

Regulations Set For
Fraternity Rushing
February 3 to 16

The Maine Campus

Published Weekly by the Students of the University of Maine

Final Exams Start
Next Thursday;
See Schedule

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Number 14

Advanced Registration Announcements Made

All Colleges Notify Students Of Regulations

Regulations concerning advance registration for the spring semester, 1941, have been issued by the respective departments and are listed below.

Freshmen in the College of Agriculture should consult the bulletin board in Winslow Hall, and upperclassmen should consult their respective major advisers concerning the time of registration. Students in forestry should consult the forestry department, and those in home economics should see the bulletin in Merrill Hall. Prof. Dorsey will sign all registration cards for the College of Agriculture.

Registration for all departments in Arts and Sciences began Monday, Jan. 13, and will close Saturday noon, Jan. 18. Students should see registering officer.

Students in education should see Dean Olin S. Lutes in 24 South Stevens on Tuesday, Jan. 21; Thursday, Jan. 23; and Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Jan. 28 to 31 all day.

Seniors in chemistry, both Arts and Technology, and chemical engineering should report to Prof. Brann for registration; juniors in chemistry, both Arts and Technology, to Prof. Douglass; juniors in chemical engineering, to Prof. Jenness; sophomores in chemical engineering to Prof. Caulfield; sophomores in chemistry, both Arts and Technology, to Prof. Douglass.

Graduate students and special student
(Continued on Page Four)

Civil Service Exam Announced

The United States Civil Service Commission has announced an open competitive examination under the title of Junior Professional Assistant, at a salary of \$2,000 a year. The purpose of this examination is to recruit young college graduates for junior professional and scientific positions in the federal government.

Optional branches included in the examination this year (all in the junior grade) are: administrative technician, agronomist, animal nutrition, biologist (wildlife), business analyst, chemist, economist, engineer, forester, geologist, home economist, horticulturist, legal assistant, meteorologist, physicist, range conservationist, soil scientist, writing and editing assistant, zoologist (parasitology).

A four-year college course leading to a bachelor's degree is required, with major graduate or undergraduate study in the field of the optional subject chosen. Senior or graduate students now in attendance at institutions of recognized standing may be admitted to the examination subject to their furnishing during the existence of the eligible register proof of completion of the required course prior to July 1, 1941. Applicants must not have passed their thirty-fifth birthday.

Applications must be on file with the U. S. Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C., not later than January 20 if received from states east of Colorado, and not later than January 23, 1941, if received from Colorado and states westward.

Rushing Feb. 3: Rules Unchanged

The 1941 fraternity rushing season will open Monday, Feb. 3, at 7:30 a.m. and will close Sunday, Feb. 16, at 5:00 p.m., Lamert S. Corbett, dean of men, announced this week.

Dean Corbett will make a preliminary address to the freshmen Sunday, Feb. 2, after supper in the Hannibal Hamilton dining hall, speaking on fraternities and rushing methods. Everything being conducted in fashion similar to last year, Dean Corbett said.

Pledging will take place in Alumni Hall from 2:00 to 5:00 p.m. on Monday, Feb. 17. No freshman will be allowed in fraternity houses and no upperclassmen will be allowed to contact freshmen after 5:00 p.m. Sunday, Feb. 16.

MCA Plans Set For Women's Embassy Week

Assembly Feb. 4 To Open Program Of Discussion

The first annual embassy for women, which is to be held on the campus Feb. 4, 5, and 6, sponsored by the Maine Christian Association, will bring together an outstanding group of women leaders for a three-day period of group discussions, inspirational meetings, and personal counseling on religious problems.

The theme of the conference will be "Religion in Our Modern World—Conforming or Transforming?" The leaders will live in the women's dormitories and will conduct a series of house meetings in the evenings. Special meetings for off-campus women will be held in the M. C. A. building.

The program will open with a women's assembly in the Little Theatre on Tuesday morning, Feb. 4, at 10:00. A panel discussion on the theme, "Achieving a Practical Religion," will introduce the embassy leaders. A musical program will be presented by the women's glee club.

The women's cabinet will hold a tea in honor of the embassy leaders on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 5, from 4:00 to 5:00.

Thursday noon, Feb. 6, a luncheon seminar for faculty women, house mothers, and others interested will be held. The subject to be discussed will be "Religion and Leadership."

General chairman of the embassy committee is Josephine Blake. Assisting her is Betty Price, Miriam Brown, and Joan Solie. Also helping are Mary Boone, president, and Barbara Farnham, vice-president of the Y. W. C. A.

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MOC Sponsors Ski School

Skiing instruction, in a series of eight lessons beginning this week-end, is being offered by the Maine Outing Club under the supervision of William Eldridge, of Bangor, the Pack and Pine announced today.

The instruction will be given on the University ski slope across the Stillwater River. Lessons will be given two or three times a week, depending on the condition of the snow.

A regularly scheduled ski bus will be run to King's mountain each Sunday following final examinations. These trips are open to all students and faculty members.

The bus schedule and announcements concerning the ski school will be posted both on the bulletin board and in the bookstore.

The M. O. C. is planning a week-end trip to Fitz Pond Feb. 1 and 2, to include skiing and skating.

College Control of Student Action Loses in Poll

By Student Opinion Surveys
AUSTIN, Texas.—Active supporters of academic freedom and student rights were recently shaken when the University of Michigan, with one-sentence letters, refused re-admission to thirteen young men and women "because they were considered disturbing influences."

University officials have declared the action was not taken because of the students' political ideas or activities, but the Michigan Committee for Academic Freedom and the barred students themselves believe they have shown that this was the basic reason. If the problem of academic freedom is placed before the entire student enrollment of the United States, especially now during these war days of fifth-column scares and un-American activity investigations, what is the consensus of this democracy's youth?

Poll Nation's Campuses

Student Opinion Surveys of Ameri-

ca, of which the Maine "Campus" is a cooperating member, has sampled the nation's colleges and universities. It finds everywhere overwhelming majorities opposed to any control of either student or faculty thought or activity.

Polling a representative cross section of U. S. campuses, interviewers asked, "Do you believe that a college has the right to control a student's personal political activities or expressions of opinion?"

YES, said 4%
NO, said 96%

91% Oppose Control of Faculty
Regarding control of faculty members' political activities or opinions, these were the results:

YES, said 9%
NO, said 91%

The slightly larger percentage in favor of control of the faculty may be due in part to the influence of teachers
(Continued on Page Four)

Vocations Week Climax To Be Fogler

Executive Ends Program Showing Work Possibilities

Raymond H. Fogler, '15, president of W. T. Grant Co., will be the final speaker on the program of Vocations Week, 1941, the Placement Bureau announced this week. Mr. Fogler, speaking on Feb. 13, the final day of the program, will interpret the aims and purposes of Vocations Week to the students from the point of view of the chief executive of one of the nation's largest merchandising organizations.

In keeping with the general subject of the three-day program, he will discuss the opportunities which are open today to men and women of Maine.

The entire Vocations Week program, scheduled for Feb. 11, 12, and 13, will feature a number of different speakers presenting information on typical occupational fields open to college men and women.

Another featured speaker will be Howard Lee Davis, formerly employment manager for the great New York Telephone Company and now vocational director of the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, who will speak to seniors on application techniques. Mr. Davis's talk will be scheduled for the afternoon and evening of Feb. 12.

Other speakers for the program include Miss Florence Jackson, of Wellesley, Mass., women's vocational counselor, who will present several talks on occupations for women; and representatives from casualty insurance, electrical manufacturing, journalism, medicine and nursing, retail merchandising, the dairy industry, fertilizers, the U. S. Civil Service, business and secretarial work, teaching, law, and general manufacturing.

Other fields are expected to be represented to give, as far as possible, a well-rounded picture of opportunities open to college graduates today.

Emergency Wards Used for Flu Cases

Although about 40 students are under treatment for a mild type of influenza, and emergency wards have been opened in the Maine Christian Association building for men and in North Estabrooke Hall for women, the epidemic is not serious and is well under control, Dean Corbett said this week.

Extra nurses have been employed, providing one nurse for every three students who are ill.

Several social functions were cancelled last week-end, including the Pale Blue Key Cabaret, which was scheduled to be held in Memorial Gymnasium Friday night, and several vic' parties.

Authorities said that the situation seemed well in hand and that there is no cause for alarm.

Students are being urged to take all precautionary measures, and at the slightest sign of a rise in temperature should stay in bed.

Valentine Girl Changes Name

Although the influenza epidemic has forced the Pale Blue Key to abandon its plans for electing a Valentine Girl for "Life" magazine, the annual Cabaret has not definitely been cancelled.

The "Life" deadline has passed, but the five candidates, Barbara Ashworth, Barbara Savage, Margaret Church, Phyllis Danforth, and Rebecca Hill will still compete for the title of Maine Valentine Girl. If it is impossible to reschedule the Cabaret before Valentine Day, the winner will reign as High Priestess of the Mystic Order of Knight of the Pale Blue Key, or some equivalent title.

Laboratory Built For Radio Study

Project of RCA, U of M on Picture Transmission

A radio research laboratory has been constructed on the campus to be used in connection with a cooperative project conducted by the University of Maine and R.C.A. Communications, Inc.

The work, under the direction of Prof. Warren H. Bliss, will consist of finding methods which will assure clearer and faster reception of signals sent by short wave of both telegraph messages and of photographs such as are published in newspapers.

These messages are still subject to the natural phenomena of fading and short-wave distortion, which causes the photographs to be indistinct and streaked. Most newspaper wirephotos are sent over telephone lines, which are free from the disturbances and interferences found in transmission by radio.

The building has been erected away from the interference encountered in the vicinity of Lord Hall. Test transmissions will be carried on with stations in the United States, South America, and other distant points.

Mrs. Webster, Kappa Sigma Matron, Dies

Mrs. Ann Webster, 88, for ten years house mother of Kappa Sigma, died Dec. 23 after several days illness. Sick with a cold two days before Christmas vacation, Mrs. Webster succumbed to pneumonia, despite two blood transfusions.

Mrs. Webster was born in Bangor and has resided in this vicinity all her life, living in Orono, Bangor, and Ashland. Her husband, now dead, was connected with the Great Northern Paper Company. She attended Westbrook Seminary in Portland.

Honor Robinson In Art Week Program

A painting of the home of Edward Arlington Robinson, noted Maine poet, was purchased and presented to the University of Maine by Prof. John H. Huddleston, head of the department of art history and ancient civilization, at exercises in the Little Theatre Thursday evening, Jan. 9.

The oil, by C. T. Berry of Wisconsin, was exhibited during the National Art week observance and is now on exhibition in the South Stevens art gallery.

Pres. Arthur A. Hauck presided at the ceremony Thursday evening. Prof. Huddleston spoke on National Art week. Prof. Lloyd Flewelling read from Robinson's works, and Dr. Milton Ellis, head of the department of English, presented an evaluation of Robinson's poetry.

Mrs. Mary P. Crandon, a member of the English department, spoke on Maine poets and read from the works of many of them, comparing their treatment of folk material, Maine characters, and Maine scenes.

To Resume Maine Day This Spring

Holiday Omitted Last Year For Library Drive

Maine Day, partially suspended last year because of the Student Library Fund Campaign, will be held again this year, it was announced this week.

Lawrence Kelley and Samuel Tracy were named chairman and associate chairman, respectively, of the Maine Day committee. John Fitzpatrick was named secretary.

Maine Day consists of a program of campus improvement, athletic contests, and a mayoralty campaign. There is usually faculty and student entertainment in the evening, followed by a dance.

No definite date has been set for the program but it will probably be held as usual early in May.

The committee, which met Monday night, was composed of William R. Booth, George Murray, George Nystron, Richard Day, Carl Newhall, Brooks Brown, Jr., M. Harvard Whitten, Robert Carlisle, Donald Goodchild, Lawrence Kelley, Oscar Riddle, David Greenlaw, John Somes, Jack Stahl, Robert McDonald, James Harris, Albert Adams, Roger Benjamin, Kenneth Hodgdon, Vaughn Lovely, Samuel Tracy, David Astor, Al Hutchins, Clarence McIntire, Maxwell Carter, Raymond Atwood, Bob Nutter, Warren Randall.

Alma Hansen, Barbara Savage, Gloria Minutti, Frances Donovan, Helen Wornwood, Corinne Comstock, Alma Fifield, Pauline Cushing, Eleanor Johnson, Esther Drummond, Elmer Dixon, Josephine Blake, Mary Louise White, Elizabeth Bearce, Marie Rourke, Virginia Goodrich, Ruth Blaisdell, Frances Houghton, and Agnes Walsh.

Faculty and administrative members cooperating are President Arthur A. Hauck, Dean of Men L. S. Corbett, Dean of Women Edith G. Wilson, Prof. Stanley M. Wallace, Henry Doten, Prof. Roger Clapp, Prof. Helen Luggel, and Albion Beverage.

Ellis, Walker Debate RI Team

Neal Walker and George Ellis, seniors, will represent the University of Maine in a debate with the Rhode Island College of Education on Friday evening at 7 o'clock in 6 South Stevens.

The subject will be: *Resolved*, That the United States should issue an immediate declaration of war against Germany and Italy. Walker and Ellis will take the negative for Maine, and Mary Munson and James Russo, of Rhode Island, will take the affirmative.

Selective Service To Be Explained

Major H. J. Schwabacher, Corps of Engineers and Adviser on Occupational Deferrals of the Selective Service Headquarters for the State of Maine, will speak on the operation of the Selective Service at the Little Theatre on Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 4:20 p.m.

All members of the student body and faculty who registered for military training under the Selective Service System are invited to hear Major Schwabacher. Authorized absences will be granted students who attend the meeting. There will be an opportunity to ask questions on the system, questionnaires, induction dates, training centers, and occupational deferments of students and men in training for scientific and technical degrees.

Etchings Exhibited In Art Gallery

A collection of original signed etchings and lithographs are on exhibition in the University art gallery in South Stevens and will remain until Jan. 22. The works of 25 of the best-known artists of today are represented.

The University will purchase the three works which prove most popular with visitors. A popularity vote to determine the first, second, and third choices will be conducted during the two weeks of the exhibition by the students in attendance in the gallery.

Russell Wooley Wins Oak Speaking Contest

Fred Mitchell, Tech Junior Takes Second

Russell Wooley, a major in speech, won the annual John M. Oak prize speaking contest held in the Little Theatre last night. Frederick Mitchell, a junior majoring in electrical engineering, was second.

Wooley spoke on "The American and British Cause." He has appeared in many Masque productions and took the part of the old scientist in the recent play "Hotel Universe." Wooley is the regular announcer on the Radio Guild-Maine "Campus" radio programs.

Mitchell spoke on "Keep America Out of War." Other contestants were Robert Elwell, a junior, and John Cullinan, Gerald Keenan, and John Webster, all sophomores.

Judges were Prof. Wilmarth Starr and Howard Lekburg, of the faculty, and Robert Smith, of Bangor. George Ellis, winner a year ago, presided.

Dean A. L. Deering Speaks at Vespers

Dean Arthur L. Deering was the principal speaker at the University Vespers, sponsored by the 4-H Club, Sunday, Jan. 12.

Taking part in the program were Frank Potter, Gordon Ramsdell, June Bridges, Miriam Brown, and Rockwood Berry.

Library Drive Nears Goal; Work Begins This Spring

By Jack Tew

A total of \$180,000 has been reached by the University Library Fund Campaign in its drive to raise \$200,000 toward the new library building for the University of Maine. This was the figure released this week by Charles E. Crossland, executive director of the fund campaign.

Construction on the new building is scheduled to start in the late spring or early summer of 1941, if the necessary funds are available at that time and if building conditions will permit.

The estimated total cost of the library, according to the architect, will be \$385,000 for the construction and about \$10,000 additional for equipment. The University is to raise, or take from its own income, the necessary money above the \$200,000 to be subscribed by the fund campaign.

The campaign plans and policies are determined by a library fund committee of twenty-two alumni. The work has been done through five subdivisions: first, the student group which conducted the campaign last year in which 1,781 students, or 91.7%, subscribed \$13,667; second, faculty (non-alumni) campaign, the detailed plans for which were made by a representative faculty committee of which Dr. Albert M. Turner was chairman, succeeded in raising \$12,013, subscribed by 140 members of the faculty, of 90% of the non-alumni resident staff.

Third, trustees and friends, this work under the direction of Pres.

Arthur A. Hauck amounting to \$10,350; fourth, alumni special gifts committee of eight alumni of which Raymond H. Fogler is chairman. This committee has secured \$51,995 in subscriptions.

The last group is the general campaign which has been conducted through the organization of alumni in 57 areas with a chairman and local committee. A total of 2,517 have thus far contributed \$92,455.

For each area a quota was set and nine of them have already been reached. Following are the nine areas:

Northern California raised \$1,423 or 139.5% of its quota
Western Pennsylvania raised \$2,040 or 125.9% of its quota
Canada raised \$720 or 120.0% of its quota
Western New York raised \$1,680 or 112.0% of its quota
White Mountain, N. H. raised \$1,135 or 111.3% of its quota
Eastern Pennsylvania raised \$3,633 or 102.0% of its quota
Androscoggin County Alumni raised \$3,854.50 or 100.6% of its quota
Western Massachusetts raised \$3,122.50 or 100.1% of its quota
Lincoln County raised \$780 or 100.0% of its quota

The general chairman of the library fund is Norman H. Mayo, of Portland. The three vice chairmen are Gertrude D. Peabody, '20, dean of women, Temple University; George D. Bearce, '11, Bucksport, president of the General Association of Maine Authors.
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Women's Glee Club To Sing Jan. 19

The women's glee club will sing at Blue Hill high school at 8:00 p.m., Sunday, Jan. 19. The following will participate: Rachel Alden, Barbara Bean, Martha Belknap, June Bridges, Miriam Brown, Mary Catir, Rita Cassidy, Barbara Came, Mary Chapman, Mildred Chapman, Martha Cilley, Barbara Cole, Hazel Davis, Frances Drew, Barbara Farnham, Louise Grindle, Florence Hathaway.

Margaret Heaton, Dorothy Hodgkins, Natalie Hood, Barbara Johnson, Asenith Kelley, Barbara Leadbetter, Edith McIntire, Helen Mehan, Martha Page, Francesca Parazze, Maria Phillips, Olive Rowell, Mary Tarr, Elizabeth Thomas, Helen Thorndike, Claire Tebbets, Hazel Van Tassel, June Webster, Marguerite Coffin, Ruth Hall, Marion Kilgore, Dorothy Pillsbury, Phyllis Soule.

Fenderson Wins Literary Contest

Albion Fenderson, sophomore in Arts and Sciences, was awarded first prize in the "Maine Campus" literary supplement writing contest, Ruth White, supplement editor announced this week.

Fenderson's essay, "Data for a Sociologist," appears, together with other student contributions, in the literary supplement, annual publication, issued today in conjunction with the regular "Campus."

Most of the prose and poetry in the supplement was written by English majors, although there are several "non-English major" contributions. If sufficient student interest is aroused and enough material can be procured, another literary edition will be published in the spring.

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What Man Wants To Know

In this year 1941, with so many of our problems solved by science, we are apt to wonder what is left for us to discover. That is, those of us who are not students in the College of Technology are apt to think this. But the scientist, or the student of science, knows very well that the unknown has not been lessened by the newest discoveries. Instead, they have learned that the unknown is even vaster than they had thought.

Charles T. Kettering, vice-president in charge of research for General Motors, was recently asked for a list of things he doesn't know, but wants to know. Here was his answer:

"How to cure many diseases—colds, cancer, ills of old age, etc? How plants fix sun's energy? What is friction? What makes glass transparent, metals opaque? How do fuels burn in an engine cylinder? What is magnetism? What is electricity?"

"What is fatigue of metals? What is the nature of light and other electro-magnetic waves? What is the nature of the atom, molecule and the electron? What are proteins, carbohydrates and fats?"

"What is the nature of vitamins? What is the nature of hormones? How to use farm products more effectively? What is mass or matter? How do catalysts work? The what and why of solubility?"

"What is energy? What is the photo-electric effect? What can be done with chemi-luminescence? What is a lubricant and how does it work? What does a molecule look like? What are enzymes, viruses, etc?"

"How do our minds function? What is immunity to disease?"

This is Mr. Kettering's list of 25 things he doesn't know. He says, further, "What their exact effect would be if we did know is impossible to guess. They would widen our knowledge of some puzzling facts and open the way for practical application to the problems of today. There might be a number of major industries hidden in this list."

The last 50 years have seen more scientific advances than were made in the preceding 5,000. Yet it is safe to say that if the next 50 years bring the answers to Mr. Kettering's questions, in 1991 writers will be saying the same thing. And the extent of the unknown will then be even greater than it is today.

W. B. R.

Africa, India, China - - -

In every mail the "Campus" receives news releases from any number of sources, most of which immediately are dropped into the waste basket. Occasionally we are able to use one that is of interest to students. And once in a while we find material for an editorial.

This week we received a release from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. We almost automatically consigned it to the waste basket, but a couple of strange names caught our eye, and we read it out of curiosity. That release set us thinking.

Wars may throw a pall over half the world, Hitler may stamp upon all religion, the Japanese may expel all foreigners connected with the Christian sects, but the missionary work of the Christian church goes on.

This release gave a list of posts all over the world that are open. Doctors are needed in Foochow, Fenchow, and Taiku, North China; Wai, India; Mount Silinda, Southern Rhodesia, and Dondi, Portuguese West Africa. Educators are needed in South Africa; Portuguese West Africa; and Madura and Ahmednagar, India. More are needed in Tarsus and Izmir, Turkey; and in Tientsin and Paoingfu, North China. Ordained young men are needed in Angola and Galangue, in Africa; in China, and in India. These posts call for trained men: doctors, teachers of mathematics and agriculture, social workers, as well as ministers and priests.

The church has its own way of fighting the dictators, and missionary work is one of these. The sword may be all-powerful in the realm of force, but a year of education brings far greater results than a year of service in the army.

W. B. R.

The Liberal Viewpoint

By Walter Mills

Editor's Note: Walter Mills' "Road to War" has been called the isolationist's bible. This article, on America's position in the present crisis, was first intended for the Brown University "Daily Herald," but at the request of Mr. Mills it has been released to all college papers. It has never before been published.

In the year 1935 I published a book "Road to War" which described in severely critical terms the whole process whereby the United States went down into the first World War. I have since seen this book more than once referred to as "the isolationist's bible." I don't know how many times I have heard the isolationist spokesmen exclaiming as Senator Wheeler did the other day, that present administration policies are simply "running down the road to war." I don't know how many times in the past year or so I have been asked how, as the author of "Road to War," I can support these policies of active opposition to the dictators, of all aid to Britain, of a bold attitude upon the world stage, as earnestly as I do. Yet it seems to me that no argument is more irrelevant, and that no question could be easier to answer.

I need only call the calendar in evidence; 1941 is not 1914, nor even 1915 nor 1916. This is not the same war. The problems which it presents to the United States are different and deeper problems; and the policies ruling today in Washington are not the same—despite similarities of appearance—as those with which Wilson and House once fumbled their way through the early months of the war of 1914. The enormous processes of political and social disintegration put in motion by that war, and which might conceivably have been arrested in their earlier stages had the American people followed a wiser course, have run on instead through a whole quarter of a century, producing at last a situation to which remedies which might have been appropriate in 1915 or 1916 are now wholly inadequate and indeed completely inapplicable. Few of those who criticize the American entry into the war of 1917 have ever suggested that, once in, we should have halted the war effort and backed out again before it was won. We may or may not have been unwise in what we did in 1917 but we could not undo it in 1918; we could not undo it (though we tried disastrously to do so) in 1920 or in the subsequent decades. And we cannot now undo the history of those decades by imagining ourselves back in a time which they have destroyed.

It has always seemed to me that the best outcome for the first World War would have been the "peace without victory" which President Wilson sought to secure in 1916; and it has always seemed to me that the most tragic aspect of the whole episode was the manner in which the United States disqualified itself, in the early years, for working to such an end. But after 1916, and especially after the American declaration of war, such an outcome was no longer possible. It would have been patently idle to work for it in 1918; and in the same way it seems idle to me now to suppose that in the far more desperate times of 1941 we can fall back upon any given solution simply because they might conceivably have worked a quarter of a century ago. In solving the problem of the present, we can learn certain things from what I believe to be the blunders of the past. We can learn not to be misled by the merely trivial or accidental or falsely emotional. We can learn to avoid errors of

method—as indeed we have learned, in refusing again to set such a trap for ourselves as Wilson's submarine policy, which put the peace of the United States at the mercy of the strategic calculations of the German High Command. But whatever the past may teach us, it is still the problem of the present which must be solved.

This is all that matters; and though in the debate over it both sides often cite the last war, the debate itself has really very little to do with the last war. Sooner or later—and generally sooner rather than later—this debate boils down to the two positions about this war between which there is no rational reconciliation. War of any sort, says the one side, is so colossal an evil that it would be worse than anything which could happen to the American people in the event of a Hitler victory. A Hitler victory, says the other side, would be so colossal an evil that it would be worse than anything in the way of war which would be likely to happen to us if we exerted ourselves now to prevent that victory. Between these two views there can be no scientific or rational decision; neither the evils of any war in which we might in fact become involved nor the evils of a Hitler victory are exactly measurable; they are not even exactly foreseeable.

At the bottom, no doubt it is an emotional reaction; and perhaps both sides tend to clothe their instinctive attitude in pseudo-logic. The one side, I am certain, exaggerates the ability of the United States to defend itself alone in a totalitarian world; it indulges in fantastic hopes of a negotiated peace; it hides its head in contemplation of the crimes of the British, or the failings of democracy, both of which are completely irrelevant to the fact that the British, however criminal, are in fact fighting for the reconstruction of the kind of world we have known and that democracy, however faulty, is still preferable to the totalitarian rule of force and fraud. Of this I am certain. Perhaps the other side, which seems to me on the comparably firmer ground, also buttresses its position with wishful thinking. Perhaps it minimizes the risks we run by acting now to hold the line while it is still being defended for us in Europe; perhaps it exaggerates the horrors of government by castor-oil and the concentration camp; perhaps it places too high a value on the liberal-democratic system in which all of us have been bred and brought up and has too vivid a fear that if the war is lost in Europe that system will inevitably be destroyed in this country, with or without a military attack upon it. Perhaps, I do not think so; but I do not know.

I do not know what the future is going to look like. I do not believe that any course of action which may take today can guarantee them happiness, or comfort, or indeed guarantee them anything, tomorrow. But as between these two views, it seems to me that the second is immeasurably the more appealing. It seems to me that the actual, practical risks it involves—in the expenditure of life and property—are relatively small; the actual gains it promises—in the averting of a vastly greater expenditure of life later on, in averting the establishment in this country of a reign of atavistic barbarism, whether imposed from without or encouraged from within—are relatively immense. The second view, it seems to me, promises the maintenance of more of those things we regard as worth while, at

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CORRESPONDENCE

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

Editor,
The Maine Campus
Dear Editor:

Referring to the article in the Dec. 19th issue entitled "STUDENTS TO LEAVE NEXT JUNE FOR YEAR IN ARMY," it seemed to me that you have unwittingly done them a grave injustice. The article sounded as if it were at worst a slight inconvenience and at best a great opportunity. I do not believe that it is either. I believe that it is a real sacrifice on the part of these men.

What assurance do they have that this is for one year? Even the law does not guarantee that they will be called to serve only the one year. They may be on call after the training period.

What assurance is there that they will find it easier to find jobs after being out of touch with their chosen fields for a year?

What is this superior education they are to receive? Is it better than they would get in a year of study or work on their own?

Will the underclassmen ever resume their studies? It is difficult to pick up one's work after a year's interruption. Will there ever be the opportunity, with men in high places predicting another A. E. F. in two years?

What will be the life of these draftees in the army? Will they undergo the same old disease and ill housing that they did in 1916? Already the conditions in the camps is so bad that the army officials are very much worried.

These questions are very important to the draftee, and nowhere is there any answer that is reassuring. If America needs defending, we must defend it, but let us not underrate the sacrifices that the draftees are making.

A Critical Reader

AOPi, Chi Omega Pledge Eleven

The results of fall sorority pledging, were announced recently by Virginia Moulton, Panhellenic president. Alpha Omicron Pi: Ruth Blaisdell, Natalie Curtis, Mary Fielder, Mary Fogler, Esther Holden, Barbara Scribner, Rhoda Telford, Ruth Troland, Mildred Wooster, Mary Carlisle, and Zoe Pettengill.

Chi Omega: Mary Brackett, Helen Clifford, Edith Collins, Ellen Daggett, Priscilla Hopkins, Jacqueline Kimball, Eleanor Kreh, Julia Robbins, Marjory Brown, Elinor Crowell, and Evelyn Nicolson.

Delta Delta Delta: Martha Allen, Mary Billings, Virginia Goodrich, Joyce Iveny, Phyllis MacNeil, Muriel Medina, Esther Randall, Sally Ryan, Elizabeth Thomas.

Phi Mu: Patricia Cooper, Laura Jackman, Edna Leden, and Sylvia Snow.

Pi Beta Phi: Augusta Foster, Hazel Davis, Marian Dorman, and Jane Rand.

In The Spotlight

By Phil Pierce

To all lovers of things unique and different, we heartily recommend Walt Disney's newest masterpiece, "Fantasia." Although the score of this film contains only classical music, we hasten to add that one need not be a connoisseur to fully appreciate it.

"Fantasia" is visualized music, something radically different in the field of entertainment. Many have said that it is a new step in art, perhaps the only original contribution that America has ever made.

Love is behind the eight bars, according to Perry Lafferty of the CBS production staff, who claims that Tin Pan Alley puts love there.

Lafferty says that every modern popular song contains a melody only eight bars long, and the main idea of the song must be fitted into those eight bars. If a song writer cannot express his thoughts on love in eight measures,

he has to abandon the song.

Cheer up, Mr. Lafferty, nobody is going to hear it anyway until ASCAP and BMI finish their "Battle of Music."

Doris Dudley, ingenue on CBS's "Meet Mr. Meek," scared her two children last week when she dyed her blonde hair black for a Broadway play. The kids did not recognize her.

A child of Boris Karloff would really have something to worry about.

Word has got around that Earle Rankin, who practices faithfully for the sword play in "Hamlet," wields a wicked blade.

Our observation is that he must wield a wicked memory as well to remember the 1,569 speeches he speaks in the title role.

Wonder if he can "ad lib" in blank verse if he forgets a couple?

Fall Semester 1940, Jan. 23, Jan. 31, 1941—SCHEDULE OF EXAMINATIONS

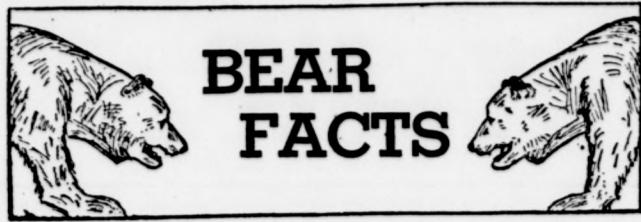
Time of Exercise	MON. 1	MON. 2	MON. 3	MON. 4	MON. 5	MON. 6	MON. 7	MON. 8
Time of Examination	MON. Jan. 27 2:00	WED. Jan. 29 2:00	FRI. Jan. 24 2:00	TUES. Jan. 28 2:00	FRI. Jan. 31 2:00	FRI. Jan. 24 8:00	WED. Jan. 29 8:00	THURS. Jan. 30 8:00
Time of Exercise	TUES. 1	TUES. 2	TUES. 3	TUES. 4	TUES. 5	TUES. 6	TUES. 7	TUES. 8
Time of Examination	THURS. Jan. 23 2:00	THURS. Jan. 30 2:00	SAT. Jan. 25 2:00	SAT. Jan. 25 8:00	THURS. Jan. 30 8:00	FRI. Jan. 31 8:00	SAT. Jan. 25 8:00	
Time of Exercise	WED. 1	WED. 2	WED. 3	WED. 4	WED. 5	WED. 6	WED. 7	WED. 8
Time of Examination	MON. Jan. 27 2:00		SAT. Jan. 25 2:00	TUES. Jan. 28 2:00	THURS. Jan. 23 2:00		FRI. Jan. 31 8:00	
Time of Exercise	THURS. 1	THURS. 2	THURS. 3	THURS. 4	THURS. 5	THURS. 6	THURS. 7	THURS. 8
Time of Examination			SAT. Jan. 25 2:00		THURS. Jan. 30 2:00		THURS. Jan. 23 8:00	SAT. Jan. 25 8:00
Time of Exercise	FRI. 1	FRI. 2	FRI. 3	FRI. 4	FRI. 5	FRI. 6	FRI. 7	FRI. 8
Time of Examination	THURS. Jan. 30 8:00	FRI. Jan. 31 2:00		TUES. Jan. 28 2:00				
Time of Exercise	SAT. 1	SAT. 2	SAT. 3	SAT. 4				
Time of Examination								

Please report conflicts to the Registrar at once.

NOTE: By the Time of Exercise is meant the time of the first exercise of the week in any given course. For example: If a course is given Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at the third period, it is said to be given Monday the third period. By referring to Monday, third period, in the schedule, it will be seen that the examination falls upon Friday, Jan. 24, at 2:00.

Note the following changes from the above

Ag 1	Soils	Sat.	Jan. 25 at 8:00 A.M.	33 Winslow
Ag 11	Field Crops	Tues.	Jan. 28 at 8:00 A.M.	15 Colburn
Ag 43	School Shop	Thurs.	Jan. 28 at 10:30 A.M.	1 Agri. Eng.
An 21	Livestock Feeding	Thurs.	Jan. 30 at 8:00 A.M.	204 Aubert
An 35	Anatomy of Domestic Animals	Fri.	Jan. 31 at 8:00 A.M.	1 Poultry Bldg.
Ba 9	Accounting	Thurs.	Jan. 23 at 8:00 A.M.	15 Colburn
Ba 51	Corporation Finance	Mon.	Jan. 27 at 8:00 A.M.	Memorial Gymnas
Ba 53	Money and Banking	Tues.	Jan. 28 at 8:00 A.M.	6 Stevens South
Ba 95	Seminar	Thurs.	Jan. 30 at 10:30 A.M.	28 Stevens South
Bi 45	Genetics	Tues.	Jan. 28 at 4:00 P.M.	305 Aubert
Ce 1	Plane Surveying	Tues.	Jan. 28 at 8:00 A.M.	14 Wingate
Ce 29	Highway Construction	Thurs.	Jan. 23 at 2:00 P.M.	27 Wingate
Ce 35	Hydraulics	Thurs.	Jan. 23 at 8:00 A.M.	14 Wingate
Ch 1, 3, 5	General Chemistry	Thurs.	Jan. 23 at 8:00 A.M.	See Instructor
Ch 61	Technical Analysis	Thurs.	Jan. 30 at 8:00 A.M.	301 Aubert
Ch 63	Elem. Stoichiometry	Thurs.	Jan. 28 at 8:00 A.M.	305 Aubert
Ch 75	Elements Chem. Eng.	Tues.	Jan. 28 at 8:00 A.M.	301 Aubert
Dh 1	Gen. Dairying	Fri.	Jan. 31 at 4:00 P.M.	33 Winslow
Ed 29	Supervised Student Teaching	Thurs.	Jan. 23 at 8:00 A.M.	2 Stevens South
Ed 49	Seminar	Fri.	Jan. 31 at 8:00 A.M.	4 Stevens South
Ed 77	Methods of Teaching	Thurs.	Jan. 23 at 8:00 A.M.	6 Stevens South
Ed 99	School Supervision	Thurs.	Jan. 30 at 8:00 A.M.	2 Stevens South
El 1	Elem. of Elec. Eng.	Sat.	Jan. 25 at 2:00 P.M.	21 Wingate
El 13	Electronics	Fri.	Jan. 25 at 8:00 A.M.	22 Lord
El 17	Electrical Testing	Fri.	Jan. 31 at 2:00 P.M.	22 Lord
El 31	Alternating Currents	Wed.	Jan. 29 at 8:00 A.M.	14 Wingate
El 33	D. C. Machinery	Thurs.	Jan. 30 at 8:00 A.M.	15 Colburn
El 35	Freshman Composition	Mon.	Jan. 27 at 8:00 A.M.	See Instructor
El 35	Freshman Lit. & Comp.	Mon.	Jan. 30 at 2:00 P.M.	See Instructor
El 47	Principles in Entomology	Thurs.	Jan. 23 at 2:00 P.M.	35 Colburn
El 1a	Prin. of Economics	Mon.	Jan. 27 at 8:00 A.M.	Memorial Gymnas
El 1b	Prin. of Economics	Jan. 23 at 8:00 A.M.	Memorial Gymnas	
El 1c	Lab. Problems (Div. I & II only)	Jan. 24 at 2:00 P.M.	6 Stevens South	
El 95	Seminar	Thurs.	Jan. 30 at 10:30 A.M.	28 Stevens South
El 95	Agri. Statistics	Fri.	Jan. 31 at 2:00 P.M.	28 Winslow
El 95	French Civilization	Fri.	Jan. 31 at 2:00 P.M.	21 Stevens North
El 95	Logging	Mon.	Jan. 27 at 8:00 A.M.	28 Winslow
El 95	Gen. Life and Thought	Fri.	Jan. 31 at 8:00 A.M.	34 Stevens South
El 95	Introduction to Government	Sat.	Jan. 25 at 10:30 A.M.	204 Aubert
El 7, 7a, 7b	Maine Government (Div. I)	Thurs.	Jan. 23 at 8:00 A.M.	165 Stevens
El 7, 7a, 7b	Maine Government (Div. II)	Wed.	Jan. 29 at 8:00 A.M.	165 Stevens
El 95	Introduction to Home Econ.	Fri.	Jan. 24 at 8:00 A.M.	32 Merrill
El 95	Design	Tues.	Jan. 28 at 8:00 A.M.	32 Merrill
El 95	Food	Tues.	Jan. 28 at 2:00 P.M.	14 Merrill
El 95	Clothing Construction	Thurs.	Jan. 30 at 8:00 A.M.	32 Merrill
El 95	House Furnishing	Fri.	Jan. 31 at 8:00 A.M.	14 Merrill
El 95	Adv. Clothing Construction	Fri.	Jan. 31 at 8:00 A.M.	14 Merrill
El 95	Clothing Economics	Fri.	Jan. 24 at 8:00 A.M.	14 Merrill
El 95	Music in the 19th Century	Fri.	Jan. 31 at 2:00 P.M.	17 Stevens North
El 95	Fund. of Drafting (Div. I, II, III, IV, & V)	Thurs.	Jan. 30 at 8:00 A.M.	32 Wingate
El 95	Fund. of Drafting (Div. VI, VII, VIII & IX)	Thurs.	Jan. 30 at 10:30 A.M.	32 Wingate
El 95	Descriptive Geometry	Mon.	Jan. 27 at 2:00 P.M.	32 Wingate
El 95	Materials of Engineering	Fri.	Jan. 31 at 8:00 A.M.	32 Wingate
El 95	Kinematics	Tues.	Jan. 28 at 2:00 P.M.	22 Lord
El 95	Heat Engineering	Sat.	Jan. 25 at 2:00 P.M.	22 Lord
El 95	Steam Turbines	Mon.	Jan. 27 at 8:00 A.M.	14 Wingate
El 95	Heating and Air Conditioning	Fri.	Jan. 24 at 8:00 A.M.	22 Lord
El 95	Gas Engines	Tues.	Jan. 28 at 8:00 A.M.	22 Lord
El 95	Mechanics	Mon.	Jan. 27 at 8:00 A.M.	22 Lord
El 95	Mechanics	Fri.	Jan. 24 at 8:00 A.M.	3 Fernald
El 95	Trigonometry	Fri.	Jan. 24 at 8:00 A.M.	Memorial Gymnas
El 95	Algebra	Thurs.	Jan. 28 at 8:00 A.M.	Memorial Gymnas
El 95	Calculus	Wed.	Jan. 28 at 8:00 A.M.	Memorial Gymnas
El 95	Freshman Mathematics	Fri.	Jan. 24 at 8:00 A.M.	204 Aubert
El 95	Calculus of Investment	Thurs.	Jan. 23 at 4:00 P.M.	6 Stevens South
El 95	Military Drill	Fri.	Jan. 31 at 10:30 A.M.	Armory
El 95	Military Drill	Thurs.	Jan. 20 at 4:00 P.M.	Armory
El 95	Student Society	Wed.	Jan. 29 at 8:00 A.M.	Memorial Gymnas
El 95	Prin. of Physical Educ.	Wed.	Jan. 29 at 8:00 A.M.	Alumni Gymnas
El 95	Athletic Training	Thurs.	Jan. 30 at 2:00 P.M.	204 Aubert Hall
El 95	Gen. Poultry Husbandry	Sat.	Jan. 25 at 10:30 A.M.	Memorial Gymnas
El 95	General Physics	Fri.	Jan. 31 at 2:00 P.M.	402 Aubert
El 95	Intermediate Laboratory	Tues.	Jan. 28 at 8:00 A.M.	204 Aubert
El 95	Mechanics and Heat	Thurs.	Jan. 30 at 8:00 A.M.	Memorial Gymnas
El 95	General Psychology	Fri.	Jan. 24 at 10:30 A.M.	27 Stevens North
El 95	Psychology of Childhood	Fri.	Jan. 24 at 8:00 A.M.	Memorial Gymnas
El 95	Public Speaking	Fri.	Jan. 31 at 2:00 P.M.	27 Stevens
El 95	Interpretative Reading	Fri.	Jan. 24 at 8:00 A.M.	305 Stevens
El 95	Stage Directing	Sat.	Jan. 25 at 4:00 A.M.	6 Stevens South
El 95	Elem. Spanish	Tues.	Jan. 28 at 10:30 A.M.	Memorial Gymnas
El 95	Prin. of Sociology (Div. I, II, and III only)	Tues.	Jan. 28 at 8:00 A.M.	Memorial Gymnas
El 95	Musical and the Family	Tues.	Jan. 28 at 8:00 A.M.	Memorial Gymnas



By Warren B. Randall

THE only remaining varsity sports event at Orono before mid-years is the annual Intramural track meet this week-end. Besides the Charles Rice Trophy and the Intramural championship that will be at stake, the "Campus" has offered a plaque to the winner of a special sprint relay.

Although predictions in this meet usually don't even come close, we are going to attempt a discussion of some of the events. To begin with, John Radley will be the favorite in the 300, but watch his fraternity brother, Dick Youlden. He will give Radley a great race, and it is quite possible that Youlden may win.

Perkins Changing His Style

NILES PERKINS and Stan Johnson will clash in the 35 pound weight, and it is likely that the former Bowdoin ace will give Johnson more competition than he did in the interclass meet. That day Perkins fouled all his throws. Coach Jenkins has been teaching Perkins a smoother style of throw than he used last winter, and by now he should have better control.

Although some may be inclined to question the wisdom of a radical change in the style of a man who has once broken a world's record, there is a good reason behind Jenkins' move. Perkins did little or nothing with the 16 pound hammer last spring because the style of throw he had perfected with the 35 pound weight simply didn't work when applied to the outdoor hammer.

The hurdle races should again be a toss-up. Hadlock, Higgins, Rich, and Runels are all potential winners if the breaks go their way. And if Bob Jenkins should get away to a fast start in the 100 highs, he might surprise even his father.

The relays will be a wide-open event, with collisions and dropped batons as important as anything in the outcome. Phi Mu, Phi Eta, Phi Kap, and West Oak should have strong entries.

Phi Mu has Youlden, Radley, and Frost, but lacks a fourth man, since members of the basketball squad will not be allowed to run. This rules out Roger Stearns and Cliff Blake. Phi Eta has Ken Robertson, Dwight Moody, and Howie Ehrenbach, the latter just a week out of winter camp, but they, too, lack a good fourth man.

Phi Kappa Sigma has Foster Higgins, John Stewart, Gil Carlson, and Ken Blaisdell. The first two are sprinters, but Carlson has been running the 880 and 1000, Blaisdell the two mile. West Oak has Hutchinson, Ted Phillips, and Colcord, but also lacks a fourth man. A T O has two top-notchers in Stan Phillips and Runels, but otherwise is weak.

The Dark Horse

THE Charles Rice trophy may go to an off-campus group this year, for a group of off-campus upperclassmen have banded together for the avowed purpose of foxing the fraternities. Dick Martinez ought to score over five points. He should win the two mile, and could easily place in either the 1000 or mile. Caldwell and Kelso are probably good for a few points in the 600 and 1000, while Bob Weisman should add eight more with a first in the shot put and a second in the discus throw. Niles Perkins, a member of a Bowdoin fraternity with no chapter here, might take five in the weight throw. This group, the "Barbarian A.C.," looks good for possibly as much as 20 points.

Varsity Basketball Squad Plays at Bates Saturday

Kenyon Still Sick; Many Veterans On Bobcat Squad

Saturday night the University of Maine varsity basketball team will play its second game of the week, traveling to Lewiston to tangle with the Bates quintet. The Bears will be endeavoring to gain their initial victory of the season after four disappointing defeats.

Bates is more or less an unknown quantity in State Series competition since its scheduled game with Colby was postponed. However, the Bobcats have several veterans available and are expected to be in the thick of the fight for the State crown. Big Don Webster, Bobcat center, will be one of Bates' main scoring threats, while his aggressive teammates, Steve Raftery and Harry Gorman, are dangerous at all times.

Coach Sam Sezak, still taking the place of the ill head coach, Bill Kenyon, in handling the varsity squad, concentrated on shooting drills this week in order to bolster that department of the Pale Blue's court strategy. Sezak did not name a starting lineup for the game, but in all probability last year's veterans, Small, Crowley, and Leger, will see plenty of service, together with the sophomore five of Quint or Nickerson, Pratt, Hussey, Ward, and McKen or Wright.

Colby Game Was Rough

Tuesday's encounter with the Colby Mules was one of the roughest games ever seen in Memorial Gym. The Mules, led by the accurate shooting of Johnny Lomac, Jenny Lee, and Gil Peters, was too strong for the Bears who staged a miserable shooting exhibition and finished on the short end of a 44-23 score. At no time during the contest could the Maine five find the hoop with any degree of consistency, and the roughness of the play did nothing to help the Bears in starting their offense. At times the team did show flashes of brilliance, passing well and setting up shots in a convincing manner, but their inability to shoot from outside the foul circle cost Maine the ball game. Bert Pratt played outstanding ball for a lost cause, shooting well on occasion, and showing plenty of spirit in battling for the ball at all times, while Dick McKen contributed several fine defensive plays.

Lose Three on Trip

The New England trip could hardly be considered as successful, since the Bears dropped all three of their New

(Continued on Page Four)

Girls in Postal Match with RI

Under the direction of Lieut. Hodges, the girls' Rifle Team will continue their matches on Feb. 8 with a match against the girls' team from Rhode Island State. This match will be carried on by mail as are all the matches of the girls' team. In their one match this year so far, the girls were defeated by Ohio University. However, it is expected that they will win their share of the rest of this year's matches.

Matches remaining to be fired are: Feb. 8—Rhode Island State College; Feb. 15—Univ. of California; Feb. 22—Creighton.

Ripon
Mar. 1—Univ. of Illinois
Mar. 8—Univ. of New Hampshire
Mar. 15—Univ. of Michigan
Mar. 22—Univ. of Idaho
Mar. 29—Univ. of Chicago
Apr. 19—Univ. of Hawaii

'Mural Hoop Card

Jan. 16 at 8:00 p.m., Delta Tau Delta vs. 13 Club, Referees, Stearns and Harris; Alpha Tau Omega vs. Kolonel's Kolts, Murray and Wright; at 9:00 p.m., North Hall vs. Phi Eta Kappa, Stearns and Harris; Alpha Gamma Rho vs. Dorm B, Murray and Gosline.

Jan. 20 at 8:00 p.m., Sigma Nu vs. Park Street, Towle and Hussey; Lambda Chi Alpha vs. Phi Mu Delta, Sprague and Newcomb. At 9:00 p.m., Theta Chi vs. Kappa Sigma, Towle and Hussey; Cabin Colony vs. Oak (W) Sprague and Pratt.

Feb. 3 at 8:00 p.m., Park Street vs. 13 Club, Quint and Blake; Sigma Chi vs. Phi Gamma Delta, Browne and Small. At 9:00 p.m., Delta Tau Delta vs. Oak (E), Quint and Blake; Phi Kappa Sigma vs. Tau Epsilon Phi, Browne and Small.

Feb. 4 at 7:00 p.m., Phi Eta Kappa vs. Park Street, Newcomb and Sprague; Alpha Gamma Rho vs. Alpha Tau Omega, Teall and Pratt. At 8:00 p.m., North Hall vs. Dorm A, Whitten and Dole; Dorm B vs. Kolonel's Kolts, Newcomb and Sprague. At 9:00 p.m., Sigma Nu vs. 13 Club, Whitten and Gosline; Cabin Colony vs. Phi Gamma Delta, Stearns and Wright.

Feb. 5 at 7:00 p.m., Theta Chi vs. Oak (E), Browne and Eaton; Lambda Chi Alpha vs. Kolonel's Kolts, Towle and Teall. At 8:00 p.m., Delta Tau Delta vs. Sigma Alpha Epsilon,

No Action on Football Coach Before March

100 Applicants; Brice Plans No More Coaching

No action on the appointment of a new football coach will be taken for at least two months, probably not until April, it was learned this week. It will take that long to sift the 100-odd applications that have been received since Fred Brice resigned in December.

Every mail has brought letters from coaches all over the eastern part of the country. In the meanwhile Coach Brice is serving as freshman basketball coach, filling in for Sam Sezak, who replaced Bill Kenyon as varsity basketball coach when the latter became ill. Brice was varsity basketball coach from 1925 to 1929.

The rumor information service has listed about every coach in the country with the exception of Lou Little, of Columbia, and Frank Leahy, of Boston College, as scheduled for the spot, and tongues even wagged when Adam Walsh, of Bowdoin, visited the campus on Monday.

Two names often mentioned are those of "Red" Rendall and Neil Stahley. The former is a one-time Brown star, whose latest coaching position has been at Haverford. Stahley is now assistant coach at Harvard. In the local area, Mose Nannigan, of Bangor high, and Hymie Shanahan, of Lewiston high, have been mentioned. Actually there is no foundation whatsoever for any of these stories. No action has been taken, and none will be, until all applications have been examined.

Although Coach Brice has said repeatedly that he was through with football coaching, it has been rumored that he would become Lou Little's assistant at Columbia. But the best story is the one that he would become backfield coach for the Detroit Lions of the National professional league.

Browne and Eaton; Phi Mu Delta vs. Phi Kappa Sigma, Towle and Teall. At 9:00 p.m., Beta Theta Pi vs. Kappa Sigma, Harris and Pratt; Sigma Chi vs. Oak (W), Hussey and Gosline.

Feb. 6 at 7:00 p.m., North Hall vs. Sigma Nu, Blake and Murray; Alpha Gamma Rho vs. Tau Epsilon Phi, Hussey and Gosline. At 8:00 p.m., Theta Chi vs. Beta Theta Pi, Blake and Small; Alpha Tau Omega vs. Cabin Colony, Gosline and Hussey. At 9:00 p.m., Delta Tau Delta vs. Dorm A, Dole and Small; Dorm B vs. Oak (W), Eaton and Stearns.

Add Relay To 'Mural Track Meet Program

Order of Events For 'Mural Meet

Following is the order of events for the Intramural track meet on Saturday:

45 yard high hurdles, trials and finals; 50 yard dash, trials and finals; 50 yard novice dash, trials and finals; Mile run; 100 yard high hurdles, trials; 100 yard dash, trials; 600 yard run; 100 yard high hurdles, finals; 100 yard dash, finals; Two mile run; 100 yard low hurdles, trials; 1,000 yard run; 100 yard low hurdles, finals; 300 yard run; 300 yard novice run.

The 28 pound novice weight throw, discus throw, javelin throw, and 35 pound weight throw, as well as the sprint relay, will be held Friday afternoon. The pole vault, high jump, broad jump, 16 pound shot put, and 12 pound novice shot put will be held Saturday afternoon.

Frosh Track Men Beat 2 Schools

Scoring in every event but the broad jump, the freshman indoor track team had little trouble in defeating the combined squads of South Portland and Bangor high schools last Saturday, 66-33. Clements was the only record breaker, setting a new meet mark in the high jump at 5 feet 10 3/4 inches.

The Frosh lost only four first places, the high and low hurdles, shot put, and broad jump. Al Hutchinson was high man, with firsts in the 70 yard dash and the 300 yard run.

Other first place winners were Powers in the 600, Kiszczak in the 1000, Condon in the mile, and Lobo in the pole vault.

NOTICE

The Physical Education department hopes that the students will use the winter sports equipment and skating rink as a means of relaxation during finals. Skis, poles, and snowshoes can be borrowed from South Estabrooke locker room daily from 1:00 to 1:30, and arrangements can be made with Arlene Webster, winter sports manager, to take equipment over the weekend.

4 Special Events For Novices; Rice Trophy at Stake

Four novice events, an extra hurdle event, an extra dash, and a sprint relay have been added to the regular program of the annual Intramural track meet, Coach Chester A. Jenkins announced this week.

Competition will again be in two classes, with only men who have not earned a varsity letter in track eligible for the Intramural meet itself. Everyone is eligible in the Charles Rice trophy meet. The novice events, a 50 yard dash, 300 yard run, 12 pound shot put, and 28 pound weight throw, are closed to those who have won a first place or a letter while in college, in either varsity or freshman meets. The relay is an open event.

Last year Dorm A, with a majority of the freshman track stars, won the Intramural title, while Phi Eta Kappa, thanks mainly to Don Smith, won the Charles Rice trophy.

The Intramural title race will be a wide-open affair, with any one of a half-dozen teams liable to win. Phi Eta and Phi Mu stand as good a chance as anyone, and Phi Gam is another good bet.

The Charles Rice trophy meet should go to either Phi Gam of an off-campus combination of non-fraternity men, although Phi Eta is still a threat. Phi Mu is not out of the running, and A T O might score well.

Bill Hadlock, Walt Brady, and Franklin Dexter should do most of Phi Gam's scoring. Phi Mu has John Radley, Dick Youlden, and Stan Frost, all short distance men. Phi Eta can score in several events, while A T O's strength comes from Stan Phillips in the dashes and Ralph Runels in the hurdles. The off-campus unit has Dick Martinez, Bob Weisman, Niles Perkins, Fred Kelso, and Dave Caldwell.

The relay, which will be run on Friday along with the discus, javelin, and weight throws, should be a wide-open event. Phi Mu, Phi Eta, West Oak, Phi Kappa Sigma, and possibly A T O should be the leaders, with Phi Mu having the edge.

Competition should be especially close in the 50 and 100 yard dashes, the 300 yard run, 45 and 100 yard high hurdles, 100 yard low hurdles, 600 yard run, high jump, and pole vault. Other events are the 1000, mile, two mile, broad jump, 16 pound shot put, 35 pound weight throw, discus, javelin, the novice events, and the relay.

30 Wrestlers Work With Al Beverage

Over thirty men are practicing wrestling daily in the boxing room of Memorial Gymnasium. Al Beverage, genial assistant coach of the freshman football team, is in charge of the would-be grapplers and is holding daily sessions in wrestling technique both for beginners and experienced wrestlers.



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Capt. JOHN M. MILLER, America's No. 1 aviator pilot and pioneer of the world's only wingless mail plane route between Camden, N. J., and the Philadelphia Post Office, is shown here enjoying Chesterfield's new interesting book "TOBACCOLAND, U. S. A."



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Liberal Viewpoint - -

(Continued from Page Two)

less actual cost in blood, disorganization, and despair than the first. This is the practical calculation. It may be wrong. No one can say. But there is a further consideration.

The sun of the pre-1914 world, and its long, pre-1939 twilight, have vanished forever. That much is decided already. The real issue of the present war is not whether the past is to be preserved—it cannot now be revived—but who is to construct the future. Our practical calculations of costs and gains may be wrong. What is a certainty is that whoever wins the war now joined will be charged with building the future world. I would like my country, my kind of ideas, the society of which I am a member and in which I feel there to be much greater creative forces than can be found in the barren and backward dictatorships, to share in that work. Even if the costs are greater than I believe them likely to be and the rewards less satisfying, I would still prefer that the people of the United States should grasp that chance to control their own destiny than that they should resign to it to others. Even if the chance should be as badly misused again as it was before, I would still rather that we had seized the chance than that we had abandoned it to a Hitler or Mussolini. We cannot fight for happiness or for perfection, for those are unreal qualities. But if, at such a decisive juncture in world history as this one, we have as a society the energy, cohesion and self-confidence to fight for a chance of shaping the future of the world, then I believe we are likely to approach much nearer to happiness and perfection than if we announce that our role in the world is over, and sit back to allow other forces and other philosophies to determine our destiny for us.

Elayne M. Snow, formerly a senior in the School of Education, was married to Richard A. Graves, of Presque Isle, Jan. 6, in a military wedding ceremony at Pickton, Ontario.

The couple are now living at Pickton, where Lieut. Graves is stationed as an instructor in the Royal Canadian air force.

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Library Drive - -

(Continued from Page One)

al Alumni Association; and Raymond H. Fogler, 15, New York City, chairman of the Special Gifts Committee. Registrar James A. Gannett, '08, is treasurer, and alumni secretary Charles E. Crossland, '17, is executive director.

After construction is started, it is expected that the new building will be completed in about one year. It will be a three-story brick building styled after the Georgian Colonial type of architecture. It will offer facilities for expansion which have been heretofore impossible in the old building.

Within the last few years the University has been forced to decline, or has failed to receive, valuable gifts and donations because of the fact that the present structure is inadequate for such gifts and because it does not possess the protective feature of being fireproof.

This analysis of the current standing of the library campaign was presented to inform interested students as to what has happened to the ten dollars or so they may have contributed to the fund.

College Control - -

(Continued from Page One)

themselves, many of whom believe that in times like these they should show restraint. That feeling was expressed not long ago by Professor Alonzo F. Meyers of Kent State University, when he declared, "Teaching should protect democracy, but in periods of stress it is of paramount importance that academic freedom does not provide the cause for denial of democratic education as a result of abuse of its privileges. At the same time, we must insist upon the preservation of academic freedom in order that we may prevent disastrous results from defense dictatorship."

Only one student in twenty, however, approves of control of undergraduates, the poll shows. And this opinion is prevalent from coast to coast in about the same proportions. "Our educational centers have always been the seats of freedom, and if we start censoring political views on the campus we are destroying fundamentals of democracy," said a senior in a Far Western university. In that group of states the largest opposition (97 per cent) was discovered. Another undergraduate stated, "Students and faculty should be allowed to debate social and political matters on the campus if we want to keep democracy here. Remember what the Nazis did in Germany—the universities there were among the first institutions, along with the newspapers, that were gagged." The largest group believing a college administration has the right to control such activity was 8 per cent, in the West Central States.

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'Prism' To Close Photo Contest

The "Prism" photograph contest will close on Jan. 31, it was announced by Philip Pierce, photography editor.

To be eligible for the three prizes offered, all entries must be turned in on, or before, this date. Rules governing the contest may be found on any one of the posters appearing about the campus. The prize winners will be announced in the "Campus."

"There is a lack of informal and candid shots among those entries already received," Pierce said. In order to have a large informal section, the editor urged that each fraternity house and dormitory turn in prints in order that each group be represented in the book.

Registration - -

(Continued from Page One)

dents should report to Dr. Bradt. Registration will take place Friday, Jan. 31, 8:30 to 11:30 a.m., and Saturday, Feb. 1, from 8:00 to 12 noon in Aubert Hall.

Seniors in civil engineering should see Prof. Evans any time on or after Thursday, Jan. 23.

Juniors should see Prof. Lyon in the afternoon on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Jan. 21 to 23, and during the final examination period.

Seniors, juniors, and sophomores in general engineering should see Dean Paul Cloke on Saturday, Feb. 1, from 8:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon.

Seniors and juniors should see Prof. Barrows on Monday, Jan. 27, and on Wednesday, Jan. 29, from 9:00 to 12:00 and at any other time when in Lord Hall.

Students in engineering physics should see Prof. Bennett any afternoon beginning Jan. 20. Students in mechanical engineering should see Prof. Watson for junior and senior registration.

Seniors and juniors in pulp and paper technology should see Prof. Bray; sophomores, Prof. Caulfield.

Sophomores in civil, electrical, and mechanical engineering, and engineering physics should register with Prof. Weston on Wednesday, Jan. 22, 1:30 to 5:00 p.m.; Thursday, Jan. 23, 9:00 to 12:00 and 1:30 to 5:00; and on Monday, Jan. 27, 1:30 to 5:00 p.m.

Freshmen in all courses in engineering should register with Prof. Kent on Thursday, Jan. 23, from 1:30 to 4:00 p.m.; Friday, Jan. 24, from 1:30 to 4:00 p.m.; Wednesday, Jan. 29, from 1:30 to 4:00 p.m.; Friday, Jan. 31, and Saturday, Feb. 1, from 8:00 to 12:00.

The treasury department, Alumni Hall, will be open for registration from Monday, Jan. 27, to Saturday, Feb. 1, inclusive, from 8:00 to 12:00 and from 1:30 to 4:00 p.m., and on Saturday, Feb. 1, from 8:00 to 12:00.

Dr. Harry Mellman, field secretary of the Hillel Foundation of the B'nai B'rith, will be the guest speaker at the meeting of the cultural organization for Jewish students in the M.C.A. Sunday, Jan. 19, at 7:15 p.m. Attorney Abraham Stern, of Bangor, and Mr. Albion Beverage, of the M. C. A., will also be present.

Alumni Train At Pensacola

Douglas E. Gray and Edward H. Lawry, both graduates of the University of Maine in 1940, have been appointed aviation cadets in the United States naval reserve and are receiving advanced flight training at the naval air station at Pensacola, Fla.

Upon completion of the seven months' course, they will be commissioned ensigns in the naval reserve and will be ordered to active duty with the aircraft squadrons of the United States fleet.

Basketball - -

(Continued from Page Three)

England Conference games. However, in each contest distinct improvements were noted, and the experience gained by the sophomore members of the team is expected to pay dividends.

In their first clash of the current season, the Pale Blue quintet bowed to a powerful Rhode Island Ram outfit by the topheavy margin of 92-52. Paced by the brilliant shooting of Stutz Modzelewski, the Keaneymen took an early lead and added to it as the game progressed. Bert Pratt, sophomore forward, led the Maine attack, showing good shooting eye, while Small, Quint, and Hussey played good games.

The second game found the Bears again on the short end of the score, this time losing to a veteran Connecticut team by a score of 80-51. Maine held the Nutmeggers for the early portion of the game, but fell behind when the fast pace began to tell. Yusievicz, Donnelly, and Verenis led the Connecticut scorers, while Nickerson was high point man for the Bear five. Every player on the Maine team scored at least one point.

Northeastern Game Close

Playing their third game in three days in Northeastern's newly remodeled gymnasium, the Bears turned in their best performance of the trip. Battling all the way, the Pale Blue grabbed the lead early in the second half and held it stubbornly until the final moments of play, only to be nosed out by a 40-37 tally. The Huskies' sharpshooting center, Al Pajonas, again proved to be the villain to the Maine team. Entering the game midway through the second half, he rang up six quick baskets to snatch the lead away from the Bears and win the ball game. The Pale Blue quintet played good ball all the way.

MCA Plans - -

(Continued from Page One)

Publicity is being handled by Barbara Orff, and Ruth White is in charge of arrangements for the tea.

The following women have been secured as leaders of the embassy:

Miss Lois W. Beach, director of religious education for the First Methodist Church, and director of the Wesley Foundation for Students, New Haven, Conn.

Miss Isabelle R. Kelley, research assistant, Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, N. J.

Mrs. Rodney W. Roundy, of Portland, Me., wife of the superintendent of the Congregational-Christian Churches of Maine.

Miss Helen Turnbull, field secretary, Commission on College Work for New England, Protestant Episcopal Church. Mrs. Ewart E. Turner, Draught, Mass., minister's wife, author, lecturer, and playwright. The Turners lived four years in Germany during a pastorate at the American Church in Berlin.

Miss Margaret Winchester, staff worker, Universalist Sunday School Association, Boston, Mass.

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Conrad Veidt, Sabu,
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John Howard, Helen Drew
Metro News
Fri. & Sat., Jan. 17-18
Jack Benny, Fred Allen
**"LOVE THY
NEIGHBOR"**
Paramount News
Sun. & Mon., Jan. 19-20
Clark Gable, Hedy Lamarr
"COMRADE X"
News—Cartoon—Sportlight
Tues., Jan. 21
This is the "Big Nite"
**"TRAIL OF THE
VIGILANTES"**
Franchot Tone, Andy Devine
Cartoon—Comedy—Passing
Parade
Wed. & Thurs., Jan. 22-23
**"THE LONG VOYAGE
HOME"**
John Wayne, Ian Hunter
Plus
**"MEXICAN SPITFIRE
OUT WEST"**
Lupe Velez, Leon Errol
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Maine Literary Journal

Published annually by the Maine Campus

ORONO, MAINE, JANUARY 16, 1941

Data for a Sociologist

Of the material submitted for the "Campus" literary contest, this selection was chosen by the judges as representing the best quality of writing by a student not an English major. It therefore receives the prize of \$5.

By Albion Fenderson

UNEMPLOYMENT, the spoils system, government control, re-armament, all of these problems and more were rattling about in my head. I shoved the book away from me and thought, God what a mess! Two pretty girls passed by the library window. My eyes followed them, but my mind refused. If the sight of two pretty girls didn't straighten my thoughts, what could?

A smell. It was the odor of row of dust-covered reference books, and it recalled memories of Grammy's front parlor and the old law books upstairs in Grammy's house. Most of all it reminded me of the county courthouse, a structure that for years has been combining the smell of books, ink, dirt, coal gas, and farmers impregnated with essence of cow manure.

When I was younger and wore short pants and skinned my knees, I used to play in that courthouse. I knew every room in it from the inside of the bass-voiced, unreliable town clock to the barred cells in the basement. I knew every man who carried on the county's business there, too. What a small cog that county courthouse is in the complicated machinery that carries on successfully or unsuccessfully the government of forty-eight states! And yet, inside it in miniature arise the problems that made me put aside my sociology book in disgust.

Take Sheriff Leavern, for instance. Prohibition was in force in those days and he used to confiscate a good many bottles of home brew. Some of it was darn good. The worst disappeared, but the best—well, if you were a good friend of his, he'd give you some for Christmas. You see, I knew all about this because he stored it in the courthouse basement.

Another one was Byron Snell. Everyone knew that he once tried his hand at embezzlement. People let him keep his job of Clerk of Courts because he had a family to support.

I remembered my father, who was Judge of Municipal Court, and Ken Robbins, who was and still is Register of Deeds, shooting deer out of season. I remembered the town night-watchman who got drunk on the job and slept through the night in a barbershop. Judge Mills presided at town meetings, and was so slow that it was difficult for the citizens to get any kind of measure voted upon. Why did Currier Holmes and Frank Brown prosper in the law business? Ask anyone on Main Street and he would say, "I dunno. But they're both damn smart, and crooked too, I guess."

I thought about those men of the past and compared them with men of the present. I noticed the sociology book and said to myself, "There'll never be a perfect government as long as human beings run it." I grabbed the book and opened it. The rattling inside my head recommenced.

Time is Circular

By Freda Flanders

TIME is circular.
It goes around
and around
like a track.

Like a whippet track
where history runs after men
to swallow them up—
only it never quite does.
And after awhile people say,
"History repeats itself,"
or
"We've had an era."
Time goes around.

New England

By Linwood M. Day

A man must have dirt on his hands, New England.

You never knew that. You know it now. Now, with your white towns tumbling about you. (A white rose is a gray, brittle thing when autumn comes.)

A man must have dirt on his hands; he must sweat and swear as he works; he must track dirt into the house on the clean floors.

He can make floors; a woman cannot, but she can clean them.

You are a woman. You had your chance once. You had your man; and he was a cursing, drinking pioneer doing a man's work in a man's way.

You did not like pioneers.

You were a housekeeper who could not stand dirt on the floor;

You scolded your man till he went.

Now your house is falling apart, and the man you sent into the West builds new houses.

The West-woman cleans her beautiful house. She sweeps up dirt on the floor with a smile, loving her man,

Knowing his roughness and strength is her beauty and power;

Bride to him, smiling on him while he pants and grunts and swears as he works.

Comforting him when he is tired, Soothing him, when roughly he kicks the door open;

Smiling on him, sending him eager, courageous out to build more.

You sit in the old dusty window seat in a faded calico.

Looking into the dim twilight.

The sky is growing darker over the houses.

The old houses so white once turn gray, fading.

You sit watching darkness come, no strength to do work, wondering.

Alone

By Emily Hopkins

THE minute Julia opened her eyes she knew that it was Saturday. It almost seemed if the day itself had caught an eager excitement, as if it knew that it was to be the important day of the Big Dance. She could hear the girls' high excited voices coming from the next room, and she knew just what they were talking about—their clothes, their dates, and the coming dance. She turned over, her face to the wall. It seemed as if would never lift. She had no dates on clothes, and no dance to talk about. She might as well stay in bed as long as she could.

She had waited and worked hard to come to college. Her mother had been determined that she should come, that she should have the advantage of a college education. The whole family even to the second cousins were proud of Julia—"the one who goes to the University, you know." She had no long line of alumni behind her. They weren't college people, the Daleys. They were just hard-working common folk. That their Julia could go to college was a feather in their caps. It set them above their neighbors and associates.

She closed her eyes and thought of the day that she had left home. They were all there to see her off. Ma's moist plump face shone with excitement. Pa was in his shirt-sleeves and suspenders—he had been asleep because he was "on nights" this week. The kids all gathered around, shouting and excited because Julia was to take a long ride on the train. Her brother Charlie, who owned the family car, blew the horn impatiently to let her know that they must be on their way to the station. She kissed Ma hard, then she kissed Pa's scratchy face. Clutching her new pocketbook she jumped into the car, and they drove around the corner. She

(Continued on Page Five)

Frost - Coffin; Poet, Conversationist

This essay was awarded the prize given by the English department for the best critical essay written by an English major in the senior year. Extensive reading for this exercise is done during the preceding summer, but the actual writing of the criticism is done during a three-hour period.

By Ruth White

ROBERT Coffin and Robert Frost—Maine and New Hampshire. Or should I say Maine and New England? I really think the latter is more nearly a true picture of these two men, for Frost is more than New Hampshire; he is Vermont, and Massachusetts, and inland Maine—all these. One cannot take a character from one of his poems and say, "Aha! This man came from Derry, New Hampshire!" The fact is that this man may come from any hamlet in northern New England. The characters drawn by Frost are typical New England farmers; those of us who know only Maine farmers feel that they are just as familiar to us, in actual life, as those who are natives of New Hampshire.

With Coffin, on the other hand, we have a different set-up. His men, his women, his boys and girls—all are Maine people, the salt-water farmers of our Maine coast. They could never have come from Cape Cod, for example, or from the coast of Connecticut. The coast, and the lives of the people living along it, vary much more than does the farm country, in New England. Coffin is interested only in showing us the lives of those people living in one rather small section of Maine, his own native section. Consequently his poetry, and, I may add, his prose, is much more local than is that of Frost.

Robert Frost is the poet of New England—of the majority of people in New England north of Boston. He is interested, not in cities, as is Carl Sandburg, not in industry and the pulsing of machinery, but in the "little people"—the men who live out their lives and find their happiness or grief in the soil and in nature around them; the men who struggle for existence on land which nature is constantly striving to reclaim for its own. Instilled in Frost because of his ancestry and his upbringing, and constantly recurring in his verse, is this typical feeling that the land is ever pressing, ever striving to thrust out man. In "West-running Brook", for example, we find that this idea of nature's marching in where man has tried to live appears again and again. The last two lines of "The Birthplace", for example—

"The mountain pushed us off her knees.

"And now her lap is full of trees."

And again, in "The Last Mowing"—

"The trees are all I'm afraid of,

"That flowers can't bloom in the shade of;

"It's no more men I'm afraid of;

"The meadow is done with the tame."

So Robert Frost expresses the rather fatalistic view of New England farmers that nature is bound to win the battle in the end. There is no use in struggling against this force when it comes, for it will win, regardless of anything men can do against it.

New Englanders are known for their taciturn way of looking at life; no sentimentality, no passion is allowed to come to the surface. They face all things with a quiet, matter-of-fact air, and their conversation is as cryptic as their thinking. A New England farmer is practical, above all; he has to be, to live. He never wastes time or words. Frost exemplifies these qualities in all his writing. What he says he says because it is to the point, not because it makes a pretty sound. His poetry, much of it, has that flat, bald quality which is characteristic of conversation on a New England farm. When there is any emotion expressed, it comes as a charming surprise, a fact which makes it all the more delightful. That well-known poem of his, "The Death of the Hired Man", is a good poem because it gives a clear and true picture of the characters of a typical farmer, his wife, and the hired

(Continued on Page Seven)

Farmer

By Sally Linnell

FIELDs and soon forgotten harvests
Distant call of cow-bells—guiding
Gasping breath of tremulous new-born
Cattle buyer cursing—striding.
Lands not yours and house long let
Old man frankly dreaming
Why can't you forget?

Sons are kind to fading fathers
Let them sleep the rest of life
Still the earth-grimed knotted fingers
Work is done—and hurt—and strife
Why so restless? All is done
Old Man, call it mercy
You who have a son.

Must the memory remember.
Crumbling fences—half-tilled lands
Earth that quickens rich and waiting
For the seed—and farmers' hands
Harvests heaving from the earth-bed
Old man must remember
Others reap instead.

Through the mists of many seasons
Farmer thinks he sees the rain
Sees the cattle moving slowly
Slowly down the pasture lane
Dreaming, restless, hating sleep
Old man nodding slightly
Slumbers in a heap.

Hateful Yesterday

By Virginia Clark

I loved yesterday, because it was just as I felt—nasty, wet, spiteful. The wind snapped the bare, black branches of the trees back and forth, instead of swaying them gently. The rain pattered down fiercely, instead of falling softly and silently. The storm hurled itself against my window, and I wanted to laugh, because two of us were feeling hateful. Girls splashed hurriedly across the campus in boots, reversibles, and kerchiefs; boys had donned reversibles, high-water pants, and old hats. Brick buildings were a wet red with blurry windows steamed up around the edges on the insides. Windshield wipers on automobiles protestingly flopped back and forth in their continual fan-like way. Automobile tires sped over the pavement with their special, rainy-day song. Who can imitate it, or put it in the common place by giving it a name?

This was the campus yesterday, and, sitting at my desk where it was warm and dry and quiet, I wondered how it would be to be liquid. To run smoothly down a pane of glass or a red brick building must be fun. To touch the earth and be absorbed immediately, to make even blacker the black branches of the bare trees and, most of all, to be able to evaporate completely into thin air—! No eyes to see with, no feet to walk with, just seep, beautiful nothing, in the air!

Once the door at the foot of the stairs opened, interrupting my day-dream. The sound of the rain was louder for a minute. Three girls came in, stamping their feet, shaking water off their books, and untying kerchiefs. They were complaining about the weather; phrases came up to me as the heavy door swung to again, and the sound of the rain was gone, except on the windows. "This vile weather", "hate wet days", "ought to be able to raise rice in this country", "too cold, I guess", "book's ruined", "hair's a mess."

As I left the building and walked away from the campus, the rain splashed on my face, and rolled down my glasses, leaving me a blurry world to walk in. The people I met made the inevitable remark: "Wet enough for you?" and "Nice weather—for ducks!" So I answered them with the inevitable answers, and laughed inside of me because I was a hypocrite, and the wind and I were cross. The raindrops bounced off the river, then fell back gently, at once a part of the river, and having lost all identity, was liquid, smooth, ever restful. I crossed the bridge, climbed the hill, turned the corner, and was home. The wind and I battled with the key, and I won out. When I was inside and had closed the door, everything was shut out. It was warm and dry and quiet there. The rain came sweeping at the window again, and the wind continued its spiteful slashing here and there. Suddenly I thought, "It's a lovely day—tomorrow."

McKenna Was A Mean One

By R. E. Stratton

NO one ever knew the whole story of what passed between us except him 'n' me. I wouldn't never uv worked for him 'ceptin' my shack needed shinglin' before winter and I didn't have no money to git the shingles. I was runnin' pretty close hauled on food, too; so when I heard he was goin' to peel some pulp, I hit him up for a job.

He was a mean 'un, Perry McKenna. He lived in a back room of the old farm house that his father had left him along with the big wood lot down by the river, where he cut his pulp. As long as he had the price of a drink, I never knew him to draw a sober breath. And when it came to cuttin' pulp, he boasted to anyone that would listen about how he always cut over his bound'ry lines as far as he could throw his ax.

He was standin' in the yard when I walked up and asked if he was hirin' help. "How much money do y' want," he says. "Well," I says, "The minimum wage is \$2.40 a day—"

"Yeah, I know," he says. "I'll give ya \$2.10 and no more. You'll take it and keep yer mouth shut about it because there ain't no other jobs to be had. There's the logs over there, get busy."

I knew he was right, so I walked over to the pile, picked out a log, and started peelin'.

One day a week or so after he'd hired me, he came down to a little pasture where I was peelin' a pile of hemlock sticks. As usu' he'd been drinkin', an' he was jest drunk enough to be feelin' mean. He jest stood there teeterin' back and forth and lookin' down his nose at me. I finished the log I was workin' on, and stopped to light my pipe; that was all he wanted.

"Lissen, you," he yelps, "What in thunder you think I'm payin' you for?"

"But I was jest goin' t'light my pipe," I says.

"It don't make no odds t'me what you was goin' to do," he bellers, "I don't have no loafin' on my crew."

I guess I got mad then and said somethin' about him payin' below standard wages. "If you don't like my wages," he snarls, "you know what you can do. There's plenty more squatters in these woods without no wages at all!"

Well, I could uv jumped down his throat when he said that, but I thought how much I wanted those shingles for my shack, and all I said was, "Yes sir," an' went back to my work. What else could I do? He was right, there was plenty o' fellas in the woods that would jump at the chance to git my job.

All durin' the next couple weeks, he kept nosin' round and findin' fault 'til I was pretty near ready to quit, money or no money. Then one afternoon along the first of August, somethin' happened that made me forgit all about wantin' money or shingles or anything else. I'd been rolling logs off a pile all day with one of McKenna's cant hooks. It was a shaky thing to start with, and the handle had been wrapped with hay wire to make it last a little longer. I wouldn't uv used it at all 'cept I didn't have one of my own. Well I started to roll out one old brute of a log, when it caught on something and stuck. I jammed my hook in and twisted with all my beef. Next thing I knew, I was settin' at the bottom of the log pile holdin' the handle. The cant hook had broke short off at the iron. I lugged what was left of it up to the house and showed it to McKenna.

"Hmph," he snorted, "It's goin' to cost you plenty to buy me a new cant dog."

"A new one!" I says, "Why, this one warn't worth two bits as scrap iron."

"O.K.," he shrugs, "If you don't get me a new one, you'll be out o' work."

"But I can't afford to buy a cant dog," I says, "and anyway—"

"Alright," he breaks in, "then you're fired; git off my place."

I was mad clean through by this time.

"Look, McKenna," I says, "I ain't fired, I quit, gimme my time."

"Git off my place before I have y' run in for trespassin'," he roars.

I didn't know but he could have me jailed, so I left without my money. But I warn't goin' to let him steal my wages that easy. All durin' August and September, I kept after him, and he kept puttin' me off with this and that excuse. It was gettin' colder all the

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The Constitution of The United States

By Rodolphe A. Gaulin

IN the midst of a maelstrom of hate, jealousy, wars, and subservency to the state, in the midst of a world gone mad as a result of the influences of communism, fascism and nazism whose only objective is to crucify Christ in the hearts of men, there looms a light, a hope of salvation from the whirlpool of deterioration and subservency to totalitarian government. That light is the Constitution of the United States.

The Constitution has endured and shall endure forever, not merely as a piece of paper on which has been inscribed the dictates of one man's desire, or even a group of men, but, rather, to guarantee, to you and to me, the sacred and inviolate rights of all men, such as freedom of religion, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press.

Democracy, which is the very essence and backbone of our government, is guaranteed. A government, such as ours, could not long endure without the assiduous guidance of the Constitution: for what is the destination of a ship without a captain?

The Constitution guarantees that I shall not be fetched from the comforts of a good American home, that I shall not be forced to abandon the true purpose of life—to live in peace with God and my fellow men, nor shall I be compelled to swallow the creed of the communists, nor that of the socialists.

The Constitution, further, guarantees that the legislation in this country shall not be the pawn of a totalitarian dictator. It guarantees, in a humanitarian spirit, that I shall not be forced to bear arms, unless Congress shall consider it a necessity in order to defend our shores against foreign aggression. Furthermore, the Constitution guarantees that I shall be able to enjoy the pursuit of happiness and good-will upon a free soil, and in a liberal and democratic atmosphere.

Travel Books

By Phyllis Smart

THESE words I read have pulled the rivers on, Black in their moving depth, and mighty-voiced Among the rocks, between the trees that hoist Rich towers of green into the jungle dawn. These frail black hands of words have placed within

A sky of shaking color, all the height Of great Himalayan peaks, then lowered night To rest where never any man has been.

If I should ever leave the books behind To go like Jason out across the world, And trust my eyes to find the Golden Fleece, I am afraid that here within my mind There's such a shining, word-built brightness curled, Seeing would tarnish what I have of peace.

In Church

By Albion Fenderson

She knelt in church, the one I love, I stood beside her, worshipping her, not God.

She knelt humbly at the feet of truth and justice, And I, arrogant and foolish, denied their existence.

"All this ritual and rote and praying is useless; we've got to fight to live." But she prayed with all her heart.

Old folks, too, moved their lips in prayer. Who would know God and love, if not they?

Old folks and the one beside me bowed in reverence to One greater. They knew.

She knelt in church, the one I love, and I knelt beside her, worshipping God and her.

Now We Can't Laugh

By Sally Linnell

THROUGH the corner of her eye she saw the bright orange curtains she had flaunted in the windows to startle the matron across the way. There was a simmering strong smell from a stew she had started. Everyone knew she was not a good cook. He was looking at her with his terribly serious eyes. They were both thinking of the day they were married, when they had walked young and laughing down across the field near her father's house. She, whose eyes were always laughing, who was always mocking the conventions and dullness of older married people, had married a most conventional man himself—a man who laughed with her not because he agreed or understood but only because he loved her. He was a lawyer, and they had settled down in a New England town. Surprisingly soon she had become a housewife.

Alice was remembering how she had stopped suddenly down there in the field with the wind blowing against her, and she had said, "Now we can't laugh at people and their life, because we'll be those same people and we'll live that same life." She remembered how he had looked at her with his serious eyes that did not understand, and she had started back, suddenly afraid.

Now she stood by the door in the kitchen, and Ralph stood by the mirror with the razor forgotten in his hand and his face half-shaved. She had planned to go long before, but he had not known. It must have been a shock, she thought abstractedly, for him to see her suddenly come down the stairs with her suitcase, her hat on. She'd even started dinner before leaving—but that was habit, she reflected.

The three children came in from outdoors and stood there looking at her. Three children. She had never intended to have any, and there were three. They looked at her wonderingly with their serious eyes—Ralph's eyes. Suddenly she spoke distractedly, "They're never my children. They're no part of me, so I'll leave them with you, and they'll be happier." There was a struggling feeling in her to be away and free.

Ralph continued to look at her somberly. At last he said, "Goodbye then." She reached out and touched his hand. It was wet with shaving lather. She kissed the three staring children. There was the rumbling sound of the trolley car, and she moved away.

As he watched her going farther and farther away from him—as the children seemed to step back and away from her—Ralph knew that he would marry again. And he knew that she would meet some gay man who would not care about not having children.

But there was something he wanted to remember—something she had said that first day. He remembered that the wind had blown against her and she had looked at him with her girl's eyes. Then the pattern of her words came back to him, and he spoke them aloud: "Now we can't laugh any more—because we'll live that same life."

He knew that the kind of wife who said that was not his kind of wife—not the comfortable, mother-of-children kind—and yet for that moment with a terrible longing he wanted her back again.

Star Song

By Linwood M. Day

THIS dusk; this night I walk with stars again.
We found here love. The vibrant song,
the rhyme
Some lover wrote for us alone remain,

The melody you hummed that night with me
Caught up our souls within the stars' sweet
light;

We sang it then: the stars and we were three
Three troubadours that walk a path by night.

You've gone, yet cannot leave—our song is
here.

It brings me you again; the stars will sing
That song to me; and you'll be close, my dear;
For through the veils of time that song can
wing.

Men's minds forget as sunsets pass along;
But here sing stars, will ever sing a song.

Whiteball

By Freda Flanders

MOLES that burrow and hide
Underground, away from the night
and its fearful flying monsters.
Packed flesh to flesh,
ever lower, deeper to the very
core of the cold, damp earth,
little animals blindly seeking escape
while the ground quakes
at the shrieks
from the efficient vultures
that claw to their nest.

Why Commuters Look Haggard

By Donald Devoe

WHEN you visualize college life only as the type of existence led by "Joe College" and "Josephine Coed" in their fraternities and dormitories, you are not getting the complete picture. You are forgetting the vast throng of commuters who "hit the road" every morning, and whose automobiles fill to overflowing the parking space behind Stevens Hall. Once they have stepped from their cars and have mingled with their "on-campus" classmates, only the closest scrutiny will serve to distinguish the commuters from the other students. In fact, they differ only in having a certain haunted expression in their eyes and a few extra furrows in their brows. Let us see what kind of life an "off-campus" student leads. Perhaps we can discover the cause of these distinguishing marks.

The commuter has a special person with whom he rides to the campus every morning. At the appointed time this "ride" pulls up in front of the commuter's house and sounds his horn vigorously. If the "ride" is somewhat later than usual, our friend the commuter is already in a state of high nervous tension. He has been pacing the floor, tearing his hair, and smoking one cigarette after another, while visualizing himself coming in late to class, or not getting to the campus at all, having to make up that important "prelim" later. The sound of the horn breaks the tension, leaving the commuter nervous and trembling for the rest of the day.

On the other hand, if the "ride" is a few minutes early, our friend must gulp down his breakfast in one swallow, put on his coat, scoop up the nearest handful of books and papers, and dash out through the door at full speed. Many times when a student comes to class with the wrong book or has left an important paper at home, the cause is that his "ride" came early. But this explanation would sound sound silly, so the poor student suffers the instructor's censure in silence.

When all the passengers are picked up, the driver heads for Orono and steps on the gas. The ensuing drive through the beautiful Maine countryside, abounding in pleasant pastoral scenes and peaceful mountain views, should be soothing to the commuter and should lull him into a complacent mood, preparing him to meet the day's tasks with a philosophic calmness. It does no such thing. The commuter doesn't look at the scenery; he is too busy doing his day's lesson—the lessons which he could not prepare at home because of the numerous interruptions which come up in any ordinary home to disturb studying. Occasionally he is forced to look outside, as the screams of his companions and the jerk and sway of the car indicate that another hair-breath escape from a collision has occurred. At such times, however, our friend derives small pleasure from the scenery. (The veteran commuter develops a philosophic, fatalistic attitude toward these near-accidents. If he didn't, he would soon be being measured for a strait-jacket.)

Just as the echoes of the last bell are dying away, our commuter rides into the parking lot. If he has a first-hour class, he must summon his remaining strength and dash across the campus, into the correct building, up the stairs, and into the proper room, where he collapses into his seat, utterly exhausted. In this condition, he pays no attention to the instructor's acid comments on lateness to class. In a semi-conscious state, gasping for breath, he begins a new day of college life.

The usual routine of classes, ping-pong tournaments at the M. C. A. building, and "bookstore lab" follow, and for a time the com-

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No Time For Geography

By Merle Hillman

TOWARD fall of the year 1932 Hendrik Willem Van Loon caused something more than a ripple in the stream of contemporary literature by bringing out his Geography. Critics pounced on it eagerly and discussed it more or less kindly in popular magazines. Time declared that Van Loon had made geography "exciting by taking it out of school and glorifying it." A Yale authority on the subject described the book as "impressionist geography, just the kind to be expected from a man who is at the same time an artist and a seeker for novel effects." He admitted that it was a "highly readable and enjoyable book, full of interesting and enjoyable material, though greatly injured by inaccuracy and lack of knowledge." The book was well advertised. Readers all over the country bought it and were pleased to think that now they could get their geography straight, once and for all, in a truly entertaining fashion. No one, apparently, had a premonition that it would be of no use to get his geography straightened out at that time; no one reflected on the riots certain "brown shirts" were causing in Germany—and decided to wait awhile. To all who were interested, Van Loon's Geography offered a knowledge of the world and of foreign countries—and offered it in a manner more enjoyable than had ever been known in schools.

Then, in 1933, Adolf Hitler, the leader of the notorious "brown shirts", rose to power in Germany. Changes came thick and fast within Germany, but for a while no repercussions shook the boundaries of nations. The world kept on its way. But it was a world gradually changing in temperament. It became suspicious, watchful, as if knowing that something was coming. After a few uneasy years the something did come—a cataclysm that has played havoc with geography.

To read Van Loon's Geography now is a doubtful pleasure. It makes one uneasy to appreciate how greatly Europe has been changed these last few months. The reader knows that Van Loon was over-optimistic when he entitled the eleventh chapter: "France, the Country that has Everything it Wants"; he can think of many things France might like to have—or have back. It is hard to appreciate the praise the author has for Czechoslovakia: "... there is at least one country in central Europe that has come safely through the ordeals and trials of the post-war period and that has not let its national aspirations blind it to the demands of international common sense and decency." No longer amusing is the light suggestion that someday the Arctic Ocean may "become dry land and Sweden and Norway will be turned over to the whales and the little fishes." The reader may find himself considering whether there might not be worse thing than "the whales and the little fishes" to be "turned over to." Interesting in an unpleasant way, is the declaration that Austria "is a state in name only. The refusal of the French to let it join the German Republic was the last straw." One recalls that Hitler had little enough trouble in sweeping away that "last straw" when the time came. The author waxed prophetic about the Polish Corridor, in insisting that it "will remain an object of hatred and distrust between Germany and Poland until either country shall have grown strong enough to destroy the other..." Especially devastating to the reader's enjoyment is Van Loon's eulogy of Denmark: "... if the greatest number of people is the ultimate goal to which all governments should aspire, Denmark has done more than enough to justify her continued existence as an independent nation."

Such was the Geography of eight years ago. In the short space of time since then it has become definitely obsolete—worth reading only for enjoyment of the style of its author. It is regrettable that Van Loon should have wasted his time and personality on a book which could not endure. Obviously the year 1932 was inauspicious for the writing of a geography. But how could Van Loon know that a monomaniac with a mustache was to rise to power in Germany within the twelve-month? Surely, had he foreseen such an event he would have abandoned his work, realizing only too well that that was no time for geography.

Silence

By Albion Fenderson

I went hunting, not to hunt,
I carried a gun, not to kill.
Shrieking, bawling, crawling mess
of greasy humanity, buildings, machines,
the city—damn the city—
drove me out.

Crisp November was in the woods,
tawny, fragrant. Virgin whiteness had hushed
the cracklings, snappings, rustlings
made by live things and breezes.
Nude birches poised in silvery loveliness,
ballet dancers, feet in snow.
I smelled the breath of firs and spruces,
incense from heaven.
Mountains lay humped in the crystal blue
distance.

Shadows played across their flanks,
laved them in dusky nuances of purple.
Tawny gold, sleepy gold,
carelessly left behind by a sleepy sun,
gilded the trees' outstretched fingers,
haloed the mountains,
and was gone.
There came from all about me
a whispered prayer and then
silence.

Oh, god, why can't I always stay here,
smell, feel, hear this silence?
Why did you give me life
if it wasn't for this?
You make me hungry,
you make me cold.
You drive me back again to the city.

Shrieking, bawling, crawling mess
of greasy humanity, buildings, machines.
Damn the city.

Parting Spring

By Ruth White

TIME is a healer. With time all things
Take on new shape, and are subtly
changed.
Yes, time is a healer. And so I know
That years from now I may calmly go
Along this street and not whisper your name
Or feel in my breast the hot, quick flame
Of heart meeting heart, and answering
The call of your soul, an untamed thing.
Yet, years from now, when another man
Has claimed me, as much as any man can,
I think I shall warn him, when spring is new,
That women are queer; there are very few
Who, greeting the spring, do not sometimes
weep—
Lest he notice, and ask why I sob, in my
sleep.

Alar

By Alfred A. Mann

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TO stand upon a hill and look below
Across the waving trees and level plain,
Incites within my soul a longing glow
That comes to me each time I look again.
It makes me feel I were not man but bird,
That looks to earth with eyes of eager quest,
And poises itself to take to wing unheard—
To quickly leave behind the sheltered nest.
I'd like to fly aloft and soar through space
Remarking each and every thing in view,
To sail up there among the cloud's embrace,
And feel the thrill of power born anew.
All this if but I had the wings for flight,
And not the mind that leads to useless height.

Editorial Comments

It is our belief that the selections in this supplement prove that there is enough literary talent on the Maine campus to make possible a much more ambitious magazine than the present one. With this in mind, we hope in the spring semester to publish another paper such as this. This is a chance for all student writers to see their own work in print; we hope you will co-operate.

Blue Cold

By Mary Tarr

BLUE cold with icy breath and fingers
sharp as spears,
Shouting lustily, racing, whistling—filling
cold-glazed eyes with tears.
Shimmering moonbeams—dancing and prancing
on

cold, blue-black water—at night—
Smoky battlefield, gun-metal blue, at dawn
—on a winter's day—
An autumn's eve of grey-blue cold with a
sunset like mottled clay—
Blue cold sending forth snow, wind, and ice
in a mighty battalion of fight.
Blue cold with icy breath and fingers sharp
as spears,
Shouting lustily, racing, whistling—filling
cold-glazed eyes with tears.

One Queer Dame

By Edward Oppenheim

NOW I ain't the kind of guy that ought to
be telling stories about dames but this
one is too good to pass up. It happens
that I'm moseying along through Central
Park just on the other side of the lion fountain
when I gets a rock in my shoe. It's been
raining all day so there ain't any people
around. So I goes behind a bunch of trees
and finds a bench there, and I figures on taking
off my shoes and maybe catching a little
snooze on the side. Well, no sooner do I get
my left shoe off and start wriggling my big
toe through the hole in my stocking when
along comes a dame. Let me tell you, I felt
kind of foolish sitting there with my shoe off
and my toe showing through my stocking and
everything. Well, this dame, see, sits down on
the other side of the bench and pulls out a
butt and asks me for a match. She ain't much
to look at, not homely, not beautiful. She has
on a long slicker and an old slouch hat. I
gives her the match and says to myself, "Huh,
Muggsie old boy, maybe you got something
here." So I tries to open a conversation.

"Kinda wet, aint it lady," I says. She
don't answer me so I starts putting my shoe
back on. I thinks that maybe I got her figured
wrong. Of course, I ain't much to look at
with my busted nose and my heavy face not
counting as how my clothes wasn't exactly
what you'd call in style. But just the same,
some dames will go for anything in pants. I
figures on trying again but I changes my mind
and gets up to go. Then what do you know!
"Don't go," she says, "I want someone to
talk to."

So I sits down again. She don't say anything.
I looks up at the sky and says, "Looks
as if it might clear up."
"It might," she says. She takes a couple
of long drags on her ciggie and blows the
smoke out just like she was blowing out a
candle or something. Then, smack-bang, just
like that she asks me, "If you hee a cat and
wanted to get rid of it, how would you get
rid of it?"

Well, that strikes me kind of funny. I
thinks a little while and then I says, "I'd kill
him."

"And how would you do that?" she asks.
"I'd drop him in the river when no one
was looking," I says.

"Oh," she says. She drags some more on
the butt. Just to act nonchalant-like I reaches
for the half-stogie in my pocket that I'd
snagged on 81st Street that morning. I lights
it up and chews on it. Damn good stogie, it
was. Suddenly she looks at me and asks,
"Would you use chloroform?"

"Naw," I answers, "That stuff costs too
much. Too much money to spend on a practically
dead cat."

"But it would be more kind," she says.

"Yeah, I guess so, mum," I says. She
throws her cigarette on the ground and steps
on it hard. It takes an extra big chew on the
stogie, real panatella it was, must have cost a
quarter. Again she makes me jump. She
moves up close to me quick-like and looks me
right in the eyes and says, "You men are
beasts."

"Huh," I says.

"You lie and you cheat," she says.

"Huh," I repeats. There was a funny
high tone in her voice just as if she couldn't
make up her mind to cry or to swear.

"All of you, you're rotten inside. All you
thing of is yourselves, your food and your

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The Highest Devotion

By Paul Smith

THE rain beat down like jagged pebbles,
and the trees shivered as if in apprehension
before the onslaught of the wind.
The muddy road grew steadily softer and
more dangerous as the history-making storm
raged furiously. Somewhere in the distance a
dog howled mournfully.

The dismal voice of the dog brought Jackson
out of the semi-torpor into which he had
fallen. He suddenly became more keenly
aware of his muddy boots, dragging the sticky,
dripping earth with them. How could he
hurry when his feet seemed to weigh tons, he
asked himself in despair. Thoroughly drenched
by the relentless rain, with his brain almost
numb from cold and desperation, Jackson
trudged wearily on.

Before him suddenly appeared the turn of
the road. Things appeared suddenly tonight;
it was too dark to see far ahead. Mary's illness
had come that way, too, suddenly, Jackson
reflected. Again his mind snapped out of
its weary dullness. Mary! she was dying, perhaps.
Had he done wrong to leave her alone
in their tiny farmhouse and go trudging six
miles into the little village for Dr. Hammons?
But there was nothing he could do for her,
Jackson thought, defending himself. He was,
after all, only an ignorant farmer.

It seemed years since he had started from
the farmhouse. So many thoughts had crossed
his feverish brain! Everything seemed
confused, unreal. Even this horrible feeling
seemed unreal—this mingled doubt and despair
and fear. The mud, dragging him backward,
as it appeared, was like some horrible
demon in a nightmare, that entangles the feet
of the dreamer struggling to rush toward the
goal he is somehow vaguely aware he must
reach, and reach immediately. Jackson stopped
with an oath as his rubber started to come
off, sucked from his foot by the greedy mud.
The whole world seemed to be clinging around
his foot, holding him back. Jackson was sobbing
as he pulled his foot free. His heart—the
doctor had warned him about that heart—
beat heavily, laboriously.

How he finally reached the doctor's house
no one will ever know. As he dragged himself
up the steps to the front door, he was
bent like an old man. Tiny streams of water
trickled from his hair down his forehead. He
had lost his hat along the way, but he had
not stopped for such a trifle. His eyelids
were wrinkled in ghastly fashion to keep the
rain out of his eyes; the latter were now
only two narrow slits, shining with a sort of
dull, half-crazed expression. He could hardly
see the knocker. Beads of cold sweat
mingled with the raindrops on his forehead as
he fell against the door simultaneously with
the knocker. A sudden sharp pain contracted
his heart. A rush of sickening black swept
over the weary man, and all became still.

When Jackson awoke, his first thought
was for his wife.

"Mary!" he gasped. "Oh, Mrs. Hammons,
where's the doctor? My Mary's sick—dying,
maybe! How long have I been unconscious?"

"Easy, now," the doctor's wife soothed
him. "You'll be all right in a little while.
How you ever got here tonight is more than I
can understand. And with your heart!"

"But you don't understand!" Jackson
shrieked hoarsely. "My wife—she's dying back
there! Where's Dr. Hammons?"

A cloud passed over Mrs. Hammons' kind
face.

"Dr. Hammons," she said softly, "is at
the Hartford Medical Convention. He won't
be back for a week. You must be brave, Mr.
Jackson."

Wildly Jackson half rose from the bed.
His eyes, bloodshot and ghastly, stared from
his wrinkled face like a madman's.

"Mary!" he shrieked. "Mary!"

The blood trickled from the corner of his
mouth as he fell back heavily. The eyes
continued to stare, but the haggard features
slowly relaxed on the horrible white face.
Outside, a deafening crash of thunder seemed
to shake the world, and the lightning, blazing
through the window, made a weird effect
on the face of the dead man.

Late Fall

By Phyllis Smart

THE man had gone out to the barn to milk, out of the low warm kitchen, out into the night, so frosty that the thin liquid of moonlight seemed a glazing over the barn's shingles and along the pasture bars. He had stepped as slowly as usual across the porch, down the worn little path, his body moving with the same uneven rhythm of late and tired middle age that it had used for many years. Actually he was running with the formless, hideous terror of a child in a bad dream, fleeing from the clutch of emotions that screamed and clawed. In the house the women were quarreling again, their voices raw with unhidden hatred.

"That cat ain't fit to live. Anyone with any sense would have had it shot long ago."

"Some things know enough to appreciate what's done for 'em. One thing I can say is that Peter ain't all the time snarling and spitting when you put his food in front of him. He'll purr. Won't you, Peter? You'll purr."

The wife cradled the cat's scarred head between her hands. He closed his eyes, arching his scrawny neck and rubbing his head along her hand and wrist.

The old woman from her corner by the stove eyed the two. Because age, besides feebleness, had greatly dimmed her sight, she could barely see the cat on her daughter-in-law's broad lap. But she knew just how he looked, how his short white fur was yellowed and matted along his lean sides, how the heavy jaws drooled a little as he rubbed them along the caressing hands. Disgust that was almost frenzy swept over her, throwing its spray of intense feeling into her quavering voice.

"That cat's sick. He ain't good for nothing. It ain't good to handle a cat like that; it ain't good to have him around."

The wife straightened in her chair, anger rising against the old woman's shrill insistence, against her thin, shaking voice.

"It's no business of yours. You don't feed him; you don't take care of him. You don't even take care of yourself. Just remember this ain't your cat."

"No, I don't take care of myself, but it ain't because I don't want to—" thin knotted fingers clenching and unclenching in the faded print dress, bitterness that was as familiar as hunger—"I've took care of you and Frank all right, Effie. This farm's mine you're living on; this house we're sitting in is mine. Now because I ain't well enough to stand up and cook the meals, because I just can't do the work, I get it worse than a filthy old tom-cat."

"Peter, good old Peter, he's a good cat," the wife crooned softly, stroking him, smoothing the matted sides. She glanced at the bent figure sitting beyond the direct touch of the lamplight, sitting so still in the rocking chair, but ready to send the whining again ready to throw across to her the tremulous complaints. It seemed to her that she could stand no more of it. That was all there was, day in, evening out, from the rocking chair by the stove, through the long winter. Summer wasn't so bad; people came calling in the summer. But in winter, there was only Frank's comfortless quiet and the cranky old woman to be fed and listened to. She even hated the looks of the old woman now—withered, trembling chin, watery eyes, weak and helpless—strong only in her dislike of her, Frank's wife. Twenty years she had endured his mother, at first trying a little to break through the wall of implacable and sullen resentment, finally meeting all requests with harshness, openly defiant, striking loudly on the taut wire of feeling between them. But it was getting more than she could bear. She wished the old woman would die. Near ninety, it was time for her to die.

All that spoke in the kitchen now was the clock, clicking out the long minutes while the wood-fire snapped, and Peter snored in her lap. The old woman was dozing, her head against the back of her chair, her mouth fallen open. Once in a while she would snore too. They sounded somewhat alike, the cat and the old woman.

The wife looked down at the cat. He was very old and showed it plainly, she thought. He dragged himself around haltingly, as the old woman did; and like her, he whined fretfully to be fed.

Suddenly she brushed him off her lap. He landed heavily, his bleared eyes half-opened in surprise, his lank tail twitching in anger. The old woman stirred uneasily, mumbling in her sleep, her hands moving spasmodically.

Alone

(Continued from Page One)

could still see the family standing there waving. Ma's face was puckered with trying not to cry, Pa looked a little strange, but the kids were just plain excited. She had felt excited too, but hers was an excitement mingled with regret and apprehension.

Registration day was wonderful, although thinking back now she knew that the loneliness began then. She could hardly believe that she was one of this laughing, well-dressed group of young people. It seemed as if she were in a theatre watching a scene in which she had no part. She smiled at them, and they smiled back. She had never been so happy!

When she entered the cooperative dormitory where she was going to live, her happiness was at its peak. She knew that she should love to live with all these girls. Although she had a single room she was sure that they would become good friends. But somehow they never had. She was never a talkative girl, and her very eagerness to make them like her made it difficult for her to speak. And there was the matter of clothes too. Somehow hers weren't right. Somehow the plaid shirts and inexpensive sweaters that had seemed to her and her mother to be so adequate and collegiate didn't look quite like the other girls'. She knew that the satin formal that hung in her closet—the formal that had seemed so lovely to the relatives—would be the same way. The girls would raise their eyebrows in that way they had, and be even more impersonal the next day.

There was the matter of her subjects, too. She had thought very little about them before she came to college, and they were difficult for her. She was obliged to spend most of her day studying. Perhaps it was just as well, for when she studied she at least didn't feel so lonesome.

So the weeks had gone by. She had drawn farther and farther into her shell. She had grown quieter and quieter under the look of the girls that said so plainly, "She's a queer one." She had tried not to mind the way the boys had of looking at her as if she were a piece of the landscape—the way they addressed her as "Miss Daley." She had tried not to hear the gay talk of the other girls, not to notice their laughter and comradeship. She had tried not to see the couples walking with their arms about each other through the soft night. All these things she had tried to ignore, but with no success. They all formed into a solid oppressing weight over her heart, a weight that refused to move, and made her eyes dull and her motions tired and heavy. She had worked, the family had worked, to give her this. There was no going back. So she wrote them the gay letters they expected, and she checked the days off on her calendar.

And now she was faced with another week-end. This one would be worse than usual, for this one meant the Big Dance. In sheer desperation she was driven out of the dormitory on the week-ends. You didn't sit at home and advertise the fact that no date was coming. You dressed up, and hoping that someone would notice your clothes and think you had a date, fearing your loneliness, clinging to the arm of another girl, you walked down to the town. You walk slowly, and college women that you were, when you passed the mill hands on the corner you ignored them. You ignored them even if they said "Hiya toots," and whistled. But something in your loneliness responded; there was a certain joy in the fact that you were female and noticed by someone, even a mill hand. And then you had a coke, shopped a little, walked slowly back to the dorm, and went to bed. The next morning the weight in your chest was just a little heavier. Yes, the week-ends were the worst, and here she was facing another one.

The second bell rang and Julia got up and dressed. She ate and went to class and came home and ate again. She did some N.

There on the edge of the lamplight they were, the old cat and the old woman, one hating her in its rude awakening, the other hating her in sleep.

Slow, measured, the steps of her husband sounded on the porch. As he came into the kitchen, the wife rose, hysteria catching at her throat.

"That old cat's got to be killed, Frank. I can't stand him around here any longer. You've got to kill him tomorrow."

A New Queen Mab Anesthesia

By Virginia Clark

I have often thought, usually at the first whiff of ether or gas, that it would be a good thing if we could flavor anesthetics with dreams. We flavor cod-liver oil with peppermint—why not ether with dreams, since everyone enjoys dreaming? At least it would be an improvement over the illusion of the loosening of gravity or the sensation of being wafted upward like a kite with no string to pull it back.

For instance, at eight or nine when I had my tonsils removed I thought I was going up after a red balloon I'd lost three days before at the circus. Suddenly the balloon disappeared, and I became terrified, with no object to reach out to. The second time I took ether was even worse. That was the time the big bay hunter threw me, and I came down all on one leg. While it was being set, I thought I was riding again, and my horse walked out from under me leaving me futilely pawing the air. My frantic terror raised havoc with the doctor's work on my leg. Then there was the time I skied off the raw edge of a gravel pit, and broke my collar-bone. (Also one of my new skis!) With the first penetrating breath of ether, I skied off a mountain straight over the little village in the valley, and on into infinity.

With these memories in mind I wonder why some gentle Madame Curie or efficient Einstein doesn't develop a dream solution to be added to anesthetics. There could be a dream for each type of person. The solutions could be bottled up, labeled, and put on a shelf. What a wonderful sight—row on row of bottled dreams! It would be nice if they were to come in colors, too. For a little girl I know with straight, brown hair and serious brown eyes who is having her tonsils removed next week, I would buy a bright red dream to match her lips, a bright and laughing dream with a baby doll, a skipping rope, and a Brahms cradle song. For my grandmother, who underwent an operation last winter, I would have bought a blue and silver dream, a warm, slow-moving dream filled with sunshine and sparkling blue water, silvery sand and blue sky.

What fun to browse through the dream shelf for an hour or two, reading labels, comparing colors, marveling that here before us on the shelf is "such stuff as dreams are made of."

Y. A. work, and ate supper in a dining room bristling with curlers and electric with excitement about the dance. After supper she went to find Dot, a girl somewhat like herself, to see if she wanted to go down town with her. But Dot was tired, so she dressed and went alone.

As she walked alone she imagined the gym and the Big Dance. She could see the soft lights and the gay colors of the girls' gowns against the sharp black and white of the men's clothes. She could even hear the soft music. That was what college had meant to her! That was what it meant to the people at home who spent their evenings in the movie theatres. And she was not there—she was here alone. "If only someone would treat me like a human being," I can't stand this!" But no one answered.

She walked up the hill and into the town. The usual group of mill hands were lounging on the corner. They slouched against the building and watched the legs and hips and breasts of the women who walked by. They waited until one would come along and smile at them.

Julia stared at the men as she approached, but she didn't see them. She was alone in the world—alone in a sea of black terror—alone! Wasn't there somewhere in this college, somewhere in this world, someone to save her from this aloneness?

As if in answer she heard a voice. "Hiya toots," it said. She stopped and looked at the speaker. He was a large young man with his hat pulled over his eyes. He lounged easily against the wall—a mill hand. Julia turned and walked slowly by the young man. She paused, and with a feeling of mingled amazement and horror heard her own voice say, "Hi yourself." The young man left the corner and took her arm. She looked at his hand there on her coat sleeve.

McKenna Was A Mean One

(Continued from Page Two)

time, an' I still hadn't been able to buy my shingles. I seen that somethin' desprit had to be done or I'd freeze to death durin' the winter. Finly I had an idea. On the next good day, I took a hike over to his place. I found him settin' on his back step in the sun.

"McKenna," I says, without no preliminaries, "Either you pay up my back wages, or I'll take it to court. If I took it to court, an' they found you was payin' below minimum wage, it wouldn't be too good for you."

I could see I'd scairt him plenty.

"Now let's not be hasty," he whines, "I'm a poor man; I ain't got the money right now; I'll pay you next week."

"O.K.," I agrees, followin' up my advantage, "I want my money by next Friday or else."

Then I turned on my heel and walked out of the yard.

I still didn't feel too sure of gettin' paid, because if there was any way to wiggle out from under, he'd find it. I wasn't goin' to depend on that money to buy my food and shingle my shack. There warn't no other work around that neck of the woods, and there was jest one other way to make money without jest plain stealin' it. Half a dozen men in my township took in a little pin money this way every fall. McKenna was one of the half dozen. They'd go out one or two nights a week jackin' deer, and then they'd sell 'em to sports from Massachusetts and New York, that hadn't had any luck shootin' a deer themselves. Those sports would rather spend ten dollars for a dead deer, than come home empty handed. I hadn't never jacked deer before, but I knew how it was done, and I was gettin' des'p'rit for money, so I decided to give it a try.

Wens'dy night turned out to be good an' dark, so I took my flash light and my rifle an' headed for a swampy little medder that I knew jest above the rapids in the river. I set down on a little knoll an' waited for a deer to come by. For a long while, I couldn't hear nothin' except the water sloshin' over the rocks in the rapids. Then I hear a little rustle in the medder grass. I snap on my flash light, that I've tied to my gun barrel. I swing my gun back an' forth once or twice, and pretty soon I pick up the deer. It's a big buck, and he's stunned by the light; he jest stands there weavin' his head back an' forth tryin' to get out around the light. I'm jest drawin' a bead on him when someone grabs me by the shoulder and whirls me around. Sure enough, it's McKenna; I know doggone well he's out jackin', too, but he must've hid his light an' gun when he seen me, because he ain't got 'em with him.

"Well," he sneers, "won't the game warden be pleased when I tell him who's been doin' all the jackin' around here?"

I don't say nothin'; I'm too surprised, so he goes on.

"Look," he says, "do you quit botherin' me about that money, or do I tell the warden about this little party?"

I still don't answer, but now it's because I'm mad; boillin', killin', mad.

Everything is dead quiet for a second, and then there's a crash in the bushes when my deer bolts for tall timber. McKenna turns to look, and before I have time to think about it, I swing my rifle butt down across his skull. He drops without a sound.

For a minute, I didn't know what to do with him. Then I picked him up and lugged him down to the river jest above the quick water. I dumped him in, and the cold water brought him to for a minute. Before he knew what was goin' on, I shoved him out into the current. He started to let out a moan, but he only gurgled, b'cause the water closed over him jest then. I knew nothin' could live to get through that ripple.

They found him next mornin' in a whirlpool down river. He was cut up pretty bad from the rocks in the rapid; they could jest make out who he was. The coroner 'lowed as how prob'ly he'd got drunk an' slipped in somewheres up stream, and that's the way they wrote it on the books.

I sold some deer that fall and got enough money to shingle my shack. O' course, I never did git my back wages, but I figgered I'd got what was due me out of McKenna's hide. Funny thing, too, I never feel bad about killin' him; when a person needs money as bad's I did, anybody that tries to cheat 'em deserves to be kilt. He was a mean 'un, McKenna.

Our Noble Institution Dannie Rebels

By Natalie Hood

Oh, we wake up in the morning
When the day is softly dawning
And the roosters in the coops raise merry hell.
Then we stagger down to breakfus'
(Early rising sure does wreck us.)
And grab a hasty butt before the bell.

Oh they toll the bell to call us
So professor dear can maul us
With antiquated terms as clear as mud.
We have the morning blues
And we'd like to sneak a snooze,
But teacher's glare snips that thought in the bud.

The bell once more goes tolling
And out of classes rolling
Come fifteen hundred little men and dames.
Then we waggle home to dinner.
(Don't eat, then you'll be thinner
And make a better hit with all your flames.)

Oh, our new dorm's very nice.
The heater's just like ice.
Those radiators bang the whole night through.
There is chlorine in the water,
And another thing, my daughter,
They put on all the faucets bak-side-to!

Oh, the floor is made of tiling
Most bewitchingly beguiling
And as slipp'ry as the slope to black perdition
If you wear a soft-soled slipper
You're apt to take a flipper
That will put you in a prostrate, cold condition.

Oh, the draft beneath the door
Goes whistlin' crost the floor
With the cooling touch of Iceland's chilly breezes.
Then it toots around the beds
To caress our sleeping heads
Till our peaceful dreams dissolve in frantic sneezes.

Yes, we're up here and we like it
Though we daily have to hike it
Up those awful flights of stairs to reach our nest.
Oh, we search for useful knowledge
In this lovely northern college
Where the snowstorms are the biggest and the best.

Where the hungry wolves are crying
And the lonely pines are sighing
In the silence of the prehistoric night.
Where we mingle college ditties
With the scent of striped kitties
When the fainting moon is dripping silver light.

Oh, there's billing and there's cooing
While the cows are softly mooing.
And the frat pins jump in brightly jeweled showers
From the heroes' brawny chests
To the girl-friends' snappy dresses.
(That's how the gals improve their shining hours.)

Oh, the faculty quite stately
Parade around sedately
And politely bows to callow girls and boys.
With adult understanding
And dignity commanding
They overlook our rowdy, youthful noise.

Yes, they grab us by the hand
In a motley sort of band
And try to lead us on to pastures green.
O'er the jumps they swiftly take us,
(They'll either make or break us.)
With the watchful approbation of the dean.

Oh, the book-store's full of "cookies"
And the kids play "hokie-jokies"
While they stand three deep in line to buy some
books.

Shouting, "Fer the luvva Pete
Pick yer heel up off my feet!"
In nasty tones with awful, dirty looks.

Oh, you go to football games
Where a lot of dizzy dames
With feathered hats and blankets full of dust
Try to claw out both your eyes

By Ruth Linnell

DANNIE finished his coffee and doughnuts, pushed back his chair, hummed a little, and said, "Cal down yit?"

His sister, who had been busy frying doughnuts, pushed back the frying pan to the back of the stove slowly. She did everything quietly, slowly. Not yit.

"I was thinking he'd git up this mornin' and help me with the plowing." Dannie too moved slowly, talked slowly. The neighbors called him a "mod'rate" man and vowed he'd do nothing until the "spirit moved".

"Well, he was out to a dance last night. Got in kind of late." She was not trying to defend him. She started to wipe off the oil-cloth table covering with a damp dishcloth.

Dannie was a small bent man of about fifty, with a tough, thin body, quick blue eyes, and a five days' growth of beard. He took his hat from a nail behind the stove—a khaki-colored hat stained with sweat. It had a brim, and the top was ventilated. He had bought the hat last summer for the haying season, but it was warm enough today, even though it was early May.

"Mac gone, too?" He took a couple of milk pails from the dresser.
"Yes, he's got a road job. He took the grey horse. Said he'd leave the big one for you."

"They leave too much work for me. Too much work for one man." Dannie went out slowly, muttering and humming, "Too much work, too much. Too much."

About ten o'clock Dannie left for the fields with the huge, mottled grey and white work horse. He was still muttering to himself, "All them cows to milk and clean out, and them chickens and pigs to feed. Too much." His tone was not angry; he always talked to himself.

The plow was waiting for him in the field. He hitched the horse to the plow, and bending his body to guide it, began his long work. The upturned earth glistened, and a strong odor came from it. It was a raw blend of smells—strange and new and alive. He had plowed the same land for over thirty years, but each year it smelled new.

It was not his land alone. It belonged to his two brothers and his sister, also. Before
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One Queer Dame

(Continued from Page Four)

good times and your—her voice, kind of cracks here—whores. You make promises and you never keep them. You're all alike."

By this time I was getting kind of sore. Even if she did wear better shoes than me what right did she have talking to me like that. Who in hell did she think she was. So I says to her firm-like, "Now, see here, lady, just because—" And so help me Gawd, I didn't get no farther that that when she gets up and walks away. I yells after her, "Where yuh going?" And she turns around and gives me a funny kind of smile, kinda sickly grin it was, and says, "To get some chloroform." Yessiree, she was one queer dame.

While they deafen you with cries
That would turn an eagle green—or make him bust.

Well, I've sung my song of college
(Where we search for useful knowledge.)
Where the Bangor Bullet sings its song of speed.
Where the teachers teach the classes
To the little lads and lasses
And I'll leave my song so all of you can read
How the normal college functions
(With various rambunctious)
And the people on the campus act each day.
How we mingle college ditties
With forementioned pretty kitties—
How the faculty so stately
Parade around sedately—
While the book-store full of "cookies"
Goes on playing "hokie-jokies"—
And the breezes
And the dinners
And the sneezes
And the sinners
Make one happy, brawling famby—
Let us pray!

Frost and Coffin

(Continued from Page One)

man.

"Mary sat musing on the lamp-flame at the table
Waiting for Warren. When she heard his step,
She ran on tiptoe down the darkened passage," etc.

No words wasted there—the lines give us simply what we need to know, without embellishments. We have her words to him—"Silas is back", and "Be kind." That was all she said—all she needed to say. Frost, in those few words, makes us see her—pleading, urging, but doing it in two words only. Then the harsh, flat practicality of the farmer comes in, as Warren argues with her, her softer, woman's temperant plying, urging mercy. In the conversation between the two we get a clear picture of the status of the hired man in New England. He is no servant, but a very important and sought-after person, to be respected and looked up to. He knows his business and executes the homely tasks assigned to him with the care and precision of an artist. (Notice Warren's description of how Silas built a load of hay:

"He bundles every forkful in its place
And tags and numbers it for future reference,

So he can find and easily dislodge it.") And here comes one of those comparatively rare moments in Frost's writing when he tugs at your heart-strings and makes you love these people of his, and understand and sympathize with them so that you find yourself suddenly, furtively, whisking away a tear.

"Poor Silas, so concerned for other folk,
And nothing to look backward to with pride,
And nothing to look forward to with hope,
So now and never any different."

Emotion, suddenly popping up in these brisk, practical New Englanders, and surprising even them into silence!

Frost understands these people—he is one of them. His poetry is their poetry; they live and breathe in it. They are real people, the men and women he writes about—not caricatures, not sketches, but living, logical beings. They feel a kinship with the earth and with things that grow, though they would hate to admit any emotional feelings about it. Quite matter-of-fact about it they try to be, but we see it in Frost; we understand. In "The Tuft of Flowers", he shows us a mower who leaves one lone tuft of flowers, standing in a field, from sheer morning gladness. Oh, they are not cold and unemotional, these people. Rather, they love their farms and their soil. Frost especially loves trees. I think "Trees" are so much a part of a farmer's life; they seem so almost human! Thus, trees are a part of almost every poem Frost writes. The sound of trees fills their ears, and it permeates Frost's verse.

These New Englanders of Frost's have their idiosyncrasies, too. Life on a farm is very different from life anywhere else; it has its own joys and griefs. Farm boys, living so far from any neighbors, must make up their own games for solitary play. So they swing birches on their way to the pasture to drive home the cows, and pick berries in season, putting a flower in the top of each full pail, and walk up a mountain-side at night—all these things Frost lets us share. Sometimes they go mad with the loneliness and the monotony, as did the farm woman in "A Servant to Servants". Some of them are unable to pick up the pieces and go on after a great sorrow comes to them—I remember the mother who had lost her only child, in "Home Burial". However, cases of this sort are few; for big families take a woman's mind off her sorrows, and big families are typically New England. (Brother Meserve, we remember, in the poem called "Snow", had ten children under ten years of age!)

There are French Canadians mixed in with these New Englanders, and Frost understands these "foreigners" almost as well as he does the Yankees. In "The Axe Helve" he brings the two types together to talk of important things such as knowledge, and education, and other vital issues in which both are interested. But, please notice, there must first be an excuse for them to sit down together, lest they waste time in mere talk. A New Englander does not make a social call on his neighbors, not ever. He may go to have a new handle made for his axe, or to help with the plowing, and then he may talk; but Frost knows that no New Englander ever "wastes" his own or his neighbor's time in

mere talk.

Since animals help the farmers to do his work, animals are as important to him as people. Frost's concern for the little colt left out in the snow is typical of any farmer's. Someone should take it in—of course. Horses are companions, part of the family. To a farmer his horse is his friend. Never try to convince him that a horse cannot understand conversation.

"My little horse must think it queer—" He is endowed with the power to think and wonder, as well as his master, to be sure. Notice, too, in the above line, the adjective "little", used almost as a term of endearment.

"Down Easters" have qualities in many respects different from inland farmers, though in many ways they are the same. Robert Coffin, born and bred on salt-water farms in Maine, is well-qualified to give us a picture of Maine sea-coast life. In Coffin's poems, the Down-Easter is shown to be a curious mixture of subdued emotion and virility. His family may be one of his loves, but the love of the rock-bound coast is an even stronger feeling in him. He has

"The four winds in his bones
And looks at God through spars."

He takes hardship as a matter of course, and whenever things begin to go right, so that he does not have to struggle too much, he moves to more difficult surroundings, lest he grow soft. "Portrait of an American", Coffin's biography of his father, gives us a detailed description of a typical Down Easter. He outgrew one farm after another, settling one piece of ground which was difficult to cultivate, and as soon as he had tamed it and got it under the rein of men, leaving it in the hands of a caretaker and moving on. He seemed obsessed with this desire to conquer the rough soil and make it give up a living for him and his family. There was no resting for him, even in winter, which is the normal time for rest. And in all this fighting for life, battling against nature, there was a glee, a hearty whole-spirited enjoyment of life.

This spirit is prevalent throughout Coffin's work. In whatever he writes—novels, essays, poetry—this sense of virility and enjoyment of life prevails. His picture of the Down-Easter is one of a great, broad-shouldered man, with a "face like leather", "very knowing in the ways of wind and tide", whom Nature has made rugged and strong enough to stand salt air in all kinds of weather. No weaklings survive, in Maine. Yet many of these great lusty men were lonely creatures, who "kept away from other men", and, like John Popham, loved the roar of the water and built their homes on the very edge of it, in order to be as near as possible to its noisy comradeship.

The typical Down-Easter, like Jethro Alexander "cursed,
Oaths came as naturally from his mouth
As fogs come when the wind is south."

And yet had a kind of religion, and was quite apt, when alone, to pray.

The hired man in Maine is quite as important as in New Hampshire. He must sit at the table first, get the choicest parts of the chicken, and have a day off regularly, or he will rebel. Furthermore, he must be allowed to get as drunk as he wishes on his week-ends, and if he is rebuked for this he may leave home. So Tom McCann, the Coffin hired man, drank himself into the insane asylum!

In Coffin's works, whatever they be, I feel that we are getting a much more subjective picture than we do in Frost's. I mean by that that Coffin writes of Robert Coffin, his life, his joys, his woes, his friends, and his reactions to all these, almost entirely. In reading his works we meet the same people over and over again, until we become very well acquainted with them. We know that the girl who walks barefoot to church is his older sister, and not just any girl from Maine; and we know all about the weather-vane on the pine tree, which Tom McCann carved out on a winter's night. The Coffin family lives for us in all of the poems and essays, but I catch myself wondering again and again if these Coffins are really typical Down-Easters after all, or if perhaps they are not slightly exaggerated types. Everyone will admit, I think, that Coffin makes lavish use of figures of speech which are very exaggerated at times; then may not his old sea-captains, such as Cap'n Fye, and his Aunt Emma and others also be exaggerated? I love the simplicity and emotion of Coffin's ballads, but to me they are not such clear and accurate pictures of life as Frost draws. They are sketches, pictures of one side of life; charming, to be sure—more sentimental and at the same time more robust and virile—but still not really ringing as true as Frost's. Coffin is not

Water

By Margaret Gray

SWIFTLY flows the water over the falls,
Sweeping on its way through the long
dark night,
Running through the world's wide darkened
halls,
Passing through the night's gray tunnels to
light.

Why Commuters Look Haggard

(Continued from Page Three)

muter is just another college student. He becomes a distinct type again, when, having completed his college schedule, he is ready to go home. The rides home are not as regular as the morning ride. The commuter wanders from car to car behind Stevens until he finds someone who is going home soon and has room for him. If his search is fruitless, he has two alternatives. He can "bum" or he can take the "bullet"—"swing and sway the Hydro way." He usually "bums". So, weary, hungry (The commuter's lunch consists usually of several dry sandwiches and a piece of cake), and a nervous wreck, our friend comes home at night, in no condition for studying.

This survey of a commuter's trials would not be complete without some mention of that all-important factor, the weather. Commuting is a joy on a clear sunny day, when driving conditions are good and an occasional glance at the scenery can be enjoyed. But on rainy days or snowy days, when the roads are slippery, when traffic is jammed, when one drags into class late, and when "bumming" home results in a nasty cold, it is only the realization of what a college education means to one that keeps the commuter from giving up. But he does not give up. Neither rain nor snow, sleet nor storm, can keep the faithful commuter away from his classes, though it may cause him to be awfully late.

So, when a student is late to class, when he collapses on entering the room, when he fails to pass in those papers that are due, when he seems unable to concentrate on the lesson at hand, be patient with him. See if his brow is wrinkled with worry. See if his eyes seem to reflect the horror of having narrowly escaped death in the very close past. The chances are that he is a commuter.

at his best in writing poetry, anyhow. He is at heart an essayist—a talker. Poetry restrains him too much; his essays live, but his poetry only imitates life. Often his ballads remind me of mechanical dolls, imitating, but never too smoothly.

Frost, now, in my estimation, is a poet. Not held in by convention, as is Coffin's, his poetry speaks and lives. The normal, natural conversation of his farmers fits the simple form of blank verse which he uses most frequently, without appearing stilted. Emotion, always the underlying strong element in his verse, is so carefully worked in that it takes a natural place in the lives of these taciturn, but very human, people of his. He is one of them, but they speak for themselves through his verse. Coffin can never get himself out of his verse and let his characters tell their own stories, as Frost does. Rather, he must talk, and they must be merely there. Emotion to Coffin is always on the surface; there is nothing subtle about it. Elms "stand surprised". You are advised to go to the barn alone at night with a lantern, if you would learn to love the night. Coffin tells you what your reaction should be, where Frost often lets you draw your own conclusions.

Coffin's characters all belong to a definite locality in Maine. They are the people of his boyhood and of his personal acquaintance, each one painted in bold lines to bring out his individuality.

Frost's pictures are softer, more shaded, more typical of all New England because locality and peculiarities are not so pronounced.

I think Frost's poetry will live longer and interest more people than will Coffin's. Maine people are interested in Coffin's men, but the world is interested in Frost's. Coffin's Down-Easters are wrapped in rather old-fashioned poetry, in ballads and couplets, but Frost's farm people speak in a style as new as their type—a style which will endure as they will endure, because it is real—it lives.

Country Sonata

By Freda Flanders

NOWHERE have I known such utter peace as there was in one country "burying-lot" one bright-lit summer night. Here were none of the harsh, immaculate contours of a city cemetery, but soft wild grass, unkept creeping banks of pink flowers which stray farther from their beds each year, random footpaths between rows of crooked moss-back stone. As I passed beneath the ornate white wrought-iron gate, the delicate fragrance of numberless flowers rose and imperceptibly insinuated itself behind my awareness until gradually it was so one with me that I forgot it.

To the left towered a monument—To Our Fallen Heroes In The Civil War—a man resting against his rifle. How young he is by moonlight, I thought. He's really just a boy. The frogs and the crickets took up the refrain—just a boy, just a boy, he's really just a boy. I moved away.

My flashlight picked out the group BUCKLEY. Louise, beloved wife of Fred Buckley, and infant son. I subtracted the dates. Only twenty-two, young to be a mother, young to die. I wondered if her husband ever got over her death. Then I saw the next stone. Edna, beloved wife of Fred Buckley. She was fifty-six; she outlived her husband four years.

In the southwest corner rose the dark bulk of a tomb. CHARLES POTTER 1852-1911. Once when I came, the massive granite door stood slightly ajar, but not tonight. I put the flashlight up to the three-cornered hole in the upper left-hand corner of the door. Inside, nothing was changed. The coffin still didn't rest squarely on the supports; it was kitty-corner. How could Charles Potter 1852-1911 rest comfortably kitty-corner? It disturbed me.

As I turned away from him, my foot sank in soft earth. There is something shocking about a fresh grave, brash, stark. . . I hastened over to Lucy Lacey. Lovely Lucy Lacey. She died two years before Lee surrendered at Appomattox. We've always been good friends, Lucy and I. I know what she looks like. Her dark hair is parted smoothly in the center and falls in curls on either side. Her eyes are serious. I like her mouth. You see, there's a small oval daguerreotype embedded in her stone. I'm afraid she may be lonely, she's the only Lucy buried there.

It must be getting late, just time to say goodnight to the forty-niners. I made up a story once about Josiah Small and his family. I think he went west during the gold rush in hopes of making a fortune. Mary Small died in childbirth in Omaha in 1850. Of her three sons, one lived to be eleven. Josiah died in San Francisco, in '55. Odd how people want to come home at last, though. No matter how far they roam, Litchfield is always home to the Smalls, I guess; then, as now.

Back to the entrance again. So quiet, the only sound was my own footsteps and the noisy crickets and frogs. The moonlight casts odd rectangular shadows. How can anyone call a graveyard sinister, I pondered, nibbling the soft end of a grass shoot; to me it's been the friendliest of places.

Window-Views

AS I step to the window and raise the shade, I look out on the lawn where the grass is green, But the world is not bright, though the sun is out, And shines down to give warmth to all things to be seen.

As I look at each tree and the flowers in bloom They all seem to look dull to my questioning gaze Till my thoughts seem as vague as the shapes of each leaf, And the scene seem to hide from my sight in a haze.

But today all things shine in the glory of spring With the brilliance of diamonds and smoothness of sheen, As my sight is not blotted with last year's dirt, What a difference it makes when your windows are clean!

Dannie Rebels

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them it had belonged to their father, and their father and their grandfather before that. It was a good farm.

This year he'd plant sweet corn here, and in between the corn hills squash and pumpkins. The sun was warm. The soil got in his shoes, and his blue shirt was damp with sweat. After he planted he'd have to harrow and hoe and watch out, he thought, for the damn crows. Cal should do that for him. Cal should help him with the chores in the morning, too. He was a grown boy—eighteen years old.

"Too young to be so lazy," He muttered. "Satisfied as long as he can git cigarettes and gas for the car."

Cal was his youngest brother. There had been a big family of them once. Most of them were gone now. He bowed his head and his back to the work. The furrows lengthened and multiplied. They were straight furrows.

Dinner was a silent affair. At noon the men came into the kitchen, washed their faces in the basin at the sink, and dried them, dripping, on the roller towel. They ate the hot meat and potatoes their sister set on the table for them; they ate the hot pie and gulped the black tea that had been boiling on the kitchen stove.

"Workin' on the road this afternoon?" Dannie asked Mac as they filled their pipes.

"No. Got to go in town though. Promised Wilson."

"How 'bout you helpin' me with the plowin', Cal?" Dannie turned to the younger man.

"Mac wants me to go with him. But I'll probably help you tomorrow. Besides, the plowing can wait—and we don't go to town every day."

"Why don't you come?" Mac asked Dannie.

"Got to plow." Dannie picked up his ventilated hat and went out.

When Dannie arose the next morning, he looked at his brothers' beds. The three of them slept in one large chamber. Mac was gone. He had to get up early now that he was road working. Cal was still asleep.

"Cal! Cal! Git up now and help me with the chores."

Cal feigned sleep. He muttered something and turned over. Dannie worked alone again that day. At night his body was stooped lower than usual from following the plow.

For the fourth day Dannie left for the fields to plow alone. "Wonder what'd become of this farm if I didn't work it," he muttered. "Mac and Cal they ought to work. Young men and big. Too much work for my shoulders. Too much." Deep inside, his sense of injustice grew, as he bent to the plowing. The earth was dark and rich, and looked where the plow cut it like fruit cake, heavy and moist.

After ten rows he stopped, looked around, then unhitched the horse from the plow. He led it up through the fields. It was truly a spring day. He tied the horse up in the stable and went into the house. His sister looked up, surprised, as he entered the kitchen.

"Thirsty?" she asked.

"Pretty fair day," Dannie said, drinking from a dipper. "Yes, pretty fair day. He moved toward the door. His steps were unhurried, his voice slow, deliberate.

"Got much more to plow?" his sister asked.

"Yes, thy's a fair amount left to plow." He paused. "I ain't plowin' it, though. If they want potatoes for this winter or new peas in July they'll have to plow it themselves. I calculate to take a rest."

"You sick, Dannie?"

"No, feel fine. I'm goin' out and set in the sun, I guess. Smoke a while. If you want any eggs they's plenty out in the grain bin."

He went out and sat on a box in front of the barn door. The day was sweet. He sat smoking, looking over the fields. Cal came out of the house. He walked slowly and reluctantly to the horse stable. A short time later he came out, leading the big work horse. His shoulders were slouched; he did not look toward Dannie.

Dannie watched him and moved uneasily on his bor. "Wouldn't mind helping him," he muttered to himself. But he sat stubbornly in the sun, squinting his eyes and looking at Cal's distant figure. "He don't know how to plow yit," he said. He watched Cal hitch the horse to the plow and start to move down the field, slowly, sullenly. Dannie sat still in the sun, smoking. "He won't git them rows straight," he muttered.

South American Dance

By George Cunningham

RHUM-BA! Rhum-ba!
Two bodies sway while dancing in the tropical moon's light. . . moon's light. . .
Out on the terrace in the shadows of the palm trees. . . palm trees.
Rhum-ba! Rhum-ba!
To him her dark brown eyes seem like the stars bright. . . stars bright. . .
While in his arms she feels the passion of the wild seas. . . wild seas.
Rhum-ba! Rhum-ba!
The swelling rhythms of the Latins are intriguing. . . intriguing. . .
And ocean waves down on the sandy beach are pounding. . . pounding.
Rhum-ba! Rhum-ba!
As gentle evening breezes are relieving. . . relieving. . .
In still of deep blue night the strains are sounding. . . sounding.
Rhum-ba! Rhum-ba!
Bodies swaying in the moonlight
In the shadows of the palm trees;
Her dark eyes are like the stars bright;
She feels passion of the wild seas.
Swelling rhythms. . . sandy beaches. . .
Gentle breezes. . . deep blue night. . .
Rhum-ba!!

Poem

By Sally Linnell

IDEALS are not old-fashioned
If a star is still in style
Or tapering tips of fir trees
up to date
And who wants to give up these?

Assembly Line

By George Cunningham

FIT. TURN. PUSH. FIT. TURN. PUSH.
PUT THAT STRAIGHT. NO MIS-TAKES. NO MIS-TAKES.

The sky was bright when I came today. At home the air must be clear and fresh. All that air was clean and good. . . clean and good. . .

WATCH YOUR WORK. WATCH YOUR WORK.

MOVE YOUR HANDS. NO MIS-TAKES. NO MIS-TAKES.

And all were kind back home. They cared if a man lost his sheep or his crops. And they helped one another; for they were good and kind. . . good and kind. . .

KEEP YOUR PLACE. KEEP YOUR PLACE. DON'T FAIL ONCE. NO MIS-TAKES. NO MIS-TAKES.

Farm work is hard work, outdoor work. Days begin early and outlive the sun. Seasons bring change and life blossoms anew. Yet that work was hard and good. . . hard and good. . .

Little men fit. Big men plow.
No mistakes. No mistakes.
Little men turn. Big men plant.
No mistakes. No mistakes.
Little men push. Big men reap.
No mistakes. No mistakes.
Little men die. Big men grow.
No mistakes. No mistakes.
Home was good. . . Air was clean. . .
No mistakes. No mistakes.
Work was hard. . . People were kind. . .
No mistakes. No mistakes.
Days were long. . . Seasons brought change
No mistakes. NO MIS-TAKES!

FIT. TURN. PUSH. FIT. TURN. PUSH.
No! No! This is not the job for me! . . .
I'LL GO HOME!