

LITERARY



Anne Buttle

Prize Cut

BRANDS & TRADE MARKS



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# MAROONED

*James Freshaur, '28*

PRIZE STORY



WINGING two wicked elbows, Puggy plunged into the crowd "Lemme at him! I'll bust his blamed jaw and take those horses away from him. Where does he get this five o'clock stuff? I never heard any whistle blow. Lemme at him, I tell yuh!"

"Steady, son," Green Shirt cautioned, grasping him by the arm. "You're in the West now. They raise them pretty wild out here. The old devil may be armed. Can't tell. Better go easy."

A dozen arms restrained him. Bud Perkins, quite oblivious of the commotion his departure was causing, was plodding silently across the field behind his team. Puggy was compelled to stand idly by while their last and only means of rescue disappeared through the trees. He had never been ship wrecked. But he knew now how one might feel standing on the deck of a sinking ship and seeing the last life boat pulling off into the haze.

Now the conditions were slightly different. Instead of on a clean deck, Puggy stood ankle deep in mud. Instead of watching a life boat disappearing into a haze of fog, he watched Bud Perkins disappearing into a haze of mosquitoes.

"It's blamed conspiracy; that's what it is!" the driver of the California Dodge was exclaiming. "We can't go ahead, and we can't go back. We're between the devil and the deep sea. A mud hole on each side of us, and mosquitoes all around us, and think of it, that fellow Bud Perkins wanted eighteen bucks to pull us through this mud hole."

"And nothing to eat," Puggy added feelingly.

The owner of the Utah Chevrolet spoke with true Western hospitality.

"I got a little grub in the car. Ain't got much, but I'll pass it around as far as it'll go. The thing to do is to build up a good smudge to fight these mosquitoes and try to make the best of it."

"Now you're saying words, stranger," Green Shirt put in. "A good smudge and a bite to eat. Damn the mosquitoes!"

His profanity was heartily seconded. The band of stranded wayfarers began preparations for the night. A foraging expedition, led by Puggy and Green Shirt, raided the various automobiles. The Utah Chevrolet produced three cans of beans, six slices of bacon, a bag of oranges, a pound of coffee and a loaf of bread, the corner of which had been gnawed off by a hungry youngster. Puggy was discouraged, but not entirely without hope. The Hudson from Illinois came through with two boxes of sardines and half a box of crackers. The Ohio fliver produced two boxes of ginger snaps. And that was all. Puggy disconsolately counted noses.

"Between twenty-five and thirty of us," he groaned. "I guess my share'll be about one-third of a ginger snap. And I haven't eaten since breakfast."

Later, while the wife of Green Shirt was attempting, with much assistance, to divide six slices of bacon into twenty-seven portions, Puggy dropped onto a seat cushion beside his partner.



"Hell, ain't it Ed?" Puggy baited his hook for sympathy.

"It could be worse, Puggy," he grinned. "It might be raining. Then we couldn't keep a smudge-fire. And without that smoke to bury our heads in now and then, the mosquitoes would be real bad. Then there's lots of nice cool water to drink. Think how some poor duffer down in the desert might like a little of this water."

The camp slowly composed itself for the night. Larson, learning after many trials that one flivver seat-cushion will not support one full-sized body in comfort, at last placed his overcoat over his face and went to sleep. Puggy, however, busied himself with his thoughts and with supplying green branches for the fire.

The camp noises toned down. A desultory pokergame in one of the tents broke up when the wife of the owner of the shelter decided she wanted to go to bed. A youngster cried and was promptly hushed with a slap that resounded through the forest. A snore awakened the echoes.

The green wood on the smudge-fires popped from time to time. An owl hooted from a tree across the clearing. The eerie howl of a coyote wafted down on the breeze from the mountain. A million mosquitoes stalked their prey at a safe distance from smoke.

The camp was astir before six. The tantalizing smell of tiny frying pieces of bacon awoke Puggy but a few minutes after he had gone to sleep, it seemed. Whereas one might have expected him to be morose and out of sorts, he was singularly cheerful as he emerged from his overcoat.

"Nice morning, eh, Ed?" he called to Larson, who was sleepily rubbing his eyes.

"Fine."

"Let's go down to the creek and wash up. I'm raring to get a-going. Damn the mosquitoes!"

Seven-thirty found the tourists at their cars, restlessly awaiting the arrival of Perkins who was to tow them through the mud.

At eight o'clock Puggy and Green Shirt were seated at the wheels of their respective machines. And promptly at eight o'clock Bud Perkins appeared from the fringe of woods with his team of horses. Bud was a man of few words. In silence he manouvered his horses in front of Puggy's flivver. Stopping them at the proper distance, he grasped the chain and bent to hook it to the axle.

But Puggy jumped to the ground. A hand-ax, borrowed from one of the tourists, was waved belligerently in the air.

"Get away from my car, you high-binder!" he roared. "If you touch this machine, I'll smack you down. Stand clear, you road-agent."

Bud Perkins jumped backward with unexpected alacrity. He paused a moment, eyeing Puggy. Then he pulled a plug of tobacco from his pocket and bit off a hearty chew.

"What's the idea, stranger?" he drawled at last. "Ain't you aimin' to pull out this morning?"

"I'm aiming to have you keep your hands off my car; that's what I'm aiming to do. And if you don't keep off, I'll aim this ax at your head. What do you think of that?"

"I think you are plumb crazy," Perkins replied.

Clucking to his horses, he guided them around in front of Green Shirt's car and grasped the chain.

"Hey, you!" Green Shirt shouted, jumping from his machine and

brandishing a monkey-wrench. "Keep off, see? If you don't keep off, I'll brain you! This car is my property. It's my home right now. Been my home since last night. And my home is my castle. That's what the Constitution of the United States says. And if you want to monkey around my home, you get a search warrant, see?"

Bud stood back and blinked.

"Yer blocking the road," he drawled at last.

"What if I am? You don't own it."

"I'll get the Sheriff on you."

"Go ahead. The nearest sheriff is forty-two miles away. Go tell him your troubles and see if I care."

Perkins spat with unerring accuracy at a passing frog.

"The tourists will be coming through the other way pretty soon," Jesse James' disciple began another tack. "They leave the park in the morning, mostly. They will be wanting to get through. You two fellows are blocking the road. I can't haul them through. They are liable to get right hostile if you don't let them pass."

"What do I care? If they want to pass me, they will do it over my dead body."

"H-m-m—!" Bud spat again. "Just what is your game, stranger?" he asked at a length.

"Me? My game is to park right here till that mud hole dries up, if it takes all summer."

"It's against the law."

"There is no law when the Sheriff is forty-two miles away."

Soon tourists bound south from the park appeared. In a short time three cars were waiting. There was a great deal of argument, more or less cursing; a number of threats flew on the wind. But Puggy and Green Shirt were not to be persuaded. Entreaties, tears and threats failed to move their hearts. The road remained blocked.

"Well, move aside then and let the rest of us through," someone shouted.

"Not a hope."

"Drag him out! Shove that flivver into the ditch! Lets' all rush him."

"Come ahead!" Puggy shouted back. "But the first guy that touches this flivver gets smacked with the ax. Now who is going to start the riot? Come and get it, if you want it."

No one came to get it.

After scratching his head Bud Perkins said, "I usually charge people for pulling them out, but I'll pay you to let me get you out. How much do you want?"

"Eighteen bucks."

"How—how much?" Bud groaned.

"Eighteen bucks. Take it or leave it."

"It's too much."

"Well, all right, I'll do it, else I'll lose too much money," Bud announced at last.

After Puggy had gone a short distance he called, "Hey, Bud!"

Perkins straightened up.

"There are forty-seven mosquitoes boring into the back of your neck. I wish you would kill them. They make me nervous. You Westerners are not half as tough as you think you are!"

## THE BUMBLE BEE

*Lucille Thurmond, '28*

### PRIZE POEM

Ho! Jolly one! Come laugh with me;  
Come watch this clown of a bumble bee.  
He's trying to climb in the lily's cup,  
But his head goes down and his legs come up,  
And he tumbles and rolls off his perch  
With an angry buzz and an awkward lurch.  
How he slips on the smooth white bloom, poor bee!  
Ho! Friend! Come watch and laugh with me.



# Gentlemen Prefer Brunettes

*Betty Anne Newfield, '28*

HONORABLE MENTION

**Y**OUNG O'CONNER had just finished reading an article on the book, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

"Be Gory," he said, "why wouldn't it be a paying investment to start a haberdashery, entirely run by blondes? Wouldn't they draw the trade?"

The idea was carried out. Thursday morning at 9 A. M. over fifty girls were lined up in the waiting room, which opened into O'Conner's office. One by one, they were interviewed by young O'Conner himself; and one by one the pretty young peroxides and titian-haired blondes came out smiling, while those from the chestnut brown to the blue-black locks, came out disappointed.

Quite a furor was raised in the entire city of Los Angeles as the announcement was made that young O'Conner's haberdashery was to be run entirely by beautiful young blondes.


The following Monday the opening of the store occurred. Crowds jammed, pushed, fought, and fell in order to get inside the store. It looked as if everyone in the city were in an uproar. Everyone but Mr. Huntington, the man who for twelve years, had managed his "Gents Furnishing Store" just across the street from O'Conner's. This gentleman stood tall and stern as he watched the multitude across the street. Did this mean failure to him? The question gnawed at his mind. No, he could not, after all these successful years, allow a new fad like this to cause his ruin. If the public craved fads, then he must go O'Conner one better.

For a whole week Huntington watched his old customers patronize O'Conners. For a whole week Huntington's store was practically deserted. Then an idea occurred to him. He knew that "variety is the spice of life." If O'Conner had attracted the crowd because of the blondes, why wouldn't a store employing only brunettes do just as well. The following day, his advertisement appeared in the "Los Angeles Times."

**"SALES WOMEN WANTED  
NO BLONDES NEED APPLY."**

Early Wednesday morning, Huntington interviewed more dark-eyed beauties than he had thought there were women in the city. Tall, slim, stunning brunettes; short, perky, black-eyed brunettes; soft curved, graceful, grey-eyed brunettes; smart, clever, sparkling eyed brunettes.

The following Monday Huntington came out with his spring opening. Once more the curious crowd responded. Indeed, Huntington was right when he had said "variety is the spice of life." Once more his old trade returned, and more besides. In fact, it seemed to young O'Conner across the street that his rival had kept up the interest of the people much longer than he had. Every day Huntington's was jammed.



At last O'Conner could stand it no longer. What was it that attracted all his business to the rival store? He would find out for himself. So, one spring afternoon found him entering his competitor's store. A feeling of relief swept over him. Why was it? He gazed around him. Pretty dark-haired girls everywhere. It was a relief to see something else besides yellow, titian, golden yellow. He was incensed with himself. Surely, this was not the cause of his rival's success. What if they were pretty brunettes?

"May I help you?" a soft little voice addressed him.

"No thank—at this moment O'Conner looked the young lady in the face. She stood before him about 5 ft. 2 in.; perfect in form, features, and dress, from her blue-black hair, which curled rebelliously around her baby face, to her trim little feet clad in patent-leather oxfords. O'Conner's sentence was never finished. All thought of Huntington, and of his purpose in coming to the store left him. He just stood and stared at the loveliest girl in all the world. Who was the fool who had said, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes?"

Before his immovable stare, the girl's large grey eyes were lowered, displaying the longest set of eyelashes O'Conner had ever seen. Her small red mouth twitched uncomfortably, and her dainty little nose wrinkled up just a trifle. As O'Conner's silence continued, the exquisite little figure turned to leave him.

"Stop," said O'Conner, "you can help me. I would like to look at oh—oh—oh—oh, I say, what have you got, anyway?"

That night five large packages, wrapped in Huntington's boxes were tossed unopened upon O'Conner's table. Nor were they ever opened. In fact as far as O'Conner was concerned they might just as well never have been there.

The next day O'Conner again patronized Huntington's. But this time the soft little voice did not accost him as on the preceding day. He had to seek her out.

Patricia O'Grady, standing at the west counter, saw his searching eyes, and subconsciously she knew what they desired. She gleefully saw him put aside another girl, and then, suddenly, she remembered him. He was the man who had turned her down when she had applied for a job at O'Conner's. Yes, he must be Mr. O'Conner himself. The gentleman who thought "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Well! She'd just like to tell him a few things.

Suddenly his eyes found her, and he swiftly strode toward her. When he reached the counter, he smiled broadly, and his eyes flashed as one who had come upon that which he desires. She encountered his smile with a cold stare, pretending that she did not even remember him.


"I say, that orange tie I bought yesterday didn't quite match my shirt and I'd like to look at some others."

"Tie? What tie? I beg your pardon, but I don't believe I recall selling you anything." A hurt look came into his eyes.

"Oh now, don't you remember me? I bought the green fly trap from you, and one of the ties was orange. By the way, I'm Mr. O'Conner," he finished with his most engaging smile.

"Oh, really! How interesting. So you are the gentleman who prefers blondes? Sorry, but I'm afraid you've got the wrong place."

"Oh, now, I say, don't be so flighty just because I was fool enough to



think that blondes were more attractive than brunettes. I never knew that grey eyes and dark hair made such a wonderful combination before."

"I don't think either the color of my hair or eyes has changed since the day I interviewed you."

"Were you really among my applicants? I'm afraid I must have been a bit rushed that day. But why must you take it out on a poor man who both acknowledges and apologizes for his error?"

"And why shouldn't I feel indignant toward a man who cared nothing if all brunettes starved to death?"

"I say, now, can't you forgive me and be friends? You're a spunky little thing. Can't you try to like me just a little?"

Patricia's head went up indignantly and her eyes surveyed him scornfully.

"Perhaps your line goes with blondes, but we are not allowed prolonged conversation with such men as you." With the last remark she paid no further heed to him but gave her whole attention to the goods on the counter.

He stood perfectly still watching her. Then he left. Never before had the handsome young O'Conner been rebuked by a mere girl. In fact, since he had begun his haberdashery, he had become a bit conceited by the constant attention of girls. And now to be thoroughly rebuffed by a girl in his competitor's store! His wrath rose as he thought of it.

Yet that night he dreamed that the haughty little Patricia O'Grady had at last succumbed to his will and had allowed him to kiss her. Upon awaking O'Conner's courage was renewed, and he decided not to give up. This time he wrote an apologetic note. Upon receiving no answer, whatsoever, he next sent a gorgeous box of roses. The following day the roses were returned with a tiny note, which read: "Why worry about brunettes? 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.'"

The next evening as Patricia left the store, O'Conner accosted her. He had decided that he could get along without her no longer.

"Miss O'Grady, I'm so sorry if my past conduct was displeasing to you, and I want you to tell me if there is anything I can do to make up for it, and thereby gain your friendship?"

Had O'Conner observed Patricia better, he might have noticed that her eyes were laughing as she replied haughtily:

"Do you still think that gentlemen prefer blondes?"

"Indeed I don't. I have never seen a blonde so pretty as you." Just at that moment the five-thirty bell rang Patricia quickly turned her attention from him to the counter. O'Conner waited until she had put away the last bolt of goods. Then he spoke.

"I say, may I drive you home?"

"Thank you, no. I'm not used to riding home with strangers. She turned quickly and made her way to the exit. O'Conner, greatly disappointed, followed slowly behind. He watched her board a street car. Then suddenly, the fierce desire to learn who she was and where she lived possessed him. He leaped into his roadster and followed the street car. At ninth street he saw her about to get off. Just at that moment, her spike heel caught and her slim form fell in a heap in the street. Quickly he was out of his car and at her side, helping her tenderly to her feet.

"Oh, I thank you"—she turned and recognized him. Immediately she





became stiff and offish. With a slight limp, which did not escape O'Conner, she turned to walk away. O'Conner was again at her side.

"Please let me drive you. I'm afraid you are hurt. You know you really shouldn't walk on a sprained ankle. That is probably what it is."

"Oh I think I can manage. I only live a few blocks away." At that moment she again tripped and this time O'Conner's strong arms saved her. He saw her small face twitch with pain. Then, as a tender father would have done, he picked her light form up in his strong arms and carried her to his car. Without a word he placed her on the seat and then got in and started the engine.

"Where do you live?" It sounded like a command rather than a question. She told him, and in two minutes they stopped before a large brown house. A second time O'Conner picked her up and carried her to the door. In answer to the bell, a sweet, little grey-haired woman stifled scream.

"Don't worry, mother dear. Just sprained my ankle a bit." O'Conner brought her in and placed her gently upon a couch. Mrs. O'Grady was very gracious and thanked him again and again. She asked his name.

"Mother, I'd like to present Mr. Blonde" O'Conner felt his face burn at the sarcastic remark. He turned abruptly and left.

Afterward Patricia told her mother all about it. But that was not the end. Her thoughts dwelt on him for a long time. She knew that she had been unpardonably rude. She wondered if he would ever see her again. Did she care? Upon thinking over his kind and gentle treatment of her, she began to feel very remorseful over what she had done. He had been so kind and she, Patricia O'Grady, had been unpardonably rude. Oh, she hoped this was not the end!

In the meantime O'Conner was driving madly out on the highway. Darn girl! He had been made a fool of. Never again would he see her. No, she would never know how his heart yearned for her. Probably she was interested in someone else, anyway.

A week passed. Each day was a greater disappointment for Patricia, as she watched for the familiar figure to enter the store. He didn't care at all. Well, how could he after the way she had acted? Probably some other girl was receiving his attention now.

Sunday afternoon Patricia and her mother were strolling in the park. Upon turning a corner, they came face to face with O'Conner.

"How do you do, Mr. O'Conner," said Patricia as she gave him her sweetest smile. O'Conner's face immediately lighted up.

"How do you do, Miss O'Grady. How is your ankle?"

"Just topping, thank you."

The following Monday night Patricia put on her prettiest dress. She was very happy. That afternoon O'Conner had invited her out to dinner.

At six o'clock sharp he arrived. Patricia felt her heart flutter as she opened the door.

"Good evening Mr.—" her eyes twinkled as she uttered "Blonde."

He grinned broadly. "Good evening, Miss Irish Lady."

"Nice car," said Patricia as they sped along in the cosy little roadster.

"Yes, just room enough for a man and a—"

"Blonde," put in the laughing Patricia.

"Would you like to dance?" asked O'Conner as they were seated at a table in the Ambassador Hotel.

"Oh, wouldn't it be jolly!" she answered.

"Let's go out on the veranda," he suggested after the music had stopped. They seated themselves on a bench, and, as often happens when two people are so passionately in love, they were silent. The orchestra began "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."

O'Conner glanced down at Patricia's delicate profile. The slight breeze brought a wisp of her lovely hair to his cheek. His hand reached as if to touch it. She glanced up. He gently caressed her hair.

"Such lovely hair," he murmured. "It looks—"

"Golden in the moonlight," finished Patricia.

"Patricia darling, I was a fool to ever have believed that gentlemen prefer blondes in this world."

"Are you sure?" she asked.


"Well, rather."

## LONGINGS

*Edith Van Gelder, '27*

Honorable Mention

My heart yearns for open places,  
Lone hills and wide spaces.  
Solitude 'neath heavenly skies  
Away from human prying eyes.  
Time to think and time to ponder  
Over God's and Nature's wonder.  
Away from rattle, smash, and bang,  
City's street and noisy clang,  
People's talk and smirking smile.  
God, to go away awhile!



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## SPRING'S COLORS

*Bertha Gilstead, '28.*

Honorable Mention

Young Spring has spilled his paint box.  
His brightest blue has overrun  
The dead gray sky King Winter left  
When he fled from Springtimes' fun.

The green paint can goes tumbling next.  
The color drips from each new leaf.  
It stains each stalk and blade of grass,  
And at the sight Spring weeps in grief.

He drops his brush all filled with gold.  
It spatters on the dazzling sky,  
Which makes old Sol smile broader still;  
And joyous Spring forgets to cry.

For the gold had also flecked the earth,  
And dandelions bowed and swayed  
When gentle South Wind whispered tales  
Of sunny days whose joys ne'er fade.

His red paint dyes the sinking sun  
Until the west is all aglow.  
The apple blossoms blush more pink;  
And rose is the mountain's crest of snow.

The colors blend in one bright hue,  
Burning, glowing in the west;  
Crimson, purple, ever fading  
Till night enfolds their hues in rest.

# When the Storm King Rides

Martha Fetzer, '28

HONORABLE MENTION



H, JOHN!"

"Y-e-e-s."

"Wal, you better answer. I've been yelling for well nigh half an hour. Hurry an' git up. I've got something fer you to do today."

John slowly and reluctantly rolled out from beneath a warm feather quilt into the icy morning air. In a moment he was attired in his usual garb—woolen underwear, a pair of faded overalls, a heavy work-shirt, and a pair of large, heavy boots.

"Wonder what's up this mornin'," he muttered. "I hope the cows hain't broke the fence in a blizzard, and I have to freeze my body and soul to round 'em up."

But his fear proved groundless, for, looking out from his gable window, he saw above him a clear sky flushed with the advent of dawn, and below him a vast expanse of whiteness.

"No blizzard. Guess it cleared up durin' the night," he observed, turning toward the rickety stairs and descending to the kitchen.

A small, dim lamp, for it was still rather dark, revealed his mother, a work-worn, little woman, busy over the stove. The furniture consisted of a small table in the center, set with the breakfast dishes; a rough, home-made cupboard at one end of the room; and a few chairs scattered around. The room was indeed poorly furnished, but exceedingly clean and tidy.

"Ma says the coal's all gone," said John's father, a strong and rather gruff man who sat near the stove smoking a pipe, "So you'll have to hitch up and fetch a load from town. You can be back before dark, if you don't loiter in town. Don't seem though there'll be a blizzard today."

After a hurried breakfast, John stepped into the frosty air and hastened toward the barn, which was but a small distance from the east side of the house. The snow crunched and creaked beneath his heavy boots as he trudged on.

"Hang it all," thought he, "I'd rather round in the cows than freeze my feet on the sled."

The horses whinnied a welcome as he pushed open the barn door. He opened the large fodder-box, and, taking a pail, scooped out each horse's share of the ground oats. This was followed by a generous feeding of fragrant lake hay, which he thrust through the holes above the rafters from the loft of the barn.

The dull, white snow was being transformed by the rising sun into a sea of glistening diamonds when John led forth the two best horses to be hitched to the bob-sled. In a moment, this task completed, he drew up before the door for his lunch and final orders.

"Bring about a ton o' coal, and don't fergit a carton of terbaccer," called John's father from the door.

"And oh, Johnny," piped out his little mother from somewhere within

the kitchen, "I need five spools of black thread, number forty, and three spools of white, number fifty. Don't forgit and, dearie, do hurry home. I'm so afraid a storm'll break out unexpected like."

"Awright, ma. Let's see—you said five spools of black, number forty, and three spools of white, number fifty? Awright. S'long folks."

It was a dreary ride over those twenty miles of snow-covered prairie to the little town of Haverly. The smooth runners of the sled creaked as they glided over the packed snow. Occasionally, John passed by dismal farmhouses; these were few and "far between." The horses instinctively followed the road due south, while John sat upon the seat, utterly unconscious of what was going on about him. Now and then, a snow-white rabbit darted out affrighted from behind a clump of bushes, or a dog bayed in the distance.

About two hours before noon John hit the main road along the telephone line—a sign that Haverly was not far off. A half hour later he drew up before the Haverly warehouse to load up his coal.

"Why, hello, John!" exclaimed the man at the warehouse, "How's the folks?"

"Awright, s'far's I know Say, kin I have about a ton o' coal?"

"Sure thing."

After a visit to the store to buy his mother's thread and his father's "terbaccar," he unhitched his weary horses in the alley and gave them the hay which he had brought with him. While they were contentedly munching their fodder, John ate his lunch.

It was after twelve when he was once more bound for home. He realized that it would be evening before he would reach the farm, for the load was heavy and the horses were not as fresh as they had been in the morning. Moreover, he noticed that the sun was not as bright as in the forenoon. The sky was slightly overcast.

As the horses trudged along, John anxiously watched the darkening sky. Clouds were gathering, and the wind was beginning to blow from the northwest.

"Giddap, boys!" he urged. "We've gotter make home. Inside of no time a blizzard'll be blowin' full force."

The team seemed to understand and strained at the load till they fairly dripped with sweat. Like John, who longed for the warm fireside, they eagerly looked forward to their comfortable stable.

Snow was beginning to fall when they passed the last farmhouse, four miles from home. The icy wind increased and stung John's face with bitter cold. He pulled up his sheepskin collar and drew a robe about his feet. The whirling snow fell faster, its velocity increasing with the driving storm. The flakes fell dizzily and were heaped up in drifts and then in banks.

"Come on, Mike. Giddap there, Joe. We've gotter make it."

John realized only too well what it meant to be caught in a blinding blizzard. Already the horses were quite worn out, for they were sinking knee-deep into the loose, light snow. They made slow progress, and it was not long before night began to settle. John thought of his worried parents, of the warm fireside, and—most of all—of his serious predicament.

Gradually the banks piled higher. The whirling flakes blinded the eyes of both team and teamster. It seemed but a moment before black night had enshrouded John and all the world about him. No longer did



he know whether or not he was following the road; so, trusting to the instinct of his team, he wrapped himself more closely in his robe and dropped the reins.

Presently the horses halted. In despair John urged them on again and again, but they were not to be budged. The snow was gradually piling up about the sled, slowly but surely cutting off every means of escape. John sat shivering with cold. The icy wind penetrated through his thick clothes and into his very bones. Every breath of this air entering his lungs was a stabbing knife. He arose; he resorted to every means of stimulating his congealed blood into action, of forcing it to his finger tips, to his toes, to every part of his numb body. He beat his hands together and cupped them over his nose and ears; he thumped his feet against the side of the sled. While he was thus engaged the white, incarcerating wall of snow piled higher, even higher, hemming him in on every side like prison walls. Should he remain here to perish, or should he make one last effort to reach warmth and safety? John chose the latter course. He unhitched the horses from the sled and unharnessed them as fast as his benumbed body would allow. Joe was the stronger of the two; so John decided to ride him and lead the other.

The wind blew directly into John's face as the horses struggled on, plunging breast-deep into the snow.

"Come on, Joe. This way, this way," he urged trying in vain to rein the horse toward the left, for he was almost certain that the animal was wandering further from the road.

But the horse refused to turn aside. In utter despair John once more gave him free rein, depending again upon his instinct. His fingers were numb and stung with pain. His legs he could no longer feel; they seemed to have been severed from his body. He sat rigidly on the back of the struggling animal, silently uttering a word of prayer.

"God, help me—the folks," he ended with a dry sob.

On and on plodded the gallant horse. John's very mind seemed cold and frozen. He could not think, he was crazed with cold. At last however he dropped forward upon the horse's neck, still holding the rein of Mike, following close behind him.

"We're almost home," he whispered hoarsely once more into the ear of the faithful animal, though he had never felt so far from home as now.

Gradually he reeled off into a chasm of darkness. A miracle it was that he retained his place upon the back of his horse, who refused to give up.

Hours later, it seemed, he slowly regained his senses with a feeling of warmth about him. He opened his eyes and found himself in the barn, still on the horse's back. For a while he could not move, but at last he was sufficiently revived to descend stiffly. A tear stole over his cold, blue cheeks as he vainly strove to pat the faithful animal before he turned toward the house.

Once more he was struggling in the snow. He could but dimly discern a light through the driving blizzard; or was it a star? But there were no stars; there was only snow—snow beneath, above, on every side—a very hell of freezing snow. John gasped as he stumbled blindly into a soft, loosely drifted bank. He struggled; he reeled; now on his knees, groveling in the drifts; now on his face, gasping for breath. He brushed





the snow from his eyes and mouth with stiff, frozen hands. At last he regained his feet and, summoning to his aid every bit of strength and breath left in his utterly fatigued and benumbed body, he gave one long heart-rending wail for help—the wail of a drowning man sinking for the last time beneath the gurgling surface. But the cry, even as it left his stiff lips, died into the night, answered only by the mocking storm. Yet he could not, he would not give up. It was not his strength but his determination that drew him on one, two, three struggling steps. With his eyes intent, and his hands pleadingly outstretched toward the growing speck of light, he dragged his weary frame on, inch by inch, foot by foot.

“Almost there. God, just a little—”

What was that? Did someone call his name? Could it be that his father, his big, strong father, was coming after him? He listened. This time he heard it distinctly, and at the same time a second light—a large one which appeared bigger than the other.

“J-o-h-n!”

He strove to answer, but his very voice clove to his throat as though frozen there. The light—the larger one—suddenly disappeared. His heart sank. He fell; he crawled on and on, bit by bit. His head swam; his body—he stumbled violently and fell on something hard. He remained motionless on the spot and almost lifeless, half buried in the snow.

Was it still that his head swam or—? What made him feel as though he were going up, up, and up? What was that strange sound in his ears? Surely someone was speaking—or was it the wind? How warm, how comfortable, how contented he suddenly felt!

Little by little his clouded mind cleared, and for the first time he realized that he was safe—safe!—from the storm, safe from the snow; he was warm; he was deliciously comfortable.

“John, dear, do you feel better?”

It was the voice of his own sweet mother. He felt a tear drop on his forehead. His mother was sobbing softly to herself.


“Yes, ma,” he answered hoarsely, as he opened his eyes.

His father sat beside the couch on which he lay, anxiously watching him.

“Son,” he said huskily, “that was a close call. Good thing I heard you fall on the steps. Thank heaven for that! I had given up all hope.”



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# Down on the Farm

*Herman Johns, '28*

HONORABLE MENTION

**J**OHN was a sturdy farmer lad of twenty. Owing to much hardships, his boyish quality had vanished; he was becoming a man. His shoulders were a little stooped and ungraceful from being accustomed to looking out for himself in all kinds of troubles and places. A mat of coarse black hair and a prominent forehead shaded a pair of large brown eyes that always looked on the bright side of life.

That winter John's mother and father died, leaving him all alone. All alone on a one hundred and sixty acre claim in Nebraska. This ranch was situated in a fertile valley scooped out of the hills. To the west five distinct but distant ranges of mountains arose, glittering with snow, blued by hundreds of miles of atmosphere. To the north and south were the two diminishing mountain ranges. To the east lay a level stretch of prairie land. The low horizon of this prairie made an earlier rising of the sun that sent its irregular splashes of red and orange on the fleecy clouds and far into the heavens.


There were few inhabitants in this valley. On the north John's claim was bordered by Uncle Ethan White's claim. Uncle Ethan and his wife Symantha lived two miles from John's place, in a small cozy cabin, which was shaded by several large towering oak trees.

John's claim was a fine, fertile tract of land. He did enough work for two boys of his age. Half his farm was in cultivation and the remainder was in timber and pasture land. John's house was sheltered by large oaks and maples. His four room cabin was rudely built of oak logs, but on the inside it was neat and clean.

Flurries of snow began to fall and blanket the ground. The mud gummed his boots and trouser legs and clogged his steps. Alas! fall plowing had ceased. Each day it grew colder; some nights the thermometer went as low as twenty below. The blazing stars lighted the sky and the moonbeams were splintered as they tried to shine through the trees; while out on the hill could be heard the howling of a wolf. It was no great temptation for John to roll out of his cozy warm nest into that cold room and pull on his icy socks and frosty boots. The cattle were humped, and shivered with cold as John drove them to water. It was a painful sight to see the cattle lay their aching teeth to the frigid water, trying a dozen times to temper their mouths to the icy draught. This kind of weather grew milder toward April.

Spring at last! The sun shone steadily; the ground and air had warmed up. Then John was to complete his plowing. Above John's head, the ducks pursued their northward flight, and the notes of the honking geese, and the booming of the prairie chicken fell upon his ears. Sparrows in thousands rose from the stubble, flinging themselves against the sky like grains of wheat from out the sower's hand. The meadow seemed to pulsate with sound—a chorus that died away into an infinite murmur of





music; it was coming from the birds. By May the ground was covered with green plants. Then came the robin; and, last of all, the sand-hill crane loitering northward in a lonely flight. He would fly high against the azure sky. From a great distance one could hear his brazen and reverberating call. He was the herald of summer.

John was now toiling like a demon; fighting the weeds and the squirrels that bothered his corn. It was a hard struggle and a battle to win out. This kind of work was continuous.

By the latter part of July the scorching sun had turned the green wheat-fields into golden fields of ripened grain; then one could hear the song of the reaper and lo! the edge of the field became a ribbon of green and yellow. This was the critical period of the season, for the grain had to be cut as soon as it was ripe enough, in order to avoid losses by windstorm, hail, and rain. Often the men would shock the grain by moonlight in order to catch up with the reaper, and get the grain off the ground.

Such work as this was beginning to tell on John. He couldn't endure this strain without the proper kind of food. He was getting mighty tired of his leathery old flapjacks and molasses. He did his semi-annual laundry on a rainy day or a Sabbath. It was plain to be seen that John needed a wife and needed one badly; someone to cook for him, to wash and mend his clothes, and, last and best of all some one to love him.

The passing of John's father did not mean so much as the passing of his noble mother, for he had been accustomed to most of the work anyway; but he was not used to doing his own housework and sewing. Occasionally he would go over to see Uncle Ethan and sit on a large rock in the shade of the great oak trees. To John the place seemed like "troubles end." Here the two men gossiped happily together, while over head the screaming of the jay was heard, the kingfisher darted out of the darkness and got his midday meal, and then at twilight the katydids and other insects hummed. This place was a paradise to John. When he got ready to go home, Symantha would always come out with a basket full of bread, pies, and a cake for the boy to take home.

John thought over his situation very seriously and concluded that he was going to find a wife. At first he was puzzled; he knew not which way to go, but later he thought of his old school companion, Lucindy Kent. They had spent most of their school days together, and they had loved one another.

John's life was a lonely one. He began to plan; he went over to Uncle Ethan's to see if the old man would do his chores for him while he went to Boomingtown, South Dakota. Uncle Ethan was down in the feed lot shoveling out corn to his hogs when John came up.

"Good morning," shouted John, almost scaring Uncle Ethan to death.


"Er, 'er why—hello there. How 'yer making it with 'yer corn? Got 'er laid by yit?"

"Nope, but I'll finish 'er up today if nuthin' happens. I came over to see if yer would do my chores for about ten days."

"Sure," was the reply as Uncle Ethan took up the bucket of milk and started for the house. "But what are you goin' ta do and where are ye' goin'?"

"Aw, don't git too personal now," was John's reply. "But if you must know, I'll tell yeh; I'm goin' to git married."

"Wall, wall, ya' goin' ta git married, are yeh. Well, I don't blame yer"



a bit. I would too if I was in your place. Sure, I'll be right over tomorrow evening, and here's hopin' ya' have good luck."

"Aw, thanks, well, I must be goin' now, so I can finish my plowing.

"Good-bye," shouted Uncle Ethan, as he stepped upon the porch to go and tell Symantha the news.

John worked hard all day long in order to finish his plowing. All day long he was building air-castles. He thought of how he would fix up the place attractively, and how he and Lucindy would go to St. Louis on their honeymoon.

The sun had poured its downward rays upon the rich fields of grain, and from the barnyard the calves were bawling, and the whippoorwills were calling. From the pastures drifted the cows. Now the bats began to whirl and squeak in the odorous dusk—night hawks whizzed and boomed, and over the dark wall of the wooded hills, a prodigious moon miraculously floated. In the barn one could hear the mice rustling in the hay, and the regular strim-stram of the streams of milk falling into the bottom of a tin pail, as John milked the spotted cow. He hastily cooked a few bites of supper, took a bath and retired.

Next morning he was awakened at a little past four by the faint, and cheerful crowing of the cock. His heart burned with joy—the morn was near! He glanced out of the window; he was able to detect a golden light overspreading the eastern sky. The cock's call was repeated, and then a long, sharp, wailing howl answered it. It was the morning song of the wolf. At last the day had begun. The east began to bloom and long streamers of red unrolled along the vast gray dome of the sky. The day had come! The day that had never come to John before.

He got up, built a fire, and went down to do his chores. When he returned, the kettle was busily singing away at its task, while outside in the trees were the birds busily singing to John. How sweet and happy things seemed to him. He shaved himself, slicked down his hair, put on his best suit and set off down the little road that led to Prairie town, where he would take the train to Boomingtown. As he trudged along the hot and dusty road, the grasshoppers were buzzing and jumping in the dust; while overhead a kingfisher was calling, while he darted after flies. By the time the sun had warmed up, John was nearing the depot. As he stepped up to the ticket window, he said, "A ticket to Boomingtown."

"All right," replied the agent. "Goin' fer a trip are yeh?"


"Yep. Say, what times does the train leave this station?"

"It leaves at eight, that is if it's on time."

John received the ticket, and walked away, wishing that the train would be on time, for he wanted to get there before nightfall. At last the train pulled in. It came to a quick stop; the baggage was unloaded and John and two other men boarded it.

"All aboard!" yelled the conductor to the engineer, and the train slowly began to move. John was sitting in a comfortable seat and looking out of the window, seeing lakes, groves of oaks, fields of wheat and barley being reaped; rushing past hayfields where the heavy grass was toppling before the swift sickle.

All day his mind flew ahead of the train to the country and the little town where he had spent his boyhood and youth. About four o'clock John recognized the country in which he had spent his boyhood. A few minutes later the train drew up to the station, giving the youth just enough time



to step off. John began to feel curious little movements of his heart, such as a lover experiences upon nearing his beloved.

John went to the livery stable and rented a team of driving horses and a buggy. He built air castles as he drove along the dusty road. He would fix up his cabin, add another room, and dig a new cellar. He would buy a buggy and go to St. Louis. He had planned it all out. He would first put his arm around her and kiss her—there would not need to be any words to tell her what he wanted. She would know! He was dreaming a sweet dream; he saw her standing by the gate, waiting for him. She had on her pretty blue dress and the wide white hat that had always made her look so beautiful.

John had now passed Squire Green's place; he was the minister of that community. One more mile of driving brought John up to the corner of the Kent's farm. As he was going along the road, someone called out his name; he stopped, turned around and saw coming out of the field of corn—Lucindy.

"Hello there, where are you going?" was her greeting.

"Aw, no certain place, just riding around," said John.

"What you been doing all these years?"

"Working, same as usual. I see that your old man has still got you at it.

"Yes, but nothing unusual," she said pushing her hat back from her forehead. Then John saw her blue eyes, and her pink and rosy cheeks, beaded with tiny drops of perspiration. As they stood there, they loved each other; but this was not love at first sight, for during their school days they had thought a great deal of each other. John was nervously tearing splinters from the rail fence.

"Say, now, I'll tell yeh what I came back here for—to git married; and if you're willin' I'll do it tonight. Come, now, whaddy y' say?"

"Aw, I'm not ready yet for a while and besides my father needs me to help him run this farm?" . . . .

"Oh, looky here, now, 'Cindy! Don't be foolish, I've got a rattlin' good claim; a cozy four room cabin, thirty acres of wheat in the shock, and a bumper crop of corn. It's lonesome for me out there on that claim, and its no picnic f'r you here. You needn't do anything but cook f'r me and I'll fix up the house, get a new layout of furniture, and on Sunday go to church and other places."

"What'll my folks say and do?"

"It'll make no difference what they say; they'll keep you working hard all the time, hoeing and plowing corn, and carrying water, till it will be too late. Come now, I need a wife; whaddy y' say?" and he laid his hand on her shoulder.

"How long can you wait? I'll be of age a week from now."

"I have only thirty minutes, you can be of age tonight, if you'll jest call on Squire Green with me."

"All right, John," said the girl holding out her hand. John seized it and said, "Now a kiss, to bind the bargain."

"I guess we can get along without that part."

"No, we can't. It won't seem like an engagement without it."

He timidly put his arm around her, and kissed her on the cheek.

"That settles it, and now we'll call on Squire Green."

When they were last seen, they were turning off of that branch road onto the beginning of the main traveled road of life.



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
## GOD'S GOLD

*Marcia Holbrook, '27.*

Honorable Mention

The sun, whose task is painting  
The earth with floods of light,  
Drops his pallet behind him  
In his haste to leave for the night.  
His tints of orange and red and gold  
Scatter and mix and run,  
Till the turquoise blue  
Turns a golden hue,  
And all so carelessly done.

One sees that he need not travel  
The steep, precarious trail  
To the very end of the rainbow  
In search of the gold in a pail.  
He can stand in his own back dooryard  
With his face turned toward the west  
And glimpse, without an effort,  
The gold of God at its best.



## SPRING SIGNS

*Clara Lerza, '28*

Budding trees, droning bees,  
The laughter of sparkling brooks;  
Small new roots, tender shoots  
In every corner and nook.

New ploughed grounds, echo resounds  
The song of the nesting bird;  
Even shades creep o'er the meadows  
As the lowing of cattle is heard.

Night draws nigh; the blue of the sky  
Fades in the twilight gloom;  
The dark descends and the day ends  
Wraith-like, in the pale, full moon.



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## THE RIVALS

*Marie Daly, '29*

I look with eyes askance  
At my brother asking girls to dance.  
He is handsome and has a grace;  
I am ungainly, and freckled is my face.  
The girls won't look at me  
When HIM they see.  
    He has been a lover;  
    I am the younger brother.

I wish that I could talk to girls  
And tell them they have golden curls  
When their hair is a neutral shade  
And they look like an old maid.  
I think it's scandalous to hug a miss  
And before the public give a kiss.  
    But then, Charlie is a lover,  
    And I am the younger brother.

When he appears upon the scene,  
The girls all meet him with a scream;  
"Oh, Charlie! Where have you been, old duck?"  
"You were swimming? Oh, what luck!"  
I turn away my face  
And gaze at empty space.  
    He has been a lover!  
    I am the younger brother.

But even as I am sad  
A thought does make me glad.  
There will come a day  
When I shall hold full sway.  
He will be a married man  
And I shall take HIS place in the van;  
    For I shall be the lover,  
    And HE the older brother.