

Saints Above...

(Continued)

By MARY LOUISE VINCENT

(This is part three of "Saints Above," the second installment of which appeared in Tuesday's literary page.)

Synopsis: Saint Bertram, deciding that a little good will toward men should be distributed during Christmas time, left Heaven to do so. After several unsuccessful attempts, he became discouraged.

ST. BERTRAM had reached a point of utter despair. In his own mind he was defeated—he had tried to please mortals, to spread good will, and they didn't understand him—or maybe he didn't understand them. Maybe St. Bennie had been right, he didn't know how. He had no right to be a full-fledged archangel with a degree, he would go back to Heaven and admit it to all of them. It would be hard but it had to be done. He trudged slowly down the street looking for a good place to take off. At last he found a bridge that offered good clearance and climbed up on the railing and sat down, for a moment preparatory to leaving, for he was going to have a difficult time when he got back and he was in no hurry to start. St. Bertram made quite a sad picture perched on the railing like a wet turkey on a limb. His wings were ruffled and dirty, his halo battered and smudgy, his white robes hung limp and torn, and he fairly dripped with dejection. He sniffed disconsolately, glanced down at the dark waters and stood up to take off.

Saved!

Before he could lift his wings something grabbed him from behind and tumbled him backwards down onto the bridge. He lit on whatever it was that grabbed him and stumped it so that momentarily the two of them looked like a pair of dirty clothes blowing about the sidewalk. Finally a little old man emerged from the pile and assisted St. Bertram to his feet. He started in speaking softly and slowly, "Now look here Mister, you don't want to do that on Christmas Eve, no matter what's troubling you."

"Oh yes I do. I can't think of any better time. I'm ready to go to Heaven where people will understand me," St. Bertram sighed sadly.

"Sure, we're all ready to go to Heaven, but the time will come soon enough without rushing it. You come on home with me and get out of that get-up and you'll feel better. Just you wait until you get one of Mollie's egg-nogs under your belt—you won't be so anxious to get away from here, because Mollie Appleby's egg-nogs just can't be equalled in this world or any other!" and Mr. Appleby pulled him to his feet and dragged him across the bridge. St. Bertram was too tired and dejected to argue. He did try to explain that it wouldn't work, trying to fit him in with mortals, but Mr. Appleby was so happily sputtering along about this Mollie Appleby's egg-nogs that he paid no attention.

"Let's Surprise Mollie"

"Boy! Will Mollie fuss around like sixty trying to get things tidy when she sees that I've brought a guest," he chortled, "I've watched her do the same thing for forty years and I still get a kick out of it. He! He! Apologizing her head off for the dirt and mess when you could

find more germs in the Mayo clinic than in Mollie Appleby's parlor. Come on, come on, Mister! Don't lag, we've got to get home and surprise Mollie for Christmas Eve," he flung back reproachfully at St. Bertram who was trying to hold his halo in a decent position over his head, ing over news-stands.

"But your Mollie, sir, will she want you cluttering up the parlor with disreputable-looking old angels like me?" St. Bertram asked fearfully.

Share Christmas

Mr. Appleby came to an abrupt stop, even as they were turning up the walk to a little brown house with a red candle in the window and a huge holly wreath nearly hiding the door. "Now Mister," he said turning reproachfully, shocked out of all his gaiety by St. Bertram's query, "You can't really feel Christmas in your heart—all the fun and love and feeling that goes with it—if you have no one to share it with."

"But you and Mollie—," St. Bertram started.

"Mollie and I count ourselves as one," Mr. Appleby cut off that argument abruptly, and all the spirit that had so quickly died in him sprang up again and he was even more excited than before. "She just loves a party, and you're going to be about the most Christmasy-looking guest we've ever had on Christmas Eve. Now let me brush off those wings a little and you straighten up that halo before we ring the doorbell."

They both tried awkwardly to get St. Bertram into some semblance of order but even after Mr. Appleby had dusted off the wings by flicking at them with his red bandanna handkerchief and St. Bertram had foreshortened himself half a foot by bending his knees slightly in order to conceal the tear his robe among the folds, even then Mr. Appleby wasn't satisfied.

Not Enough Glitter

He stood before him, slid his hat back on his head and rubbed his chin in a very critical attitude. "You're not right. Somehow you just don't—don't—glitter enough!"

"I don't?" St. Bertram asked with the deepest concern and a slight wobble, as his knees were beginning to get shaky from his peculiar stance.

Finally Mr. Appleby snapped his fingers and cried, "I have it! Hand me down that halo," St. Bertram gave it to him and was a little shocked to see how grimy and clouded it had become from the smoke and soot of the city, but Mr. Appleby had things well under control. He was energetically giving the golden circlet a thorough going over. "There now," he said as he handed it back. "That's much better. Try it on."

Brighter Saint

St. Bertram obeyed, astounded at the brightness that seemed to light up the whole of the little porch. "That's fine, that's fine!" Mr. Appleby screamed in a whisper as he surveyed his guest. "Now let's ring the bell and surprise Mollie," and he wheeled around towards the but-

ton, eager as a little boy at six o'clock Christmas morning.

Just as he leaned forward to apply the pressure the door popped open and there stood Mollie Appleby with cheeks like winter apples and a fresh white apron tied around her waist.

"My conscience!" she exclaimed in laughing irritation, "I've been watching you boys fooling around here for ten minutes! Aren't you ever coming in, or do you want me to serve the egg-nogs out here. My!" she paused in admiration, really seeing him for the first time under the light in the hall. "My, but your grand! Why we've never had any of our guests dress up so beautifully for our little parties before. Turn around there with you," she commanded, "I want to see all of those beautiful wings. Come out under this light and turn around for me."

Losing Battle

St. Bertram sidled into the house sideways, slid around the doorway and flattened himself up against the wall on the inside and stood there miserably trying to fight off the persistent attempts of this little lady to make him turn around for her. "Really, madam, the wings aren't so much at all. I don't think you'd like them, really I don't, I—"

Last Moment

St. Bertram was fighting a losing battle and he knew it. He thought his last moment had come when, like a knight errant, Mr. Appleby poked his head through the red curtains that divided the parlor from the hall and sized up the situation at a glance. "Mollie come here a minute," he called, distracting the determined little figure that was now fairly jerking St. Bertram into the parlor in a warm-hearted attempt to make him feel at home.

"Yes, Michael?" she said, running to his side and inclining her ear to his detailed whisperings. Finally comprehension shone from her face and she said remorsefully, "Oh, of course, I should have guessed! What a way to start a party by embarrassing the guests!" and indeed St. Bertram did look as if he were contemplating how much of him he could wedge into the umbrella stand. "I'll fix you right up, you poor boy!" Mollie was heard to say as she whisked herself into the parlor. St. Bertram followed timidly, being pushed from behind by a persuasive Mr. Appleby.

(To be continued)

NBC Spot Offered Radio Debaters

Applications for competing in the National Collegiate radio debate will be considered until Jan-12 by Kenneth S. Wood, instructor in speech and dramatic arts, he announced Thursday.

The University of Oregon, as well as other universities and colleges throughout the country, will enter two students. During preliminary debates held February 15 to April 18, four contestants chosen from the entries will be sent to the NBC studios in New York with expenses paid to appear on the "Wake Up, America!" program.

Final debates will be held April 18.

Subject

Subject of the debate, "Should American Youth Support the Re-Establishment, after the War, of Competitive Enterprise as Our Economic System," was chosen by the American Economic Fund and the Blue Network.

At local debates, \$50 in cash will be awarded the best speaker and \$25 the next best.

Prizes

Prizes in the final debates will be \$1,000 in war savings bonds and \$250 in cash to the first place winner, and \$500 in war savings bonds and \$125 in cash to the second.

Alum Wins Wings

Charles Scott Fleck, another UO student in the army air force, was recently commissioned a second lieutenant at the Mather field air base at Sacramento. His commission was won upon the completion of advanced flight training.

Senior Chemist Speaks

C. K. Claycomb, senior in chemistry, will speak on "Modern Explosives," at the next meeting of the chemistry seminar, scheduled Tuesday afternoon at 4:15 in 103 McClure hall.

Ducks Set Sights

(Please turn to page four)

eling squad is bound not to be as large as the available strength on the home court at Eugene.

At any event, it will be next Tuesday's game with Idaho that will yield the key to the 1943 Oregon basketball future. At that time, Hobby will pull the cellophane wrapper from his glittering array of talent and showcase it to the northern division basketball fans.

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