I feel wretched. Oh, dear—do something!"

The old lady tried to raise herself on her elbow and glared at the still smiling nurse.

"There, there, Mrs. Black," soothed Nurse Packard, "I'll have you feeling better directly. Just lie back and relax. That's better. Now—just what seems to be wrong?"

Twenty minutes later, Nurse Packard closed the door softly behind her, a wry smile on her lips. Number 210 was finally asleep. With good luck, there would be no more trouble for a couple of hours.

"Oh, Packard," called a senior nurse, "run up to the third floor and get those charts that I left in the office, will you?" Then, as she moved away, "Do see if you can show a little life for once."

(Continued on Page Seven)

Wilderness Fever

By Carolyn Preble

YANCY closed her eyes and shuddered. She dreaded the day ahead, for her husband had gone to explore the Pistol Lake region for pine and she was left alone with Gransa. Something about the old man frightened her; she hated his deep, growling voice and the scathing remarks that he always directed toward her. He seemed wildly exultant whenever he saw her cringe under his sarcasm. Ralph said it was just his old age, but old age did not usually create savagery; the strain had always been there in her opinion.

Gransa sat in his corner near the stove and sharpened his knife. The sound grated on her nerves. He looked at her from under his heavy eyebrows from time to time and then at the knife. Just as if he were going to carve me, she thought.

"I'm going to whittle you a coffin," Gransa said in the back of his throat, "outa hemlock. D'ya know why I'm going to use hemlock, Yancy?"

The girl shrugged nervously, "No." Why must he make such gruesome jokes!

"So you can go to hell a-poppin'," said Gransa. His heavy eyebrows lifted and his rumbling laughter filled the room.

Yancy turned her back to him so that he could not see the look of distaste on her face. She started to dust the china cup that graced the mantelpiece of rough boards. It slipped from her fingers and broke in many pieces.

"Ye've broke the shiny by yer flightiness," Gransa said contemptuously.

"It's china, Gransa," said the girl in her high unsteady voice.

"Didn't I say shiny?" growled Gransa glowering at her. He spat on the whetstone.

The day dragged past. Yancy's nerves were at the breaking point that night. Ralph never should have left me alone with him. I believe the old fool is half-crazy, she thought. She was infuriated at supper when he muttered that the bean swagan "wasn't fit for a dog it was so salt." Although it was true, she would not admit to it.

During the evening they sat in silence; Yancy knitting, Gransa whittling. She looked up and found Gransa watching her. The silver blade of his knife gleamed in the lamplight.

"I used to be a knife thrower, Yancy," the old man said, "Pretty good too. I bet I can hit that crack over there." Yancy felt the draught that the knife caused as it whizzed past her face. She felt weak and sick at the thought of its nearness. Gransa chuckled gutturally. "Yo're as white as a skim-milk ghost," he remarked and went over to the water pail. "You musta planted a salt mine in that swagan," he said as he emptied the tumbler.

Yancy sat for a long while breathing fast, after he had gone to bed. She reviewed her four months of married life. She was filled with love for Ralph and hatred for Gransa. Why couldn't Ralph see how Gransa affected her? Fear closed over her whenever she was alone with him. The silence depressed her. She went to bed finally only to toss about on her bunk, her mind magnifying the meanness of everything the old man said and did.

She was roused from sleep by the wind's blowing her door open. Suddenly she heard footsteps stealing toward her room. The gleaming silver blade of Gransa's knife, the draught on her face, and the sight of Gransa's awful eyes flashed through her semi-conscious mind. He was mad and he was coming in to kill her. Mechanically she reached for the knob of the bureau drawer. Scarcely realizing what she did, she felt for Ralph's revolver and her hand closed over the cold handle. Her heart raced in fear. She could barely discern a figure in front of the door; she could not see the tumbler in his hand. She pressed the trigger hard. There was a scream of pain and the sound of a person's falling. Yancy was seized with revulsion and nausea.

Her mind was dulled by what had happened. Silence hovered over the house. Then the awful weight of all that had been pulling her downward for months lifted, and elation swept over her. She threw back her head and laughed, shrilly with increasing mirth.

Something Old

By Phyllis Smart

OLD things have their places in the world. Technically speaking, an old violin has the best tone. Sentimentally speaking, the chair Great-great-grandfather made, be it ever so untrustworthy, gets the prize spot in the living room. Gastronomically speaking, the aged cheese with an odor not of lilacs and a beard that rests on its bosom is above reproach. Immorally speaking, one can get completely tight on year-old Scotch but never culturally tight unless the whiskey has been on earth at least ten years. Definitely, age has its values.

It is hard to believe, however, that any machine devised by sprouting sciences and hopelessly outclassed by later super-efficient models is of any real use. A machine that has lost, through age and overwork, that efficiency which it once had is obviously headed for the junk pile—or if it's small, the far corner of the attic. Yet somewhere in the rusty mechanism may be tangled the spirit of creation, of joy in discovery, which is man's most valuable possession.

Our phonograph is a case in point. It lacks about six years of being as old as I am. Proud in its coat of flawless varnish and resplendent in newness, it stood beneath our Christmas tree fifteen years ago. It proved tireless from the first, and patiently ground out steady recitals of "The Little Red Hen" and "Mother Goose" songs. Brutally as my sister and I must have used the victrola, we were nevertheless very proud of it; and after seeing in music store windows a plaster dog gazing into a phonograph almost like our own, we would return to look upon it with renewed awe.

Our musical tastes changed through the years. After "The Little Red Hen" came Sousa's marches. For a whole year we played practically nothing but a masterpiece from Newberry's basement, an achievement in recording called "The Strolling Yodler." This year was a critical period. Why, along with the yodels and the old and new needles that bestrewn floor and chair seats, the victrola wasn't voted a curse to society and quietly borne away, points to unsurpassed magnanimity of spirit on the part of my mother and father. Somewhere in high school and normal school, we developed a sincere though rudimentary appreciation of Bach and Beethoven in spite of helpless addiction to Cab Calloway and his brethren. Therefore the acquisition of ten excellent classical records this summer was made grounds for rejoicing.

To return to the main idea, I had, too many paragraphs ago—the victrola all this time was waxing older and older. It had survived two broken springs. Bangs, bumps, and nicks had reduced its once glossy exterior to a dreadful state, while its interior had developed a senile tremble and an asthmatic cough. Slowly but inexorably our phonograph was being bunted toward the junk pile. An attempt, in honor of my records, to inject life into it by a new amplifier failed miserably. When an overture by the Boston Symphony Orchestra rose to a climax, the amplifier shook; the house trembled; and my father thundered. He cringed in horror when Galli-Curci reached for a high note. Sadly we opened the door for the exit of the victrola.

Then one day, in a despairing effort to find some of the beauty that was caught helpless in whines and rattles, I placed thumb and finger lightly on either side of the small screw that held the needle. I felt the vibrations immediately in my hand and arm, but that was the only effect they continued to have. The tone of the machine took on the richness and clarity of a good electrical reproducer although it was more softened. Pretty awkward arrangement, you'd say? Think a little. Do Heifitz and Paderewski begrudge the long hours of tedious work that perfect their art? The greatest music in the world was at my finger tips, and you or I could not have withheld the bit of effort that would make it heard. We have found that no wadding or tightening of the screw will produce the same result, and I, for one am glad. It is a wonderful sensation to have music literally in one's blood. By those reformed vibrations, the thread of sound from a violin solo slips through my fingers, and I share a little in the creation of exquisite melody.

It is a good thing for every one to have a similar experience. It doesn't have to be in music; it might be in making an alarm clock run or finding something new about a Model T Ford. All you need to start with is something old and broken.

RUNAWAYS

(Continued from Page Two)

"Yeah, fifty miles out in the woods talking to a guy yuh never seen before and asking him to eat with yuh. What's your game, lady? I ain't too dumb, yuh know."

"Not too dumb"—musingly—"oh, I do know that. But come, I can't go on talking to you without knowing your name. Now, tell, what is it, Jim, Joe, Peter, Paul, what?"

"Lady, it ain't none of your business, but, what the hell, I ain't bashful. Michael Sullivan, that's my handle, lady."

Well, Mike, since we know each other pretty well now, will you call me Louie for a change instead of 'lady,' and please join me in lunch."

Mike leered. "OK, lady, you win. I ain't too damn proud to admit I'm hungry." He slouched over to the tablecloth and squatted down beside it. Egg and olive sandwiches, ham sandwiches, three apples, two pears, a kitchen-size bottle of mustard, cookies, and one chipped china cup. Mike critically appraised the food and rolled his tongue from one side of his mouth to the other licking the dust off his black lips.

It was early afternoon, but the sky was gray and dark. There was no sun. A breeze from the north whispered over the tops of the trees, tall pine trees, white pine, all of them except a small cluster of thin gray alders between the fence and the brook. The breeze never reached the alders. It died in the upper foliage of the pines, and with its death clusters of needles came tumbling noiselessly to the ground. The roadside was windless, breathless.

"Have an egg-and-olive, Mike." She pressed the sandwich into his hands. He waited until she had taken a bite or two of her sandwich, then, holding the crustless bread awkwardly with both hands, he munched it slowly. He ate mechanically. He would chew thrice and then swallow, chew thrice and again swallow.

It was several moments before either spoke. Mike, squatting on the grass, rough clothes, rough looks, dirty hands. Louie, chiffon stockings on shapely legs, sheer stockings rolled down below her knees, tailored brown skirt, pleated, above her knees, sitting on a boulder, legs crossed, voluptuous face, brown hair and brown tam, hair page-boy bob.

"Do you live in Maine?"

Mike shook his head, and, pausing between the second and third chew, answered, "Chicago."

"Then what in the world are you doing up here?"

"Looking for a job, lady."

"What kind?"

"Kinda inquisitive, aincha?"

Louie laughed. She had nice teeth, small and white. "That isn't quite fair, is it? I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you ask me questions." Mike gulped the last bite of the sandwich. He stared sullenly at the ground, picked up a blade of grass, stuck it in his mouth, chewed on it. He said nothing, just stared at the ground and chewed.

"What kind of work did you do in Chicago?"

"Riveter."

"Quit or get fired?"

"I didn't like it. I quit."

"And what do you expect to do now?"

"Pick potatoes."

"Do they pick potatoes the year around?" naively.

"See here, lady, that's my lookout. If I don't like riveting, I don't like it. It ain't none of your God damned business."

Louie got to her feet. She picked up the cup that was on the tablecloth. She knelt down beside the brook and filled the cup and drank. She again filled the cup and offered it to Mike. He took it and emptied it in one swallow holding it not by the handle but by the body.

Louie resumed her seat on the boulder. "Mike, you're yellow." Mike looked up at her and then looked back at the ground. "You quit because you lost your nerve." Mike said nothing. "Well, you did, didn't you?" Still a silence. Louie arose and walked to the car. She took a package of cigarettes from the door-pocket. She pushed in the lighter on the dash-board. In a few seconds it clicked back into its former position. She pulled it from its socket. She touched the red tip of the lighter to her cigarette. Smoke curled into the air, floated, became a distorted shape, then disintegrated. She replaced the lighter in its socket, and seated herself on the running board of the car.

"Cigarette, Mike?" She proffered the package.

Mike squatted motionless and wordless. Louie watched the cigarette smoke drift into the air. Her blue eyes clouded and lost their restless gleam. She opened her mouth to speak, then closed it, and finally with an effort she did speak.

"I'm not the one to be calling you yellow, Mike."

I'm not the one to talk. You're running away because your fear is physical. It's something you can feel, something the body can hate and something the mind can grasp." She paused and brushed cigarette ashes from her skirt. She took a deep drag on the cigarette, held in the smoke as long as she could, and exhaled it slowly.

Mike spat out the frazzled blade of grass, plucked another, chewed. He glanced up at Louie with a look half-plea, half-hurt. "Yuh know, lady, a lot of people because they got good cars and good food and a soft life thinks they can tell other people how easy it is to live. Well, I ain't always been this way. I could live right, too. Riveters gets pretty damned good pay, they do." He paused, wiped his wet nose with the back of his hand. "Nosiree, lady, I ain't always looked like this."

"That isn't the point, Mike. I'm running away, too. The difference is, you know what you're running away from. I don't. Sometimes I think I do, yet I can't define it. Guess maybe we've both got what the psychologists call 'escape complexes.'" Louie laughed.

It was cold. The distant mountain tops were heavy with clouds, thick billowy clouds, gray, motionless, frozen. The air was still, still and cold.

"What for are you running away? Fellow?"

"No, nothing as unimportant as that. I guess it's environment I'm running away from."

"Huh?"

"Books, kids, and schedules. I'm a school-teacher playing hookey from school."

"Don't blame yuh. I never did like school. Guess I didn't get enough of it to hurt me much though, I guess."

"Well, I did, Mike. Plenty of it, too much of it. Grammar school, high school, junior college, college, and I've been teaching school now for six years." She asked kittenishly, "I'll bet you can't guess my age, Mike?"

Mike swallowed some phlegm that had arisen in his mouth. "Well, lady, I ain't judging by what cha just said, but yuh look like twenty-four or twenty-six, somewhere around there."

"I'm twenty-eight, Mike. For twenty-three consecutive years now I've been attending classes, preparing lessons, doing every other damned"—she hesitated here as if surprised at her own temerity in swearing—"monotonous thing connected with school work." She drew a deep breath. There was a long silence.

Mike was becoming embarrassed. "Don't want no dame sobbing on my shoulder. Had enough in Chicago, wife nagging, always nagging and bawling; and the kids bawling all the time, yelling Hey-pawit'smine, thistinbox, sawitfirstldidpaw, Jimmyaintgot noright toit, makehimletgo; kids yelling and wife nagging and bawling, want your supper, come and get it, ain't gonna wait all day for supper for no one, God damn it, Mike, didja hear me, just like talking to four walls, Gawd; and bawling, you ain't got no right to hit me, Mike, no right, you're drunk, lemme go, God damn it, Mike lemme go; bawling and yelling all the time. No, sir, don't want no bawling from this dame. Had to say something though; couldn't just keep quiet, quiet like the house when Ma died, awful quiet. Hadda say something."

"Didn't like it, huh?"

Louie shivered, drew her plaid traveling jacket around her more tightly. What was she doing here, over six hundred miles from New York? Should be teaching the third-period class now, right in the Revolutionary era, Arthur Lee, Benjamin Franklin, you all know about him, and Silas Deane were sent to France, wouldn't that bell ever ring, pupils looking out the window, what do they see out there, never is anything to look at out there, arms criss-crossed on desks, heads loling on arms, what's keeping the bell, routine, schedule never broken, never changed, nights alone in her room, papers to correct, Timothy Jenness, not so smart, give him C, no need to read paper through, can't enjoy life, can't get any pleasure from it, teachers should lead model lives, must have good character.

"What did you say, Mike?"

(Continued on Page Seven)

Dream

By Betsy Warren

WRAPPED in smoky cellophane,
Inflated with helium,
Launched by 80 cotton thread,
Tied to a cigar's ashes,
Hovering over a flame,
It broke away,
And drifted from the chimney
With all the rest of the soot.

NO MORE SEA

(Continued from Page One)

story. Here it was that Uncle Rufus Locke lived. It was all new to me, this living on a farm. The first day I got on well enough, for I cleaned out the pig pens. Then the second day came. Uncle Rufus told me to take the cow over to Ralph West's place.

"What for?" I asked.

"I want to get her settled."

"Settled?"

"Oh, hell, if you don't know what it means, just take her along, and you'll find out."

Uncle Rufus led out a cow, and I swear that she was as wild as a turkey that had set on a hot galley stovepipe.

"Do you expect me to take that animal out on the road?" I asked.

"Why not?"

"She'd foul me first thing, and I'm not fussy about being beam-ended by a cow."

"Well," said Uncle Rufus, "if you're afraid of her, you can lead her while you ride the hoss."

"That sounds better to me."

The horse would have stood as high as a nest of dories on a fisherman, and I was more scared of him than the cow, but when I thought how we needed the money to get the schooner back in the water, I just made up my mind to go through with it.

Just how I got aboard I don't know. I guess I must have grabbed him by the tail and skinned over his transom. I picked up the lines, and Uncle Rufus passed me the painter of the cow. I didn't know how to get under way with a hoss, but the cow did. She caught him just a low of his tumble-home with a horn, and we started in high gear.

The day was clear with a good breeze, and I felt sort of happy but for the damned cow. She bel-lowed; she snorted; she bobbed along like a dingy in tow with a cross chop running; she gave me more trouble with her foolishness, and if the hoss hadn't been as stiff as an old mackerel, he would've kicked her head off.

I'd never been on the topsides of a hoss before, and I learned to steer after a bit. It was a good thing that I did, for after we had been out only quarter of an hour, I heard an awful noise astern, so I heaved the hoss to and looked around. Just as I was making up my mind that it was a wagon drawn by two hosses making all the dust, the god-dam cow up and let fly a bunt that caught the hoss fair where his rudder-post would've been if he'd been a vessel. The hoss looked around, and he thought I did it, I guess, for he laid back his ears, heeled four points into the wind's eye, and bore off like blue scud running before a storm.

The hoss just had a haircut, and there wasn't much to hang a hold of, but he was going full speed ahead with an easy rocky movement. It wasn't hard at all, for I had cast the cow adrift and could give full watch to my work. The cloud of dust was getting closer all the time, and the first thing I knew, it was alongside. But not for long. In the wagon was a girl, and she looked as scared—well, I don't know how scared, for I didn't have time to notice. In less time than it takes to tell, she pulled up her skirt and jumped from the back of the wagon abaft of me on my hoss.

The hoss was puffing like a one-lung Gray in a blow by this time, and it so happened that I'd let go the lines, and the hoss stepped on one of them. He was fetched up short, and he went down on his knees. But the girl and I didn't stop—at least not for a few feet, and I landed on the bottom. I thought that I was dead for a while, then I decided that I wasn't,

so I sat up and I looked at the girl.

Now I never was much of a hand with the girls, but this one made me wish I were. She would weigh out just about one hundred and twenty-five, and she was so well ballasted that she was firm as a fresh codfish. And she was built with the very best of lines—the kind a man'd want to put his fingers on and feel out when they want to. Her hair was all a-tangle, but through the dust, it looked soft and black. Her eyes were blue like the blue that's in folk's eyes that follow the sea. They were set in with a healthy, natural shadow of lighter—pastel, would you call it? And her mouth—the softest, fullest lips made it up. Her complexion was too dirty to judge right at the moment, but I had an idea that it was all right.

"Are you hurt?" I asked.

"No." That was all she said. Then she started to cry. I knew from experience with my sisters that when women get a lot of water in them, the best thing to do is let them cry it out. They feel better after it is all over, and they like you a lot better, too.

Well, there isn't much more to tell. They caught the runaway hosses, shot Uncle Rufus' hoss, and had to wait another month before they took the cow over to Ralph West's place. Her father came up a little after we started to walk back to town. He shook my hand, wanted to know my name, and thanked me a couple hundred times; she thanked me, too, and said I must come to see her soon; Uncle Rufus gave me hell when he got there, for he was so tickled to see I was all right. I don't remember so much from then on for a time, for I got a bad whack in the head and never knew it. I just passed out.

The next day was Sunday, and I was feeling well enough to go to church in the evening. Aunt Martha wanted me to stay in bed, but I hated to be marled down. There was nothing wrong with me except I was a little lame.

At church there she was, too. I was so tickled to see her that I nearly blew a gasket. She asked me to sit with her—not with words, but I could tell by the way she looked at me. I could feel her little finger on mine as we sang hymns, and the touch made me so weak that it was a wonder I didn't keel over again. I never enjoyed going to church so much in all my life.

Outside after the services I looked her over more carefully. I had no idea that she was so beautiful. She had on one of those Gone-with-the-gale dresses with a lot of full skirt, and her hair was rigged in sort of a backwash aft, all held in place with a blue ribbon for a stop. She reminded me of a full-rigged ship under sail standing out full and by—she looked grand.

"Hello," I said. "Kind of a nice night."

"It is a nice night, but it's nicer to see you again."

When she said that, it took me aback to think that she'd say a thing like that. I flopped around like a haddock in a dory bottom, and then I managed to ask her how she was.

"All right," she said. "Just a little lame. How about you?"

"A little lame, too."

We stood there on the steps with the night starting to tumble into the dusk, neither one of us saying a word for a long time. There were other young people going off arm in arm, so I decided that if they could do it, so could I.

"Would you like to have me walk home with you?"

"I'd love to have you!" There was a tone in her voice that sounded as if she were glad I asked her. We set out for her home.

"You haven't told me your name yet," I said at last. "I forgot to ask anyone else, and where I'm walking home with you, I really think that I ought to know." It sounded sort of foolish, and I kicked myself because I didn't have any more tact than a sculpin has good looks.

"Oh, I forgot. My name is Nancy Carr." Her cheeks took on just another dust of pink, so I grabbed her hand and shook it real hard, because we were both embarrassed. She looked me right in the eye as she spoke, and I remembered that father said you could always bank on a square deal from a person that looks you in the eye—even though they give you a run for your money. Then I noticed that I was just holding her hand and not shaking it at all. There was a tingle running fore and aft all over my hulk,

and I had a hunch right then and there that I was going to see a lot of her before I was through. I offered my arm, and I took her in a side-tow much the same way that the other fellows do with their girls, and we talked about the nice weather until we got to her house.

Her father was sitting in the parlor, reading the Sunday papers. When we came through the door, he laid down his pipe and shook hands with me. We sat down and talked a little while, and then he asked me if I were in school.

"No," I said, "I just finished high school last spring, though, and now I'm acting mate on my father's schooner. It happens that she's out for repairs now, so I'm up here staying with Uncle Rufus."

"The schooner carries a crew of two men, eh? You *could* be mate in that case."

I saw he had me there. That was what I got for being a bragger. This man was a seaman himself, I judged by the cut of his jib. I saw that he was smiling with eyes that crinkled with a salt water squint, and they were so kind that I knew that he was just having a little fun with me.

We both laughed at the joke.

"Did you ever ship deep-water?" I asked.

"I was on the 'Ellen Clark' two years."

"She was a bark—built and owned at Belfast; wasn't she?"

"That's the one. How did you know about her?"

"We've got a picture of her at home, painted by a chinaman while she was in Singapore; he painted her flag with the field of stars in the wrong corner!" I heaved myself to, for I suddenly caught the drift I was running wild. I was always getting excited like that whenever I got talking about such things. I guess he was running free himself, for he was sitting for'ard in his chair with his feet against a sea roll in his mind.

"Aye! I remember that picture. It was bought by a shipmate of mine, Russ Roberts. Do you know him?"

"He was a friend of father's, and he gave the picture to him just before he died—last year."

"Well, well, so Russ is dead!" He seemed to forget that I was there.

"Were you on any other vessels?" I asked, hoping to change the subject.

"No, just those two. I signed on the 'Clark' when I was in my second year at the Academy at Bucksport; I ran away to find romance. I came back to finish school, and I later became a lawyer. I practiced in Boston—marine law. I never could get very far away from the water."

"It's the salt in your blood."

"That's true. Once it's there, nothing can rub it out."

It was quite dark by then, and Nancy got up and came back with a lamp. I'd forgotten that she was there.

"Land's sake, Nancy," he piped. "why didn't you tell me what time it was getting on to? Here I've been loafing on the watch when I ought to have been getting your mother long ago."

He got up, but before he went, he said:

"Tim, lad, come again, anytime. It's a dry watch to stand 'way back in this dry cove, and I like a hand like yourself to talk to." We shook hands again, and I noticed how handsome he was—almost as nice as my father. I never knew a man that I liked so well right out of the trawl keg.

"Father took a shine to you all right," said Nancy when her father had gone out. "And he usually is a little slow with strangers."

We sat down there on the sofa and talked. She told me that she came from Boston and that her folks were there in Kinley to settle her aunt's estate—her aunt had raised her father there in town after his father was lost at sea. Then she said that they were clearing in about four weeks. I was sorry to hear that, but she was asking a lot of questions about myself, so I told her all about father and the schooner, and, well—all sorts of things. She was so easy to talk to I didn't mind in the least.

We ran out of talk after a while, and we just sat there in a dead calm of thoughts. I noticed that she smelled of soap, very nice smelling soap, too. Then I noticed her hands; they were so soft and white that I was ashamed of mine, they were so

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KENNETH ROBERTS

(Continued from Page One)

in bringing about the passage of the Restrictive Immigration Law. As Mr. Williams says, "If he had not decided to become a novelist, he would have been a great crusader!"

But he did decide to become a novelist; and it was a great day for the American historical novel when Kenneth Roberts, on September 6, 1928, sat down at his desk and wrote "Arundel. Chapter 1."

Those same qualities which distinguished Mr. Roberts, journalist, from other contemporary newspapermen, were to be the distinguishing marks of Mr. Roberts, novelist. For he is more than a mere storyteller: he is historian, story-teller, and artist combined.

First and always, he is a student of history. The trait in his character which forced him to give only true facts in his news articles, carries over into his writing of novels. He must have the facts; he must know his subject to the minutest detail. That is why *Arundel* was not published in 1925 or 1926. At that time it was merely a collection of historical facts in the mind of the author—a collection, however, which was rapidly growing, because the author was studying and delving deeper and deeper into time-worn annals. And the material was being sifted—the trustworthy and accurate from the false. Facts, facts, facts—true facts—that was what Kenneth Roberts was after. He must know just how an Algonquian Indian would smoke a pipe from a hollow tree-stump; he must know how the chiefs would smoke their peace-pipes; and he must know exactly how hot-buttered rum was made in 1775! No detail was too small to be carefully inspected.

He was well acquainted with his settings for the *Arundel* scenes, for those were his heritage. They were part of him. But for the march to Quebec, he could not be contented until he had inspected all available maps of that region. It seems as if he had almost covered the territory on his hands and knees, so well acquainted he seems with every mountain, every valley and every stream. And, reading his descriptions, we too, can almost see them.

His characters, also, must fit into their setting. They are true, real, alive, because he chose to write about people he knew—his own people. They were in his blood. The hero of *Arundel* was his own ancestor, Steven Nason, who had settled in Arundel in 1639. As for Thomas Bickford and Phoebe Dunn—they too had once lived and loved and fought and died, and in *Arundel* they are brought to life again.

And he chose for his true hero in both *Arundel* and *Rabble in Arms* the vivid, historical character—Benedict Arnold. Here was a real figure worthy of study; and, spurred on by the newspaperman's fidelity to fact, he began a research on the character of this one man, such as has rarely been attempted before. Every available bit of material that he could find anywhere was carefully scrutinized. So much has been written about Arnold that was false that it was no easy task for Roberts to "sift the grain from the chaff" in this case. Sometimes his indignation knew no bounds, and he has found it necessary to express himself in no uncertain terms. For instance, on the fly-leaf of Jared Spark's *Life and Treason of Benedict Arnold*, Roberts has written, "This book is the finest flower of historical misrepresentation." Other times he has inserted marginal notes that are almost blasphemous, such as: "Bunk!" "Ridicule!" or "Ain't this wonderful!"

Oh, Kenneth Roberts himself is vital as can be, and he shares that vitality with his character of Benedict Arnold. At last we have the true Arnold who could rival the best gymnast in chinning a bar, or sail a boat as well as the best mariner, or lead an expedition of starving, ragged men into the wilderness and return a great leader still. To be able to make an historical figure a human one also, is a great feat, and Kenneth Roberts has accomplished it.

The source books which he used have been of great interest to me. For *Arundel*, Roberts collected all available diaries and journals of those who went on the march to Quebec. Here is proof of the accuracy of Kenneth Roberts' writing. There is a sound, historical basis for almost every sentence that Roberts writes, be it a record of a snowfall, or the date of the partition of one lone squirrel for ten starving men, or the reference of a major encounter.

There is one amusing incident which Roberts takes directly from the journals. One officer says: "In the loot found among these French homes in Quebec was an engraving of Philadelphia as seen from Cooper's

RUNAWAYS

(Continued from Page Five)

"Didn't like it?"

"No, Mike, I can't say I did."

"Then why 'n hell di'ja school-teach for?" Mike looked her up and down as a jockey would appraise a piece of horse-flesh. "You ain't too bad-looking. You talk high-class too. Whyn't you get married?"

"Mike, it's easy to say things like that, but that's all that's easy about it. Once a thing gets in your blood, Mike, it stays there. You can't just say, 'Go away; stop bothering me.' It won't go away. It'll just creep deeper and make you think about it all the more. For twenty-three years it's been creeping into me. My whole world is the school world. I just never had the courage to break away from it till now. So I've broken. I'm here."

Ferry." On the margin Roberts has written, "Have Cap Huff steal it." And Cap Huff does steal it in *Arundel*, and thus was developed one of the most humorous incidents in the book.

There is another characteristic which is probably a result of his newspaper days. Every word that Kenneth Roberts writes is just exactly the word to fit the case, and no words are wasted—not even in a book the length of *Rabble in Arms*. I have seen the original manuscript of *Arundel*, and was amazed at the constant revision and rewording, and the care that was taken in order to gain just the right effect. This trait, I think, is what makes these books so vital.

And the same holds true in character portrayal and dialogue. In a few words, Roberts can print a character indelibly. Perhaps he does not delve too deeply within their minds, but we can see them, hear them, feel them—yes, even smell them!

One thing which has impressed me deeply is his conservative use of dialogue, especially in *Arundel*. (Another newspaper habit, no doubt!) When he does use it, however, every word is essential, and it fits the character beautifully. There are few anachronisms in the works of Kenneth Roberts.

In the later books, especially *Lively Lady* and *Captain Caution*, which are lighter in scope, we find more dialogue, but it still retains the realistic characteristics found in the dialogue in *Arundel*.

Some critics call Robert's novels wordy, long, deep. I do not find it so. To me, every word is necessary and would be missed were it omitted. His books seem to roll along and increase more and more as they go, until they emerge a huge, vital, compact whole. I like the way Alexander Woolcott has reviewed *Rabble in Arms*. He calls it "a fine, murmurous forest of a book."

Thus *Arundel* seems to me to be almost epic in scope, subject matter and presentation. I feel that it is Roberts' greatest book, and deserves a place in the top ranks of American literature.

There is one quality in Kenneth Roberts which is not consistent with the conception of the rushing newspaper man. There is no hurry, no rush, in his novels. Although they are far from being tedious, they proceed at a calm steady pace, which gives one time to drink in the beauty of the words on the printed page. For there are pages and pages in *Arundel* and *Rabble in Arms* and *Northwest Passage* which may truly be called beautiful.

The trait which made Roberts such an influential journalist—that flame of righteous indignation at stupidity and sham and cowardice—is revived in his novels. In *Arundel* he attacks the officers who disobeyed orders, and the obstinacy of the men who advised and insisted upon the building of the bateaux. In *Rabble in Arms* he rails at the inefficient Congress. In *Northwest Passage* he again bitterly condemns the stupidity of the officers and Congress. In *Lively Lady* and *Captain Caution* he was particularly incensed against the committee in charge of the exchange of prisoners.

In *For Authors Only* and *Trending Into Maine* he goes into the business of criticism with his eyes open, and we find him attacking even the smallest wrongs with the greatest earnestness and sincerity—for example: the lobsterman's wages, the Quoddy dishabilitation, and a host of other contemporary evils.

In all of his books, however, Kenneth Roberts—student of History—stands first and foremost. He has proved that history is one of the world's most interesting stories, and from it he has derived five of the greatest historical novels in American Literature.

NIGHT DUTY

(Continued from Page Four)

Swallowing hard, and doing her best to keep back tears of mortification, Nurse Packard sped to do her superior's bidding.

"It's not enough to work like a dog," she thought angrily, "but one must also be treated like one."

Another red light was flashing—number 65 this time. That would be the little girl with those horrible burns. She had been rushed in two nights ago, after being nearly burned to death saving her baby brother. She was such a little, little thing, but she never complained. If her light was on, you could be sure that it was necessary. Courage like that made one stop and think, sometimes.

"Could I please have something to drink, Nurse?" asked the child, feebly.

Nurse Packard took the girl's temperature and discovered that it had not increased noticeably, then she left hurriedly for the diet kitchen to fetch some cool orange juice.

As she came out of number 65, she nearly collided with Mrs. Naylor, the night supervisor.

"My dear!" exclaimed the supervisor, with a frown. "You students are so heedless. Wait a minute. How long do you require to take a temperature?"

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"Didn't seem to make you awfully unhappy to 'break,' like you calls it. You don't seem so terribly unhappy."

Louie stood up. She walked to where Mike was sitting and sat down beside him. She put her hand on his arm. "Maybe it's a false happiness, Mike." Her voice was low and vibrant with emotion. Her manicured red nails dug into his arm. She leaned closer. "Maybe again it isn't. Maybe it's only the sensual things in life that really count. Maybe it's only what the body feels that really counts, like trying to hit eighty in a car, like meeting new people and doing new things, strange things, and funny sometimes too. Thrills, Mike, it's the sensual things that count in life." He kissed her. Her lips were wet and soft.

A mouse scurried across the road, a little gray mouse. It stopped, peeked left and right, and scampered into the shrouding and protective blackness of the pines. The long gypsy grass by the brook rustled and the pines whispered and the caressing breeze lifted the dust on the road.

* * * * *

It was night. Fatty Sills didn't usually pick up hitch-hikers. He didn't know what made him pick this one up. Maybe it was because it was beginning to rain, or maybe it was because it was cold outside, or maybe it was because the fellow was in a place fifty miles from nowhere. Then too, it might have been the way the hitch-hiker walked, leaning backward with his weight on his heels like a person whose feet are sore. But whatever it was, Fatty Sills picked him up.

"How far yuh going?" asked the hitch-hiker. "Bangor," said Fatty. After that the hitch-hiker was silent. He was content to look out of the rain-spattered window at the endless stretch of woods. The two rode along for nearly half an hour before a word was said, and then Fatty had to say it. "Big crack-up a while ago back on the road."

"Yeh," non-committedly. "Big crack-up. Raised hell with a stone fence and the automobile. Killed the driver."

The hitch-hiker sank lower in his seat and stared out of the window.

"Say, where you going?"

"Chicago."

"Whew," Fatty whistled. "Some jaunt. Is that where you live?"

"Was the driver a woman?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah, yeah."

"Green Plymouth roadster?"

"Yeah. Say, how do you know? Did ya see it?"

The hitch-hiker's voice was toneless; his face, expressionless. "No. No. Not exactly. Guess I just seen it coming, just seen it coming." Fatty looked at him searchingly for a moment, but said nothing. Queer duck, Fatty mused, and settled down to the job of driving through the monotony of the road and the darkness of the night.

A quarter moon came up and the myriad of stars above dimmed its light. The pines stood out in black relief against the sky.

AND WINTER COMES

(Continued from Page One)

and his wife often come to see me. I'm too busy to be lonesome. As it is I'm late getting my dahlia bulbs out of the ground."

That had been over a year ago. Winter had gone and she had moved the huge scarred woodbox from the kitchen and hung the wooden snow shovel up for the spiders to hide behind in the dust and cobwebs of the woodshed. In early spring had been the lambing and the calving and later, planting.

From early morning on those late May days until cool, early dusk she worked halving the wrinkled potatoes which she had saved for seed in a far bin in the cellar—halving them and planting them, row after row. She planted corn too and in between the hills of corn, pumpkin and squash seeds, white with hardened yellow fibers still sticking to them.

Summer had gone quickly and autumn. Now it was November again. No snow had fallen yet, but the country was ready for it. The land lay brown and ugly waiting for the snow. The grey beehives looked still and frozen denying the sweetness left within them. Sometime earlier Anne had taken a large share of the honey, great dripping combs of it and had strained it and put it in jars to sell. They were in the preserve closet now, amber-colored quart glass jars with rubber jar rings.

The cattle had begun their long waiting in the dark stalls and the hens huddled together on perches in the hen house, their feathers ruffled, enduring the cold.

Today she planned to butcher the hogs. Two of the Nelson men were coming over to help her. She had always hired them to help her with this. She had to hire more help now, though, than she used to. She would help bleed them and dress the meat as she had always done.

That noon after the hogs had been butchered and the great quarters of pink and white meat hung in the barn, she got dinner for herself and the two fellows who had helped. They had baked beans and cucumber pickles sour and firm from the crock in the cellar, and great slices of white bread cut from a loaf such as her mother made and such as Anne still made, although one loaf was enough to last her for a week. They had squash pie too and hot tea. The men ate a lot. She asked them if they liked the pie.

After dinner she walked to her mailbox down the long path that led from the house to the road. The house was almost a quarter of a mile back in the fields. The path was scarred with deep ruts, and in the winter it was sometimes well-nigh impassible except by the use of snowshoes.

She knew that there would be a paper lying in the mailbox. She read the *Bangor Daily News* every evening. Weekly she received the *Eastport Sentinel*. Folded in the *Bangor Daily* was a letter. She could see by the handwriting that it was from her cousin Julia, her dearest relative with the exception of her son.

She hurried back eager to read her letter. The sky continued to look grey and hard. Surely it will snow, she thought. It is time. Her bare hands were chilled from holding the paper. She warmed them over the kitchen stove and, taking a knife, slit open the envelope. She read the letter, standing by the window. Then she sat down in her father's old rocker and read it again and again.

"Dear Anne," she read, phrases stayed in her mind: "lonesome in that farmhouse... so far from the road... all alone... chance to sell... come to live with me... We have so much in common, Anne. Now we are getting old... old memories... long, cold winter... too hard for you... so happy with me in Calais... such a comfortable little city... Write to me soon... Watson says he will buy anytime now... before winter sets in."

Your old friend,
Julia

Julia would be so pleased to have her. She had a nice apartment, cozy with all the modern conveniences, Anne thought. And Watson would buy the house and pay a good price for it. It was a good farm. She'd have enough to live on with what she'd saved up in the bank and the money from selling the farm. Enough to live on and more too. And she was

NO MORE SEA

(Continued from Page Six)

stained and hard, so I put them in my pockets.

The movement caused her to turn her head. And there I was looking her right in the eyes. I hadn't realized how snug I was to her. My heart started to beat as fast and hard as reef-points on taut canvas in a half-gale. Then she rolled up against me as soft, but as firm, as a wave over a half-tide ledge—and it swallowed me up as completely. I guess I must have helped her along a little, too. Then I kissed her. Now, I've kissed my mother, my sisters, aunts, and the like, but I never did kiss anyone like I kissed her.

At last I had to break loose and come up for air. I put her back a half fathom's length with my arm, and her eyes were brighter and shinier than any two constellations I ever laid a course by.

"You're as long-winded as a porpoise," I said. "Not long-winded; I breath through my nose. Try it!"

getting old, as Julia had said. Sometimes she did get lonesome when she wasn't busy and had time to think.

It was time that she had life easier. She would write Julia, soon. Write Watson. It was the wise thing to do. The afternoon wore on. She started to get supper, peeled some potatoes and put them on to boil, sliced some ham from the shoulder hanging in the cellarway. It was five o'clock and almost time to milk the cows. Outside it was dark and snowing.

The cattle got up when they heard her coming. She could hear them moving, stamping and rattling their chains. She took a milking stool, sat down and tucking the first cow's tail between its legs, leaned her head against its flank. The milk smelled warm and the stall was warm from the body heat of the cow. She had four cows to milk and the mare to bed down every night.

All the while she milked she thought of Julia's letter. Julia was right. What if anything should happen... Tonight she was lonesome. Winter had come and she, like all her animals, must begin the patient waiting for the spring.

The yellow light from the lamp in the kitchen shone out through the kitchen window, shone through the branches of the white lilac bush in front of it. The lilac bush was whiter than with any bloom of spring. "I shall not be here in the spring to watch it bloom," she thought.

Before she went to bed that night she took a lamp and went into the front room to look out of the windows toward the barn. She always did this to see that everything was safe for the night. She tried the doors as she went through the house to make sure that they were locked.

She went back to the kitchen and undressed there for it was warm and her bedroom she knew was cold as the tomb. She took a soapstone from the back of the stove where it had been warming and put it in an old woolen sock. She had never liked hot water bottles.

Walking through the house again she came to the front hallway. The lamp lighted up a few portraits on the wall, one of her father and mother, another of Norman when a small boy. She would have to hang those in her bedroom at Julia's. It would be hard to leave her home and the farm, to leave all the beloved worn objects of the house, to leave her great reddish mare to someone else.

She walked slowly upstairs, a slender woman with a tough frame. She held the lamp with a steady hand. The silence in the house no longer made her lonely. The furniture in her room did not seem strange and frightening in the half light but dear and familiar.

She lay in bed, her tired body yielding to the softness of the feathers. It was icy in the bed at first, but it soon warmed. The soapstone was hot at her feet. Sleep came quickly. As she half-drowsed she thought of Julia's letter. She could not leave the farm. A feeling of relief came over her now that she had decided.

Tomorrow there would be paths to shovel, and she could start making a new quilt now that winter had come. But tonight there was only peace and outside the drifting snow falling softly but insistently.

DAFFODILS

(Continued from Page Three)

glance at the devil's telephones eagerly reaching for his every word, and followed Warner.

"I'm very sorry, Hal, but I couldn't keep myself afloat if I lent any money right now. It's all I can do to keep going. I'd help you in a minute if things weren't as they are. None of us can plan; we live only from day to day. Just the same, I wish you luck, my boy."

"Thank you, sir. It'll be all right anyway; I believe I'll go now. Please speak to Mrs. Warner for me. I have enjoyed my evening so much. Goodnight." Of course, it's all right. He knew what was coming—daffodils.

Daffodils, banked, massed, and single ones, everywhere, everywhere, everywhere. A big one helped him with his coat. He told the taxi daffodil Brooklyn. When they reached the bridge, Hal asked him to stop. He got out and gave the taxi daffodil a little daffodil and told him to keep the change. The taxi daffodil floated away in a train of daffodils.

All over the river there were daffodils, doing sprightly dances on the water's surface. When a boat went past the dancing daffodils became more lively on the wave crests.

Every single daffodil was a telephone asking for a message for the devil. Well, this time he'd speak to the devil personally. He was in the air now; now he lay face downward, clutching at dancing daffodils. He'd tell the devil, all right, he would. Daffodil mouthpieces were thrust at him from everywhere. He tried to push them away. He'd tell the devil all right. Then riding along with the daffodils came a boy on a bicycle and a woman in a hospital bed.

Daffodils, daffodils, daffodils.

NIGHT DUTY

(Continued from Page Seven)

"Th-three minutes, Madam," gulped Nurse Packard, weakly.

"It's taken you fifteen if it has one," snapped Mrs. Naylor. "You students seem to have the idea that nursing is a game, instead of serious work. Don't stand there gaping! Get on with your work."

Nurse Packard hastily backed away from this surge of indignation. Oh, it was so hard. Was it really worth all this? Did one ever become accustomed to the constant rushing, and still never quite getting things done when one should?

Coming back from the diet kitchen, she encountered Bobby Jones, the young interne. He put out a friendly hand and brought her to a halt.

"Gosh, Kid, you look done in. Are you feeling all right?" She gave him a wan smile.

"I'm O.K., really. It's just—well, I'm just not used to this night duty yet. I get so awfully sleepy."

"Sure, I know," he grinned at her. "It gets you at first." He glanced at his wristwatch. "Another half-hour and you go off duty. Run along now, and keep the chin up."

He gave her a gentle pat on the shoulder and was gone.

The last half-hour went swiftly. There was much to do. Patients were awaking, and all were demanding instant service. All charts and records had to be gathered up and taken to the superintendent's office.

Then the next shift of students came on duty.

"How's it been, Packard?"

"Was number 16 bad last night?"

"Get some sleep, and we'll go shopping this p.m., Packard."

With slow deliberation, Nurse Packard donned her blue cape with its scarlet lining and left the hospital for the Nurses' Home. She walked a few rods and then stopped suddenly and turned. The sun was just rising, and the building she had left seemed to give off a radiant light.

The realization came to her with a rush that the hospital really was a light. It was shining through all the darkness of sickness and hardship. She was suddenly intensely glad to be a part of that great work. With her heart singing a new song, Nurse Packard turned and ran up the steps of the Nurses' Home.

Ten minutes later, she was sleeping peacefully, and dreaming of white caps with black bands.