

Literary Supplement

VOL. II

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No. 1

From a Travel Diary

LINDA FERGUSON

TWO months of travel in the north of Italy made strange demands on my knowledge of words. My Italian vocabulary seemed to be in good condition for I was never faced by a problem such as what to do with a gift of fish from the Tiber when I had asked the master of the albergo for white shoe-strings. It was my native tongue that had failed me. I found that adjectives I had used to describe the beauties and horrors of the rest of the world were ineffectual here. In this part of the world the sky was not just a blue sky, nor was it the dazzling blue found along the Dalmatian coast, or even the penetrating blue of the azure skies in Southern Italy. The sky in northern Italy was northern-Italian blue! The roads were northern-Italy-bad, and the carts squealed and moaned over the sharp and rocky bumps in a fashion peculiar to the carts of northern Italian peasants.

In order to escape from a company of unusually tolerable Britishers who had become unwary enough to allow the extremes in the scenery to drive their conversation into lush "purple patches," I sought out the inn keeper. From him I learned of a little path up one of the local peaks and decided to ascend to the crown in time to see the sunset over Lake Como. When I was ready to set out on my walk, the thoughtful inn keeper suggested that I hire one of the local vetturini or hack drivers to take me to the place on the road where the path leaves the highway and begins the actual ascent. Good fortune attended my choice of driver, and as we bumped over the road I learned all of the local history; every stone and tree had its history from the day of creation to the present, and this particular driver was eager that I should hear all he could tell in the English he had learned from former passengers. He was so proud of his accomplishments that I have reserved until this time my opinion that his English sounded to me like a cross between the jargon spoken in the Bronx (commonly called "Bronx Indian Languich"), and the dialects of northern Italy—all with a Texas accent. I dismissed him at the path and sent him back to the village with a large tip and my wishes for his opportunities to learn English.

Along the path that led through scrubby pines and wild oleander trees, lanes branched off leading to the homes of the peasants. The farm houses were low, and for the most part made of stone; all had freshly thatched roofs and neatly planted gardens on the roofs as well as in the yards around the farms. Great clumps of cannae and oleanders brightened the slopes, and smaller wild flowers grew in the rocks and along the edge of the trail.

On the crown of the peak I found an old farm in ruins. Broken red tiles, stained marble pieces, and lead-colored hewn rock was all that remained of this well-to-do farm built here among the tall Ravenna pines and mulberry bushes. Shambled blocks of stone that had once been a wall made a very comfortable seat from which I could get the finest view of Lake Como I have been able to discover. As I sat on the old wall I decided that Bellagio was the most beautiful spot in the world and Como the most exquisite lake. Promptly I lapsed into the "purple patches" I had so recently deplored.

My attention was attracted by families of peasants tugging up the steep slope and flinty path with large gunny sacks filled with leaves and twigs of brilliant green. They swung into this lane and that until all of the gay costumes had disappeared from view. Later I found that the sacks contained the day's scourgings of mul-

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The Philosopher

"There is no time," the philosopher said
The people called him great,
And reverently bowed their heads.
When he went home to dinner,
His wife said, "You are late."

—MARJORIE TONDRO.

Hello, Tillie

DAVID L. LARSEN

YOU haven't heard much about women until you've heard about Tillie. You see, Tom Johnson and Tillie had been married fifteen years. Of all the long suffering husbands, Tom would land first prize hands down. Tilly was just the last word in nagging, for when she nagged a man he stayed nagged.

"But what should we do without can openers?" Tillie always came back triumphantly. And Tom would nod his head again, this time wearily.

Can openers. They were her main delight in life. Tillie had dozens of them—big ones and little ones, early models and late models.

At the sewing circle one afternoon the women started talking about the cooking school being sponsored by the leading grocery store. "Aren't you going with us, Tillie?" asked Mamie Tomkins, feeling that Tom could profit by some added culinary knowledge.

Tillie shook her head. "No, I don't want any of their new fangled ideas on cookin'! I'm satisfied with the way I get on now."

"But what about poor Tom?" muttered Elsie Jones under her breath.

"It's free, Tillie," insisted Mamie Tomkins good-naturedly. She made up her mind that Tillie ought to go to cooking school. "They'll be giving away free samples—" and an idea struck her "—and maybe they'll have some new kind of can openers."

A gale of laughter swept the room. Tillie looked non-plussed, then smiled wryly.

"Why, I'll call for you in my car," offered Elsie Jones, striving desperately to leave Tillie no excuse for refusing.

But Tillie shook her head and remained silent.

"Just like trying to coax a fish to swim on dry land," sighed Mamie Tomkins hopelessly to herself.

Employed as a carpenter, Tom Johnson earned forty dollars a week. And every week he dutifully turned the check over to his wife. Then he fell out of work, long after hundreds of others had been laid off. When he failed to find employment after a few weeks, Tillie flew into a tantrum. "What kind of a husband are you?" she raged. "If you'd been any good, the boss wouldn't have let you go."

"Oh, I'll find work, Tillie; I've always had work before," answered Tom patiently. There was weariness in his voice.

"Well, you'd better find work. Me slavin' round this house, a-scrubbin' and cookin'. And you know how I hate cookin'." Tillie gestured wildly.

A year passed. The savings account dwindled perilously low, with taxes on the house still unpaid.

Then suddenly one morning Tillie delivered her ultimatum. "If you don't find work in another week, I'll pack up and leave." Her voice rose. "I won't stand for livin' with an idle husband and me workin' myself to death." She screamed the words at the top of her voice and flounced out of the room.

Tom was alarmed. The days of the next week crept by as he vainly sought employment. Then Saturday evening Tillie carried

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Adolescent Love Song

MIRIAM FIRKINS

"Aw, gee, Betty, life's heck, isn't it?"
"I'll say. People are awful meanies, specially parents."

"You said it. What's the big idea, anyway?"
"Gosh, Bill, I don't know. You'd think we were just children and didn't know our own minds."

"Yea, Well, of course, you're pretty young still. But I'm grown up. At least I'm not a kid anymore. I'm seventeen."

"Yea, but you're not so smart, even if you are two years older than I."

"Well, I may not be so much smarter, but I've got a lot more common sense."

"Why, of all the conceit. You have not. A girl of fifteen is much more mature than a boy of seventeen."

"Says you."

"Oh Bill."

"Yea, there we go, fighting again. We just get over one fight and we begin another."

"It was all your fault."

"It most certainly was not. You started it."

"Why, I didn't either."

"You did."

"I did not."

"Well, I didn't."

"Yes, you did."

"Aw, heck, there we go again. Why do we always get into arguments?"

"I don't know, we just do."

"Honey, I'm sorry."

"Bill, darling, so am I."

"Let's not fight again, tonight."

"All right, but you'll have to be careful, because you always start them."

"I like that. You started the last one."

"Bill, you know I didn't."

"You did."

"Well, if I started the last one, you started this one."

"Of all the nerve! You started it yourself. You said—"

"Aw, who cares what I said. Here we've got an important question to discuss and we just can't keep from fighting."

"Yes, I know. Honey, I'm sorry."

"So am I, darling."

"What the heck were we fighting about?"

"Gosh, I don't know."

"Oh, I remember; we had just decided that we were old enough to know our own minds. At least, I know I am."

"So am I."

"And I love you, honey, I really do. Why, Betty, I love you so much I dream about you every night."

"Yes, and I can't eat when you're mad at me, so I must love you."

"Then why must our folks try to keep us apart? Gosh, two whole weeks, they want you to stay in the mountains."

"Gee, that's almost forever, isn't it?"

"I don't see the big idea, myself."

"Well, mother says the reason I like you so much is because I'm never around anybody else. So she thinks if I go to Arrowhead for two weeks, maybe I'll meet some other boys and then I'll forget about you."

"But you wouldn't?"

"Darling, of course I wouldn't, not if I met just lots of other boys. Not even if they had a lot of money and could take me really nice places."

"That's right, honey, and I won't see any other girls while you're gone."

"Darling."

"Say, wouldn't it be a good idea if I went to Arrowhead, too? Not with you, of course, but I could stay with some fellows, then I could

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The Literary Supplement

MARY TOMLINSON Editor
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RALPH A. J. PORTER Printing Instructor

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BOOK PRIZE

Next issue the literary supplement will present a book to the person whose contribution is judged the best. Mr. M. C. Richter, owner of the Book Den on 15 East Anapamu street, is offering "The Lady of the Chinese Courtyard" by Elizabeth Cooper in a beautiful leather bound edition. The donator of the book asks that faculty advisers judge the contributions in order that all students may have equal chance to win the prize.

Sonnet

(Composed after seeing the picture "Love Time," based on the life of Schubert).

What nobler pen in melody could trace
With martial rythm or with lyric fine
Through myriad notes that clustered on each
line,
Like beads of jet, and rested in each space
The grim, forbidding grandeur on the face
Of the gray sea whose hungry waters whine;
The breath of north winds blown through
fragrant pine;
The perfume of the first rose, and the grace
That lifts the nightingale's low song at eve;
The visions of the wondering youth,
Its dull, soul-rending sorrow and the truth
Of love not answered, too deep to conceive.
None but thou, Schubert, genius, could
recapture
The soul, its leaden bleakness, and its rapture.

—CARLOTTA HASSE.

The Bee

(Inspired by Rimsky-Korsakov's "Flight of the Bumble Bee")

Clothed in black and shiny velvet,
Buzzing loudly, down you zoom;
Fiercely, wildly, you go flying
From the roses to the broom.

Here you stop to guzzle nectar,
There you fill a child with dread
As you dart between the bushes,
Or pause to buzz beside his head.

You would make some fairy prince
A spirited and prancing steed;
But to catch and learn to ride on you
He must be quite brave indeed.

Black and buzzing streak of lightning
Dashing madly on your way,
Disappearing in the distance
Like the night at break of day.

—LOLA COOPER.

Aunt Lizzie

MABEL WALTON

EVERY family tree has among its branches an Aunt Lizzie. She sits upon the highest branches and looks with disdain upon the lower members of the tribe. She is invariably the wealthiest member of the clan, and for this reason her idiosyncrasies are endured. Aunt Lizzie's Will is the family Bible. Will Uncle Charley be mentioned since he told the meddlesome, old woman to shut up? Surely, Cynthia will never receive her cousinly share because she attended a public dance. The old crank runs her family ragged, and then usually ends up by leaving all her money to a home for blind cats.

Our family, being normal, possesses an Aunt Lizzie. The old Tartar happens to be my great Aunt, and since she firmly believes in running every one's life, I came under her jurisdiction. Early in life I learned to dread her visiting day. We knew when we could expect an inspection, Dad would come home, and go to the nearest picture, run his finger along the top, and look for dust; Mother would exclaim, "Aunt Lizzie is coming." In the meanwhile she would grab a duster in one hand and a step ladder in the other. Nothing was safe from the old lady's prying eyes, even the garbage can had to be devoid of its microbes.

One sharp rap, imperative in the greatest degree, announced our visitor. She was one person who would not wait until you powdered your nose. I can see auntie giving one short rap at the Gate of Heaven, and woe be unto St. Peter, if she has to rap a second time!

"Good afternoon, my dear," she would say upon sweeping into the parlor, meanwhile dropping an icy kiss upon my forehead. "Has not your mother got new curtains?" Upon my answer in the affirmative, she would shake her head, muttering, "Tut, tut, and times such as they are." Times were always hard for auntie, sitting in her silk dress, and sealskin coat.

The afternoon would drag slowly by, and in due course of time I would be called upon to play my latest piece. On finishing, I would be informed that I was making more and more mistakes than ever, and was becoming more and more like my father's side of the family. The old lady's tongue was like a knife, and she generally left my mother in tears, my father cursing, and my wishing that she would break her neck. Nothing ever happened to her, however, and she still pursues her way from relative to relative.

Once I had to spend a week with her. No wonder I possess an inferiority complex! Of the many things I did to annoy the lady, the worst was that I could not sit still. I can see myself squirming under her piercing gaze. "Stop fidgeting, child," she would demand. I would move uneasily, and she would glare. The more she would glare the more I would squirm. The back of my new velvet dress was positively shiny when I went home. Although I disliked Aunt Lizzie to my fullest extent, I hated her pet dog more. He was a French poodle misnamed, by the near sighted old lady, Peggy. He had an affectionate nature which made him want to jump upon you and slobber over your face. This was known as kissing, and was considered very clever.

It was silly of us to be afraid of the old lady, but she had a domineering way that even cowered her husband, who was anything but a submissive soul when he married her. His nature had changed, however. Finally he gave up the struggle of trying to get along with her and meekly died.

In her way she meant to be kind. Many were the lovely presents with which she presented me, but bitter were the words that went with them. Much rather would I have had her keep the gifts and the words. Never did she turn away anyone in need, but the scolding that went with the donation generally kept the needy from her door.

She never had any use for me since the day I cut my hair. I was told that a "woman's crowning glory is her hair," and that I need not expect a penny from her while I continued to look like a heathen. Undoubtedly, the old lady would be surprised if she knew her

Needles

The needles flash back and forth.
My eyes follow them
And grow dim with thought.
Knit two, purl two.

The soft lamplight is caught in the needles.
It stays in the steel, gleaming;
I grow philosophical.
Knit two, purl two.

The green of the yarn and the pink of the
lamp
And the grey of my dress, blend in the
needles.
My worries dissolve as if they had never
been;
The needles are opium.
Knit two, purl two, knit two again.

—JEANNE WOOD.

Moonlight

The moon coin
Throws
A ragged-edged path
Of gold
Before it
Across
The stippled ocean.

Edged
Is the path
In silver
Flowing slowly
Into black.

A few light clouds
Fluff themselves
In the smoothly-lighted
Sky.

The old palm tree
Overlooking the cliff
Makes fantastic silhouette
Against the cool brightness.
Its leaves
Cast shadows
Of lace and fringe
Upon the short grass.

—BARBARA SEWARD.

Recipe

JANE GOSLIN

Take one student, energetic or otherwise; place in an easy chair; and cover with books, pencils, and papers. Add a dash of spring fever and a pinch of forced ambition and watch for any change for the better. Let stand for a period of thirty minutes or more, shaking every few minutes to arouse enthusiasm which usually is missing; keep stirring until it comes to a boil, and there will appear on top a slight bubble of creative power, a noticeable sign of an inward mental eruption. For best results at this critical moment remove all possible interference, such as radios, phone calls, or social callers; however an apple or an orange may be added as garnish to refresh the subject and promote development. After a mental crust has formed and results are completely visible, remove the subject from his position, if necessary, and inspect the results which may or may not be one good theme on anything from the sublime to the ridiculous. This recipe, which may be improved by a bit of common sense, serves any number and should be accompanied by undying optimism and perseverance.

heathenish and penniless great niece felt only pity for her ladyship and her cankerous way. How lonely she must be in that great quiet house, for even Peggy is gone now. Poor, lonely, embittered soul — out of the whole world there is no one who cares about her. Truly, it must be awful to be cursed with a bitter tongue, a narrow outlook on life, and to see only the faults in your fellow mortals.

Right Isn't; Neither's Wrong

JAMES MURRAY

A COMEDY

Scene: A living-room. All of us who hate conventionality — perhaps I should say provinciality—will loath the term "living-room." For this scene is not a living-room scene. It is not, thank God—and all the other deities who ever they are—it is not a parlor. It is a room—a room designed after the exquisite style of the moderns (I think that term, too, is subject to criticism, but aren't they all?)

Time: Not so very long ago.

Characters: Zizi

Francis

Ronald, the host.

Zizi, Francis, and Ronald aren't trying to fashion a design for living. In fact, none of them have designs on either of the others, nor anyone else probably. No doubt they wouldn't have much trouble formulating a design for living in the Cowardian sense of the phrase. Perhaps they're trying to do it in another sense.

We find Zizi telling another one of her tales:

Zizi: And so one old chicken said to the other, "It's night."

And the other one answered, "It's not. I've only been off my roost time enough to catch half a dozen worms."

"It's night," the first one said. "It's dark, isn't it?" she asked after settling herself on the roost.

"Yes."

"Then it's night," and she buried her head in her neck feathers.

"It's not night," the other chicken stamped her claw. It was dark. "But it's not night," she said.

Francis (laughing): Awfully cute, Zizi, and you're dead right! Black is white.

Ronald (sipping something or other): Oh, I don't know. There must be some standards, mustn't there?

Zizi: That's just it. There are some standards—some for everything. Several, in fact.

Francis: Certainly. I pray so that I might defeat my enemies and they pray so that they can defeat me.

Zizi: Exactly. What's good for the goose isn't good for the gander.

Ronald (after a pause): We've got an idea here; let's really think it out. Let's really analyze the thing—wrestle with it, if necessary. And we won't have to pray, because we can stay friends!

Zizi: Ah, but our precious standards. Where do they come in?

Ronald: That's just what we're going to talk about.

Zizi: Don't we have to agree on some standards before we start talking about standards?

Ronald: What's all this?

Zizi: I mean, you said, "We've got an idea here." Now I claim it's not just an idea. You say it is. What's your standard; what's mine?

Ronald: I'm not a perfect fool. You're simply trying to convince me that no two persons always agree on every subject. That things are as they are and they aren't. That right is wrong and it's right . . . Am I right?

Zizi: You are.

Francis: You aren't.

Ronald: And now you'll both say that neither was incorrect in his answers to my question.

Francis: Nobody is ever wrong.

Zizi (after a short pause; then laughing): If I believe you, I can't disagree; for if nobody is ever wrong, I can't say you are! But, seriously, what you say is not altogether wrong. To be sure, there are standards and people are right if they act according to their standards. That there are conflicting standards doesn't make anyone living up to his standards any less right. My whole point is that standards are different and people the same. Let each live according to his standards. And if a person knowingly violates his standards, he is not wrong because his deed is. It is only when he

The Dying Man

All of the onlookers
Were watching with
Minute attention
His every movement,
While he was concerned
Only with death itself.

—MARJORIE TONDRO.

loses his original standard and is convinced that what he once thought was wrong is right that he becomes wrong—relatively.

Ronald: Then you believe in individualism.

Zizi: I don't believe in anything. I try to find out what is. Individualism is—to a degree, of course. But I do think it's a good thing to have great masses of people convinced that certain standards are best.

Francis: I think you're right, Zizi, when you say everybody's right till he's wrong!

Zizi: Now don't make fun of me . . . A person, then, is never wrong—only in that instant, if there is one—in which he is not wholly transferred from one standard to another. For when he lives according to one standard, he is never wrong. He may find another and live according to it. Then, again, he can't be wrong—ever. There is no right, either, if there is no wrong. But the great way to save us from a dreadful jumble is to have our standards presented to us—by the Church, say, and adopt its standards as ours. You know you can trust learned scholars as much as you can trust anyone. Then our standards would be and we ourselves could never be wrong even if our acts were in discord with out standards.

Francis: Bravo! Bravo! No right and no wrong!

Zizi: I hope you see what I mean.

Ronald: I think I do. You frankly say that black might be white—even though it isn't always—I might add.

Zizi: Exactly.

Ronald: And if a person really believes that black is white, he can never be wrong in that belief. Then if he really comes to believe that white is black, he isn't wrong yet—and never will be.

Francis: Even if he believes white is white!

Ronald: However, Zizi, you encourage the masses to be instructed in certain standards so they all can't be wrong together! Is that it?

Zizi: Yes.

Francis: Can I answer "No" for you and still have that a correct answer?

Zizi: I am not only speaking regarding morals. Were I to say that my theories—I guess we'll have to call them that—pertained only to morals, they would be easier to understand. But they also apply to all so-called truths—to beauty of form and of substance, things far apart from morals.

Ronald: But one of the main points is, I take it, that although two authorities might not agree concerning the same subject they are both right or one is ignorant and the other right.

Zizi: Right.

Francis: Wrong—am I right?

Ronald: And faith is that which convinces man what is. And that faith is acquired. But what is is and is our standard. And if there should be an opposite standard and we believe that that is, then we cannot be wrong if we follow it.

Zizi: Yes, and the main thing is to adopt standards nearer to those of the majority of finer people. Then you can have the realization there may be other standards than yours, but if you have faith in yours you can never be wrong.

Francis: Because you can never be right!

WIND

The wind, as it flies and sings
Has power to set me free,
So I mount on eagle's wings
To the highest peak of me.

And oh, that one lone star
In the pale sky shining bright
Can never sail so far
As my soul on a windy night!

—LOLA COOPER.

Just a 'Crewser'

ALLEN CREWS

NEWSPAPER offices with their noise, excitement, and hurried responsibilities have always held a strong fascination for me. Is it then surprising that at the age of eleven, when the opportunity opened, I took a job as a paper carrier for an evening daily in Colorado Springs, Colorado?

In spite of the fact that the carriers are really the cat's paws for the organization I was as proud of my job as the boss, and saw to it that there were as few "kicks" as possible to control. Things went comparatively smooth for several months, but the real test did not come along until in the winter months when a blinding blizzard arose from the north. I was determined to finish the route or freeze in my tracks; perhaps one can get some idea of the intensity of the storm when northbound automobiles actually froze up and stopped. Everyone was excited, and although it is hard to confess I too was nervous, the boss had left it up to me whether or not the route was finished. The seven miles to be covered seemed like my share of a living torment. Yes, I got through, but the storm left an indelible impression because both my feet were slightly frozen; however, my customers had gotten their papers which was compensation enough for me.

For a period of two more years my work was practically at a standstill until at the age of fourteen a photographer, with whom I had become acquainted on my route, gave me a chance to become apprenticed in his gallery. During the first year my responsibilities were comparatively small, but there was plenty of work, so things went well, and after the man who had been working in the film department quit, "Pop" the boss, promoted me to the job as film developer; but the scandal one can learn in such a place is demoralizing, especially if your boss has been connected with a circus, "a man about town."

It is not surprising therefore that when my father thought it wise for me to spend at least a couple of nights at home before 12 o'clock, that I abruptly "pulled my freight," and headed for points south early one Saturday morning. As bicycle riding had always been a hobby with me it came in to advantage, as the best avenue of departure, for a decidedly "cocky" fifteen year old boy to show his wrathful parent who really was the boss. Pueblo was the first stop, about 40 miles away, which I made in about two hours and a half; then after a little rest and something to eat I again headed south for Walsenburg, a stretch of about 50 miles, and as good fortune would have it one of the old truck drivers with whom I was acquainted in Colorado Springs gave both me and my bicycle a "lift" clear to Raton, New Mexico.

Again the journey was resumed on bicycle, but with much more difficulty than previously as the road had a definite trend up hill. Between Raton and Capulin one of those mountainous region storm clouds burst, and before I knew it "hell was popping." The next fifteen miles went slowly, but with the aid of my flashlight, as it was growing dark I made the little village of Capulin. Writers have often written about the Oasis in a Desert, but if there are words enough in one's vocabulary to tell what the sight of a town looks like to a tired storm-drenched run-away boy then I am certain that that author is well on his way to fame.

Where the night was spent is another matter, but at any rate the next morning I left my bicycle with the only merchant in town, and told him that when things were settled again I would send him the money necessary to have the wheel shipped to me. He evidently had had experience with boys, so smiled and acquiesced to my request. From then on the trip was resumed on my "thumb." A young man from Oklahoma picked me up and gave me a ride clear to Amarillo, Texas. There I looked for work, but as everyone seemed to think my age was against me I again started south. In a little country store about twelve miles outside of Amarillo a man gave me work

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Storm at Sea

DICK JACKSON

FOR two weeks we had been lazily sailing through a sea of the deepest blue. The sea, which had been as smooth as glass save for the occasional splash of a flying fish or diving porpoise, began to heave and toss about as swells from some storm beyond the horizon rolled past the ship. Snow-white gulls, weather prophets of the sea, came out of the distance to glide above the ship.

The light breeze that had been with us since we had left Honolulu dropped to but a breath, hardly enough to give us steerage-way. Soon the wind left us rolling and pitching about, first in the through and then on top of the swells. Appearing out of the southeast a greenish-brown tinge began to take the place of the azure sky. The sea, reflecting a gray-green, soon changed to a copper colored green as it became filled with a russet color that seemed to be everywhere. Along the southern horizon a low, black cloud began to grow, stretching out long fingers of gray until it surrounded us.

The clear resonant voice of the captain seemed faint and far away as he ordered the crew to furl the sails and see that everything was lashed securely. Quickly the men obeyed, the decks were swept clear of all movable objects, and only a small jib and the spanker were left set. The barometer had not dropped, which made us sure that the coming storm would be of short duration.

The sky became a murky gray, which was reflected in the sea. The dark clouds came skudding their way out of the south, dropping so low that they seemed to touch the slowly rocking masts. A quietness prevailed, broken only by an occasional sound from the mess hall where the boy was setting the table.

From under the blackest cloud a long thin line of waves, appeared. With a scream the wind tore through the rigging, and the storm was upon us, as though a gigantic hand had hit us. A low, gray curtain of rain, blown into horizontal sheets, beat the surface of the sea into a froth. Bits of waves torn off by the howling wind, forced me below. Before I left the deck, I took one last look around. The blackest clouds were now in the north. The seas poured over the rail as the ship keeled before the force of the wind. The bare rigging howled its song of defiance to the wind, which was now losing its strength. To the south a narrow line of light showed itself. Huge swells of angry seas raced by the ship as if to catch the heart of the storm. Spots of light showed themselves, a sign that soon the wind-storm would blow itself out, and the sea would again reflect the deep blue of untroubled seas.

Travel Diary

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berry leaves which the people took to large fires and dried to be used as food supply for their silk worms during the winter months.

Turning my eyes from the slope to the lake I saw it had changed from its usual penetrating and transparent blue to a dull gold reflection of the gilded sky. The entire smooth surface was aureate except for the line around the far shore which was ultra-marine. A sharp wind rose to whip up the glassy surface of the lake as the sun set in a blaze of fire that licked the tops of the waves into flame. Then gradually the intensity of the color lessened, until the lake was streaked with gray and gold and passed into hues of opal and mauve. The dark branches of the tall pines and leafy sycamores curved against the sky like the mosaic arches in the San Marco in Venice. In the east the sky was lilac, and began to deepen as the light lessened in the west. The shore and hills were now purple on the western horizon, and the very air had taken on a heliotrope color. The light itself seemed to be tinged with this hue as though the only colors left by the sun were blues and violets.

As there was no one to guide me on my return trip down the slope to the village I hastened while a little light was left in the sky. Around the first curve in the path I came upon

Hello, Tillie

(Continued From Page One)

out her threat. Carrying her black suitcase, she marched from her room to the front door. Then she paused and turned. "I gave you fair warning I'd leave. I won't stay with a lazyman. I'll find something I like to do—" she emphasized her words, "I'm tired of cookin'." The door slammed shut.

Tom sat like a man in a trance. Tillie was gone. What would become of her? She had only a few dollars.

Folks thought it was terrible that Tillie had deserted her husband, especially when he'd been so good to her. However, Tom never said a word against her; in fact, it was a long time before he'd even admit she had left him, claiming instead she was off on a visit to her relatives.

Well, old Tom got along the best he could. Feeling sorry for him, the neighbors invited him in for meals quite often, so in a way he probably tasted more good cooking than when Tillie was with him.

One day several months later the postman's whistle sounded on his porch. Tom Johnson's heart beat faster. Maybe Tillie was coming home. Eagerly, almost frantically he clutched the letter from the mail box and stared at it anxiously. His face worked with disappointment, then in his dismay he let the missive slip to the floor. The handwriting of the address on the envelope was not Tillie's.

Dazedly, a few moments later he retrieved the letter. He slit the flap of the envelope with his pocket knife and pulling out the sheet of paper within, read the contents. Fred Brown, a contractor who formerly employed him, was offering him work at Burbank, building some houses for a new real estate subdivision. The job would last at least six months. He urged him to come at once.

It was good news, yet somehow he failed to respond with much enthusiasm to the message. Strangely, silently he packed his bags for the trip and stored away his belongings until a later return.

After the train fare was paid, he had only a few dollars left. Aboard the train he abstractedly watched the scenery flash by. His thoughts wandered back to Tillie. Was she still alive? Her few dollars were gone long ago. Where could she find work?

Dejectedly he disembarked from the train at Burbank after a three hour ride. The baggage room man found a place to keep his bags and tool case temporarily until he became settled. With a tug at his hat, he plodded wearily up the street, searching right and left for a lodging place.

Three blocks up, a sign caught his eye:

HOME COOKING

Rates Reasonable
Board and Room

He clambered up the steps to the house and pressed the doorbell button. His eyes swept the street while he waited for an answer to his summons. The door creaked open.

Tom stared. Then his face lit up in a huge smile.

"Hello, Tillie."

a happy group singing while they dried leaves over an open fire. One of the young men offered to escort me back to the inn after dark if I would please stay awhile and teach them all a few words of English. When I left the group, gracious "adios" followed me down the path.

No matter where you go in Europe, if you are gay with excitement or rigid with fright, if you have your eyes focused on your feet, your guide, or heaven, you cannot miss your Roman friends. They left an indelible stamp! From towns at the foot of the Alps to cities of fair England one hobbles over cobblestones until he finds a Roman road, recognizable by two rows of broad flag-stones placed in the center of the road just the width of chariot wheels apart. Brave for the Romans! he thinks. I'll glide my tired feet along those wide flat stones with pleasure.

Love Song

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meet you at the dance and your mother would never know."

"Gee, that would be keen. Because then we could both have a good time and I could still get the new clothes mother promised me if I go."

"Say, you wouldn't rather have the new clothes than me, would you?"

"Oh, Bill, how can you say such things? Of course I wouldn't. You know that. But I have to wear something. I simply haven't a thing now."

"Why, you got a new dress just last week."

"Oh, that old thing. That was just to fill in. It scarcely cost a thing."

"Well I don't think you need any more."

"Why, I certainly do."

"Well, skip it. I'll get there someday. Gosh, Betty, look what time it is. Quarter to twelve. And I promised your mother I'd get you home by eleven thirty. You'll have to run. Come on, pile out. I don't relish another penny lecture from your mother."

"Well, you might at least open the door for me."

"Okay, okay. Wait till I get around there, then."

"Thank you, darling. But Bill, aren't you going to kiss me good-night?"

"Sure I am. Come here, honey. No. I'm not."

"Why Bill."

"I told you the other night that I wouldn't kiss you again if you wore so much lipstick."

"But it won't come off. It's indelible."

"Yea, it's indelible on my handkerchief. I told you mother said if I got any more lipstick on my hankies, she was going to talk to your mother. Wipe it off on your own handkerchief."

"But mother said I couldn't do that any more or she'd make me wash them myself."

"Well, no kiss then. You'd better hurry, anyway. It's getting late."

"Bill, you act as though you didn't want to kiss me."

"Honey, you know I do. Only not with all that junk on."

"Well, all right, then don't and see if I care. I'm going in."

"Good-night, Betty."

"Good-bye, Bill. You'll be sorry, though. This is a brand new stick and it's raspberry flavored."

"Honey, come back. Please. I really don't care about the darned junk. There. Good-night. I'll see you next week at Arrowhead."

JUST A 'CREWSE'

(Continued From Page Three)

to help him while he was there, and when he left to run the place.

Things went fairly well, but in about a month's time the call to write a letter to my mother became so great that I gave in to the urge. She answered, and sent some money for me to come home on, and assured me that all would be well. It didn't take much persuasion, as winter was coming on, and school had already started. With a light heart, and a little more I experienced the trail once more, but this time to the north and home.

DAWN

Very carefully God takes
Off His protective cloak
Of night and leaves the
Earth free to the day.

—MARJORIE TONDRO.

THE TRAIN

Across the valley I hear the train
Moving slowly with chugging refrain
Weary monster of modern days
Sluggishly plodding in smoky ways.

—PATRICIA McCULLAGH.

NATURAL SCIENCE

In school they say it's gravity
That makes this wide world spin;
But now I'm on my own I find
That all it takes is gin.

—MIRIAM FIRKINS.