

## The Fish Man

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time ago. She tried something of your own game, but somethin' just naturally happened to her."

"Ha, ha, ha," Finny tried to laugh. "She said she was goin' to die, and she got crowds, too, but she couldn't get away with it."

"Well, what happened to her?" Finny asked against his will.

"God killed her for trying to fool Him. She kept pretending she was goin' to die, so He made her." With that, the two men went slowly into their shacks and left Finny to mull over the conversation in his mind.

Aw, hell, that stuff about God's just plain put up. Nothin'd happened to him, had it? He was gettin' along, wasn't he? Still, they'd seemed so damn sure. Aw well, he was goin' to get out of the racket anyway, soon as he could break his contract with the scenic railway and merry-go roun' people. He made the dough, but there was lots of things wrong. The hours was long, especially on Saturday nights when the police let 'em stay open 'til one, and he didn't dare close earlier than the other guys. Besides, ya had to rush yer meals, and ya couldn't get enough time to enjoy yer drinkin'. Naw. God damn it! He'd drink and show them guys. But it wasn't like ya could stand up to God and knock Him down . . . aw hell, it was twelve thirty and he had ta get ready to go in.

Finny took his place in the hard chair with the glass of water on the stand beside it. He bawled to the callers, and the crowd came pouring in. There was a big one today, there'd been a hundred already, and the afternoon was hot, and lots of the gulls ud be down. And he'd sure like to see this God and give him a sock!

As the afternoon wore on, more and more spectators came. They crowded around him, their breath hot, their bodies perspiring and stinking. They looked down on Finny's tortured face with the perspiration running over his arms in streams, and pitied him. For the first time Finny noticed, and hated this pity, hated the crowds for fools and yokels, hated their cool appearance in their white flannels and printed silk dresses, and most of all he hated those two jackasses and their Sunday-school God.

About five thirty, just before supper time, "Iron Foot" and "Strong Teeth" dropped in, side by side. They whispered together and began taunting him. "Hello, Elkins. Hot with those scales on, ain't it?" "Funny thing about that dancer . . . trying to fool God." "Ya don't remember her do ya, but ya will . . . someday."

Finny stood it for five minutes, then he wiped the sweat from his face and neck, and told his few remaining customers to come back later. That night Finny slugged his two neighbors and got drunk.

For two months the two men harangued Finny, for two months they took their inevitable beatings, and every night after eleven o'clock Finny got drunk. He became more sodden as July wore on. He shook and shivered even during the hottest part of the day. He lost his temper even before his customers, and for three days in succession raved so that his "callers" were forced to close up the place. Finny's business began to fall off, and by August third he had barely a hundred spectators a day.

Finny took his chair that morning with the idea in his mind that he was goin' to choke off them two blabbin' fools for good. He brooded over it during the morning, even while he wiped the sweat from his neck, and tried to keep the heat waves from hitting him in the face. The air was stagnant, and stuffy with the perspiration of spectators. He hated them, damn 'em. Hated the heat . . . the popcorn smells . . . white dresses . . . red arms . . . heat waves . . . more and more of 'em . . . the God person . . . cheap perfume . . . heat waves . . . burnt noses . . . all gawking gulls.

At four thirty Finny sat down for his last fight against the heat waves.

A doctor called in to examine him pronounced it a case of "dissipation and lack of perspiration," and asked for

## THE CAMPUS BARD

## THREE SONNETS FOR A LADY

I

With dreamy hands and contemplative eyes  
You build around yourself a high white wall  
Wherein in utter quietude there lies  
Your spirit's loveliness, serene and tall.

Your wall is made with subtle stones  
of scent  
Laid one by one with such fine symmetry  
That they would seem ecstatic verses meant

To build a singing bit of poetry.  
Within your shining wall your spirit dwells  
Aloof and tranquil in its perfumed peace,  
Untroubled by the world that buys and sells

And, battling evil, cries for its surcease.  
In odorous aloofness thus you walk,  
Having no need to bow or smile or talk.

II

With proudly lifted head and poised,  
slow gait  
You walk the ancient highroad to the sea,  
Knowing full well that dark death lies  
in wait

And draws you to himself, inevitably.  
Across the sky the sun's descending rays  
Make of your hair a burnished copper casque  
And lay a golden light upon your face

Revealing, calm and still, an ivory mask.  
Inscrutable, you look at sea and sky  
And lift your hand to signify assent,  
With one sure gesture, insolent and shy,

To the dark lover's understood intent,  
While your proud spirit, sensitive and free,  
Looks at its captor imperturbably.

III

Yours is the poised assurance of a bird,  
The delicate precision of a flower;  
You are the melody no man has heard  
Save in his most exalted, lonely hour.

Yours is the gesture, proud and arrogant,  
Of any woman born to be adored;  
And your long fingers, slim and elegant,  
Strike on the heart a swift, responsive chord.

Strange that to you whose beauty none  
may guess,  
Whose burning hair is spark to fire the  
mind,

Whose ivory flesh men lusted to possess,  
Who are elusive as the vagrant wind,  
Desire should be an unremembered flame  
And passion but the shadow of a name.

—Margaret Ormandy.

## TO THE LOTUS

In an azure pool  
A single flower;  
Sheer blossom  
Of exquisite whiteness.

Om mani padme hum.

A pure crystal  
Of morning dew  
Reposes radiant  
As a jeweled heart.

Om mani padme hum.

—John Fletcher Post.

## SOPHOMORIC

Weary—  
I loiter through stupid moments.  
The sluggard second's endless pace  
Creeps on and on;

Indolence is a murky cloud,  
Dejection, somber and dismal cheerless-  
ness,  
Wraps me in melancholy.

From a languid haze I watch the world.  
A stupid drudging world, insipid and  
dull.  
Its vital thrilling spirit is tamed for  
me—

Its joy long since hung a leaden head

"Iron Foot" and "Strong Teeth" stepped forward with a guilty look. When the doctor turned his back "Iron Foot" and "Strong Teeth" bent over the prostrate body. "Say," hissed Iron Foot. "Ya don't suppose there could be anythin' in this God idear after all, do ya?"—Cleta McKennon.

And drooping, slouched away.  
Stolid, I dully hear the slow droning  
cadence  
Of interminable hours,  
Plodding their sluggard way to infinity.

—John Eliot Allen.

## WATER OUZEL

Wary, fairy water ouzel!  
Sleek and slaty brooklet elf—  
How you revel in the ripples  
Lipping round your timid self!  
How I wish I was an ouzel—  
Brownie bird, your joys I lack.  
I can dream of a corrousel  
When my shiny head is tipping,  
Underneath the surface dipping,  
With the swift clear water slipping  
Over my smooth oily back. . . .

—John Eliot Allen.

## AN APOLOGY FOR CUBISTS

Love is like a bedsprings  
Rusted if left in the woods overnight  
When stars hide in shame  
Rain water washings cleanse  
Their green-eyed jealousies  
Jealousy is rust of over-secretion.

—I. Q.

## A CHINESE TRAGEDY OF LOVE

She sang a song under the peach blossoms,  
And I, passing beyond the wall,  
Fell enamoured of the lute-like voice.  
Shamelessly, I looked over the stones  
And saw the fairest flower of Spring,  
Cherry-cheeked and glowing—  
In the arms of another man.

—John Fletcher Post.

## Collecting the First Editions

(Continued from Page One)

Americana is good, nor are all first editions of books good.

The first publication or impression of a book from type is known as its first edition. The type is usually then distributed. Any second printing from different type is known as a second edition. If, however, a second printing is made from the same type it is called a second issue, a third printing, as the third issue, etc.

Rarity is, of course, the main factor in determining the price of a first edition. Rarity, and then the desire it excites in the average collector's breast. A dry volume of moral precepts, even if older and rarer than, say, a first folio of one of Shakespeare's plays, hasn't a fraction of its value. Age is not necessarily a criterion of value. Many modern editions no older than thirty or forty years sell for more than a hundred times their publication price. Some of these will be discussed in a later article.

Why collect first editions? There really isn't any answer. Like the measles, you are either susceptible or you are not. Opportunity, money, and leisure certainly have a great deal to do with it.

People who have no particular love of books are turning more and more to the valuable book as an investment. With wise buying, there is seldom depreciation. The history of book collecting shows steadily mounting prices, and then there are no troublesome income taxes to pay. Even criminals who used to keep their ready money supply in the form of jewelry are turning to book collecting as a safe method of keeping a reserve fund.

Even with a small income, and a certain amount of good luck and knowledge, collecting first editions can be done successfully. A later article will describe how to tell a first edition and some desirable books to collect.—Thornton Gale.

## Bicycles and Wars

(Continued from Page One)

shoot the minister and give his king an opportunity to preserve the national honor.

So Count Von Straskhoff arrived in the capital of Halkania. Michael sold many papers that day. The people of Halkania were excited because of the

visit. They did not know what it meant. They entertained the count royally, as befitted a minister of the powerful King of Wulmatchia. Several times every day he rode through the streets, his carriage drawn by two black horses. The sale of papers gradually decreased to the usual number. The bicycle was still a dream.

Michael, being old beyond his years, realized that if he were to attain a bicycle, he would of necessity have to sell more papers. To sell more papers he must have words of vast importance to shout. To have important words, something exciting would have to happen. If something exciting didn't happen soon, he would have to commit some violent deed himself.

That was it. He would create news, so that he could sell it. He might shoot the Count Von Straskhoff. But he somehow didn't like to think of that. It would be almost as exciting if someone shot the two black horses that drew his carriage, and it would be much more unusual. Michael had already learned that the unusual was what interested people.

So, being a newsboy of action, he hired an older friend to shoot the horses from a window above the bakery. It was a big business gamble. Michael had promised the man two dollars for his trouble—the money to be paid after the newspapers got the story.

The occasion was very exciting. The shots came suddenly and accurately. The horses dropped in their harness, almost overturning the carriage. It was an embarrassing situation for the Count Von Straskhoff, who was laboring under the impression that the shots had been fired at him and had only accidentally hit his horses.

The King of Wulmatchia was disappointed in that the count had not been killed, but he made the most of his opportunity. He sent some very carefully chosen words to the president of Halkania. The words were published in the newspaper and Michael shouted them. Then the president sent some carefully chosen words to the King of Wulmatchia, and Michael shouted them. There were some more words, and then Michael found himself shouting "War Declared." He had sold many millions of words before, but he sold enough that day alone to pay for his bicycle.

When the troops marched out of the city toward the boundary of Wulmatchia, Michael rode along beside them as far as the city limits. There were cannon following the procession and trucks of ammunition and bombs. Probably no one realized that the bicycle with the red spokes was the most deadly of the instruments of war.—Beatrice Bennett.

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