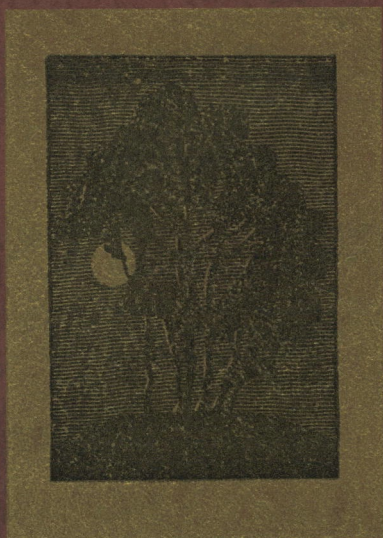


# The Manuscript

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# THE MANUSCRIPT

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DIVINITY

How farcical it is to pray  
To see God's face the human way.  
He must have known that we would tease  
When He created us this way.

It is my guess we do not please  
Omniscience with our bended knees.  
It must seem foolish when we call.  
How He must smile at what He sees.

Our puny eyes are yet too small  
To grasp the meaning of it all.  
We miss the hue of stars that wane,  
And misconstrue a waterfall.

We hate to think on public plain  
We've found the place His hand has lain,  
Whose fingers are the falling rain,  
Whose fingers are the falling rain.

—Audred Arnold.

HOUSE-BOUND

A Villanelle

You like to have me in the house.  
When you are home, you tell me so.  
It's men alone who may carouse.

The cat's an ogre to the mouse:  
(It is the mouse I really know.)  
You like to have me in the house.

I wonder whom I can arouse  
To take a side without a blow:  
It's men alone who may carouse.

I am your most devoted spouse;  
I will not be your fool, your foe:  
You like to have me in the house.

I wonder, shall I milk the cows?  
Or shall I let the milking go?  
It's men alone who may carouse.

It is my choice, as this allows,  
To spin and sew, to spin and sew.  
You like to have me in the house:  
It's men alone who may carouse.

—Audred Arnold.



## SOME THINGS ABOUT A CASTLE

By ARDYTH M. KENNELLY

AND that," said the old lady, straightening up from her task of cutting roses to point to a tower rising whitely from the hillside, where it was surrounded by trees, "is the castle."

"It is very beautiful," I murmured enthusiastically.

"Oh, yes, it is beautiful," she assented, and then, "Did you know it is haunted?"

"Haunted? With really and truly ghosts?"

"So they say. But not with the sort of ghosts you mean, although there are rather unusual happenings in the castle. Haunted, instead, I might say, with the ghosts of a man's dreams."

"Dead dreams have ghosts then?" I questioned, wishing to draw from her the story. But she would not tell me.

"You would be disappointed," she said, "if I told you the story of the castle. You would like to believe that there were secret tunnels, and dark, sinister rooms. You would like to believe that perhaps a murder was committed and the victim was hidden in a chest in the attic. You would like to believe that a string of pearls was placed back of a stone in the fireplace—very mysterious, and all that. Oh, I know the sort of thing," she said smilingly, "that people immediately associate with a castle. But none of these are true of this one. This tale that I know is just a pathetic story of a man who built a castle when all the time the heart of him was wanting a queer little house with a low roof, and a tangled garden." She paused. "It's just a story of unhappiness, dearie. You wouldn't understand," she said softly.

That afternoon, with the caretaker's wife as a guide, I went through the castle. The original owner had been dead several years, I learned, and his

heirs lived in England. His wife, it seems, was alive, but she could not bear to live in the castle. No one seemed to know why, but somehow I've always thought that the old lady of the rose-garden could tell me if she only would.

The castle was on a large, beautifully kept estate. And, as I walked up the drive-way to the colossal stone building, I couldn't for the life of me see how anyone could be unhappy in such a place. And to build a structure like that would be—well, more like the realization of a dream. No, I didn't understand.

We went up long, broad flights of softly-carpeted stairs; we passed through gorgeous, velvet-hung rooms paneled with dark, polished wood; we went across shining floors, and halls with silver ceilings; and we went into as nearly perfect a library as there could be. Oh, it was unthinkable that anyone could not be utterly happy in such a place!

And now it was haunted. Haunted. That's what they said. That something walked in the room above the dining room. That there were strange, weird sounds in the upstairs. That flickering lights were seen at dusk in the study window. That mocking laughter echoed from room to room at dawn. That someone sobbed, or sang, in the great ballroom. But that's what they always say of castles.

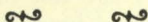
And an old lady said it was haunted with the ghosts of dead dreams. The dreams of a man who built a castle when all the time the heart of him was wanting a funny, sleepy little house with a sweet, untidy garden. "It's just a story of unhappiness, dearie," she said. "You wouldn't understand."

And I don't. I only know that the castle is very, very beautiful, and the



sight of it stirs something within one and makes a lump in one's throat. But somehow, because I'm a very ordinary sort of person, and because the castle is such a marvelous background for a mystery, I would have much preferred that it were haunted by the ghosts of—well, say a slim, black-eyed countess, who was murdered in the red room by a madman, rather than by the wistful ghosts of poor little dead dreams of which I knew nothing.

For that would have made a much better story, you know.



## THE FIRE CAMP

By OMAR M. LLOYD

ONE hundred suffering men were attacking the flames, dropping the burning snags, breathing the acrid smoke. On the ridge, in the canyon, through the old burn, they toiled. The hot smoke seemed to sear their lungs. The heat from burning logs sapped their strength. At the falling of each snag their tired flesh cringed in anticipation of flying fire, or even of a blow from the giant sliver of wood. Repeatedly they lost hundreds of feet of trench, as the flying sparks set spot fires that were too hot to control. Mount Jefferson surveyed with majestic indifference the destruction of the forest at her very feet. She seemed to regard the beauty of the Oregon forests as insignificant to her own lofty beauty.

On the shore of a small lake, a half mile away, lay the fire camp, surrounded by the noise and confusion of shouting men and stamping horses. To this rendezvous men came at any hour of night or day to grab a meal and roll into their blankets for a few hours' sleep. A dozen cooks and flunkies prepared the smoky meals. The fire camp is like a city, with its own government, its superintendent, and its various other officers.

Toward evening the wind changed in direction and increased in force. The fire leaped to the tops of the trees and roared down the ridge.

"All right, let's go to camp," directed the fire boss. "She's out of control now. Get some sleep and hit 'er in the morning. She'll be on the ground then."

The damp air of night and the shifting of the wind drove the fire to the ground, and the hard-earned fire trench was enough of a barrier to withstand the flames. A guard must patrol this part of the fire unceasingly, however, to prevent calamity. The night shift had spent most of the day in their blankets, and they were now ready for action.

The flames, by this time down to the opposite shore of the lake, glared at the fatigued men as they spread their beds on the ground for the night. The loud reports of splitting timber and the sound of the sudden flaring of flames in the resinous tops of the mountain conifers interrupted the continuous roar of the forest fire.

One hundred men went to sleep with a flaming hill and a red glow reflected on clouds of black smoke pictured on their minds. When they closed their eyes they could see ten thousand points of light mirrored in a beautiful mountain lake.

At about midnight the sleeping fire fighters were startled into consciousness by a roaring, buzzing, penetrating sound from the blazing hill across the lake. It was a fire pump, which had just arrived. These tiny machines, whirling water through a four-inch hose with terrific force, are the most efficient devices in use for the fighting of forest fires. The sounds from across the lake increased and diminished in volume, and finally settled into a steady purr.

Around camp headquarters the intense white light from numerous gas-



oline lanterns illuminated a scene of noise and confusion. One of the strings of pack animals with provisions had just entered camp, and the packers were shouting to the stamping, frightened beasts. Men were standing around the campfire, eating. Others were coming in from the fire, or going out on patrol shifts. Some, with beds on their shoulders, walked about among the sleepers, seeking a place to rest. A gang of Indians were talking, laughing, and shouting as they ate their mid-night lunch around their fire. These playful fellows, who were there to fight such fire as invaded their reservation, seemed to be the only ones who took

the fire as a joke and made merry after a hard day's work. A fire camp was nothing of importance in their nomadic lives.

With the first signs of dawn the fire fighters crawled from their blankets at the call of "roll out." They looked with interest at the black and smoking hill across the lake, where one small machine had done in a few hours what all of them could not do in a whole day. The night had done its work of dampening the fierceness of the fire, and the fire fighters were now ready to attack the monstrous devastator of forests with renewed vigor in their muscles and revived hope in their hearts.



## THE STORM

By ELMER GARRISON

IN the middle of December in the year 1926, the West O'Rowa pulled slowly into the strange harbor of Hakata, Japan. As it was the first time an American boat had been allowed to enter this port, the boat did not carry the necessary charts, and sailors were stationed in the chains to heave the lead. At regular intervals they would sing out, "By the m-a-r-k-ten" in a tone that only a sailor can use. The boat dropped both anchors in about four fathom, or twenty-four feet of water, and turned around with her bow to the incoming current from the Inland Sea. Behind lay the small town of Hakata. Surrounding the town are hills covered with dwarfed pine trees and the picturesque terraced gardens which are characteristic of Japan.

The pilot had hardly signaled down, "Finished with engines," when the coolies began to swarm up the gang-plank. Most of them wore little short blue jackets similar to our American "smocks" covered with red or white

characters. Their shoes, which looked like a cross between a tennis shoe and a mitten, had a special part for their big toes. Each coolie carried a small tin box wrapped in a towel. A coolie always carries a towel over his shoulder to wipe the perspiration from his eyes while working. He also wears a long, wide sash which he wraps tightly around his waist. Into this he tucks his cigarettes, pipe, and other small trinkets which he wishes to carry. Incidentally, the coolie has a habit of tucking into this belt anything he may find. On one particular day I found a coolie very industriously cutting himself a new sash from about thirty yards of burlap which he had stolen from the ship's store-room.

At noon a large kettle of hot rice was brought out from shore, and the coolies milled around it carrying their little tin boxes. Each box contained a pair of chop-sticks and a small bowl for rice, and also for a side-dish from home. The side-dish from home con-



sisted of some putrid smelling fish, and some large stewed beans. They would take a dab of brown rice from the large kettle into their bowls, and with this they would mix a little fish and some of the beans. Then they would hold the bowls up to their mouths and literally shovel the food into their mouths with the chop-sticks, take a drink of Saki, rice whiskey, and so on until they had consumed the whole kettle of rice.

From the time the coolies came aboard there was a steady rumble of the winches being driven by the inexperienced coolies, racing them, tangling up the falls, snapping cables against the spars, banging the huge yellow squares of fir against the sides of the holds. One by one the slivery squares are taken from the hold and slid over the side of the ship, sending a large spray of greenish-white water into a rainbow of color as the bright sun shines through the wall of water. The coolies sing a low sing-song tune as they pull the squares from the water to pile them cross-wise on their rafts. Ole, the mate, sticks his head over the side and yells down to the boys painting over the side, "She's sure lookin' fine, boys, but you'll have to snap into it; this weather won't hold out forever."

Suddenly the mate sticks his head over the side again. "Get that staging up on deck and then come up on the boat-deck and make the life-boats fast. Dick, take a look at the anchor-chains and see that they don't get crossed. Bud and Vick, get some of those coolies to help you and batten down One and Two."

They do not understand, but obey; it will be something different to do. Then things begin really to happen. A swish of wind that seems to be separate from anything else takes a turn around the deck, then another. Quietness again. Suddenly the sky turns black, and lightning streaks the sky. Coolies leave their work and huddle

in 'tween-decks, drawing their towels closely around their heads. The sailors rush from place to place, tying, lashing, clamping, and lacing everything that is loose. The wind hits with a jar. Coolies crouch lower, talking, jabbering, whispering—afraid to move. The waves begin to mount and climb against the sides. Now a green one breaks and goes over the bow, another tears the grating from over the steering-arm aft. The rafts tear and snap; chains and cables twang like strings on a violin, then part with a zing and hiss as they hit the water. Now a square is thrown on the deck, but it jumps like something alive and goes toward the shore like a torpedo. Another and another shakes itself loose. Slowly but surely the raft is being torn into pieces. There is no way to save it. Piece after piece is thrown free; some hit the side of the ship, some are thrown away, but all in time seem to make towards the shore. Darkness comes, and suddenly the storm is over.

We cannot see the damage done, but we know that every timber is lost. The waves keep lashing and tossing, and still the coolies stay under cover. A small light is sighted—it is the tug coming for the coolies, but it cannot get close enough. It would be smashed against the side like an egg-shell. The tug gives up, and we soon lose sight of it as it wallows back toward shore. The coolies have to stay aboard the rest of the night; "tarps" are stretched, and they huddle together, sleeping, snoring, grunting, twisting, until the gray dawn breaks again.

Four bells, six a. m., the watch is half over. A sailor slowly paces the bridge; his rhythmic footfalls echo across the quiet deck. The sky turns gray in the east; gradually the outline of the ship can be discerned. Five bells. It is almost daylight now. A fire has been started in the galley. The smell of frying bacon drifts up to the bridge. Six bells. The day watch is



called. The Chinese mess-boy rings the bell—breakfast is ready. The Bos'n comes into the mess hall. "We've got a lot of work to do; the ship is pretty well upset, and we've got to be ready to leave for Dairen at three. Watches are set at noon." One by one the sailors slide from behind the table, go to the fo'c'sle, get their oil-skins, sou'-westers, and sea-boots, and go out on deck.

A drizzly rain is falling now, but the sea is quite calm. Along the shore the yellow squares are scattered like splintered tooth-picks. Hatch-covers are strewn over the deck; cables and ropes

are tangled. A corner of the midship-house has been stove in by a heavy square. The grating over the steering-arm hangs on the railing. All these serve as mute evidence of the wrath of the storm.

Sailors go to their work as if cleaning up after a storm was a regular occurrence, and by three o'clock the boat is shipshape again. The pilot comes aboard and signals down "Ready with engines." The anchors are hauled in, and sailors are again stationed in the chains to heave the lead. "Slow ahead," and we are bound for Dairen, China.



### PRELUDE

The sky is full of clouds,  
And there will be rain before morning.

The weighted air quivers and pulsates  
In anticipation.  
Yellowed grasses stir  
Like the golden spear tips  
Of a column of Crusaders;  
Hope springs untrammelled  
From the million parched and yawning lips  
Of the heat-cracked earth;  
Tall trees lift their drooping arms  
And fling them free  
In a wild, weird sensuous ballet,  
Weaving, all the while,  
Strange incantations with their  
Singing voices,  
Pointing scornful fingers  
At the two-legged god of Earth,  
Who, hopeless, looks from sky  
To withered garden—  
And mutters something about  
Counting chickens.  
But he too will dance and sing—

For the sky is filled with clouds,  
And there will be rain before morning.

—Dorothy L. Anderson.



## WHO'S GOT THE CYAR KEY?

By ENESE JANZEN

**A**N air of negligence pervades the warm bakery-smelling kitchen. A dish towel and the Sunday funnies hobnob on the ragged rawhide-latticed kitchen chair. Somewhere on the back of the heavily ornamented range an aluminum teakettle coated with sooty grease sings foolishly. Against the wall opposite the range is a small spice cupboard swathed in gaudy dragon-figured cretonne; above this hangs a still-life picture, its wide frame a complicated intertwining of brassy rosettes and ribbons. The sewing machine near the door at the back of the room is nearly hidden by a red-and-white checkered tablecloth tossed upon it; on it also stands a cumbrous sewing basket, overflowing with buttons, pins, keys, and old socks. One might take refuge from the general dizzy confusion of the kitchen by meditating upon the illusive whiteness of the oilcloth covering the table against the wall to the right of the spice cupboard; but here, too, busy fingers, lacking the finesse of organized brain work, have wrecked a mess. The table supports half of an apple pie, juice oozing deliciously; a paper sack of tenpenny nails; several crocks of flour and eggs; a one-armed rolling pin; and a decrepit pink straw hat.

Grandma's square face is red, beligerent, expressive of many a heartily fought battle; wisps of crinky gray hair clustered on her forehead soften the ruddiness of her face. Her thick shoulders square off a round, compact body snugly encased in a red polka-dot housedress.

Willie is a slouchy, irresponsible youth of sixteen, loose jawed and slump shouldered, red haired and red faced. One fancies a delicate fire-lit halo radiating from his perpetually blushing countenance and the semicircle of rusty

hair. He wears overalls which have the appearance of being several sizes too large for him.

Agatha, slender and thirty-nine, appears to have done her best to keep the wrinkles in concealment. Her smile is one-sided to hide the alternating lack of gold teeth in the upper left front section of her thin-lipped mouth. Straw-like in texture, her hair is the shade of an autumn leaf between orange and red. It is precisely the shade she has passed on to her son, but where his hair has the appearance of being newly and vigorously polished, hers is flat and lusterless. Her cocoa-colored crepe frock almost reaches her knees, and a lacy yellow shawl is flung about her shoulders.

Grandma is very busy doing two things at once, dividing her attention between the table, where she is mixing a cake, and the sewing basket, in which she is now rummaging for something. She moves with heavy energy, muttering to herself.

Grandma: Seems like I can't find it nowhar, I jus' had it a minute ago. Now le's see, mebbe I give it to someone. . . Willie! Willie-e! Wat did ye do with the cyar key?

Willie's voice (from room at back): Cyar key? I ain't had the cyar key.

Grandma: I cawn't find it nowhar. Ye had it last, when ye druv my cyar down fer water. An' now ye've lost it. . . . I wisht ye wouldn' drive my cyar so reckless, Willie. 'Taint good fer the springs.

Willie (enters as if he were walking on snowshoes): Aw, I never drive reckless. It's fun to speed a little, an' it don't hurt nothin' so long ye don't git caught. (Strolls to table, picks up paper, seats himself to read.)



Grandma: Don't ye ever speed my cyar again, Willie, er I won't let ye drive it no more. (She moves to the table to mix the cake.)

Willie: Aw, Grammuh, that don't hurt it.

Grandma: Ye heerd me. Woren't them brakes screechin' fearful when ye druv roun' the curve wid my cyar?

Agatha (appears in doorway at back, smearing violent rouge on her cheeks): Why, mama, it wern't your cyar. It's in my name.

Grandma: In yore name? What's that got to do wid it? I'm payin' fer it, weren't I? An' out of poor pa's pension, too.

Agatha: Yo're not payin' all of it, ye know, mama. I'm payin' fer the tires an' the up'olstairy.

Grandma: Yah, an' the way Willie's drivin' it runnin' them pesky girruls aroun', ye'll go broke payin' fer pun'tured tires an' wern-out seats.

Willie (throwing his paper on the floor): Grammuh, guess what? I done sixty-five today an' had the girls squealin' like pigs. We neely left the highway.

Grandma (drops the cup she has picked up from the table, looks as though she has not heard right): What?

Willie: I done seventy today.

Grandma: Seventy miles a oor. Ye shouldn't drive like that, Willie. Ye'll get killed an' ye'll ru'n my cyar. Seventy miles! An' I jest got the cyar new a mont ago.

Agatha (from other room): Mama, I wish ye wouldn't say my cyar. It couldn't be run without I pay the gas.

Willie: Aw, quit yer crabbin', you two. It don't do neither o' you no good. I'm the only one whut can drive it.

Grandma: Effen I didn't go an' buy it, ye wouldn't be drivin' it, Willie.

(A sharp, peremptory knock is heard on the door at the left side back.)

Grandma: See who's by the door, Willie. (Willie slouches noisily to the

door, opens it, and stepping out talks to someone. Words cannot be distinguished.)

Willie (sticking his head around the door, speaking loudly): Grammuh, he says he's the cyar dealer.

Grandma: Sh-h, Willie, he'll hear ye. (Light pause, during which Willie talks to man outside.)

Willie (as before): Grammuh, he says he wants the 'stallment on the cyar.

Grandma (shuffles to door at back): Agatha, the cyar man's here an' wants ye should pay the 'stallment.

Agatha: Me? It weren't my cyar. I don' buy it.

Grandma: Willie's usin' it an' yo're payin' fer the gas. I don't get no good of it. I don't never ride in it. It's in yore name.

Agatha: Ye could ride ef ye wanted to. Willie's asked ye.

Grandma: But it weren't my cyar, really; I be skeered to ride somebody else' cyar.

Agatha: Well, it weren't mine and I weren't goin' pay for whut weren' mine.

Grandma (to Willie): Tell him, Agatha weren' home an' we don't know when she'll be.

Willie (after slight pause): He says he don't want Agatha, he wants the 'stallment.

Agatha: Tell him mama will pay tomorrow; there weren' no more check blanks in the house.

Willie (pause): He says this were the third time ye've put him off. He says if ye don't hurry an' give him the money, he's gonna take the cyar back.

Grandma: Oh, tell 'im, there weren't no money in the house; he coulda' waited till nex' mont. (Willie slams door behind him.)

Willie (from outside): He's goin' to the garage to git it, Grammuh.

Grandma (rummaging in the sewing basket): Willie! Willie-e-e! Where's the cyar key, Willie?



## SCISSOR-BILL

By ELWOOD A. MCKNIGHT

**P**ROBABLY everyone who has had any contact with the floating population of the west has heard that class of transient labor which follows the various seasons of wheat-farm labor alluded to as the scissor-bills. In fact they have received mention, rather derogatory, it is true, from some of our contemporary writers of popular fiction—notably from Stevens in his "Brawnyman" and other works. In these tales it has been the tendency to place the scissor-bill as being about one degree superior to the sheep herder. Because he is a lowly tiller of the soil, he is rather looked down upon in general. The writers variously rank the cow-puncher, the boomer, the miner, or the timber beast, whichever happens to be the center of interest, at the head of the list, classifying the others, according to personal preference, somewhere between that one and the scissor-bill and the much reviled chaperon of the ovis aries. All of the above, although different in occupation and various minor characteristics, have much in common. They are, fundamentally, working men, and owing to certain inherent peculiarities in their psychological make-up, a happy and irresponsible lot. As a whole, they take their fun where they find it and they leave it there. They are quick-tempered, independent, domineering, and not overly chivalrous in their dealings with the fair sex. Perhaps anything written about any of them would be equally applicable to any of the others. Almost the only characteristic in which they differ radically, aside from that of occupation, is the degree of their transiency, and it is my belief that in a given length of time, the scissor-bill will cover more territory than any of the others.

As I said before, he is independent

to a superlative degree. His very mode of living practically forces him to a life of celibacy. It matters not to him who is president; what political party is in power. He never votes anyhow. He is a millionaire without the trimmings, spending the winter in California, the spring and summer in Oregon or Washington, and the fall in Canada. If he has a dollar he spends it; if he hasn't, he goes out and earns it. William Shears calls himself mule-skinner, mule manicurist, hard-tail cavalier, stubble jumper, and so on. He is often called hobo, and tramp, but nothing could be more unjust. He is essentially a working man, and is usually expert at his trade. He works to earn a road stake or a spree stake. The former is enough to feed him while he is on the road from one job to another, or one locality to another, cost of transportation not considered. What are side-door Pullmans for, anyway? The Jungle is his bed-room, a coat or blanket his couch, and a few gumps from a neighboring henhouse are his banquet. His spree stake is spent in the red-light district on wine, women, and song. He cares not whether he is able to go back to work the following Monday morning or not; the boss won't care. If he does care, there are lots of jobs and the world is open.

The work is hard and the hours are long, started when the boss or foreman sounds off that time-honored call, "Roll out or roll up!"

Out of the warm blankets and into the chill night they tumble, hands fumbling for matches, cigarettes, and lanterns. It is only four or four-thirty.

"Hey, Slim!"

"Huwahuh?"

"Wake up, this ain't no rest farm!"

"You're jolly well tootin' it ain't," pipes up someone.



"Go soak your head, nobody was talkin' to you. Det up 'ittle Slimmy, poor little donkey's hungry. Papa shouldn't have played poker so long last night."

"Last night! What the devil do you call this?" queries Slim, rolling over and groping under the bed for his shoes. "A fellah oughta trade his blankets off for a lantern before he goes to work on a place like this."

In an incredibly short time, they go stumbling out across the corral, their flickering lanterns setting weird, eerie shadows to dancing about the windmill and horse trough. The barn doors are slammed open, and to an accompaniment of snuffling whickers, a chorus of voices calls out.

"Whoa, donks, nize little dunkeys."

Some of the men go aloft to throw down bundles of dry, dusty wheat hay, while others fill the mangers, cutting the bands as they toss the bundles in. Soon there comes a sound of clicking and brushing as the mule manicurists get to work with their curry-combs. Then a loud crack announces the fact that someone has attempted to curry a sensitive spot.

"Well, whadda you know about that? Hey, Tex! that Judy mule just kicked the brush clean out of my hand and never touched a finger."

Next comes a slapping of harness on mules' backs. A grizzled old veteran slouches over to a boy with the first growth of fuzz yet on his cheek.

"Uh, say, kid, y' understand I ain't tellin' you how to do your work, or anything, but I'll just give you a tip on that fourth mule of yours. If you don't put on the collar, buckle it up tight, and then go back after the rest of the harness, you'll never get him leathered up. He's sorta peculiar that way. The boys are kinda figurin' on gettin' a laugh outta him and you this mornin', so I thought I'd help you fool 'em."

"Oh, thanks, Bill. I'll watch him."

The first faint glimmer of dawn comes stealing over the hills as the men clump back to the bunk-house to wash up with loud splashings and splutterings. They are scarcely finished, when the cook steps out on the porch and pounds on the wagon tire suspended from the ceiling. They scuffle into the kitchen while she stands by the door, capable hand resting on hips, watching lest some careless one come in without wiping his feet on the gunny sack placed on the steps. Breakfast is a speedy process, enlivened by very little conversation, and the men are soon back at the barn, leading their teams of from four to eight or ten mules to the watering trough.

At six o'clock the teams move off, urged by loudly cracking whips. Here and there a mule kicks at a single-tree, or bucks a little, just to show that he isn't the stodgy plodder that his team-mates seem to be. The long, monotonous rounds have begun. A coyote comes galloping over the hills, leisurely pursuing a panicky jack rabbit, which dashes blindly under the mules' hooves.

"Whoo-off!" snort the mules, and with a splintering crack of lead bars, they go madly tearing away over the hill.

"Whoa-whoa-whoa!" implores the skinner, striving in vain to loosen his hands from the binding grip of the reins about his wrists. His efforts are punctuated with a vociferous stream of profanity, what time his mouth is not full of dirt and assorted clods. At last he is successful, and as he scrambles to his feet the hybrids vanish over the horizon.

"Of all the triple-hyphenated, double asterisked—runaway dashes-of-blankin' hard-tails I ever saw, this ranch has the worst. I'm going to town!"—and to the lead skinner—"scribble me off a hike. I'm harkening to the call of the dives."



"But aren't you going to help catch 'em?" remonstrates the lead skinner.

"Catch 'em? Did I ask 'em to bust things up and use my nose for a plow-share? Hi, Slim! got any message for me to give Peggy?"

Slim grins sheepishly, thinking of the ragging his infatuation for the keeper of a four-bit flop house has cost him.

At eleven o'clock the teams are unhooked and stabled. The men go to the house and sit down to a veritable banquet of wholesome, well-cooked food. Huge platters, piled high with several kinds of meat, great bowls of potatoes and gravy, and several kinds of vegetables, together with two or three kinds of pie and cake, cover the table. Here also the meal is a serious business, perhaps a little less so than is breakfast.

"Hi, kid, get your head out of the manger!"

The kid looks up from his rapidly vanishing pile of food, and blushes to the tips of his ears.

"I've asked you three times for the spuds. My gosh, I never seen a fella eat so industrious as you do. Heard the boss say the other day that if you didn't let up pretty soon, he'd have to let you go. Figures he can hire an extra man or two out of what it costs to feed you."

The loud burst of laughter which greets this sally does not deter the kid from his voracious onslaught on the rich food, for he is a town boy, and the invigorating fresh air has sharpened his appetite to a wolfish intensity.

After dinner there is a pleasurable relaxation while cigarettes are smoked. The lazy hum of flies leisurely circling about over the drowsy men, and the creak of the windmill as it half-heartedly attempts to face the lazily shifting zephyrs, spread an air of indolent somnolence over the ranch yard. At the wash stand in front of the bunkhouse, two or three men are shaving

in preparation for the evening, for this is Saturday and nearly all the men are going to town. At a quarter to one the teamsters rise and take out their teams to make a few more rounds before five o'clock. The afternoon is unbroken except for a ten or fifteen minute pause at quartering time, or three o'clock, to rest the mules. All of the teamsters drop their lines and whips, and stroll forward to the lead skinner's team, where they lie on the ground and smoke while the teams stand with drooping heads and pendulous lower lips.

"Say, Slim, 'member that blonde hasher I had out a couple weeks ago?"

"Yeah."

"Gotta notion to take her out to the Blue Goose tonight. Pretty good orchestra playing out there."

"Why not go with me and Peggy out to Rafael's and tank up on some Dago red?"

"That's an idea; we'll do it!"

"J' ever hear about the fast one Whitey and Oklahoma Slim pulled on a dame out there one night? No? Well, Whitey and Oklahoma dropped in on Tony one night last summer, and there wasn't nobody there but this dame, and she was sure lappin' it up. She had her skirt up over her knees, and they see a roll of bills in her sock. Oklahoma ducked out for a minute and Whitey strolled over and set down beside her. It wasn't long till they were in a clinch, and when Oklahoma came back the dame was too wrapped up in Whitey to notice what was goin' on. One slash of the razor blade and the roll dropped out, and Oklahoma beat it. Whitey stuck around for a while, and then untangled himself. Just as he went out of the door, the dame discovered that her dough was gone, and boy, what a howl she did raise. They couldn't prove nothin' on Whitey, though, 'cause he didn't have the money."



The kid looks at old Bill, and old Bill looks at the kid. Then the kid shrugs his shoulders, and old Bill half smiles to himself, remembering the days before such things came to be matters of passing interest to him. Principles of chivalry are soon forgotten in an atmosphere where the fittest survive.

Presently the rounds begin again and continue until five o'clock, which is announced by loud brays all along the line. Other nights the teams are tied up in the barn and left there until after supper, and then curried and fed, but tonight they are turned loose as fast as they are unharnessed. A cloud of dust soon covers the corral as the mules roll, reveling in the luxury of the scratchy earth. Some of them tip-toe around with arched backs, snuffling fussily about, hunting for a particularly desirable spot to roll on. When they find it they drop with a grunt of satisfaction, and roll over happily with great groans of delight. Some feel the same festive spirit that is in their drivers, and dash about, kicking, biting, and squealing.

Supper is put speedily out of the way, and the men pile upon the truck and into the boss's big sedan, clutching their bundles of clean clothes and fingering the checks which are handed out to them. As soon as they arrive in town they hurry for barber shops and rooming houses, where they bathe and otherwise prepare themselves for the night's festivities. The kid is not asked to join in the celebration, for he is only a boy and has not yet been accepted as a member of the clan. He wanders around the streets until he finds friends, and spends the evening with them, going to shows and shooting pool. As for the rest, most of them are soon hilariously drunk, and they spend the night going from one rooming house to another. By morning their money is gone and they are ready to go back to work, all except Slim and Tex. They have met partners of other days and have decided to leave for the Palouse country and points north. Their jobs are soon taken by others of the same type, and so the big job of feeding the millions is carried on.



### MISGIVING

Some hyacinths are mine and yet  
They cost too much. I can't forget  
That with the price of them I might  
Have fed a child; replaced a light;  
Or had re-strung my beads of jet.

Of course, the noon our two hands met,  
And all the squills with rain were wet  
You gave to me with nod polite  
Some hyacinths.

I am no spendthrift with the right  
To buy a ghost however slight.  
And yet to reconstruct my debt  
I bought from one I'd never met,  
Because his trembling hands were white,  
Some hyacinths.

—Audred Arnold.



## TO KEEP THE DUST DOWN

By BERT EVANS

THE heat, that afternoon in the field, was very oppressive; in fact, it was so oppressive as to be nearly intolerable. But, no matter how disagreeable was the heat, the dust was far worse. It swarmed up from all sides of the machine and attacked me as I stood at my wheel in pursuit of the lowly vocation known as "header-punching."

The dust was, indeed, intolerable—utterly, absolutely, and positively intolerable. And yet I, in the very midst of it, in the most convenient place for it to attack and carry on its work of piercing my skin and choking up my lungs, was tolerating it, and was not so much as murmuring about the misery of it. After all, why should I murmur? The engine and the chains of the combine made so much noise that no one would have heard me—and no one would have paid any attention anyway.

This particular afternoon, the dust was worse than it had ever been before, and it had been terrible before. I was choking and coughing and gagging and spitting great chunks of what had been dust all over the top and sides of the machine. I was wishing for some Power to smite me down. I would do anything to be relieved of all this torture.

The driver stopped his team to rest them, along toward the middle of the afternoon. I flopped down over the side of the machine and crawled under the "dog-house," where we kept the water in canteens—the theory being that the water would keep cool there.

I had opened a canteen, and was waiting for the steam to get out of it so I could drink, when the driver of the combine came down from his perch and over to me. He watched me fill my mouth with water and gargle my

throat and finally spit out great quantities of mud.

When I had spat several times, I handed the canteen to the driver. Instead of drinking, he opened his mouth and then he also spat—a huge glob of something that was very, very black. It hit the big wheel of the combine, and some of it splattered and hit me in the face.

"Say," said I, wiping my face with my sleeve, "do you by any chance furnish towels?"

The driver did not reply, but now took the canteen to his mouth and without further spitting, drank lustily. When he had finished, he hung the canteen back on its nail and then proceeded to draw from his pocket a small box of something with a label of "Copenhagen" on its top. He took off the lid, dipped in his thumb and forefinger, and plucked out a wad of the black stuff. Then he stretched out his lower lip and inserted the wad between the lip and his teeth. So huge was the wad that he took that it caused his lower lip to protrude, giving him the semblance of a pelican.

"Have some snooze?" he asked me, holding out the little box.

I declined, saying that it did not look good to me. I had been many times advised not to use the stuff.

"If you take some of this, you won't be spitting mud all the time. It sure helps to keep the dust down."

To keep the dust down! I hesitated no longer, but stretched out my hand and plucked out an immense quantity between my thumb and forefinger; then, as he had done, I stretched out my lip and placed the snooze carefully in. The driver instructed me to keep my tongue over it, thus keeping it packed. We then resumed our places on the machine; the driver on his seat



above the horses, and I at my place above the engine.

As time went on, I was aware of a growing feeling which is difficult to describe. I know that I was somehow strangely elated. Never before had such a feeling of ecstasy possessed me. I stood at the low-lived wheel and spun it back and forth. I was glorying, revelling in some sort of self-satisfaction never felt before. My head seemed strangely light. I began to imagine myself a person of considerable greatness. I began to say to myself that I didn't give a whoop for anything. Right now, I would tell anyone in the world where to head in. I opened my mouth slightly and spat a huge stream of snoose juice through my teeth, and it spattered on the boards of the top of the combine.

My uncle, standing on the back of the machine where he always pretended to be busy, observed this, and came toward me, very quickly, as if he had his mind set about something.

"Bertha," he said, speaking in a terribly serious tone, "Bertha, what have you in your mouth?"

Now here I might say that against people calling me "Bertha" I long ago issued an edict—even when I was old enough to know only how to talk did I proclaim that I would absolutely not tolerate that name. But throughout the years my uncle had been a persistent offender. Often I had dreamed of telling him what I thought of him for calling me that. In my elated state, I proceeded to tell him.

"What does it matter what I have in my mouth?" I asked. "And furthermore, quit calling me such a name as Bertha. That is not a person's name; and even if it was not a cow's name, I would not let myself be called by it."

"I asked what you had in the mouth," replied my uncle, very, very seriously. "If it is snoose, I will tell your mother when we get in tonight. You are not supposed to be chewing snoose."

"I have nothing in my mouth," I answered, in a slightly enfeebled tone.

I am not a liar; at least I was not made one by these words; for, indeed, I had nothing in my mouth but some teeth and a bad taste. I had swallowed the snoose when I had observed my uncle's approach from the back of the machine. To prove that I was not lying, I opened my mouth quite wide and showed a cavern that was empty clear to my tonsils.

My uncle was satisfied. He turned back to his work, and I glared at him. Not only had he called me a forbidden name, but he had also, I was quite sure at the time, caused me to set myself in the path of a horrible disaster.

Gradually, now, my feeling of ecstasy left me, and I became conscious of the feeling of dread that one succumbs to when he is aware that he is much too full, and knows that he is not going to be so for long. Indeed, I felt very, very unhappy. My head, a moment ago so light, now seemed to want to be laid down upon something. The disaster was approaching; the suspense was dreadful.

"Uncle!" I gagged.

My uncle bounded forward and took the wheel from my faltering hands. I turned my head away and then ran gulping toward the side of the machine. Oh, horror of horrors, I was ill.

Sometime later the driver again stopped the team; and I, pale, thin, shaken, and enraged, tumbled down to get myself a drink. The driver climbed down and came over. When he had drunk, knowing nothing of my recent catastrophe, he drew forth once more the little round box, took a pinch of its horrible contents, and offered some to me.

"Take, oh take that dreadful stuff away," I shrieked, and immediately closed my mouth very tight.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" asked the fiend. "It kept the dust down, didn't it?"



I informed him very slowly and carefully that I did not know whether it had kept the dust down or not. I had not observed very closely, I told him; however, I said, I did not think the dust stayed down, because if it did it was the only thing that did, for I was quite sure that nothing else stayed down. I told him confidentially that he might investigate the matter more closely if he wished to. He declined to do that.

I thought I observed a trace of a smile on the face of the scoundrel as he ascended to his place above the team; and I swore revenge, very weakly, as I crawled like a sick fly back to my lowly task. Then the driver whistled to the team and we proceeded. My uncle stood with his arms crossed with an "I told you so" smirk on his face; the driver sat and looked very happy and proud of himself; and I merely clung to my wheel and swayed lightly, very, very lightly, in the evening breeze.



## THROUGH THE TRANSOM

By BARBARA SIMS

**F**IRST voice: Wake up, roommate, Have you studied the English assignment yet?

Second voice: Nope.

First voice: Don't worry. I don't give you that much credit. Let's do a little collaborating on the lesson.

Second voice: Okay, but step on it. We've just an hour to waste before class. What's the lesson all about?

First voice: Lemme see. Oh, yeah; here it is: "Slang is speech consisting either of uncouth expression of illiterate origin, or of legitimate expressions used in grotesque or irregular senses."

Second voice: Gosh, Mamie, can ya' imagine wasting us college students' time with such corruption? And I came here to learn something. Y' know

I haven't really used slang since I left grammar school.

First voice: Well, we'll skip that part. We don't need it so much. The other half of the lesson deals with diction. For cryin' out loud! Will you quit staring out of the window and lend an ear to this? I tell ya' we jus' gotta' have one lesson this term. Now listen. Never use can for may. Can means to be able; may is permission.

Second voice: Yeah, go on.

First voice: Data is plural—say, that reminds me. Who are you taking to the junior formal?

Second voice: Hank Hall. My dear, you know he is a Beta Beta Beta. He is the hottest dancer! Mammy! Like nothing human. By the way, is your green formal gonna be in circulation? If not, can I wear it?

First voice (gloomily): Yeah, you can wear it, but I sure wish you'd lay off the potatoes for awhile. The seams of that dress aren't made of cast iron. Speaking of clothes, did you see the rag Helen wore to Fall Inn last night? That femme has the world's worst taste in clothes. Is that someone knocking?

Voices (in unison): Come in. Hello, Helen, how are you?

Third voice: Fine, I just dropped in to see if I could find a dictionary. I can't seem to locate one around here."

Second voice: Dictionary? Not guilty; could you use a couple of True Confessions?

First voice: Gee, Helen, I see you have a new dress.

Third voice: Not very new, I've had it a week. I'm glad you like it. Well, I must be going. I have a paper to write on the "lip-lazy" American.

Second voice: What do you mean by "lip-lazy" American?

Third voice: One of these hit-American-first artists in England contends that the average American uses about as much correct English as a Laplander. In his opinion we actually con-



descend to use slang—being too lazy to use anything else.

Second voice: Most of these foreigners make me tired. They are always panning th' good old United States.

First voice: As if we don't use correct English.

Voices (tragically): The whistle!

First voice: Where's my sock? Dog-gone it, where is the pesky thing? Oh, here it is. Damn! A run in the only pair of clean stockings in the family.

Second voice: Oh, quit raving about

your socks and hurry. You never can find anything. Well, who in the heck could be so mean as to swipe my notebook? I tell ya', I had it right here on my desk. You saw me putting it in the drawer? Oh yes, I knew it all the time.

First voice: Oh come on, your face is on all right. Are you going to stand there all day? Oh, I forgot to fill my pen!

Second voice: Well, praise Allah, we've prepared our English assignment.

First voice: Yeah.



### BALLADE OF GOOD FOOD

I am an epicure I know,  
Let others go the stoic way.  
Who will deny me is my foe.  
I want my dinner thrice a day.  
The flower but nourishes the clay.  
The wisdom of these words is sure:  
How blessed is the rich tokay  
If it beguiles the epicure.

Oh, heat the spit and turn it slow  
When fat the calf and flames do play,  
Until the ruddy juices flow.  
Harvest the corn and smoothly flay  
The spike of silk. In butter lay  
The hissing ear. A flavor pure  
Arises fore, and grace we'll say  
If it beguiles the epicure.

On sandy hills wild berries grow,  
And ducks are diving in the bay.  
I know of trout where fishers go  
To Christmas day from end of May,  
And how they feast till Hogmanay  
On all this piquant nouriture.  
When will it reach my own cafe,  
If it beguiles the epicure?

#### Envoy

O venison and caraway,  
O honey-in-the-comb, what lure  
You lend at last our dejeuner,  
And how beguile the epicure.

—Audred Arnold.



## HIGH PIKE

By PHILIP A. BOWER

**I**N the turning of a southern Oregon summer our pole line construction gang raised many a Paul Bunyan stick, forty feet of solid, heavy cedar pole. We were setting a line near the coast town Port Orford, through the forest country, a country so difficult to traverse that almost every pole had to be raised by manpower alone. This is the kind of work that causes a gang to sweat in advance and think of the folks at home, for there are safer and easier places to work than under a crushing mass of pole where a slip of the man next to you lets the weight bear doubly upon you and a negligence of several of your partners may mean a sudden smashing descent and oblivion.

No one would have observed this or any other particular feeling in this gang, however. They were a hard-bitten lot: a tramp, boomer, lineman (the boss); two younger linemen, also boomers; a stranded sailor; a hill country bootlegger, for the time at honest labor; an Irish truck driver; an old Virginian, chased out of that state almost fifty years ago, who still retained the soft southern air; a painter by trade; and two college boys.

Seemingly, perhaps, we were unsuited to each other. As a gang, however, in a surprisingly few months we had acquired all the curious working language and strange union of thought and habit which make a gang.

At the boss's call, "Up with that pole," every man is in his place. At the call, "Heave," up tug the backs and arms, vibrating under the strain, teeth grit, grunts and explosive oaths split the air and slowly the pole rears upward.

"Man the gin!" yells the boss. Kelly, the truck driver, grunts again, and leaving his place at the end of the pole,

to get the very essential device of pole-raising—the hand gin. This implement, simply an X-shaped bracing timber, is so constructed that when it is thrust under a pole which is at an angle with the ground, two legs of the X rest on the solid earth while the other two form a crotch in which the reclining pole is supported. Having the gin righted, Kelly slips it in and wedges it tight under the slanting pole.

Temporarily relieved, the men let the pole go and try to relax, puffing and blowing. "Up again," shouts the ruler before anyone can rest. With smothered grumbles they come to grips again, and at "Heave," up it goes again, a few feet higher. Quickly, though hardly quickly enough, Kelly slides the gin down the pole, it catches, braced strongly, and the men are briefly relieved again.

"A lotta' slowfooted Irishmen had oughta' be killed," chides the bootlegger. "We don't want to hold this pole up all summer."

"There's not a man in the gang of you that could have done it in twice the time," reciprocates Kelly with spirit. "Say, you saw me run in that race down at Port Orford, the Fourth of July, didn't you? Didn't I outrun half the navy that was on shore leave, with the other half lookin' on—and all the officers with gold buttons a standin' by?"

The boss's command cuts off the answer, and up the men push "with might and main" till the pole angles some thirty degrees from the ground, where, once more, Kelly skids the gin into place, catching the pole's weight.

"Get your pikes in," howls the inexorable boss, "Let's set 'er up."

"Up she goes," respond the men, encouraged by the fact that the hard lift is over. The two linesmen, Mac and



Young each grab a short, wooden pike, pointed with iron, jab it into the pole, set their shoulders firmly to it, and at the cry "Heave" dig their toes into the turf and plough forward.

More rapidly this time the pole edges toward the perpendicular. "Long pikes in," yells the big fellow. "Man the gin, there. Don't let it slip."

The gang looks at the pole towering above them and fervently hopes that he will not let it slip. Kelly squares the gin in a twinkling.

The sailor and the painter make for a couple of long pike poles leaning against a nearby cedar, while the men take a brief rest.

"I'll sure be glad when we get all these poles set and can begin climbing," declares Young. "This four-dollar-a-day stuff gets my goat. I might as well not work at all. It takes anyway five dollars to support my wife and kids."

"You said something that time," Mac speaks up. "Why, most linemen would refuse to work on the ground like we're doin'. It's against the principles of a climber."

"Come on, you big money boys; we'll see what you're worth," yells the boss.

The sailor balances his long pike dexterously for a moment, then jabs it in. "There she is, neat as a maiden yacht. Boys, I've worked on six continents and all over the seven seas, and I've never yet found a job I couldn't do."

"That's old stuff," jibes in the painter, a crabby individual. "You may be all right on a boat, but give me a land-lubber for this job." Nevertheless, he has some difficulty in rearing the long and heavy pike and stabbing it into the pole.

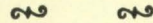
With all hands changed to the pike ends the push begins again. More swiftly now, the pole sweeps upward. "High pike," yell the linemen simultaneously, meaning that the pikes have

carried up on the pole until they are nearly out of reach.

"All right, hold everything," yells the boss. "Come down one at a time."

"Gona' put 'er in ta stay this time, boys," says Andy, the Virginian, taking the opportunity to get a pike for himself. "Ya! get that coon," as he drives the pike upward into the pole. "Just a little boost by Andy; that's what she needs."

The four pikes firmly set once more, and Andy's added, the sweep continues, culminated by the cry, "Set 'er down," and a final thrust by the men which rears the pillar on its end and sinks it into its hole to stay for half a hundred years or more. The gang watches weary but grateful.



## HELL'S HALF ACRE

By HARRY LANCASTER

ABOVE lines of long, dark, forbidding buildings, tall smoke stacks rise like black obelisks to the gods of steam; many men with big shoes and dirty faces listlessly work under a dull and sultry sun; and over all a smoke haze settles as if to keep the brightness away. The ever-changing, dirty, relentless railroad yard opens before you. On every side extends an endless labyrinth of tracks laid out in a careless fashion with little intention of system and balance. Long lines of helpless cars wait patiently for the motive power that gives them life. Here and there stubby switch engines cuff the tolerant cars from track to track in an attempt to send them on their bumping way. Like a child afraid of the dark, you hesitate before crossing those bands of steel to the great sheds beyond, and you are relieved when a man in clean overalls and a white shirt offers to pilot you across. You ask the way to the blacksmith

(Continued on page 21)



# THE MANUSCRIPT

A literary magazine published by the English department from material originating for the most part in composition courses and designed to afford laboratory material for students in these courses

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## PASTORALE

I have a fancy that the early stars  
Illumine milkmen striding to the bars  
To drive their cattle home. Each star a wick  
Within a lantern seems. The milkmen pick  
Their shadowed ways with footsteps circumspect.  
They fade like creatures seen in retrospect.  
And all I see resolves into a stream  
Of lanterns passing through the night. They seem,  
Slow-plodding ones, like men I've always known  
On lonely farms, who live their lives alone  
With time to think and dream; who live their days  
In rhythm with the seasons; men who gaze  
Upon their fate without contempt or scorn,  
Who die as equably as they were born.

— Audred Arnold.



## HELL'S HALF ACRE

(Continued from page 19)

shop, and he tells you that he will take you there.

You follow your guide at a brisk pace across the tracks, dodging auto tractors, switch engines, and fence posts until you are under the shadow of the largest of the buildings. Another corner, and suddenly you are faced with a great black opening from which an inexplicable variety of threatening noises rushes out to meet you along with intermittent belches of steam and smoke. It does not take a great deal of imagination to picture this yawning aperture as the first step in the passage of the wicked to hell. But it is not your conscience that causes you to hang back and wonder if farther progress is necessary at the present moment.

Your guide never hesitates, and you have visions of Daniel walking into the lions' den as you follow him through the entrance. A veritable bedlam meets you. You are greeted with riveting machines beating incessantly against engine boiler-plates, giant trip hammers crashing their huge fists down upon white hot metal, massive oil furnaces roaring, steadily sending out smoke and gas vapors, and the traveling crane, with its warning bell, picking up an engine as easily as a child picks up a toy.

And when your eyes have become more accustomed to the reduced light, you see through the semi-darkness the men who do the work, control the might of the crashing fist, fashion the molten metal, and face the gas, smoke, and heat of the oil fires. No, they are not like the handsome, clean-cut, broad-shouldered men who the world would have us believe make up the blacksmith class. Longfellow would never recognize in the dark-faced, stoop-shouldered, slovenly workers the quali-

ties that were characteristic of his blacksmith. Over on the right a man is making grab irons. He has been on the same job for thirty years, your guide tells you, using the same dimensions, making the same motions, and getting the same results. His skin has lost its natural color because of long years before the open fire; his shoulders are stooped by long labor over the machine; and his eyes have lost the spark and color that indicate a thinking mind and a happy heart. Like the machine at which he works, he is numbered; and some day, when his last clock has been punched, he will go into the human scrap heap, and a new number will replace him.

The largest trip hammer stands in the center, where only last week a man had his head crushed off when the chain that holds the iron under the hammer broke. But his place is filled, and he is forgotten. When a piece of machinery is broken, it must be replaced. Men are cheaper than machines.

A good looking young giant stands with arms on hips watching intently a piece of heating iron. He was just married yesterday, you are told, and his pay is three dollars a day. "I ain't got nuthin' to worry over," he answers you. "As long as me and my wife ain't careless, we'll get along all right." He doesn't worry, but you can't help thinking of the wife and the eighteen dollars a week.

A hoarse blast from the power house whistles interrupts your investigations. It is four-thirty and quitting time. Machinery stops, men hurry to punch the time clock, and a strange silence makes the cave-like shop even more detestable. The day is done, the workers are released from their industrial serfdom, and you are glad, as you retrace your steps across the tracks to the gate, that the eight o'clock whistle in the morning will not find you numbered and marked as a part of hell's half acre.



## WINTER FEEDING

By EDWIN ALBAUGH

AS the grey dawn turns to red and then to golden amber, the old rusty hinges of the gate into the feed lot creak in sullen protest as the hay-laden wagon reels drunkenly through. The dished wheels squeal on the hard frozen snow, the cold grease popping like small fire-crackers as the hubs pound in and out of the worn axle. The team strains up the slope, twin jets of steam with every puff, white frost clinging to the long hairs on their lips, wreaths of vapor rising from deep breaths of the cold clean air made fragrant by the smell of newly pitched hay and the faint odor of the sweating horses. The cattle hear the wagon and come hurrying up, a little white-faced calf bouncing along in front, kicking up his heels in defiance of his mother, who follows at a trot, uncertain as to whether she is more hungry for the hay or worried for her venturesome child. The feeder throws off the hay as the wagon rocks along, pausing now and then to pound his hands together. There's nothing in this life quite so cold as a pitch-fork handle. The hay is off, the fork rattles to the floor of the wagon, the team swings around leaving the crowding hungry cattle to clean up the evidence of the morning's chore.

## WHAT'S WRONG

By FRANELLE KANE

WHEREVER people gather for polite discussion, the question of the movies is debated. With the advent of the "talkie" the general public has centered its attention again on the ever-popular movies. People agree or disagree as to the success or failure of "speakies," but no one will argue that the moving picture is not America's greatest amuse-

ment. Statistics show that people spend more time at the movies every day than over any other form of diversion. Yet these same people complain that the average picture is inane, a waste of time and money, and an insult to a normal intelligence. They are not aware of the fact that their repeated attendance is the reason for the continuation of mediocre pictures. Every time they pay their money at the box-office, they unknowingly register a vote of approval for that picture. The only way the exhibitor has of judging whether or not the public likes a picture is by the box-office receipts. If a certain type of play is financially successful, he orders another similar one. "That is what the public wants," he explains. The producer, in turn, is governed entirely by the demands of the exhibitor. If the public wants better pictures, it must support the worthwhile ones and ignore the inferior. The trouble is not with the movies, but with the people who go to the movies.

## BOREDOM

By BILLIE JEAN BRYAN

THE worst thing in the world," says Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, "is not trouble but ennui, tedium, boredom, 'being fed up.' And you know where that mood of ennui comes from. It comes from having no seriousness in life, nothing worth living for, from the corrupt use of leisure, from playing on the surface of life and making light of it. That is the worst thing in life—ennui." It may be added that boredom is one of the most common tragedies among college students. Overpowering sorrows come once in a while, but monotony hangs like a cloud over us every day. It does not cut into the heart like grief, but it numbs the senses, dulls the vision, and denies to its victim the happiness which waits just around the corner for the discern-



ing eye to see and the vigilant mind to seize. This college atmosphere in which we live is full of mysteries, full of alluring adventure, full of potential interests. Yet, when we come to college, we too often lack the energy, or the insight, or the training which would enable us to see and understand the really thrilling experiences which might be ours. We lack, as Dr. Fosdick says, a serious interest in life. There are occupations for our time, however, that we might choose to keep us from being bored. An intellectual interest makes life a joyous experience for the scientist and scholar. A creative interest inspires the artist. A social interest brings friendship in its train. But the student who, having no major interests in life, seeks for surface entertainment to dispel the tedium of the day, is likely to sink ever deeper into the boredom which is rightfully called the worst thing in the world.

by the ties of true friendship—ties made strong by mutual understanding and made stronger by passing time—friendships made valuable by mutual good will and made precious by memory. Friendships between classmates, between club members and between fraternity brothers spring up and grow strong. Friendships between many students and faculty members prove not only beneficial but also durable. But perhaps the closest friendships are built up between roommates who help each other with their problems, who argue, quarrel, and joke with each other, and who, after each has finished school and gone his way, are still bound by friendship ties. In such an atmosphere as pervades the college campus, then, is it any wonder that college friendships are likely to be lasting and valuable?



## MODERN ALCHEMY

By DONOVAN KUHLE

JUST as the United States is called the melting pot of the world, wherein peoples of all the universe are thrown together and fused into the sturdy metal of its citizenry, so also might the college be likened to the realization of the old alchemists' dreams—a crucible into which the baser ores are poured, melted, skimmed of slag, and then magically transformed into finer metals which, while not free from impurities, are brighter, more durable, and more valuable. To college come students from a great diversity of environment, nationality, and creed. Here they live much like a great family, blending customs and viewpoints, storing away quantities of practical knowledge for future use, and, what is more golden than all, being bound to one another

## COLLEGIATE

By ELWOOD A. MCKNIGHT

WHAT is a collegiate person? In the popular mind there is a class of students who are Wild—not wild, Wild. They are models of sartorial elegance. Their curly locks are works of stark, staring art. There never was a man whose hair naturally curled like theirs. I know; in fact, I cultivated a similar finger-wave for some time, but the constant care and worry told on me. I weakened and lost my ambition. Their grades are acquired by their powers of salesmanship. A man of this type could sell a treatise on reducing to a starving Armenian. They regard their professors with a sort of amused contempt as befits one of super-intellectuality when dealing with those whose sole reason for being is to act as intellectual tackling dummies. Women? They knock them dead. The average woman has about as much chance of resisting their



burning lines as a frail cabin wall has of standing against the rush of a forest fire. If an automobile ride doesn't leave them with a stiff neck and a raging fever, the time is wasted. Their parties are bacchanalian orgies with fair coeds dancing on table tops to a castanet-like accompaniment of flasks landing outside of windows. In fact their lives are just giddy rounds of joy from daylight till dark, or rather from noon till three in the morning. Their literary efforts are confined to billets-doux and letters home for money, which is friv-olled and frolicked away. There is an old song which exemplifies this popular conception. It goes—

Father and Mother pay all the bills  
And we have all the fun—  
and so on. This, then, is the idea of a large number of laymen as to what a collegiate person is. Personally, I don't know whether this is a true description or not, but I do know that if I didn't intend to be an engineer, I would rather be collegiate.

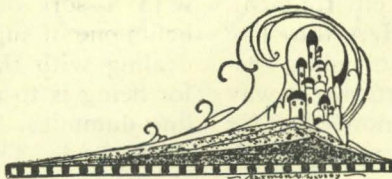


## THE CREST OF THE WAVE

By NADINE MILLHOLLEN

ROMANCE! After man's long existence can there still be romance? The search for it is eternal and common to all except the extreme pessimist. To the truly imaginative person there is romance in everything—clothes, nature, or machinery. The very variety of romance proves its indestructibility. According to Rudyard Kipling, "Every age bids romance farewell, yet entertains,

though unaware, the inalterable god." To the young man or woman of today romance beckons through the door of science. To me there is untold romance in hearing the tolling of the liberty bell as its melody is borne from one side of our nation to the other through the medium of the radio, this bell that first gladdened the hearts of our people as it proclaimed their new independence. A mighty thrill runs through me when I hear the voice of Edison, of Orville Wright, or of President Hoover. Spanning distance by the telephone and telegraph is no less marvelous. The romance of the past seems almost insignificant beside that of today. The glamor surrounding stories of Sir Walter Raleigh's gallant attentions to Queen Elizabeth quickly evanesces when one considers the muddy streets and unsanitary living conditions of that period. The thrill of exciting duels, or the appeal of picturesque powdered wigs and rustling silks and satins is overshadowed by terrible Indian massacres, famines, and meagerly furnished homes. The modern floating palaces carrying passengers from one country to another cast the Mayflower into obscurity. These glimpses of the past serve only to illumine today's romance, at whose heart we find science. It is a restless science, one that is perpetually raising our standards of living and making life more worthwhile. The whir of aeroplanes overhead, the hum of automobiles in the street, and the music from the radio or phonograph in my home make my heart throb with full realization of the romance of this wonderful era.





## PENCIL-TRACKS

By PEARL SWANSON

A RETURNED paper without the instructor's written criticism, no matter how good the grade may be, is like a drink of cold lemonade without any sugar in it. Nothing in the world is so disappointing; nothing leaves a student with such a flat feeling as does the search through the essay, the history report, or whatever the paper may be, for the note of praise or destructive criticism which is not there. It is like cracking a nice large hazel-nut and finding the shell empty.

They are such personal things: confidential words from the instructor to the student, which no one else may see or hear, unless the student chooses to show them to a pal. They mean a great deal more to him than the grade-mark up in the right-hand corner of the paper. Personally, I should rather receive a grade of C on a paper if it was accompanied by a note from the professor who graded it, than a nice, big, red A without the note.

It doesn't make much difference where these notes are written, just so they are there. I have found them scattered here and there, at the top of the page, along the margins, and between the lines, all over my papers from one end of the page to the other. It is real sport hunting them, one that arouses a good deal of enthusiasm, especially when the hunter can be quite sure the end of the search is going to bring him the prize he is hoping for, a note which tells him what was good and what was bad in his paper.

It doesn't make much difference, either, to what racial class these notes belong. Whether they are red, green, blue, or just plain lead-gray, they accomplish their purpose just as efficiently as if they were written in gold.

Sometimes they are exceedingly difficult to decipher, owing to the fact that they tumbled into their places so fast they were slightly jammed and crowded into their corners; but they are there, and they tell the student everything he wants to know, frankly, quickly, and decisively just when he wants to know it the most.

There is no doubt about it. He likes to see them smile; but if they frown, he knows something he has written is all wrong and he'll have to get busy and make it right. How much easier it is to do that when those little notes keep repeating their message to him over and over again until he has satisfied their demands.

Some of them make the student's ears burn with their twinging, biting sarcasm. They arouse his anger, and he swears he'll "make the prof eat those words yet." He reads them again and again until their meaning has been seared into his soul. It hurts; but he'll never again forget to cross his T's or dot his I's.

Then, of course, there are the prim, neatly written, fine exhibitions of penmanship that the student finds at the end of the paper, exactly three lines below the last line of his own writing. They are carefully indented, stand-offish paragraphs of exposition. Very worthy, they are, as they would have the reader know. For my part, however, I prefer the scrawly ones perched intimately over the left ear of one of my phrases, or stepping on the toes of a flowery adjective.

No matter how they look, where they are, nor what they say, those confidential notes, in search of which the student eagerly scans his paper, are welcome. Without them, a grade of A-plus could not be perfect.



## MEN AT WORK

By ALFRED JACQUOT

**D**ISCORDANT whistles break abruptly into the quiet of the Central Oregon morning with a deafening roar. A brief pause while sawdust-covered workmen scurry to their posts; then the clatter of boards, the whir and zip of saws, the creaking and grating of steel chains, and another day in the re-manufacturing department of a Bend sawmill begins its rumbling, vibrating eight-hour passage.

Truck loads of boards, clear-grained and knotty, dart backward and forward from planers to dry-sheds behind an almost square box of steel of prodigious strength, known as a jitney. Thousands of feet of the smooth, resin-scented pine lumber, planed and often warm from its recent steam pressure sweat bath, dash into a long barn-like dry-shed, halt suddenly, and shoot backward into one of eight stalls. At each of the eight stalls waits a grader. With a long, flexible, pick-headed ruler he jerks a board off the truck onto his roller-topped bench and quickly slides it through his calloused and sliver-proof hands. Often he tests the firmness of knot and measures with his ruler. Occasionally he examines carefully an indication of a split or crack. This inspection accomplished with a quickness and thoroughness indicative of much experience, he marks the board with its proper grade, rip, and trim marks, and shoves it upon a wide flowing belt.

Following the belt to the rip and trim saws, the boards surrender their defective edges and ends to biting, snarling saws. Occasionally a board strays from its proper path and catches under a chain or belt, or lodges in a cog wheel, and immediately dissolves into a worthless mass of splinters. From both saws the lumber jumps

sharply out upon a straight grade chain, and, after ascending a short incline, creeps down a long, wide bench about three feet high. On either side of the bench at twelve-inch intervals stand two-wheeled trucks. On the trucks, orderly arranged, the lumber piles and assort itself according to its varying grade, width, and length.

In front of every five trucks pases a worker wearing thick leather mittens and a thick leather apron, who constantly watch the advancing horde of boards for his marks. He grasps his boards firmly by the near end, and, with a quick jerk and a loosening of the grip, slides the boards gracefully off the bench and arranges them compactly besides their fellows with dexterous movements acquired by months of practice. When the lumber piles to a height that renders loading inconvenient, the jitney quickly pulls it away, and an empty truck moves up to replace the loaded one.

This process goes on for four hours with the only break in the routine being an occasional pile-up or jam of the oncoming lumber, which requires an additional exertion of energy and speed for untangling and assorting. The discord of tuneless whistles again blares out, this time with a more joyful meaning to the weary workers, who hastily unbuckle their aprons, drop their gloves, and hurry to the lineup at the clock for their turn to "punch out" for lunch.

Trudging wearily homeward, the mill-worker is so fatigued that even the cool fresh air from pine-covered central Oregon slopes fails to awaken him to the beauty of the silver sun glistening from the white-capped Cascades. As the short noon hour nears its end, the men reluctantly return and "punch in."



## AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

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### THE WORLD I LEFT BEHIND ME

By AURELIA ALLEN

**D**URING my early childhood the advantages of being grown up were quite strongly impressed upon my mind. Perhaps washing dishes would not now be such a detestable task, if in those earlier years it could have been accomplished without the aid of a chair. How I envied my mother because she could see at once both sides of the table when she set it. Had the time that I spent wishing I was older been spent learning to whistle, I should now be the world's champion whistler.

Of course, when I got what I wanted, it was no longer desirable. By the time I was fourteen I was quite willing never to grow older. My childhood slipped out of my hands almost before it began. Being the oldest of six children gave by little time to play—little time to be a child. After I had gone to school a few years, my play days were over.

The truly happy years that I have left behind me from the time I was four until I was seven were spent on a farm. No cloud dimmed or even remotely threatened the succession of bright, happy days. No thought of tomorrow ever troubled my sleep. Heaven and earth were mine, though my earth was a very small one. Then, the earth was bounded by the dim blue horizon where the world ended, where people fell off it they were not careful. Not even death could darken the future, for heaven was very near. If one could but climb to the top of a tall tree and then go right through the clouds, he would be in heaven. There in a beautiful city with streets of gold, God sat

on his throne with angels singing around him. Oh, where are those angels now? Where can they be when there is no place for heaven? Where heaven used to be there is simply air. The trees do not reach the sky, and their leaves do not whisper things about the glories they see. The stars are not candles lighted by angels so that little children need not be afraid of the dark. They are merely other worlds. All these things I believed before I went to school.

On my seventh birthday, my carefree life was traded in on an education. Never again have I been free. The burden of learning was not the delightful task it was supposed to be. For a carpet of crackling leaves, soft grass, or yielding snow, they gave me a hard, dark floor. For hills and mountains, blue sky and bright sun, they gave me dull walls and unchanging ceiling. For the companionship of brothers and sisters, they gave me books, pencils and paper. Thus I gave up the "earth and all that was on it" for the questionable benefits of the schoolroom.

Twelve years is a long time for one whose years do not yet total twenty. Like fading pictures, shadowed with soft light and accompanied by far away music, return the scenes of my happy home. If the springtime could bring back the perfume of softly unrolling ferns curled under the ground like woolly young puppies, or the odor of violets and lamb's tongue which hide themselves deep in shady woods, or the spicy smell of wild pinks which cover the grave of a little brother, I would not think that being grown up is so



little worth while. What grown-up pleasure compares with chasing calves through a meadow of red clover, or trying to make a wobbly colt drink from a water bucket? Is it any pleasure to know that the bird you thought was an eagle soaring against heavy clouds was only a chicken hawk flying through the same stuff that comes from the spout of a teakettle? Then it was mysterious; now it is commonplace. When will I again find the time to give Christian burial to dead robins, to race grasshoppers, and to catch frogs? These pleasures, I, who have scarcely time to go to church, must give up for always.

All these things I have left behind me, but I have accomplished a good deal toward my so-called education. After I had spent eight years among women who were only mildly concerned whether I learned anything or not, I was presented with a piece of paper called a diploma, and told that I had graduated. I never felt sad or lonely because of the school I had left behind

me. I was glad it was over with, because then I could start to high school and have a grand time. The fact that a grand time is not to be mixed with a good education, especially if one must earn all that good education himself, was soon impressed upon my mind. I had to work for all that I got in every way that the sentence may be interpreted. In time the four years of high school passed. I received another diploma, and graduated again. When I finished, no one could have dragged me to college. I got a real job, and how I enjoyed it. To be with people who did not look down upon me was a privilege I had not been granted since I was in the first grade. How nice it was to have time to have friends. It was too good to last. I could see without the predictions of various relatives that my job had no future, could not last forever, and could not train me for another; so I came to college.

After spending almost two terms in college, I wonder if it will not be just four more years to leave behind me.

## WHAT A LIFE

By ROBIN BATCHELLER

WELL, folks, (apologies to the Collegians) here I am. There is no question about that. I imagine you wonder how I ever reached this stage in life without any serious mishap. I attribute my health and my safe keeping to my mother and father, who have moulded me into the man I am today.

To begin the "Autobiography of My Life," it is necessary to tell of my humble start. I understand it is quite unnecessary to tell that I was born, as that is a universally accepted fact.

The country of my birth was Canada, in the fair city of Vancouver, British Columbia. To all appearances it would

seem that I was a Canadian, but really I'm not one. You can just ask my mother. She tells the story of how the doctor sang "The Star Spangled Banner" while the nurse frantically waved the stars and stripes over me when I made my first public appearance. I can boast of being an American at heart with Yankee parents.

My early childhood was rather unusual, I should say. My father was an active mining engineer, and his type of work carried him to many parts of North America. Up to the time I was six years old, I had been in several dozen states and had lived in half as many. I had also lived in Canada and



Alaska. In Alaska I saw real, wild, polar bears, and real whales, and seals, and icebergs, and many other things that most kids only hear about.

When my older brother and I had arrived at the schooling age, mother decided for father that they should settle down in one place and give Edgar, my older brother, and me an education. So father complied with mother's wishes; and with the family, which by this time had expanded to six, he left Massachusetts with two days' notice for Corvallis, Oregon, where he had accepted a position as professor in the School of Mines at O. S. C.

My elementary schooling was very ordinary. I suppose all kids had the same difficulties. Other than breaking several windows accidentally and shooting paper wads (accidentally) I got into very little trouble. I had a hard time trying to convince my teachers that I was really above the average student in intellect. In fact, I think they were not affected by all my efforts.

I entered the sophomore class in high school at the tender age of fourteen. I admit that I was very green and somewhat cocky. Many times I came home from school with my tie in two or more pieces and my shirt torn to shreds, just because some upperclassman got fresh with me.

I found high school very interesting. During my junior and senior years I carried a heavy line of activities, and I am afraid my studies suffered. As nothing out of the ordinary happened,

I shall not tell any more of my high school days.

My summer vacations were probably different from those of almost all other rooks. Instead of working on some steady job, two out of three summers I motored to Massachusetts with the family. Those trips were most interesting and educational, as we could stop at all historical places and points of interest along the way. I doubt if many college freshmen had the opportunity of seeing America that I have had.

I, as well as any other normal boy, have my hobbies, pastimes, and weaknesses. My favorite hobbies are tennis, hunting, and fishing. I take part in these sports whenever the opportunity affords itself. My pastime (when not studying) is acting. Whether it be on the stage or the fraternity dining room on Friday evening, acting comes first.

At last I come to my weakest part. I have thought and thought, and still don't know which is my weakest weakness. I'll break down and tell both. They are women and spelling. I am afraid because of the personal element of this part of the story that I can't tell any more.

My life narrative now leads up to the time when I crawled around taking English K. From now on the "bent twig" will be straightened by the firm rule of the college, and then be bent again by the B.K.'s for the customary "Board of Education."

What a life.





## PARODIES

### L'ASTRAW

When the term's last paper is finished, and the typewriter bearings are hot,  
When I slump in my chair exhausted, saying things that I really should not,  
I shall rest, and God! how I'll need it—lay off for a short month or two,  
Till some other darn English teacher shall set me to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy--they handed their themes in on time;  
While I was just sitting and thinking, unable to write down a line.  
The mark that they write on your paper doesn't indicate merit but speed;  
So be it—if that is a ruling—but I think it a big graft indeed.

If there's ever a college Utopic, I'm going to sign up for a course  
Where no one shall work just for grade points, and none shall write papers  
perforce,  
But each for the joy of working, shall encourage his fancies to soar  
And hand in his themes when he's ready, and not one split second before.

—B. G. Griffith.



### RATTLES

We give rattles to these hands  
That grope the mystery  
Of life: quaint arabesques, pink, blue;  
We give rattles to these reaching hands,  
Useless, foolish, futile toys.  
What can children learn from colored rattles?  
What can a toy  
Teach? We press new rattles  
Into reaching hands.

My mood is pessimistic  
And I fear  
Rattles pink and blue are sheer  
Waste, which babies cannot ban,  
Or their mothers,  
Just another whim for selfish  
Givers unconcerned with baby needs.  
No humility or love about it,  
Only veiled derisive greed.  
And I sigh as I think how they plead,—  
Baby-hands,—for sane living