

You Can't Take It, So Why Be Big Headed?

We Can't Stand Criticism! Why Do We Think We Are So Big That Nobody Can Find Fault With Us?



The First Thanksgiving Turkey

By R. Remlow Harris

IT seems as though the Indians Met our Grandpa's at the dock The day they landed on that bleak But very famous rock And we suspect, although of course, We never have been told— That Indian friends kept them from want And hunger and from cold— And showed them where they might plant corn As well as where to build In order that when winter came They might be warm and filled. This brings us to Thanksgiving day And to this little story About an Indian boy and White Who ought to have some glory.

THEIR fathers, so it seems, were scalped Or sick or out of luck And so the boys went out to hunt With true and manly pluck They would not let their households starve— Not them—we mean, not they Besides all that, tomorrow Was to be Thanks Giving Day, So little Narry Gann Sett took His papa's trusty bow And Daniel had his father's gun. What Turkey had a show?

THERE it was. The big bird fell As Daniel's weapon blazed— But Narry Gann Sett saw that it Was only slightly dazed. So from his father's trusty bow He sped a deadly arrow— Which killed the gobble much more dead Than any frozen sparrow. So proudly homeward both our hunters With their turkey marched Their heads were high, as though They had been very stiffly starched. But being manly little boys They did not brag nor boast Although of course, their deed did give More flavor to their roast.

DON'T BE AN EGO-MANIAC!
Don't get the idea that some one is crazy over you when perhaps they have been feeling sorry for you and trying to be nice about it!

DON'T GET THE IDEA, EITHER, THAT YOUR PROBLEMS AND DIFFICULTIES ARE GREATER THAN ANYONE ELSE'S FOR THEY PROBABLY ARE NOT HALF SO BAD AS YOUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR'S.

It's odd how we use a magnifying glass when we look at ourselves and our problems and half-shut our natural eyes when we look at others. Enlarging our own virtues and minimizing our friends' is a good old pastime.

There is a modern expression which says "You just can't take it," and its popularity is due to the fact that so many of us can't take it! We can't stand criticism, we won't be big enough to admit that there is a flaw in our make-up. Why, in heaven's name, do we think we are so good that no one has any right to find fault with us?

If you really want to find a friend (and a friend is ten times more valuable than some one in love with you—there are few real friends) just take someone who has criticized you with intelligence, sit down and see if they are right about you, admit the fault and set to work correcting it. Get on to yourself! **ABRAHAM LINCOLN SAID: "I DON'T THINK MUCH OF A MAN WHO IS NOT WISER TODAY THAN HE WAS YESTERDAY."**

If there isn't any room for improvement how could life be worth living? A part of the joy of facing each fresh morning is the consciousness of power to achieve. Who said, writing of a prospector, "It isn't gold that I'm wanting so much as just hunting the gold."

All of life is pursuit of something—and it wouldn't be worth curing if it wasn't! So when you feel important take down a list of things you do wrong and start correcting them. It's grand for what ails you—and is guaranteed to keep you sweet and unassuming and modest—in short, a real person!

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF BREATHING AND EATING, PRAYER IS PROBABLY THE MOST UNIVERSAL ACTIVITY KNOWN TO MAN!

There are peaceful natives who dwell in obscure mountain passes of practically unexplored regions of the earth who do not care greatly for fighting, but they pray. There are warlike tribes that dwell in other regions that also pray.

The Mohammedans bow their heads reverently at sunset in sublime submission to Allah; the Orientals make obeisance to strange golden idols and the Christian nations kneel in holy worship to their God. Different in clothes, different in customs, different in moral standards and education, yet they all have the divine urge to plead for guidance. No stronger argument could be found to uphold the fact that there is a God, a creator who lends ear to the supplications of mortals.

PRAYER IS FAITH; and faith is a sixth sense given to man as surely as he has been given the other five. It yields a greater influence than any other one thing in the world, and yet it is within reach of the lowest individual.

Newspaper readers of 20 years ago will remember the fire which threatened to wipe Atlanta, Georgia, from the map. The fire ran with uncontrolled force from housetop to housetop; block after block was ravished. The shack of an old Negro mammy was directly in the path of the conflagration. Firemen breathlessly urged her to move from her home but the old white-headed woman hadn't gone to her hallelujah meetings in vain. Her faith in "God Almighty" was not shaken by the fury of the

flames until Mammy's shack was completely surrounded. There was no way to save her.

Georgians tell us that when the flames died down the old darkey was sitting safe and sound singing spirituals—thanking God. Its worth thinking about—her supreme faith!

THE ancient Spartans who sent their sons forth to battle with the admonition to BRING HOME THEIR SHIELDS AS VICTORS OR BE BROUGHT HOME ON THEM—in other words—FIGHT FOR VICTORY UNTIL DEATH—were not so unmerciful as they may seem to many moderns.

It was the old rule of the survival of the fittest, which is a pretty good rule, by and large. **THE YOUTH WHO GROWS UP UNDER SUCH TUTORING WILL NEVER FLINCH BEFORE THE DEMANDS OF CARVING A CAREER.** The reporter who is sent out to get "facts" if he is a good reporter, will either go until he gets them or is certain that they do not exist in a form which can be published. The trapper in the northern woods knows that **HE MUST EITHER GET HIS ANIMALS OR FACE STARVATION.**

It is the failures, the driftwood of humanity and the unsuccessful mass who utter the diatribe against this rule of the ancient shield. No really successful man or woman has ever accepted a half way compromise with life. Compromises were not made for them. To them if it is worth doing at all it is worth doing well.

The one who fights to the bitter end, if a failure, at least learns a lesson which will make the next fight worth while. Mistakes are the stepping stones to progress. **EVERY MISTAKE WE MAKE IS A SOLID ROCK BENEATH OUR FEET WHICH LIFTS US HIGHER UP THE LADDER.** If we make enough of them we are likely to reach the top. The wrong things we do serve as guiding posts.

NOT EVEN MISTAKES SHOULD DISCOURAGE US NOR KEEP US FROM FIGHTING TO THE END.

MAYBE Steinach was wrong. Who knows? This would be Gertrude Atherton to the contrary.

Rejuvenation is something more than glands, and even if it were not most doctors (including the great Steinach, we are told) declare that the effect of reactivation operations is temporary. It is said that the Steinach operation is somewhat more lasting than others "because it stimulates the creation of hormones within the body itself. However, its effect rarely lasts more than a few years at the most."

It would occur to me, after roaming over a goodly portion of the world and talking to a good many medical men, philosophers, and morons, that to stay young requires something more than just the physical mechanism. If you can't change the mind of a man or a woman by changing the glands, pray tell me what good it will do to change the glands, since the mind will, after a few years, produce the same face as it produced before.

Plastic surgeons, also devoted to restoring youth, claim that their operations are likewise only temporary. Doesn't it sound reasonable that the individual with a nasty disposition is going to succeed in ruining the most perfect face a surgeon can build up by repeated pulling of the muscles in order to growl at the world? Jealousy, fits of temper, unhappy and discontented thoughts distill and discharge poisons in the system tearing down the work of nature and surgeons.

So in the final analysis we say — Maybe Steinach is wrong after all!

Jean Rendlen

BOOKS OF THE MOMENT

By Jane Archer

"Green Margins" by E. P. O'Donnell (Houghton Mifflin).

LIKE many novels that have won prize contests E. P. O'Donnell's "Green Margins," which took the Houghton Mifflin Fellowship Prize, is over-written. Mr. O'Donnell treats his reader to great reams of poetry, so that one has, after reading his book, the same sensation that results from over-indulgence in French pastry and chocolate bars.

Of course, Mr. O'Donnell is entitled to some of

book. A delta Polonius, full of philosophy and advice calculated to make those about him discontented with their lot. Grampaw believes in individualism. Living with Grampaw, she meets Loretta from New Orleans, a city woman who makes Sister, for a time, yearn for town life. Sister's baby is born, Grampaw dies of a heart attack, and the story continues with Sister's trials and tribulations. She meets Rene, an artist, is his friend for a long time, Tony dies, Mocco goes to New Orleans, Mitch Holt, with

Laid in so fabulous a scene, perhaps it is a mistake to portray clear cut characters. Some of Mr. O'Donnell's prose is beautiful, but his book is cluttered with passages of this sort:

"Sister was unwell. She was happy and sad. She felt like fleeing down the road with loosened hair, or finding a place to lie on the earth to weep, or plunging her hands among the stars."

And "Sister was highly excited now, eager to plunge into the living of a new life. She was tired of the sea. Her growth, somehow, had stopped. She wanted to feel dry land under her. She was hungry for the earth. She longed to plunge her hands into the soft rich land."

AND Rene: "A tree is a creature of contrary rhythms like a man, vertical flow of sap and the planetary movement of fruit around the swollen boughs. That observation would have made a stir among my old gang. . . . Is she thinking of me tonight? She shall think of me! My will must never waver! That night in the lighthouse she was very near to submitting. Next time her head rests on my shoulder it will remain. . . . Lovely mouth, the trumpet of her soul! Ripe lips, drooping like fruit, heavy with songs unsung! In this place she is wiser than I, saddened by the secrets of the soil. . . . This inescapable network of stars! Blurred stars, blurred hedges, blurred footholds. I am a footstep in the mist! My thoughts grope softly as quick roots fumble for the sweet secretions of the night. . . . Saddened by the secrets of the soil! I must tell her that! No — it is too full of hisses. . . ."

Too much is too much, and 499 pages crammed with this sort of thing is what I call too much. It's too bad too, for Mr. O'Donnell has a definite feeling for lovely words and lovely sounds. He has created an atmosphere that is truly exciting.

After completing his manuscript Mr. O'Donnell should have laid it aside for several years to let it get cold. He might then have seen that he could cut about half of it out and have had a better book. He drugged himself with his own poetry.

Mr. O'Donnell won the Fellowship Award. He presumably is a man of some education. He knows words and he knows the English language. He strung 499 pages of words together and got them published. He even won a prize contest on them.

How then has he the temerity to do this? "She bosomed her letter."

"She ovened them with a last lingering touch."

Despite that fact Mr. O'Donnell has written a fairish book. A book that is too extravagant. A greedy book, it is true, but a book that, in a few spots, well written. We can over-look many of the author's faults.



Illustration from book jacket of "Green Margins."

his poetic binges, for the country of which he writes is a strange lusty one, one fairly new to the literary world. He couldn't be too restrained in writing of an unrestrained, lush country.

The scene is that part of the country where the Mississippi meets the sea. It is a land of fiddler crabs, sluggish waters, swollen groves, hurricanes, roaring alligators, orange groves, Irish laborers, levee workers, soldiers, Slavonians, Frenchmen, Negroes. Mr. O'Donnell has not been afraid to splash exotic colours on a mighty canvas, but I am afraid the canvas was too mighty for him. The characters are blurred and unreal, in most cases, like figures in a dream. They are people seen in the dark. The outlines are seen but the features indistinct.

The central character in the story is Sister Kalavich, hard and lovely, whose story, for all Mr. O'Donnell's efforts might well have remained unwritten. Moving in so grand a scene, she, with all her problems, seems small and unnecessary, trivial. Sister, living with her father Tony, a tubercular drunkard, and her brother Mocco, a lazy futile person, meets Bruce and becomes pregnant by him. Her father casts her out and she goes to live at Grampaw's camp. Grampaw is the most annoying character in the

whom Sister has been in love all her life, gets out of jail, and they marry, having many children.

THE most clearly drawn character in the book is Mocco. He is the nearest approach to understandability and reality. A poor, discontented person, is Mocco, always going to go to New Orleans and carve his niche in the world. After making statements to the effect that he is leaving Grass Margins year after year, he is finally put on a barge drunk and carried to New Orleans. He gets a job there, marries, and is fired for dishonesty. Returning to Grass Margins, he sinks back to his usual lazy life, bested because he only had wishes, and no strength with which to carry them out.

Rene, the artist, is too obvious from the start. He is a dreamer, an artistic soul who prefers squalor to comfort, for the sake of art. He falls in love with Sister, starts painting pictures instead of abstractions, falls out of love, and finds contentment with a mulatto until his murder by a jealous Negro rival.

Mitch Holt, who marries Sister, has been a smuggler. He spends several years in the penitentiary, comes out determined to lead his people, and as far as I can gather, changes his mind.

Seascapes

"The Cricket" By Captain C. E. Barry

AT SEA: broken from the orbit of my daily dozen, I'm north-bound on the good ship "Cricket." Wing-weary land-birds shelter themselves from sea-gulls. Their refuge is beneath life-boats. If they live until we reach Columbia River—well and good. They look tired and cold. Food and water may save them. If some of us should fly into space, and suddenly find ourselves on Mars, I imagine our bewilderment might not be unlike that of these poor wind-driven birds. Gone is their song of the forest. Gone are their native haunts—perhaps—as the smoke-filled fog tells a gruesome story. Forest fires along the coast of Oregon are bringing damage to trees that grew before the white man came. A nasty fog has closed in upon us. Its sticky fingers penetrate to the bone. With monotonous regularity the ship's vibrant siren warns every Mother's Son of our presence. A steady throb indicates that all is well below. The ship's engines, turn with the same dependable regularity as the pendulum of Grandfather's clock.

I shudder at the thought of what a forest fire may do. The sight of grotesque figures of men, drawn by heat, the muscles of their backs and necks pull their heads up, while they lay upon their bellies; seared lips leave grinning teeth. Empty eye-sockets; neither ears nor nose remained. Drawn fingers, burned short.

WHY should these things be? To change the subject, I shall tell you of this ship's officers. Each one, representative of those who built the West. I might have said, those who used up the West—beyond which there is no more. After that, it's East again!

The early white settlers, came by ship and wagon. Later, by trains. Today we fly!

Far away Latvia gave this Coast Captain John Wehman, Master of the "Cricket" these nineteen years. He first landed at San Francisco in November, 1887. Today, his birth-place may well be proud of the lad who wandered far to make a home. He helped build the West!

Norway gave us Tonnes Berensen. He is the healthy looking Chief Mate, who left a Danish

Whaler to join the Big Parade—westward. Except when he tried what all sailors dream about—a chicken ranch—American ships have known him since 1905. This ship has felt the heavy tread of his feet for eight years.

When Sweden got too many "Sons" a law was passed to compel all Government employees to change their names. That's why a Pilot in South Sweden named Jepson changed his name to Malmgren. His son, William F. H. Malmgren, first arrived at San Francisco in 1901, and is Second Mate here. Comes now the Third Mate, Leonard Olsen, who was born at Stavanger, Norway, 1896. Still a young man, but he has spent much time under the American flag. Few men can boast of a western heritage comparable to our Chief Engineer Thomas Herman Dittman. His father, Carl Dittman left Stettin, Germany, and made his way to America. On board a Yankee Trader, young Dittman arrived at Monterey, California, 1842. He married Margaret Whitfield, who was born at Half-Moon Bay, California. This union brought forth eight children. Four still survive. Carl Dittman, left Germany in a British ship. He took the name of Charles Brown. This name, he used while with Fremont's Army, mining, and catching the wily sea-otter with Captain Nidiver. Both of these gentlemen made Santa Barbara, California, their home.

Upper New York state, lost Albert and Gertrude Wright, in 1905. That's when they took their son Paul, and moved "Out West." The parents live in Hillsdale, Oregon. Paul, is First Assistant Engineer on the "Cricket." There's a "stump" Ranch in Washington that belongs to Charles George Coles, our second Assistant Engineer. In the days of sun-bonnets, and light ning-rods, he left the Sunflower state of Kansas with his parents, to settle at Roache Harbor, San Juan Island, Washington. That was in 1890. Charlie, looks forward to the time, when he can sit on these stumps and ponder.

Truly these men belong to the West. In the years to come, when generations yet unborn scan the pages of history that depict the West, I hope their names will not have been forgotten. May the Lord see fit to eliminate fogs—by then!