

The Literary Page

We Done 'im Wrong

(A Short-Short Story)

The Rev'rund Kirkwood, as Shorty, my partner in the pastime at Crane Junction set foot in, was probably the right-rev'rundest son-of-a-gun that ever set foot in Crow county. They can't tell you about the day he first come to town, his skinny black suit grey with dust from the old Ford bus that brings folks over the mountain from Canyonville where the railroad station is. He had a old black bag in his hand that I reckon was as old as Jake Huggins' spotted cow that's been in Jake's family fer two generations. Jake swears he drank milk from that 'ere cow when he was jess a baby, and Jake ain't no spring chicken now you can bet.

Well, this 'ere preacher feller came into town that day with his black bag and his collar on backwards and everybody knowed that it meant trouble.

"Jeez," Shorty grumbled to me, "Reckon we're in fer another spell o' reformin'."

Shorty Was Right

Well, Shorty was right! Th' Rev'rund Kirkwood didn't no more 'n get moved into Maw Pierce's boardin' house over next to th' grange hall than the next thing we knowed he was down 't the pastime one mornin' askin' us why none of us never goes t' church.

"Tell ya partner," Shorty says up t' him right smart, "Tell you, when y' start passin' good 'tater licker 'round with th' c'lection plate I'll gar-ntee ever' man of us 'll be there." Laugh! Why th' fellers playin' poker in th' back room like t' died.

Well, th' town didn't take to him none. After that first day he didn't come around the pastime very often though so he didn't bother me 'n Shorty much. He couldn't very well preach nowhere but in the church, and they wa'n't no law a-makin' people go to church. Besides they was enough righteous folks a' aimin' atter religion to keep the Rev-runds church full.

Rev'rund Not Satisfied

But the Rev-rund wa'n't satisfied. Fust thing we knowed he was comin' out on the streets a-tryin' t' reform everyone. He took t' settin' on the pastime porch an' grabbin' all 'ar reg-lar customers till business fell off somp'n turrible.

"Liquor is the beverage of the devil," he told Shorty 'n me one day when he was a-settin' with us on th' pastime steps, "and to swear is a sin."

Maybe th' collection plate started a-fallin' off, 'er maybe th' preacher decided he could give more of us religion by printin'. Anyhow one day the news got around that he'd bought th' Globe-Telegram, Crane county's newspaper and was aimin' t' put it out a'tween Sundays when he wa'n't preachin'.

Globe Changes

Right then a change come over the Globe. In place of th' news about th' prize fights Joe, th' blacksmith and big Mink, the Swede that hauled logs fer th' mill, was stagin' ever' Sat-dy night in th' back room of 'ar pastime they was a lot o' stuff about Ladies Aid Sassiety meetin's an' church socials. By this time we was purty dawgone certain th' preacher wa'n't human an' he wa'n't none too popular around Crane City no more.

Carr Was Close-Mouthed

We use t' try t' get Carr, th' feller that run th' type settin' machine fer th' Globe to talk, but he wouldn't tell us nothin'. We could a stood the preacher if he'd showed a sign o' bein' like th' rest o' us, but as fer he could find out he was too damn pious to live.

Carr was a close-mouthed devil. Ever'body thought that he was cracked. Ol' man Priestly that run th' Globe afore th' Rev'rund got his hands on it, used t' cuss him up one side 'n down th' other on account of him bein' s' dumb about settin' type.

"Th' damn low-lifer," Priestly used t' rave, "I have to put all my directions on the margin of the copy in red ink and circle it three times 'er th' first thing I know he's got them set up in the story, too."

Well, I reckon ol' man Priestly plumb forgot t' tell th' Rev'rund that when he sold him th' Globe cause there use to be some daw-gone funny things printed in the paper after the preacher got a-hold of it.

Rev'rund Slips

"My Gawd," Shorty use t' say t' me, "Looks as if even a Rev-rund c'n make mistakes." It used t' make us feel a little better about all th' preachin' he done, but it didn't make us like him none th' better. We was gettin' purty sick o' his pious ways.

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Poetry

By STET

QUESTION

You tell me if I play with fire
I will get my fingers burned.
But ah, dear friend
How was it that you learned?

BLIND DATE

Tonight I had a blind date,
He had a car, a wonderful line,
All the requirements of a good
time.

Oh, why am I five feet eight?

ACTIVITIES

It's over—
I'm through—
Activities, not any more!
I'll do some playing too.
"Oh, a meeting, you say, at
four?"

WISDOM

I went to college for several
years
One thing I tell you through my
tears:
Only those who go to class
Are those who finally pass.

FINAL APOLOGY

My poetry, I know, is very bad,
But it's consolation when I am
sad.

And lots of fun to write in
classes.

My friends say they'll be very
glad

When this phase of creative
effort passes.

—By ELIZABETH STETSON

White Gold

By MARY BURTON TURNBULL

Lela sat in her invalid's chair and watched her mother tuck the knitted afaghan over her knees. "I can't bear to see him yet, Mother."

"Better get it over. You have to face him sometime."

"All right," Lela leaned back, "tell him to come up." She looked at a picture which Harold had painted.

The girl in the picture was vividly beautiful. Her hair was glinting gold with deep yellow shadows. Sunlight caught in its softly waving tendrils and sprakled there. It was that beautiful hair which everyone saw first; that sparkling, glinting mass of molten gold which had been her treasure all her life.

Now it was no longer yellow. It was white; white as the silk floss in the sweater she wore.

This was the mark the weeks of fever had left on her.

Harold would soon know. Harold, whom she adored with every breath in her body. Would he care so very much? It was his love of beauty which had brought them together. Into the bookstore where she worked he had chanced to come one day to ask about a small black and white etching. He had looked at it and said "It is beautiful."

Well, she was no longer beautiful. Without the brightness of her hair, her face showed dull and plain. The blue of her eyes seemed a faded blue, and her cheeks and lips were colorless.

She wheeled her chair to the window in the full light and waited for him. By the first unguarded look in his eyes, she would know how deeply he was shocked.

Then he stood in the doorway.

Facing him, she watched his eyes. Tenderness and love. Nothing else.

"Darling!" He came toward her. "No! No!" she cried, "Mother must have told you!"

"Told me? Told me what?" The surprise on his face seemed genuine.

"Don't be cruel," her voice broke. "My hair. The color. Tell me, do you mind so very much?"

"The color? Is the color changed?"

She looked at him amazed. He smiled at her tenderly. "You see, my dear, I do not recognize color. I am color blind. To me your face is just as beautiful as it has always been."

The End.

Best Selling Books Now on Reserve In Browsing Room

A little known service extended to students by browsing room librarian Ethel Sawyer is the collection of popular new books. These books may be read at any time in the room, but must not be taken out of the library.

The purpose of this group of volumes is to allow several people to read the new books at a single time. For instance, eight people are now reading "Gone With the Wind," where only one person could read it in the course of a month if it were kept in the regular circulation department.

Some of the books on the shelf are Hervey Allen's new "Action at Aquila," Dr. Victor Heiser's "American Doctor's Odyssey," Noel Coward's "Present Indica-

Book Review

Lucretia Mott: The Greatest American Woman—Lloyd Custer Mayhew.

Lucretia Goffin Mott—who was she? It seems rather strange that a person who played such an important role in United States history has escaped almost completely the interest of biographers. In her own day she was considered one of the most radical of the radicals. But interestingly enough, every one of the reform movements for which she worked and suffered so valiantly we now take for granted, and the only interest she had which has not stood the test of time was phrenology, and that was considered very respectable in her day.

She was born of one of the important families of Nantucket in

1793 and lived to see in 1880 the enormous changes brought about by the War of 1812, the westward movement, the industrial revolution, the Civil war, and abolition of slavery. Some of the changes she indeed initiated, and it was her vision, her persistence and courage that contributed largely to the ultimate realization of them.

The abolition of slavery, the emancipation of women, the peace movement, all of which were most unpopular then, owe an incalculable debt to the charming little lady whose keen mind, appealing manners and magnetic voice were the constant subject of comment by critics and enemies as well as friends and admirers.

Begins Relief Work

Lucretia Mott's Quakerism was a revolt against the materialism of the times and led to practical expression in humanitarian work. During the depression that followed the War of 1812, with a few other Quaker women, she organized a society for the relief of the poor — her first philanthropic work.

Deeply moved by the death of her father and small son from typhus fever, her utterance of a brief prayer in Friends' meeting was the beginning of the preaching which was later to make her famous.

She began to preach against slavery, at first in the colored church in Philadelphia, in 1829, thus antedating the activities of William Lloyd Garrison. This meant braving the bitter opposition of all the "better element" backed by mob violence. For we must remember that "slavery was the economic life blood of the South and the bone and marrow of northern industrialism."

Saves Convention

When Garrison called a convention in Philadelphia to form the American Anti-Slavery society, members were discouraged by their failure to obtain backing

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Educated Dabbler

By A SENIOR

Four years in the glorified atmosphere of a university—and I have obtained the full growth of an educated dabbler. The only limits to my opportunities for dipping, superficially, into many branches of knowledge have been those of time and of energy to explore the endless possibilities in every field.

Today I am faced with the necessity of getting a job. Who will pay cash for my ability to enjoy life? The world wants experts—people who have perfected their skill in some field, no matter how small a one. Such people command my respect. In school I have sought their company rather than that of the dilettantes. They have given me the material I sought, predigested, ready for my consumption. In high exaltation I have discovered, under their excellent guidance, the pattern of knowledge. I have caught glimpses of the part psychological forces play in economic life and have touched upon the social and political aspects of our western civilization. But at no time have I focused my attention for more than a brief moment for I have disciplined myself against too great absorption in one thing. Such engrossment might result in omissions and I have been determined to omit nothing.

Now, pygmy high, I stand offering my full worth to some prospective employer. Selfishly I planned my college program. Today I wonder if I will be able to find some one who will gamble on the result.

It will be a long shot, for as an immigrant I'll enter the working world. Although an admirer of the connoisseurs of words, I have not even developed the sophomoric tendency to imitate them, and with faltering English speak and write. Responsibility hasn't been my long suit. It would have resulted in my carrying burdens which no dabbler could take time to assume. Honesty and accuracy haven't grown out of my habit of being "almost right."

There is little, besides my enthusiasm for what life has to offer, to be found on the asset side of my balance sheet. I have lived beyond my income. Only a wealthy person could afford to have spent his time becoming such an educated dabbler. All I can hope for now is that I have the luck to meet that gambler who will take me on my solemn promise to balance my life accounts.

and other hard-to-find copies of students' favorites.

University of Wichita municipal administration students govern the city of Wichita for a day as one of their class projects.



No Time for Small Talk

Have to order my Oregana "Streamliner"

Have You Ordered YOURS?

Educational Activities Bldg.