

LITERARY PAGE

Saints Above...

(Continued)

By MARY LOUISE VINCENT
(This is part two of "Saints Above," the first installment of which appeared in last week's edition of the literary page.)

Synopsis: Saint Bertram, deciding that a little good will toward men should be distributed during Christmas time, left Heaven to go. In a department store he found a likely-looking recipient of the miracle he wished to perform.)

It was a short little, middle-aged man hopping nervously from the curb into the gutter and then back onto the curb again in a hectic attempt to hight a bus that wasn't there. There were more packages suspended about him than on the Christmas tree at a family gathering. He was well barricaded in the front by a fortification of parcels and camouflaged from a possible aerial attack by a bunch of celery tops that had sprouted from the uppermost package. He muttered constantly to himself sputtering a little in his anxiety. "Ohmyheavensakes! What will R-Rosie say? Late again, always late. She'll lay me out this t-time. L-Laid out on C-Christmas Eve, what an unhappy picture that is, Mister Quimby, you laid out on C-Christmas Eve. S-Saints above, if I only had wings!"

An officious little old lady that had been determinedly jostling Mr. Quimby in a prolonged effort to get an advantageous position along the curbing nearly flung herself into the gutter with an especially hard jostle that met only empty space that had contained Mr. Quimby the second before, but now was quite devoid of him.

High above her St. Bertram and Mr. Quimby winged along—or rather St. Bertram winged along and Mr. Quimby dangled at arm's length beneath him, suspended from St. Bertram's mighty fingers by the coat collar, and clutching his packages to him as if they were to be his last contact with prosaic reality.

"Where do you live, little man?" St. Bertram thundered above the whistle of the rushing wind.

Mr. Quimby pried his eyes open for a half minute, got his bearings from the position of the Empire State building and called out, "Just below that red neon sign that says, 'When You Feel You Can't Win, have a D-Drink of D-Duckworth's Gin,'" and shut his eyes again. St. Bertram changed his course slightly to the left and carried on. Just before they reached the Quimby menage Mr. Quimby got up the strength to put a question to St. Bertram. "I say, sir, if I'm not being over bold, who are you and where did you learn to do this?" he shouted.

"I am St. Bertram, Archangel, and I learned to fly in heaven," came the answer. Deciding that he must have been "overbold," Mr. Quimby made no more attempts to keep up the conversation until he was plunked down by St. Bertram on his own doorstep. Even then he didn't find himself quite capable of much small talk, but just managed to warn St. Bertram that, although he was grateful for the quick trip home, he wouldn't advise his picking up just any person just any place he might find one to demonstrate his talents, no matter where he learned them.

St. Bertram turned to ask, a

little anxiously, "Then you aren't really happy? I haven't really brought you good will?" as he supported a still rather unsteady Mr. Quimby up the stairs.

"Of course I'm no end grateful," Mr. Quimby had hastily started when the door above them banged open and a hefty woman stationed herself in the doorway, armed to the gunwales with a broom, meat cleaver, and other domestic weapons. This vision completely unsteadied the already unsteady Mr. Quimby and he fell flat on his face at the top of the stairs, murmuring a reproachful, "Now this isn't like my little R-Rosie—," but she had no more than a glance for him as she let go with the broom and a volley of exclamations at St. Bertram.

"It's you and your kind that have nothing to do but dress up in fancy costumes and lead weak husbands astray! Look at that!" and she indicated the prostrate Mr. Quimby with a thump of the cleaver, "You've had your fun with it, but you never think of the poor wife that has to live with it after you bring it home! Other people may be having a Merry Christmas for themselves, but you've certainly brought me the prize package of the season, you — you — OSTRICH! and Rosie accompanied the final words she had thrown at St. Bertram with a potted geranium which caught him neatly on the ear. He removed the flower from his hair and dug the earth out of his ear in time to see Rosie jerk Mr. Quimby to his feet and shove him into the house, slamming the door on her last words, "Come in here, you drunken beast, and don't drop the celery!"

At first the wrathful St. Bertram could hardly contain himself. He would smash the house, he would create lightning to strike it, he would make Rosie Quimby shake in her shoes before him! But that would hardly better Mr. Quimby's lot and he had really been a fairly decent sort. It would be best for him to go on his way spreading good will, and just try to forget these quirks that he should expect to crop up in humanity. But when he turned and went up the block he was heard to ejaculate sadly, "Ostrich!" and his step was not so springy as before, nor his expression as disdainful.

HE plodded on for some time, along streets lined with homes, each radiating its own warmth and cheer in the rows of framed pictures that the lighted windows created. It was almost dark now and St. Bertram hurried along anxious to be getting back to Heaven and out of this strange world. The streets were nearly empty as it was growing late, and St. Bertram after traveling a couple of blocks without meeting anyone was growing a little concerned when in the distance he heard voices singing, "God bless ye merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay." He rounded the corner to come upon a group of boys singing Christmas carols before a house, directed animatedly by a tall, thin man in silver-rimmed glasses and corrective shoes. They reached the climax of the song on a high note, their changing voices straining painfully for the position indicated by the upraised hand and the outstretched finger of their leader, and then climbed

down the scale to the finish, relieved.

"Well executed, my little men," Mr. Abernathy rasped in a stage whisper, "I shall now go up to the house and see if the inmates enjoyed our little chorale. You may stand at ease until I return," and with these few words he went briskly up the walk, avoiding the snowy places.

At the words "at ease" and the exist of their leader, three of the "little men" pushed three other "little men" into a snow bank and made a whole-hearted attempt to smother them. Two of Mr. Abernathy's other little darlings were holding a smaller little darling in a holly tree, while the apple of Mr. Abernathy's eye, the only boy whose voice was still fairly stationary, was busily tying a string about ankle-high across the sidewalk up which Mr. Abernathy had disappeared.

St. Bertram observing all this activity from the corner, a distance just great enough to obliterate incriminating details, exclaimed, "Ah, the innocence of childhood—merry little minds at work, happy little bodies glorying in their strength. It is to them that I shall bring good will—to them will still have some of the divine in their natures and simplicity in their hearts," and he swept down upon the group beneficently.

The Junior Choir of Public School No. 31 was shocked from its playful fun at the sight of St. Bertram in their midst, and just a little wary of the outstretched arms, the huge wings and the patronizing smile. They didn't speak so St. Bertram cleared his throat and made the first move. "My little fellows, my dear little fellows, I have come to bring you good will."

This sounded like the school superintendent of P. S. No. 31 and received about as much response. St. Bertram tried a little harder. "I have come to bring you gifts to make you happy for the Christmas season."

This was obviously more like it. They closed in around him, the smaller ones quite won over to the point of screeching shrilly, "Dibbies on a gun," "Dibbies on a air-o-plane," "Ya got any jelly beans, huh Mister? Ya got any red jellybeans?" and the older ones to a position of skeptical friendship.

"Just what have ya got, Mister?" queried one of the bigger boys.

St. Bertram wracked his brain for something worthy of such enthusiastic acclaim. At last he hit on it. "You, my children, shall each have one of Heaven's greatest gifts—the gift of knowledge. Each of you will have the opportunity for a great education!" and he beamed proudly down on them.

There was a death-like silence and then the boy whose question had elicited this answer said slowly, "An education! Well now ain't that just too keen! Kids, dis guy is going to give us an education—for free—eemagen! Hey, guys, what d'ya think we'd better give him—for free?" With every eye upon him, especially St. Bertram's, he bent down, gathered a pile of snow together and began to shape it into a round hard ball. With a shout the rest of the mob fell to work.

It is horrible to think what might have become of St. Bertram if the Junior Choir had been allowed to exhaust their enthu-

UO Men Requested
To Try Out for Plays

University men who have any theatrical interest are requested to try out for either of the two major winter productions by the drama department. A number of parts for men are available in both plays. There are major and minor roles.

Anyone caring to try out should see Horace Robinson, professor of speech and drama, in the drama studio or theater workshop sometime today.

Luckily only one had found its mark when Mr. Abernathy came trotting down the walk, fell over the string, and dumped 140 pounds of Abernathy and two dozen cookies into the middle of the fracas. This caused an effective truce in the hostilities while the offensive refueled, and the defensive retreated in confusion. Part of the alto section assisted Mr. Abernathy to his feet in order to see if he had, but any chance, been concealing any of the cookies by lying on them. He brushed off his knickers and looked puzzledly back at the scene of his downfall, then hurriedly tried to gather his little brood together. "Come boys, you mustn't grow over-confident. Just because Mrs. Frimbly likes you is not a sign that Mrs. Philbeam will. She's next on our list and we shall sing "Oh Peace and Calm, Where Are You?" for her. In line, in line men, follow me. ON TO MRS. PILBEAM'S!" and he strode down the street with the Junior Choir straggling after him.

(To be continued)

Nuf Sed •

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the American people just as you said. They call it registration. Mein Gott and Himmel! what a mess, and without machine guns too.

We are still taking ersatz vitamin pills to recover. Schlutzey wants you to know that he "heiled" his 43 times today and will be ready for his Genuine Horsehair Model of your mustache with the completion of 16,823 more heils and 73 more box tops from ersatz Ersatz potato chips.

"All Alone"

Heiling iss very hard here as no one does it contrary to what Dr. Goebells insists. I managed to sneak in my required 28 today by retiring to the men's room and thus avoiding possible detection. Hope you don't mind.

Schlutzey joins me in wishing you a happier digestion in Russia.

More secret news Friday. Nobody knows about us except some secret organization called the

I Cover the Campus

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And if Jim Goodwin thinks he can horn in here, he's mistaken. No publicity for Prinesville residents.

More Notes

Norma Trevorrow is also gone. You can write to her at Stanford university. And Larry Holden, the D.U. pledge, who is a brother to the famous Gloria Holden, enjoyed the Rose Bowl game, but raves over Charlie Trippi and not Frank Sinkwich of the Georgia gang.

From the A-Dee-Pi house comes word that Amy Pruden and a Theta Chi, named "Aggie" are that way. And for the same house watch for a pin deal between Mary Stanley and Jack Morton.

How is this for a political deal? AWS Prexy Marge Dibble is slightly steady-ish with ISA President Al Larsen.

Question of the month: What ever happened to Earl Russe's mystery plans?

... Doris Riley, of the Pi Phi house is going with Louis Duncan, D.U. ... Don McKenzie, of the Shack gang, is all raves over Pi Phi Bobbie McClung, evidently having forgotten about Helen Crawford, who has a heavy SF interest anyway.

Dickson Engaged

... "Spider" Dickson got himself engaged in San Diego. And Claire Demmer, that cute Kappa, is still going places with Hank, that handsome Fiji ... Speaking of Fijis, reminds us that Fred Treadgold's girl was up from Mills and he was busy over the weekend ... Grek Decker, Sigma Nu, planted his pin on Karolyn Koepke, the cute new Tri-Delt pledge. Incidentally, her father's a major in the army in England. ... Charlie Powers made up his mind permanently and Dottie, that famous Fee is the lucky gal with his Maltese Cross.

Blonde of the week: Lois Pringle of the Pi Phi house.

Brunette of the Week: Pat Goss of the Alpha Chi Omega house...

Statement of the week: Frank Calise—"I'm stunned."

F.B.I. which is no doubt on our side and cleverly concealing their affiliation.

Your obedient servants,
Ziggy Heil and
von Schlutzenstein.

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