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LITERARY

# The Old Bell Mare

FIRST PRIZE STORY

Lucille Ellis 11A

**I**T HAD been a hard, white winter. The pack train had just come into Oroville from the Last Chance mine. At the saloon the boss said, "Things 're purty bad up thar, and provisions be mighty scarce lately." Consequently, the pack train started early the next morning in hopes of reaching the Last Chance in two days. The old bell mare stepped along quite lively, to the disgust of six pack mules. Both the "boss" and the "skinner" were old-timers at the job.

"Hey, Bill!" shouted the "boss" to the skinner, "I'm gonna try to make Dead Man's Gulch by sundown. It's the last spot to camp afore the mine."

"Seems to me like yu'r kinda stretchin' yourself, but's up to yew. Git up, ye lazy critters! This here ain't no fun'ral-march!"

Then there was the silence of the mountains, broken by the tinkling bell of the mare, and, at intervals, by the "skinner" as he cursed the mules or broke into song. The pack train wound along the narrow path, which sometimes ran through deep forests, where outlaws lurked, sometimes danced through fair meadows where wild flowers bloomed, and sometimes climbed steep hills and poised itself perilously on an overhanging ledge. A little before sundown the pack train forded the north fork of the Feather River and arrived at Dead Man's Gulch, where they made camp for the night.

Before dawn the next day the pack train was on its way, although a storm seemed brewing. The trail from Dead Man's Gulch to the Last Chance was narrow and steep; looking up, one saw the sky far above; looking down, one saw the Feather River far below; one false step and the Pearly Gates would be opened. The old bell mare had no nerves, it seemed, and stepped along with the cow bell on her neck tinkling cheerfully. The pack train rounded a turn and was met by a strong wind. Snow was beginning to fall rapidly. The "boss" looked at the sky and shivered. "There being no tarnin' aroun' hiar, we'll just hafter pull through somehow."

"Kyrect!" agreed the "skinner" drearily.

The pack train moved on again, more slowly, it is true, but still onward.

The storm increased in violence, but still they pushed on until the men were very weary. About mid-afternoon there came a lull in the storm, and the "boss" yelled over his shoulder, "Sure looks like a blizzard, Bill! Lost any mules yet?"

"Nope," responded the "skinner," "these hiar Rocky Mountain canaries be sure-footed critters."

Just then the storm burst upon them with greater fury. The two men lost all sense of direction after a while, but it was necessary to keep going; so on

they went with the old bell mare in the lead. Finally the "boss" was sure the mare was going the wrong way. The trail was not as rough as this, he knew. He tried to turn his own horse, but he was too weary and weak. The old bell mare could go where she wished. Back at the end of the pack train similar thoughts were in the "skinner's" mind, and the result was the same.

Gradually the storm abated, until all was quiet and serene, beautiful and white in the glow of the morning sun. The two men aroused themselves from the coma in which they had been and listened in vain for the tinkling of the cow bell. They became aware that they were not moving, and that there were many strange noises as of happy people. Then they recalled where they were. There was the Last Chance mine, and here were the six pack mules with the precious loads of provisions. The old bell mare had brought them through!

## A Dawn in Spring

SECOND PRIZE POEM

*By Mabel Chipman 11A*

The finger of dawn crept, like a golden serpent,  
Down thru the eastern stairway to the world,  
And lighted up the earth to crimson glory,  
As if a flaming coverlet unfurled.  
The stately pines shined out like giants hoary,  
Their frosted limbs by shining globules pearled;  
The birds awoke and trilled their joyous story  
To all the flowers that in the dawn uncurled.

The sun, again the monarch, travels slowly,  
As if to watch, and glory that he's king.  
His golden rays caress the grasses lowly;  
He warms the birds, and chuckles when they sing.  
The flowers, now awake, are nodding, dreaming.  
The stream is gurgling, twinkling in its way,  
And underneath the silver surface gleaming,  
The schools of tiny fishes swim and play.

The buttercups and violets line the pathway  
Along which tiny animals have passed,  
The little furry creatures greet the new day  
And smile upon the sunlit sky at last;  
Up in the west a bank of clouds is drifting,  
A fleecy mass of soft and pearly gray;  
The spring is here, and I my soul am lifting  
To thank the Lord for such a perfect day.

# "And Remembered Always"

SECOND PRIZE STORY

By Winifred Wilson 11A



CURLED up in a wide, comfortable, leather chair, slowly and creakingly rocking, Luella Marlowe, a dainty yet "live-wire" red-headed high school girl, tried to fight her battle alone. But she failed. Deeply hurt, half angry and thoroughly miserable, she slipped on a sweater and called to her mother, "Will it be all right for me to go meet Dad?"

"It's rather early, isn't it? Oh, very well, run along," Mrs. Marlowe, busy in the kitchen, readily acquiesced.

While the ideal Dad-Daughter companionship did not exist between Luella and her father, they were great pals and, as Luella said, "He's awfully comfortable to tell things to. He doesn't laugh and it doesn't hurt when he scolds."

They met just a block or so from the office, and sensing trouble, Mr. Marlowe had pointedly asked what the trouble was. His daughter explained and was now walking along watching her father's face and awaiting an answer.

"But, Lou, you're sure you haven't hurt Teddy in any way?"

"Absolutely sure, Dad. We perfected those short-story outlines last night after basketball practice, and as she had to be back at school by seven for play practice, she left me at the Corners."

"There was no sign of her actions today in her manner yesterday?"

"No. I scented the trouble first when she avoided me after the first class this morning."

Mr. Marlowe shook his head. "Teddy June Blake is an impulsive young woman. Why not give her a chance to redeem herself? You'll have a special practice tonight for tomorrow's game, I suppose?"

Opening the gate into their yard, Lou nodded, "Yes. As usual we'll rest most of tomorrow."

As they went into the house, her father said, "It may be hard to risk her snub, but it will be harder for her to apologize if you haven't given her the opportunity."


They parted at this point, Mr. Marlowe going upstairs to get ready for dinner and the girl hurrying to the kitchen to help her mother.

Luella deliberately put off going to the gym early that night so there would be less chance of opening the question with her now irate chum.

Teddy June Blake, tall, athletic, pretty in her dark rebellious way, and several other members of the team were playing leap-frog around the girls' gym as Luella entered.

"Better hurry with your dressing, Lou," called the captain, Alma Gibbons. "We're almost ready to start."

Nodding, and ignoring the laughter of one group of girls in a far corner in which Teddy held the most conspicuous place, Luella proceeded to the dressing rooms and soon appeared on the floor ready for play.



The coach, Miss Adams, assembled the girls and spoke to them for a few minutes on the game to be played the following night.

"Carlton Hi should not be hard to beat—but she will be if you girls do not pep up. Don't forget your standards and, Centers, remember to play the free forward. Cooperation, the motto of all Kingsdale teams, is to be fought for, thought for, and remembered always. Co'mon, let's play!" she concluded.

As the whistle blew at the end of the game, the coach called to Teddy, "How about those passing plays you and Lou worked out? They weren't very noticeable tonight. Don't forget 'em tomorrow, will you?"

Teddy June, with an angry red coloring her face, merely nodded and turned toward the dressing rooms.

"I can't do it! I simply can not do it. I know I can't. But I have to! Oh, pollywogs and Indian chiefs!! I'll have to come out and ask her what's wrong right there in the presence of the whole team. Wish I dared use the phone, but that seems so awfully sneaky! I'll ask her at the game tonight just as soon as the immortal gods give me a chance."

Luella felt better after having really made up her mind to do what she had been wanting to do for the last forty-eight hours. She entered the almost empty gym that night outwardly untroubled, though inwardly that sickening just-before-the-game feeling was waging a fierce battle with a deeply trodden-upon sensitiveness.

"Oh, if I only knew how her anger was justified," she sighed.

The girls' games were always played as preliminaries to the boys' varsity game, but the crowd usually managed to come for the whole of the first game. Consequently, as the two girls' teams, Carlton, resplendent in green and gold suits, and Kingsdale in her orange and white entered, the rooters broke forth in one long loud tumult of applause.

The visitors won the toss-up and chose the south goal. The game started immediately and proceeded without spectacular playing on either side till the end of the first quarter. The score was then 6-4 in favor of the home team.

At the end of the second quarter, which was brought to a grand finale to the tune of 8-6 with the visitors carrying the melody, Luella was desperate. Her guard was weak and not an exceptionally good player. This left Luella as the "free forward" the centers had been told to play. And she was not being played. The other forward, her team-mate, was being overworked. Teddy, who touched the ball more often than anyone else in the center, was the only person to help this condition. But she didn't choose to do so.

"The gods certainly have given me the chance," thought Luella, with grim humor, as she trotted to the dressing rooms at the end of the half.

Accepting gratefully one of the lemons the coach was handing out, Lou threw herself on one of the mats and relaxed.

"One minute more," called the coach presently. "Drop the lemon rinds in this water bucket by the door."

Starting up guiltily and with a queer fluttering near the region of her heart, Luella walked over to Teddy's mat. She spoke directly and to the point.

"We can't go on like this, Ted. What is the matter with you? I apologize for whatever you think—"

Teddy, glaring, got up off the mat and moved away just as the whistle shrilled for the third quarter.

"An apology doesn't erase a betrayed confidence. I hope Margot does justice to my plot." Teddy's answer was flung over her shoulder as the team took its position on the floor.

Dizzy, sick with the accusation her friend had made, Luella played a miserable game during the third quarter. The phrases, "betrayed confidence—Margot—my plot" played tag with her aching head.

She had obtained her second wish: she knew now that Teddy's anger was not justified. But that Teddy could ever believe that she, Luella Marlowe, would deliberately give Teddy's plot to the only real rival she had in the short-story contest was incredible.

The rival's name was Margot Van Vliere.

Miss Adams was thoroughly and justly angry when the third quarter ended 10-6 and the visitors were still victorious. Carlton's rooters were riotously exulting in their lead, and this didn't help the coach's temper to any noticeable degree.

"Teddy June Blake and Luella Marlowe, where are those passing plays? You've not used them once tonight. Furthermore, your team play is wretched; do you hear, perfectly wretched!" she stormed.

When the Coach had passed on to criticize the rest of the team, Luella turned to her chum.

"Oh, Teddy, I didn't, I didn't give away your plot! Please believe that, old dear, won't you?"

Perhaps because of the turn the game had taken, perhaps because she realized the poor sport she was making of herself, but most, perhaps, because of the sincerity of Luella's tone, Teddy slipped her arm around her now almost tearful chum's waist and walked back to the floor.

"I don't understand it, but an explanation will come later, I hope," she said simply.

The fact that Kingsdale won the preliminary game by the score of 12-10 is unimportant. The miraculous side is found when it is pointed out that two girls in the last quarter fought for, thought for and remembered always, Co-operation.

## Rain

Brightly as April rain upon the eaves,  
Or vagrant drops sunlit among the leaves,  
The teardrop glistens.

Softly it falls, as rain falls to the ground,  
Sadly it breaks with rain's heartbroken sound,  
When no one listens.

—I. M.



MOUNT DIABLO

*Ruth Bourne*

# Why I Intend to Be a Farmer

SECOND PRIZE ESSAY

*By Ruth Dunning 12A*



IT IS perfectly obvious that the farm is the ideal place to live. Why everyone can't see that is a mystery to me. I shall now support my statement and prove conclusively that it is true.

First, young people on the farm have a much better chance for a well-rounded education than do the city youths. Now please don't interrupt! That old joke about the "hick" coming to town to gaze and point and get pinched for jay-walking was worn threadbare long ago. But how about the city fellow on the farm? How about the fellow who exclaimed that he had found a "cow's nest" when he saw some old milk cans in a garbage dump? That is a rather far-fetched illustration, I admit, but not any more so than the jokes the city people like to tell about the "rube."

You can't get a farm education by spending a summer on a "dude" ranch, either. You think that you are impressing those poor, ignorant cowboys greatly with your city sophistication; you look down upon them as a mere servant class; you perhaps flirt with one of them just to have something to talk about when you return to the city. If you are that kind of a person, oh, how I wish you could overhear some of the things said about you after you have gone! Those boys get their wages and many free laughs by "stringing you" and giving you a few vacation thrills. Sometimes they laugh, and sometimes they are thoroughly disgusted when they tell each other the latest "fool boners" that the "dudes" have "pulled." They make fun of the way you ride, and still more fun of the way you walk afterwards. When you ask absurd questions about things on the farm because you want to impress people with the fact that you are from the city, you are simply making a fool of yourself. They can tell where you live by looking at you, and the impression you create is not exactly the one you probably have pictured, or would wish.

The education of a farm person is more practical than that of a city person. A city man stopped at a little country store and blacksmith shop one day. He told the smith that he should send his son to school in the city if he did not wish the boy to grow up in complete ignorance and fall an easy prey to every fake that came along. The blacksmith silently listened while he heated a horse-shoe at the forge, hammered it into shape at the anvil, and dropped it on the ground. Soon he asked the visitor to hand the shoe to him. The city chap picked it up, burned his fingers, dropped it, and swore. Then the smith called his son, who had been outside and had heard what had been said. When asked to hand the shoe to his father, the boy picked up a pair of tongs with which he placed the hot shoe on the anvil. The visitor "got" the point.

Not long ago, Huxley's definition of education was brought to our attention. It is something like this: The chief purpose of education is to train the mind and the will to do the work you have to do when that work ought to be done, whether you like it or not. This is the kind of an education farm children get.



They have tasks to do that must be done at a certain time. When they have learned to do this, it is not such a difficult matter for them to get "book" education in the public schools with the town children.

Secondly, the farm is the ideal place for children to grow up. Here they learn from observation the natural phenomenon of life, which is always a great mystery to children. Nature is a clean, wholesome, truthful teacher, and nothing is better for the soul than to see things grow. Moreover, country children have a more healthful place to live and work and play. They naturally spend more time out-of-doors than city children do, and their out-of-doors is free from city smoke and grime. The question of work and play also enters in. It is a good thing for every healthful, normal child to have a hobby—something he likes to do. There is a wide choice of hobbies in the country. Moreover, the hobbies and work of country children are under the direct supervision of the parents, while the city child must go away from home to earn his spending money.

The entertainment of the country family is on the same basis as that of the town family. A country family receives the same daily papers and the same magazines, reads the same books, hears the same radio programs, goes to the same theatres and other places of entertainment, attends the same schools and churches, plays the same games, has the same instruction in music and arts, and takes the same trips in the family machine that the city family of a similar standard of living does. But the country boy or girl has the advantage of being able to ride horseback or take a long walk on the soft earth whenever he or she wishes.

As for work, of course the farmer must work hard. The city man should, and generally does, have some difficult work also, which is all as it should be. Anyhow, few men are bent with toil; more grow crooked trying to avoid it. The work of the modern farm woman is much like that of her city sister. She has the same electrical appliances and other conveniences in her home, or, at least, she can have them; she goes to the same sort of clubs and to the same church. Most of all, she can, without a great amount of extra effort, give her family good, wholesome, home-cooked food.

Then there is the great advantage of being blissfully alone in the country when you want solitude. Some people are sure that they would die of loneliness if they were forced to live in the country. Those people are very shallow indeed if they cannot, at least a part of the time, find entertainment within themselves. At times there is nothing like perfect peace and freedom from the neighbor's radio and family quarrels and children and gossip. I pity the person who cannot or has not had the chance to enjoy living in the country. He is missing much of the best part of life.

## Mountain Walls

I live between two mountain walls,  
They are as rough and vastly high  
As great, tumultuous waterfalls,  
That tumble earthward from the sky.

—I. M.