

When Tony, The Greek, Became an American Teacher

By MARY MERRILL FOSTER

WITH AN unwonted spring in her step the teacher started home down the path from the little mountain high school one afternoon in late autumn. Through a gap in the valley wall the last glimpse of the sunset still lingered in amethyst light on the highest ridge, and down across the creek bed came the clear voices of children returning with their pine nut hoard.

Yet it was not the beauty of the shadows falling on the hillsides and hushing the little village that the teacher was thinking about. In her mind was the memory of the first year English class that afternoon, for the events of this class had repaid her for weeks of what had seemed to be a losing struggle to win the interest of one of her pupils. This was Dick, a typical mountain boy large for his age, skilled in hunting, horseback riding or driving a car over the rough, winding roads, but too sincere to pretend an interest he did not feel in the business and social standards of speech and writing and in the literature prescribed for the course.

Now, a part of the teacher's problem had been left behind, for Dick had shared with the class his discovery that he loved the vivid action and strength and simplicity of emotion in the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" as no teacher's method for "vitalizing the English course" could ever have made him do.

Hardly had the class started in a somewhat conventional manner to recount some of the episodes of Ulysses' wanderings as given in the Bryant transla-

tion, when Dick, too eager to restrain himself, burst out with, "I know what happened. Tony told that story down at the station last night. He told a lot more, too. He must have talked for over an hour. He said he used to read all those stories at school in Greece." The narrator referred to by Dick was Tony Duskas, the Greek railroad hand. When the one train a day crept up through the foothills at dusk to spend the night in the village, it was the custom for men and boys to leave the steps of the general store and congregate on the platform of the diminutive, buff-colored station. Here the sight of a school book or a complaint over a long English lesson to read must have launched the Greek on the story that held his rough hearers spellbound.

Dick continued, "But Tony didn't call him Ulysses. He had some other name for him."

"Odysseus?" the teacher suggested.

The boy's face brightened, "Yes, that was it." The teacher called attention to the title of the book they were reading and explained that Odysseus was the original Greek form of the name.

So the recitation progressed, Dick contributing stories that he had heard from the Greek and the rest of the class catching his enthusiasm. The literature studied in the first year English class had taken on a new significance for the mountain lad and for the teacher as well. The change had been wrought by a Greek railroad hand at a tiny station among the hills.

The Silent Story of an Ancient Crater

ANIAKCHAK is a crater on the Alaska peninsula. It is one of the most remarkable objects on this continent. The enormous basin floor measures six and three quarter miles in width. The rock walls that form the rim of the crater rise in places three thousand feet above its floor, and a cinder cone in the crater rises to a height of two thousand two hundred feet. In a hollow in the crater's floor lies a lake that is two and one-half miles long and has an area of two square miles.

Another measurement of this large crater may be had by comparing it with better known volcanic craters, such as Kilauea in the Hawaiian islands, which has a diameter slightly less than three miles, or the pit occupied by Crater lake in Oregon, which has a diameter of about five and one-half miles, both being smaller than Aniakchak. Estimates of the amount of material that has been ejected from the present crater vary greatly, but the smallest quantity indicated by the available facts is about eight cubic miles, and the actual quantity may have been more than sixteen cubic miles.

There are no records that tell of this volcano having been in eruption within historic time; in fact, the channels cut by the streams that flow down its slopes and the growth of vegetation on the ash from the crater indicate that Aniakchak crater is one of the oldest in

the whole series of volcanoes along the Aleutian range. Indeed, the lower part of the cone in which the crater is situated may possibly have been formed before the last great period of glaciation, for some of the valleys that score its sides appear broad, as if they had been once occupied by ice and were later partly filled by volcanic ash.

The Aniakchak district, with its broad prairie like valleys, rimmed by majestic sharp peaked mountains, is impressive and in many respects unique. The former scene of terrific earth convulsions is now almost oppressively quiet, and the sombre landscape, overswept by fitfully driven clouds, presents an aspect that is most weird.

Aniakchak crater was discovered in August, 1922, by a party from the department of the interior in charge of R. H. Sargent of the geological survey, while they were searching for possible petroleum bearing areas in the Alaska peninsula. A report by W. R. Smith, the geologist of this party, which has recently been issued as professional paper 132-J of the geological survey, gives a detailed description and views of the crater and its surroundings.

If this life is unhappy, it is a burden to us which it is difficult to bear; if it is in every respect happy, it is dreadful to be deprived of it; so that in either case the result is the same, for we must exist in anxiety and apprehension. —La Bruyere.