



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

From the fields. [1939?]

[Madison, Wisconsin?]: [s.n], [1939?]

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/FIYUKQBOJKNR68Y>

This material may be protected by copyright law (e.g., Title 17, US Code).

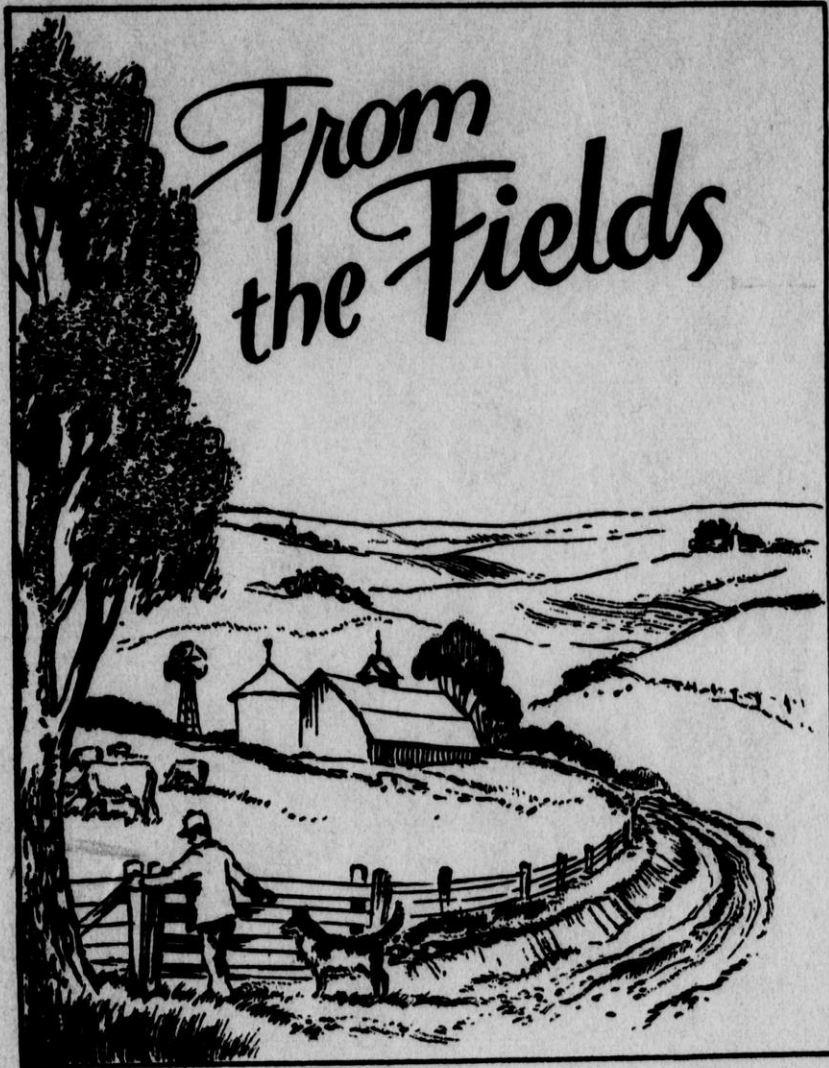
For information on re-use, see

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

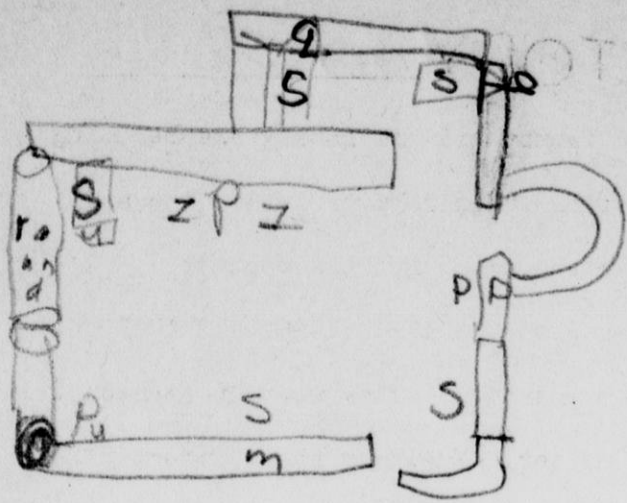
When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.



EXTENSION DIVISION
THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
Dept. of Debating and Public Discussion





"FROM THE FIELDS"


Written by students in the
Rural Literature Classes of
the 1937, 1938 and 1939
Farm Folk School, College
of Agriculture, University of
Wisconsin.





Square  - S,
 "  - P

 = q

 = z

 = u

 = r

 = m

INTRODUCTORY

THE IDEA is abroad that the modern farmer and his family are becoming practical-minded business folk, commercializing their farming activities and fashioning their ideals and relationships thereafter. But these short sketches of creative writing from the students of the 1937, 1938, and 1939 Farm Short Course point to a different interpretation. They were spontaneously expressed without suggestion as to subject matter. Whatever their literary value as to form they are eloquent indices of a rich emotional life, a fertile imagination, and a warm sense of human values in many of our farm families. The seventy young men of the Farm Folk School who contributed toward this collection did not come into the class in Rural Literature because they were the only ones interested. They were themselves chosen on a wide basis, from varying personality-types and localities.

To our great surprise the quiet, inexpressive, manual type, for the most part, produced the best pieces. And they were themselves surprised. Encouraged to sit down in a quiet corner and to write about things and moods around which they had their richest experiences, and in whatever form came most natural to them, they found that they had resources of speculation, appreciation and humor which somehow had been regarded as different in kind from those of our poets and philosophers. Many of these moods and thoughts about life had been locked up within these youth, for the folkways of our times do not permit discussing them among each other for fear of misunderstanding or ridicule.

A challenge in the situation is that we have found it takes only a year or two of the struggles of farm life in contact with America's dominant forms and functions to push back and discourage these nascent experiential powers of our rural youth. Some of these boys read a score of good books at the Farm Short Course. A year later they were found not to have read a

single one. Is it too much to ask that the rural community develop forms of adult training and education which can discover and develop the art, literature and philosophy of rural people?

One of our fundamental theories has been strengthened by this small experiment: given proper encouragement and favorable conditions, the common natures of ordinary people can blossom into forms of art and creativity, perhaps of most value to the creator but also both readable and important for the observer. Throughout these pages the reader is asked to bear in mind that these contributions are not made by aspiring student literati, but by rural youth whose chief occupation is handling farm animals, and working the land.

The writing has been somewhat arbitrarily grouped under general headings, not because of any desire to emphasize or evaluate, but only in order to suggest certain basic rhythms. The first division is classified as nature writing, and here indeed as one might expect, we do find a dominant interest. The second is called philosophical, with a note of wonder and speculation as to existence. The third reflects the humor and satire which is so inevitably a part of the farmer's personality, with a bit of doggerel thrown in for good measure. Finally comes the farm and home motif, and it should be remarked here that a great deal of the writing centered about this theme. Due to lack of space much good material has had to be omitted.

-- John R. Barton



CONTENTS

NATURE WRITING

		<u>Page</u>
PAUL BUNYAN'S PARADISE	Lawrence Fisher '37	1
I PLOUGH A STRAIGHT BLACK FURROW	Vincent Kuharic '39	2
CLOUDY CLUSTER	Frederick Keil '37	3
A PICTURE	Norman L. Billings '38 ..	4
THE CHANCE TO BE FREE	Mark Baum '39	5
WHILE THE CITY THROBS	Vincent Kuharic '39	6
LOOK! AND SEE THE LAND	Loyal Villwock '39	7
THUNDER BEFORE RAIN	Bernard Kuhn '37	8
SCRAGGLY OAK	Carrol Zick '37	9
MORNING MOOD	Frederick Keil '37	10
SPRING MAGIC	Harold Antholt '37	11
AN ADVENTURE IN IMPROBABILITY	Everett Wilde '38	12
A WINTER FLOOD	Hal C. Rinehart '38	14
ALONG THE SHORE	Curtis Hanson '37	15
SNOW TO EARTH	Byron Koch '38	16
MUSING	Wesley A. Moore '37	17
SPARK IN THE DROUGHT	Robert Strohman '37	18
FIRE, FRIEND AND FOE	Halsey Rinehart '38	19
FISHER'S PARADISE	Melvin Rominsky '37	21
A SHIP AT SEA	Eddie Jarvi '37	22

	<u>Page</u>
MAJESTY	Marshall Nehring '37 23
SUNDOWN	Grant Laper '37 24
THE TORNADO	Harold Antholt '37 25
MORNING COMES EARLY	Bernard Kuhn '37 26
<u>PHILOSOPHICAL AND SPECULATIVE</u>	
TIME AND MAN	Everett Wilde '38 27
A BLUNDER	Albert Kapfhamer '39 28
THE BROAD COMMUNITY	Albert Kapfhamer '39 29
DIG THE EARTH	Albert Kapfhamer '39 30
SON OF ADAM	A Boy in the 1938 Class ... 31
OUR STRANGEST PROBLEM	Edward Hanson '37 32
THIS TO ME IS A RELIEF	A Boy in the 1937 Class ... 33
MOORINGS	Lawrence Northey '37 34
TRUTH AND RELIGION	Halsey Rinehart '38 35
OUR SONS	Bob Conway '39 37
CIVILIZED MAN?	John Kuemmet '38 38
VIOLENT DEATH	Roger Wilson '38 39
THE YEARS AHEAD	Marshall Nehring '37 42
MEDITATION	David Roach '38 43
THE WORLD WITHIN	Henry Ochsner '38 44
INCREASING VALUES	Len H. Winn '38 46
TODAY AND TOMORROW	Byron Koch '38 48
WAR MADNESS	Donald L. Haines '39 49
THE VALUE OF THE SHORT COURSE	Robert Strohman '37 50
RURAL ELECTRIFICATION	Kermit C. Cooke '37 51
THE VALUE OF GOOD LITERATURE	Christen Anderson '37 52
THE SOCIAL SIDE	Robert Strohman '37 53

HUMOR AND SATIRE

	<u>Page</u>
HOW TO OPEN A STUCK VALVE	Harold Utheim '38 54
THE BALLAD OF COLD-NOSED PETE	Everett Wilde '38 55
OFF TO WORK	Howard Wentworth '39 56
THE MAIDEN'S DREAM AFTER EATING TOO MUCH BOILED CABBAGE	Elmer Zank '38 57
A BOY OF SEVENTEEN	Ralph Ames '39 58
SWING MUSIC	Leonard Winn '38 59
BARN DANCE FUN	John Jandt '38 60
STRIDOR SUPREME!	Everett Wilde '38 61
DINNER FOR TWO	Franklin Hopkins '38 62
ON OUR WAY	Henry Ochsner '38 64
LET DOWN	David Roach '38 67
SHIRRED EGGS	Henry Helmsteter '37 68
SIDESHOW	Louis Conlon '37 69
"THOU SHALT NOT LIE"	Carroll Zick '37 70

FARM AND HOME

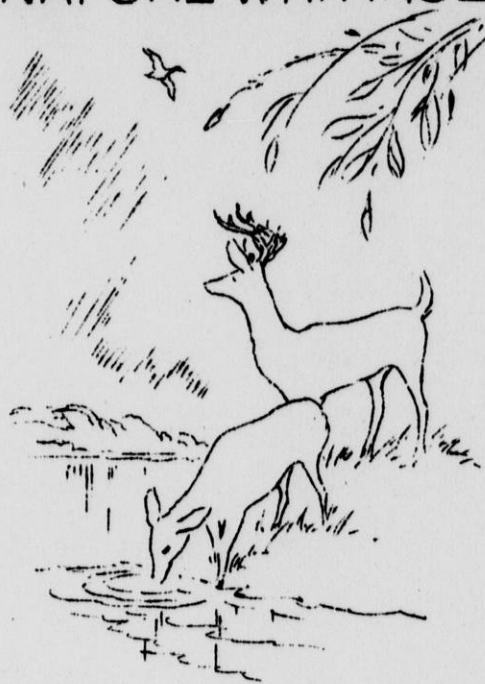
CLOUDS AND CLOUDS	Hal Rinehart '38 71
THE ART OF FEEDING A CALF	Warren Lislewire '39 72
OUT OF THE SOUTHWEST	Paul Nold '39 73
WHEN I WAS BORN	Robert Brackin '39 74
THE ANSWER	Robert Brackin '39 75
SAM	Franklin Hopkins '38 76
BUSTER	Lawrence Halverson '37 ... 77
THE BOY HUNTER	Eddie Jarvi '37 78
ESSAY ON PIGS	Harold Antholt '37 79
THE OVERSEER	Lawrence Northey '37 80

1st
 2nd
 3rd
 4th
 5th
 6th
 7th
 8th
 9th
 10th
 11th
 12th
 13th
 14th
 15th
 16th
 17th
 18th
 19th
 20th
 21st
 22nd
 23rd
 24th
 25th
 26th
 27th
 28th
 29th
 30th
 31st

THE END

1st
 2nd
 3rd
 4th
 5th
 6th
 7th
 8th
 9th
 10th
 11th
 12th
 13th
 14th
 15th
 16th
 17th
 18th
 19th
 20th
 21st
 22nd
 23rd
 24th
 25th
 26th
 27th
 28th
 29th
 30th
 31st

== NATURE WRITING ==



PAUL BUNYAN'S PARADISE

"Even now I can hear the rhythmic hewing of pine and fir as I walk through the echoing forest. It makes me happy and carefree. I become as a man with dreams, a song in my heart, and with a certain touch of nature gripping my soul." (Bunyan's Paradise)

The air is shaken by the steady blows of
ringing axes biting into timber;

The sharp sound follows the swift stroke;

Boughs lean slowly across the sky, dropping

Snow as a cloud from heaven.

An iron wedge tilts the great trunk toward earth.

The living gash cries out and opens, and the

Crash shatters the white domain even to its edge.

- Lawrence Fisher - '37

WINTER PLUGH A STRAIGHT BLACK FURROW

WINTER PLUGH A STRAIGHT BLACK FURROW

Winter will not release its icy grip,
Though the chilly blasts slowly cease.
The wind whistles, the snow blows and piles—
But in my world of the future, I open a door—
My garden is in full bloom, and on ahead
The fruit hangs heavily on prolific trees and vines.
I plough a straight black furrow.
The rich dark soil heaves lightly away,
And crumbles into a mellow seed bed.
My heart is light and carefree
As we slowly make the rounds.
The pungent odor of fresh turned soil is intoxicating
And makes me feel slightly giddy.
I lean on the plough and look ahead.
I watch the long straight rows of deep green corn,
Bending with the gentle summer wind.

- Vincent Kuharic - '39

CLOUDY CLUSTER

Silently creeping up in the western sky,
Dark blue and smothered white,
Clouds of gigantic size were rising high,
Upward and across with persistent might,
They rolled and rolled to crush the light.

Flash! and then a loud and ceric roar,
With echoing disturbance rent the air.
Guilty silence, then in wild abandon pour
Sky cataracts on brown earth and bare;
The dark brown earth to rend and tear.

Repeating cloudbursts with hail combined
Pitter-pattering, crunching, cracking,
Swishing down on grass, tree and vine.
Alas! o'er head the sun was shining,
The retreating wind had lost its whining.

- Frederick Keil - '37

A PICTURE

Five minutes walk from the house brings us to a cool, luxuriant, secluded spot deep within the bounds of a mighty ravine filled with patriarchal oak and pine. If we are careful to approach a tiny glade in its midst, up wind, we may see a sight which, if once seen, will never be forgotten.

Ah, there it is, and we gaze in open-mouthed wonder at those leaping, frisking, happy bits of animal flesh which flash like a ripe peach in the sun, with a warm, silken color.

Can it be that those two fawns which it seems that the very wind might break, (for they so look like thin glassware, ready to break at the slightest touch) can be out in this world alone? One must think not, for sharp, roving eyes are watching their every move.

Wonderful, indeed would be the prize, if some man could take a moving picture of the frisking and playing of those most graceful of forest children.

Few people, inexperienced in the ways of the wild, may ever have this soul-grasping thrill which comes to one who first witnesses their trusting carefree play.

But let us break the blended flow of this picture and wish once more for a movie camera, but keep your self-control for the results will be most unexpected. Stepping into the open one has little time to take in all that goes on for there is a flash, a tramp of hoofs and the stage is dominated not by delicate, helpless looking creatures, but by the very picture of rage and dominance. Out of nowhere at all has come the doe to take her place with flashing eye, lightening hoof, and proudly shaking head, to challenge the world. Once the stage comes under the dominance of that thunderbolt of flesh the fawns vanish as if into thin air, for instinct takes the place of thought and nothing acts more quickly.

- Norman L. Billings - '38

THE CHANCE TO BE FREE

Give me rural life and I can live happily.

Yes, I can live in deep contentment.

Why? Is that what you ask?

Because, my friend, the country has more to offer than the large towns and urban areas.

You can live a pleasant life of solitude in the country.

There isn't the hum of street cars, city busses, traffic policeman's whistles or factory roar.

You are free from smoke, dirty gutters, streets littered with filth, paper cigarette butts, and odorous bits of food.

You're away from noisy crowds, people calling their wares, or a newsboy standing on a corner calling, "Get your evening paper here."

That, friend, is what rural life gets away from.

But, it doesn't get away from peace and Quietness,

The chance to be free.

The chance to run over acres of land, "God's Green Earth," without breaking a law.

A chance to think quietly on Sunday, with birds and animals to fill in as a chorus in the background.

The chance to turn awake, to the far off call of the crow or a cockbird giving the forecast of the day.

The opportunity to smell new mown hay, to breathe in the fresh air,

The chance to turn over the rich soil and feel important because you're an important kind of cog in this "World Machine".

A cog that if eliminated, would mean sure destruction of the machine.

This, my dear fellow, is why I prefer the pleasant life in a rural area.

- Mark Baum - '39

WHILE THE CITY TROBS

I've often marvelled at the great things
Man has produced:
The stately skyscraper,
The powerful locomotive,
The speeding plane, the monstrous ocean liner,
The noisy elevated railway, the singing radio,
The thronging roar of crowded city streets.
But give me a place in the quiet, peaceful solitude
Of the open country, the birds singing brilliantly
On a fresh dew-laden morning; the bees humming
Merrily on drowsy summer day, the smell of growing things,
To sweeten the air.

- Vincent Kuharic - '39

LOOK! AND SEE THE LAND

Look about you, and "see the land." As you look at it, you come to realize the greatness of nature, and how small and insignificant a human being is, in comparison.

Think of the thousands of years that were required to make this earth fit for people to live on; of the many earthquakes, glaciations, and floods that formed and molded the variations in the crust of the earth, of the growth and decomposition of plant life which was required to give us "one" inch of good top soil, and of how this soil was held in place by its very source, the plants. Just think of the wonderful, luxuriant covering this earth of ours would have, if Mother Nature were allowed to take care of herself.

You should be proud of your inheritance, and try to preserve it as much as possible; but have you?

Where did those deep gullies and ravines originate? What are those black and brittle stumps doing in that vast territory of desolation, where not even the song of a bird can be heard? What has happened? Who is the cause of all this wanton destruction and waste of what was once so great and beautiful?

That profligate creature called man. It is he who is to blame for all this destruction. And, now that the damage has been done, he frantically begins to repair by reforestation and soil conservation. Now he begins to realize how long it takes to make one inch of top soil, and how difficult it is to hold that soil in place. It was simple for Mother Nature.

However, the land is still beautiful, and still very great. Let us keep it so that we, and those to come, may say "Look! and see the land"; that we, and they, have that feeling of awe at the greatness of what we call the earth.

- Loyal Villwock - '39

THUNDER BEFORE RAIN

The black, tumbling mass of clouds gradually became more threatening as it approached. The distant thunder rumbled continuously and a gradual darkening that had long hence covered the sun, seemed to be taking place. The air was perfectly still. There was not enough breeze to stir the leaves on the trees. Everything was quiet except the continuous rumble of the thunder.

As the storm came nearer the tumbling of the clouds seemed to increase to a rolling, frothing mass along with the occasional flash of lightning and the increased volume of the thunder.

A cool breeze preceded the storm, refreshing the air and stirring the leaves on the trees, gradually increasing as the storm came nearer. With a resounding crash, preceded by a flash of lightning that seemed to split the heavens, the rain began to fall in torrents.

- Bernard Kuhn - '37

SCRAGGLY OAK

Old, bent, twisted,

Scraggly oak.

For many years

you have stood

uncomplaining,

unflinching

alone.

You have had

many storms,

You have weathered

them well.

Let me look at you, oh Oak!

Realize the insignificance

of my woes,

And thereby help me

to bear my burden,

Uncomplaining,

unflinching,

alone.

- Carrol Zick - '37

MORNING MOOD

It was on Christmas morning,
The shrubs and trees in the yard
Were heavily loaded with snow and frost.
Everything was very white. In the valley
The pines stood with their branches touching
The ground. A small stream broke through
The snow in places and trickled down its
Winding course among the trees.

- Frederick Keil - '37

SPRING MAGIC

It was spring. I had a burning desire to return to the country where I had been brought up, to refresh my memory of my childhood days. As I reached the old homestead and looked about me, I felt that the grass was the country. The little trees were insignificant against the grass; it seemed as though the grass was about to run over them. I sat for hours enjoying the magnificence of spring. I was so completely taken up dreaming of the days I spent here that I forgot about time. Suddenly I looked up and saw the sun, a fiery, red disc, its lower rim just resting on the ground. A great black figure suddenly appeared on the face of the sun. I sprang to my feet and in a moment I realized what it was.

A farmer was returning from his day's work, with his team and plough. The sun was sinking just behind him. The vision disappeared, the field before me turned dark and the sky took on a grayish hue. The farmer and his team had sunk back to their own littleness on the way home.

- Harold Antholt - '37

AN ADVENTURE IN IMPROBABILITY

High in the foothills near a cool blue lake where grass nest and Pintails flock for solitude; where rice and goldenrod and snapdragons and thick-bladed marsh grass grow profusely, I have a cabin. A home that would inspire a patriotic sort of longing or an awe of nature in the hearts of a hundred million people.

Mighty cedar logs and puddled clay mortar form the walls; rough hewn slabs and shingles, the roof, parts of which are covered with moss and even struggling violets.

A door, on squeaky hinges and without a latch, admits us to a single room with a squat, old-fashioned stove and a fireplace where a thin, lazy curl of smoke rises from the ashes and slowly floats upward, evidence of a chilly morning.

A hand-crocheted rug, a winter diversion, occupies the center of the room. The only evidence of 20th century furniture is a large easy chair. Over in the sunny corner a typewriter and filing cabinet and rows of books give away my secret.

A great Dane arises from the rear of the stove and comes yawning and stretching to my side--my other companion.

Near the foot of the headwall a bubble of water trickles down the few mossy rocks and hurries to the lake through the deep needle-strewn earth. Here in the summer I read the books Uncle Sam's man leaves in the village upon my order. Here I am contented for months.

But, now as I lie here by the stream, I think of people I have known, of places I have been, of the city especially--how it looks after a year's absence. As I reminisce, my heart seems to grow within me, my head heavy; frankly, I am lonely.

So I pack and leave for the city.

"A nice day isn't it?" as the Conductor takes my ticket--

"Yes, Suh, it is, Suh," and nothing more.

The weather is the sole topic of conversation. Are men so occupied or am I so odd that my conversation, my companionship is unneeded, unwanted? Is everyone self-centered?

I bought magazines, one at a time, for diversion.

In the city a courteous cabbie whisks me to a hotel where I engage an extravagant suite. Have I not lived in a log cabin for a year? A courteous boy accepts my tip and is gone.

The sounds outside are harsh, irritating; the horizon, hazy; the air smells cool and washed, like clothes fresh on a line.

After thorough refreshment in the tub--sopping water on my neck trying desperately to cleanse my back, which ended by my lying down in the tub (I laughed as I compared it to the lake back home)---I searched a phone book for a few names I had known. Hundreds of names were alike, taking strength in numbers.

Some I could not find, some were not at home. Men who are my friends have no bonds to bind them. Travel gives color, character, cross-section. Why suffer in a city when nature abounds with life and easy living?

Out on the street a mob of men madly made much of every chance for hastening yonder.

I spied a man loitering against a building and hastened casually to make acquaintance, but he darted a questioning glance at me and hurried quickly on.

Once again the birds and the bees and the flowers and the trees console me. Deep, soft moss and grass and flowers scent the air with different and delicious, dank odors and make a pleasant resting spot amidst the kaleidoscopic shade of the forest. The softly gurgling, swirling brook and the busy bees droning a dizzily lazy drawl are more pleasant to me. I am not alone among many but happy with no one.

- Everett Wilde - '38

... ..

... ..
... ..
... .. **A WINTER FLOOD**

... .. Slow, yet with deadly purpose
Rises the winter flood,
... .. Swift, to'er its banks overflowing,
... .. Dark, with its burden of mud.
... .. Swift, through the length of the valley
Races its sullen tide,
... .. Changing the glistening river
To a torrent muddy and wide.

Now it seizes a brooklet
Hastening toward the sea,
And swallows it deep in its bosom
To eternal anonymity.
Perplexed the restless traveler
Watches the swirling foam
Anxious to hasten the journey
Eager to speed toward his home.

- Hal C. Rinehart - '38

... ..

... ..

... ..

ALONG THE SHORE

Did you ever sit along a lake shore at night? Well, do it! You will hear the water slapping the bank and a faint song of the waves will come floating out to you. First it will make you feel lonely, then as you sit there a feeling of joy will come over you. The lake will ripple and ruffle and you will think it is trying to talk to you.

Once in a while a fish will splash and then the quietness will change until the echo dies down. Then the slap, slap, slap of the water on the shore is all you can hear.

- Curtis Hanson - '37

SNOW TO EARTH

The cold, blustery, short winter days are over
The winds slowly but determinedly turn from
north to south
And bring the blue skied, sunny, refreshing
days of spring
As the slushy, settling snow banks give way to
bare, black earth.

Over the gray swaying maples and hemlocks
Comes the cool, sweet, fresh Spring breeze
That flows down, down to the bottom
Of the dark, thick, mysterious cedar swamps.
There it seems to drift over the soggy, wet
snow
Magnifying the tracts of the thin, long-legged
big-footed swamp Jack
Sensing new, energetic life as he awaits the
coming of green leaves and roots
And the soft, green moss-padded swamp trails.

- Byron Koch - '38

MUSING

Have you ever been
In the woods alone
And noticed the leaves
And the whispering trees
As they shifted and swayed
With a restless tone
And wondered how many
Nests they had made,
What shelter given
In the darkening glade?

- Wesley A. Moore - '37

SPARK IN THE DROUGHT

It is a hot, dry day about the middle of August. There has been no rain for two weeks. The sun beats relentlessly down upon a parched earth from a clear blue sky.

A large car is crawling along a sandy trail through a forest in northern Wisconsin. Occasionally the trail passes a small lake of clear, cool water surrounded by tall pine trees, or follows the bank of a stream for a short distance. Then it wanders aimlessly off across the open country which is covered with scrub oaks and a few small pines which have come up since the last fire.

As the car rolls along one of the occupants tosses a cigarette butt from the car into the dry grass at the side of the road. As the car disappears around the bend in the road, a thin wavering column of smoke rises out of the underbrush until the cigarette burns back to a place where it is resting against a blade of dry grass. Then a small flame appears and starts crawling out toward the end of a blade. A light breeze catches it, and blows it against another clump of grass and soon an ever-widening circle of flames is spreading through the grass and brush.

At first the fire stays near the ground and is fairly quiet, but as it grows older and stronger, it starts to crackle and then to roar, racing up to the tops of tall pines and throwing sparks and burning pieces of bark far ahead of itself to start new fires. Great billowing clouds of smoke roll up higher and higher toward the sky. Ahead of the monster flee the wild life of the forest. Deer, rabbits, and birds dash madly away from a horror that they do not understand. But there are many that do not escape. Some are too young or too old to keep up the pace or become confused and run the wrong way. In many of the birds the maternal instinct is so strong that they do not leave their young until it is too late and their charred bodies are found a short distance from their nests.

Behind the fire all is desolation - the slopes of the lake are no longer green but are covered by the black, broken snags of trees, while the once cool, clear waters of the stream are filled with burning debris.

- Robert Strohman - '37

FIRE, FRIEND AND FOE

Have you noticed that intangible something about a camp-fire that seems to draw you to the circle of its glow? I hope so, for I wish you to have the thrill that I experience when I sit on the ground or on a log and watch the restless blaze of the fire fight back the subtle shadows of the night.

I have heard my grandfather tell of the evenings he spent with his comrades while with Sherman on his March to the Sea. When all the rest seemed vague and unreal the memory of those evenings floated back to him as one of the few times when he was allowed to feel pure contentment.

Often in the spring I am called on to do a very agreeable duty - to stay at the "Sugar Camp" and boil the maple sap down to sweet, fragrant syrup. Sitting before the furnace, feeling the radiation of the live coals on my face, smelling the fragrance of the boiling syrup, and watching the dancing shadows as they are cast against the tall maple trees arouse some primeval instinct that causes me to feel that here is peace, here is contentment, and here is security. Let the night grow cold, let the skies grow dark; by my fire I can defy nature. Cold and darkness mean nothing: fire has conquered the elements.

Often on dry, dreamy fall evenings one can ride slowly down the highway and see on the distant hills long lines of fire slowly creeping through the dry leaves and twigs looking

like columns of an advancing army. It takes a little imagination to turn the lines of flickering fire into torch bearing savages, moving intently toward some isolated settlement; or dropping deeper into the reverie you can feel that here is the formation of the Christian Crusades, traveling with unfatiguing determination in the direction of the Holy City to free it from its captors. When the fire is whipped by a rising breeze, it seems to leap and gallop in its race over the hills - there leaps to our minds the legend of Hannibal who tied flaming faggots to the horns of oxen and stampeded them into the native defenders in his journey over the Alps.

Have you ever spent a night fighting a fire? If so you have soon learned that here was an enemy worthy of your metal. Plot, and strive as you may, the fire seems possessed of a super intelligence that enables it to throw sparks into dry clumps of leaves where they become sentries who signal to the whole body of the flaming mass that the way is clear and suitable for immediate advance. You beat the fire into seeming oblivion, you tramp it with your feet, you dig with your shovel, you curse it because it springs to life behind your back, yet in your heart you are enjoying the battle, you are admiring the fire; such a battle appeals to your idea of true sportsmanship.

Back of it all is the realization that it is fire, our strengthening friend and our all-consuming enemy who has made our rise from the level of common beasts possible; to this untamed power we give our affection and respect.

- Halsey Rinehart - '38

FISHER'S PARADISE

It was the twenty-first day of May, 1936.

Gray blue clouds were moving slowly across the sky in very small groups. The sun was just beginning to show its bright red face over the eastern snow-capped mountain top. The rocky mountains were all covered with beautiful green trees. Spruce and balsam were shining green from the refreshing rain the night before and here and there the aspen stood quivering its leaves. Birds were all singing their early morning mating songs. Here and there rabbits scurried about, while the graceful deer came down to the sparkling river for a refreshing morning drink. The river moved very rapidly down its course from the hillside to the valley. It was where the river entered the valley and made a natural hole for trout to hide that I stood with my ten foot bamboo fly rod casting red and green flies to catch a few of those beautiful speckled trout.

- Melvin Rominsky - '37

A SHIP AT SEA

Walking along a road on a windy day last September, and coming to a high ridge, I stopped to look around the horizon. There was a black spot, way out on the lake. Of course, a ship. The strong wind made the lake waves rise invisible. Sometimes the smoke rising from the ship was black, against white, made by the rolling waves. When the ship came closer, it grew larger, more colorful. At times when the waves rolled high it just seemed to dive right to the lake, making cold spells run up and down your spine.

Even though standing on a ridge, it made you feel as if you were on the ship. The ship, heavily loaded with ore, barely waded thru the large waves, making it look rather tough, especially if you imagined yourself on it.

As the ship sailed past, it left a funny thought of how people have to risk their lives to make this world better to live in.

- Eddie Jarvi - '37

MAJESTY

A large elm tree stands in the edge of the wood. A perfect specimen of a tree. At the base it is between three and four feet thick and grows straight upwards for fifteen or twenty feet. Then the limbs branch out in every direction, making the top of the tree look like a great ball on a large pole. The tree dwarfs other trees in the vicinity. It is rugged and has withstood the storms of nature for more than two generations. The leafy foliage is a harbor for nature's pleasing songsters during the spring and summer.

On a hot summer afternoon a farmer's herd of cows take refuge in the shade of this masterpiece of nature. Or a jolly group stops by to eat a picnic lunch and loll around on the lush green grass that carpets the ground beneath this friend of men.

Moss and lichens grow on the bark. A woodpecker's staccato beating can be heard coming from the nearby woods. The chirping of crickets on the air and the booming of a bullfrog burst from the edge of the river. The faint cawing of crows comes floating on the breeze from distant hills as the sun slips from sight amid a golden glory and the dark shadows come rushing from the east heralding the first call of the night.

- Marshall Nehring - '37

SUNDOWN

The sky is clear. The only object in view is the sinking ball of nature's colorful ornament, the sun, in the western horizon. The sun is red. But not the harsh red of a newly painted barn, but more of red's soft ray of more refined color, like the scarlet of a Tanager. With the center of red, shades of orange and yellow beam farther off. Nature's own soft rays of beauty, not the flashing colors of man manufactured imitations. These warm rays of colorful light strike upon the cool green of the horizon. They light it up with magnificent appearance. The objects begin to cast long falsetto shadows toward the east.

The birds flit about in haste to sing with more anxiety toward the end of day. Their song is more pronounced in the long shadows of twilight. They seem to be doing all that has been undone during the day to prepare for the coming night.

Nature is at its best at sunset. But it does not linger. The sun swiftly and silently sinks like a heavy weight through mercury, and soon it is out of sight and leaves the earth in darkness until its silent approach again at day.

- Grant Laper - '37

THE TORNADO

One day last June while busy hauling hay, the sky began to overcast with evil and grim looking thunderclouds. I hurried with the loads and about three o'clock got the last one safely to the barn. I unhitched the horses and after taking them to the barn a chill seemed to run over my spine. I paid no attention to it just then. Returning from the basement under the barn, I was as thunder struck.

Everything was breathlessly quiet. Not a leaf stirred. Chickens made no sound. The sky was beginning to turn a dull grey with the sun looking like a red disc. I was so struck that I went up on the barn hill and lay back in the grass and just watched the sky. Soon a low, growling sound reached my ear but I paid no attention to it. As it grew louder and louder I glanced up. Nothing could be seen but a darkening of the sky in the west. I knew a tornado was coming. I lay there and relaxed - how long I don't know. It seemed I was in a daze until a few drops of rain struck me, and by the time I had scrambled to my feet and raced to the barn, the storm broke. Rain fell in sheets and I was soaked. But I paid no heed and stood in the doorway and watched the phenomenal display of lightning, thunder, and rain in the sky. Then the tornado struck. The trees were nearly beat over, and everything loose was flying in the air. The barn trembled and I was so thrilled, the danger did not bother me. It lasted a few minutes and was gone. The sky turned pink and orange and suddenly a rainbow stood out. It was an experience never to be forgotten.

- Harold Antholt - '37

MORNING COMES EARLY

The continuous yelp of the coyote was soon answered by a chorus of several of his kin from the distant mountain slope. After being awakened in such a manner, it was impossible for me to go to sleep again. I tried to see the mountain but in the dim light it was impossible to make out anything but a dark, sinister object that projected up into the heavens and lay in a background of deep blue dotted by millions of little white lights, the stars.

In the opposite direction lay the lake, dark except for the reflection of the moon on the tiny ripples. There seemed to be a white path that led from the bluff directly across the lake to the moon, that was on the verge of descending below the horizon.

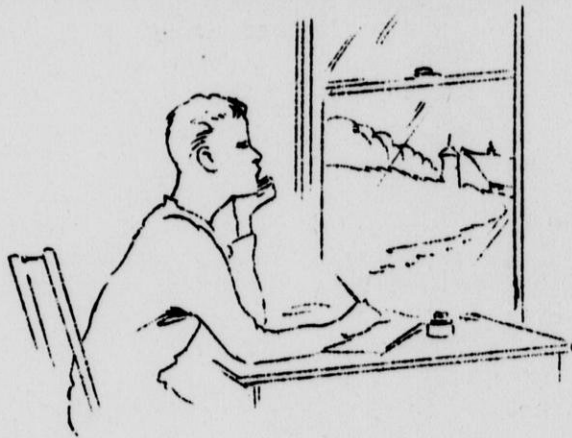
The soft whispering of the pines was interrupted at various intervals by a small splash, along the edge of the lake, that could either have been a fish or an animal coming down to drink.

On turning again toward the east I noticed that the sky was turning gray and the stars were noticeably fewer. Even as I watched they seemed to be disappearing from sight. The mountain was becoming more distinct. I could distinguish the rocky bluffs and boulders from the tall pine thickets on the lower slope. The shadows became more indistinct as it grew lighter. In the west remained only a few of the stars that had previously, along with the moon, lighted up the lake.

The sun peeped between the distant hills and sent long, red and yellow rays high into the heavens. And a few fluffy white clouds drifted into view.

- Bernard Kuhn - '37

PHILOSOPHICAL AND
SPECULATIVE



PHILOSOPHICAL AND SPECULATIVE



TIME AND MAN

Time, they say, waits for no man.

Nor does it ever seem that man

waits for time.

Hurrying, hurrying, always racing,

Hurrying here to get there in time

to go somewhere else.

Loitering here, recovering there,

Teasing death, then cheating,

Muttering how time flies

Yet anxious for some future date.

Man and Time, sue for peace!

- Everett Wilde - '38

A BLUNDER

"He blundered into form" says he.
But for an error made
This thing had never come to be,
Or had been years delayed.

It was a different goal he sought
From this which he attained,
But error entered into thought
And thus a fact was gained.

Oh, call it destiny or fate
Or chance if you prefer,
But often times the truth must wait
For errors to occur.

None knows where hidden truths may lie
For men to come to claim.
But only those who dare to try
May blunder into fame.

- Albert Kapfamer - '39

THE BROAD COMMUNITY

It isn't the size of the community that counts.
Or the wealth one sees,
It isn't the width of the community streets.
Its beauty of home and trees.
It isn't the heights of buildings tall,
Filled with bustle and din;
It isn't the cheese factory of brick and stone,--
You'll see when the check comes in.

It isn't the size of the community that counts,
It is deeper than that by far.
The kind of a community you're living in,
Depends on the man you are.
Your brain must be turned to your communities need,
And broad be your wisdom and true.
Your community will be known through the country wide--
It only depends on you!

It isn't the size of the community that counts,
It's the men who are living there.
Their friendliness and good fellowship
Will make any community fair.
A community is as big as the hearts within
That rule it and turn its wheels
It isn't the size of the community that counts,
It's the breadth of the communities' ideals.

- Albert J. Kapfhamer - '39

DIG THE EARTH

Dig the earth and dig it deep,
Let him rest and let him sleep.
He was loyalty and trust
Gone, as we must go, to dust.

Faithful eyes that watched your own,
Ears that cocked for every tone,
Looks that told us every day--
Love, that humans seldom pay.

Dull, or fearful, tasks to do,
Still his footsteps followed you.
Just a dog--but what a plan
Given as a friend to man.

Dig the earth and dig it deep.
Let him rest and let him sleep.
God who knows that hearts can break
Sent him here to share that ache.

- Albert Kapfhamer - '39

SON OF ADAM

When evening comes, I grow weary. I would gladly go to rest but there are still many things that really ought to be done. I work from habit and any attempt to concentrate my mind on a definite subject paralyzes my brain and makes me sleepier than before.

A vacant mind not plagued by conscience, worry, fear, is a placid animal existence. - It is a nice way to live one's life. Yet, having lived it, what has one accomplished? One might as well have been a cow, standing in the meadow chewing her cud. A cow is forced to be of some use in spite of herself. Yes, that is a life of contentment, of physical pleasure, never feeling any deep sorrow - and never feeling a deep heartfelt soul-satisfying joy.

Is that the kind of man God intended the children of Adam to be?

Let me live a life of misery, disappointment, danger, and insecurity. Let dangers make me feel alert, conscious that life exists around me and that I am part of life. Let me feel responsibility, uncertainty, make me meet temptations and conquer them, meet obstacles and surmount them. Confront me with difficulties and force me to make decisions and choose between alternatives with every muscle and nerve cell alert and aroused and awake, living a day every hour and a lengthening life many years even though the days be less.

This does not sound so bad on paper and I would not actually care for it. But I shall choose it. Time and again I shall put myself in a pickle where I will use all my powers and develop new ones to avoid submersion. I will conquer my cowardice and develop my talents. Maybe I will. The easy way is the easiest, but it is also a total loss. Will my life be a total loss, or will I pay the price?

- A boy in the 1938 class -

OUR STRANGEST PROBLEM

What is this strange thing called life which we so indifferently take for granted? For centuries upon centuries it has existed and will continue to exist for many more. But what has kept it here? Why does not life suddenly cease? After all, the living body is merely a group of elements and compounds, practically any of which can be found on the chemists shelf or in the soil. Thus, why should life continue to exist? All living things come into life to grow, suffer setbacks, perhaps grow again, but eventually return to the soil from whence they sprung. And yet they keep struggling, reproducing, loving, hating, and continually striving for something better. Thus it always has been and thus it always will be. Why? We do not know. And do we care? Most of us do not, for we do not need to. We need merely to take life for what it is, for when man discovers the reason for his existence, then I believe, his existence will cease.

- Edward Hanson - '37

THIS TO ME IS A RELIEF

How narrow is the margin between understanding and mere tolerance. Just a little more cooperation by either one of the parties concerned might change a life entirely. Just a little move or definite effort on the part of either one and the barrier would be broken.

I never knew my father. True, I can describe him although he has been dead for nine years, but I knew nothing of his hopes and ambitions for himself and the rest of the family. We never had confidences as other fathers and sons have. I know nothing of his boyhood days except that which has been told me by other members of the family. I knew nothing of the sacrifices and privations he endured to get an education so that he could enter his chosen work - the ministry. I knew nothing of the censure and criticism which was directed at him by his family for throwing himself away on the ministry.

He was very frugal - sometimes seeming almost penurious - not knowing his background. He never had time to explain and reason. I grew up within myself - never caring to go to my mother with my secrets and having no opportunity with my father.

Just recently have I been aware of the things I missed in my youth - the fellowship and companionship which is the right of every child. I still have inhibitions against confiding in anyone. It is a real effort for me to tell anyone of my hopes and ambitions. I go ahead, hit or miss, benefiting from the mistakes and trying not to do the same thing again.

I have made one firm resolve - that in the event I am the father of any children, they shall have above everything else, the companionship which is their right and expectancy.

- A Boy in the 1937 class -

MOORINGS

Who am I?

Many young people in their teens ask this question of themselves. They have a very hard time choosing a vocation and establishing themselves in society.

Young people are brought up and protected from new ideas from the outside. A definite character-type is set up within them which they themselves have not had a chance to prove. Just when they are making the change from childhood to adulthood, the change must be made mentally also. They are subjected to new ideas which are very revolting. As the saying goes, "time cures all". Many contacts are made with the revolting and it becomes not revolting but natural. Then comes the reaction between the younger generation and the preceding generation.

Most parents, although there are exceptions, don't sympathize with the young man or woman. Johnny is smiled at because he has a girl! The folks just nod their heads and smile and pay no adequate attention. "Puppy love" they say. It's really serious though, to Johnny. It is this way with all the problems of youth. It is very easy at this age to block either his power drive or his sex drive and make him unbalanced for the social structure of this civilization.

Who am I?

What am I?

Where is my place?

Youth would like the answer to these questions now.

- Lawrence Northey - '37

TRUTH AND RELIGION

One of the problems that confront me as I delve into the possible future of my life is the part religion is to hold in it.

My early life and associations were of a mildly religious nature. My parents, while not active in any church organization, are quick to come to the defense of any religious movement or to give their moral support to anything intended to strengthen the position of the church.

My first realization that there was something incongruous in the religious system came when I was asked to teach a Sunday School class in my home church. I had the feeling that here, with a group of young people, was a chance to attack some of the problems which we, as young people, faced. Perhaps the difficulty came because we decided that the criterion by which we would judge our habits and actions was "Will this action or habit add to or deduct from our permanent satisfaction as we continue into life." On certain questions this brought us into conflict with the standards of our particular Creed, so we were asked to confine our discussion to more "pertinent" questions. As the result of this I excused myself from further duty.

This incident activated my mind to question the literal truth as established by the Bible.

As I see it, if one attempts to establish the truth of religion by proving the facts it decrees he must ultimately tear out sections of the Bible as false, must regard many of its illustrations as trivial, and must frown on many of its laws as being inconsistent.

If one is to accept the Bible, as is claimed by many religious people, purely on faith, then one must blind himself to much that he sees and to the reasoning of his own mind: he must live in a completely idealistic world.

Again if one attempts to mold religious dogma to fit his particular concept of creation and life the whole scheme becomes arbitrary and without established basis.

Some writers, one a noted historian, believe that a few men, such as Christ, Confucius, or Buddha, have had the ability to analyze life and to formulate a faultless philosophy by which to rule its conduct; but when it became recognized by the established church of that time that here was a man who had a superior concept of human existence, speedy attempts were made to subject the new philosophy to the restrictions of the old order and to reduce or eliminate its effect.

It is not my intention to write destructively for I believe the human requires some philosophy, some religious concept to satisfy its desire for truth. I should hate greatly to be considered atheistic, yet I cannot honestly allow myself to believe that which my reasoning tells me is false.

- Halsey Rinehart - '38

OUR SONS

As I look back on my home on the prairie;
I often wonder and worry,
As to the future of what I've left behind;
If my son will carry on with a serious mind.
And never a minute try to shirk
The task before him in life's work.
Will he realize that in the end it pays
To have sacrificed all of those long, tedious days?

- Bob Conway - '39

CIVILIZED MAN?

The people of this world are progressing and becoming more civilized. That is what we are told, but do we ever stop to think what our progress is?

Take as an example any person in America who is working and leading quite a busy life. He is getting farther, and farther away from the way nature intended him to live. It is true that we must work to exist, but should we eat at the strike of a clock, whether our body demands it or not? Rush to our duties when nature would hint for us to rest; try and sleep when we are not tired because we have a busy day ahead of us; or rush our work in order to take a vacation?

There is another aspect. We forget nature; we don't notice the natural things that are so beautiful -- like nature's trees, flowers, its sunsets, its wild life, and virgin forests it provides for us as a means of livelihood, not to be squandered.

Do we ever stop amidst all our rush to think, about what we are doing, what we really are? Do we ever take time to muse, observe nature, or listen to inspiring music, without letting our clock duties interfere? No, we cannot do these things; we are living too unnaturally.

Man is really nothing, but a form of the higher animals, with a spirit, but physically only an animal. The animal methods of living can be studied and we will see that they could just as well apply to man. The animals eat when nature urges them through hunger. They rest for days at a time when their bodies require it, and can keep active for days at a time if necessary. They conserve their strength and vitality until they see a need for using it, perhaps for self-protection, or in search of food. No one, nature lovers or sportsmen, would want to live like primitive man but would it not be good if we could live like our forefathers, the Indians, or like those people who still live simple lives in the undisturbed forest areas of the United States and Canada, or any other country? They are not unfortunate, but rather we are, who have not really lived in nature and understood life.

- John Kuemmet - '38

VIOLENT DEATH

The road was mountainous, twisting, turning and steadily climbing. They traveled along at a good rate of speed -- these two men in a roadster. One was twenty, glorying in the throbbing motor of his thirteen year old roadster, glorying in the cold moist mountain fog that caressed his face and whipped through the hair of his hatless head. He was all important in himself. Impressed by the accomplishments of his twenty years. The other a man of some forty-odd years. A friend of the younger, but not at this moment a kindred spirit. The throb of the motor was to him just a number of diversified knocks in an old engine which annoyed him. The fog made him shiver through his heavy coat, and he wished his rattle-brained friend had had enough sense to leave the roof on. While he was self-satisfied, he was not cocksure for he was older and had known disappointments and frustrations.

Thus they traveled on, each lost in his own thoughts. Then from above and behind came a low hum, which steadily increased until, when it was overhead, it drowned out the knocking of the car. Looking up, they could see the dim outlines of a small airplane.

"Say, he's flying pretty low, isn't he?" the young man asked.

"Yes, it looks as if he's afraid that once he gets above the fog he won't be able to find a hole to get down. I believe he's trying to follow the road."

Half a mile ahead of the car was a place called Gorman's. It was a wayside restaurant, filling station and garage with a few tourist cabins. It was perched on a flat beside the road, a hundred yards wide and two hundred long.

The plane was now a quarter of a mile ahead. It had called to the mind of the older man how slowly the roadster was moving. The young man was dreaming of the time when he would own a plane. Half watching the road and half watching the plane, the young man forgot the car and road and half rose to his feet and screamed, "Watch out, for God's sake, watch out!"

The older man, startled out of his reflections by the scream, dropped his pipe from his mouth and forgot it as he saw the car headed for an embankment, grabbed the wheel, shouting, "Watch the wheel, you crazy, hair-brained idiot."

Did he? No. He couldn't for what he saw seared and burned into his brain, so that he never forgot it. The plane had suddenly gone sidewise as if it had been slapped by a giant invisible hand. The nose swung around so that it was headed right for the side of the mountain. Then it came -- the plane crashed into the mountain and smashed like an eggshell. Although no sound of the impact reached

his ears, the young man could hear the sound of it ringing in his ears for hours afterward. The roadster arrived opposite, stopped and started frantically to climb the slope. Afterwards neither could have told whether it was a desire to help the occupants of the plane, or human nature to want to see destruction, a wreck, that urged them up the slope.

There it lay, like a bird, broken, torn and dead. A useless mass of twisted steel, broken wood and dirty torn yellow canvas. And its human cargo -- it was no more. It took no expert to tell that here was only the battered remains of two men. The engine had come back on the two men in the cabin. All that was left of one man was from half an inch in front of the car, back. The sight sickened the young man, he could see black specks before his eyes, when he took the weight off one of his feet, it jerked uncontrollably. He felt as if he could vomit without any effort and in his mouth he could taste the sour acid taste of half digested foods mixed with the gastric juices, and the warm, sticky, salty taste of blood, from biting his lips. His hand shook so that he could not light the cigarette between his lips. The dead man's ear fascinated him so that he couldn't take his eyes off it. It had a dirty pasty look, like he had once seen on a wax dummy. And less than five minutes ago it had been rosy with life and blood flowing through it. Blood and life. The life was gone, and the blood, there it was on the ground slowly drying. Then as if he were some mechanical piece of machinery he moved to the other man and looked at him. The top of his head had been lopped off as if with a dull knife, exposing his brain. Into the young man's brain came a silly verse he had prattled at the age of twelve, "Blood and brains all over the street and me without a spoon." It went over and over.

The older man who had been through the World War hadn't paid as much attention to the men, but had been examining the plane.

"Cripes, but that pilot must have been a cool one, he knew he was going to crash and turned off the engine and gas line. That's what kept it from bursting into flames. Yes, sir, and that's what I call presence of mind."

The young man heard, but it didn't register.

With the arrival of the state police troopers and other people, the friends left. There was nothing that they could do here. They drove on and soon came to a sign "This is Gorman's." "Gorman," the young man thought. "Gore, gore,

and brains all over the street and me without a spoon," and thus his little ditty changed.

On they went, the young man cursing the fog, the wind that had slapped the plane into the mountain, the knocking engine, and that now one terrible sentence that throbbed continually and felt small as if he barely breathed, barely moved. Weeks later when other men perspired and cursed the heat, he shivered and his was a cold clammy sweat. Nights, too, were a torture. His friend often awoke to hear him scream, "Look out, for God's sake, look out." Or to hear him mumble, "Gore and brains all over the street and me without a spoon."

Thus a sensitive youth's first encounter with violent death.

And the older man as they drove along -- He no longer shivered and cursed the wind. He seemed lost in thought with a slight smile on his face. He had been through the War. Who knows, perhaps he was remembering the nights when he lay in No Man's Land with black cloths, blackened hands and face, and a high powered rifle whose barrel did not gleam. Perhaps he was living over again the glow of pride and achievement he had felt, after he picked off another "Hun."

- Roger Wilson - '38

THE YEARS AHEAD

What is life? The light-hearted think it is a song to be sung together. The serious say that life is real; life is earnest. This is a wide difference of opinion. Maybe to strike a line midway between the two opinions would make a truer definition. Some people think they have entered this universe with their life entirely mapped out beforehand. These people are the ones believing in fate. The opposites believe in faith and think that the happenings of your life are pure coincidence, and you live it the way you make it.

Life is really very short. The average age for man is probably too short for him to find out what life is really all about. These who do not, really have no real part in life. The suicide death rate makes it certain that many are indifferent toward life. The crowded prisons are full of men who did not know how to interpret life. Environment is thought to have much bearing on life. The country and government must also play a part.

All in all, maybe I have not seen enough of life yet to define it. Years of experience should settle many doubts about life, so I will move forward with anxious eyes and open mind to see what it proves.

- Marshall Nehring - '37

MEDITATION

He who is good, because he is good, is not good. Goodness comes from within - it cannot be put on like a coat.

Sincerity is one of the keynotes of character. It takes many things to make a great man and we cannot all be great, but we can at least be honest--if with no other one than ourself. Many of our greatest men of genius were paupers or were handicapped physically. Even they, with all their greatness, sometimes lost sight of their ideals, but never for long--if they had they would not have been great.

People are always talking about eliminating the slums; some of our greatest men came from the slums. Supposing we did get rid of the slums: would not people become self-satisfied and smug (most of those of the upper classes are now and they don't contribute very much to humanity)? All of life is built on struggle and so it is with man.

Iron is taken out of the ground; if it is used in its original form it is of small value to anyone. But it is heated, impurities are taken out, other materials are added, it is kept at a terrific heat and eventually you have steel. This product is tested, many times there is a flaw and it must be reheated. If the steel withstands the test it is really more valuable than we realize. So it is with man; he grows up in adversity and perhaps he withstands the test and becomes a genius, generally he does not. But if he grows up where there is no struggle, "where the heat is low", he becomes "pig iron."

A man's character is never through changing; he may be a hypocrite most of his life and then when his life is on the wane his eyes are opened to the true values of life. Is it then too late?

(I wrote on this at different times, about five minutes each time. First paragraph at one time, second and third at another time, etc. This sounds like I am preaching here above, but I'm not trying to do that. I just wonder about this and other things sometimes, and above all things, I do not mean that the slums should not be eliminated. The whole system of man's government of all kinds looks "cockeyed". I think ours is the best - but while the working people and farmer (and others that don't have work right now) make the products, the industry controls them and sets a price on them that people cannot pay; the government then has to dole out money to the farmer and laboring man (which lowers his self-respect), money that the government has taken in from all of the people in the form of taxes, in order that they can buy these products that they made, but which industry controls - its cockeyed. It is like taking money from Peter to pay Paul. If a man works hard and saves he should have the right to the profits that he makes from his business; he should not have to divide it up with his neighbor who does not work quite so hard, spends his money, and has a good time. But his neighbor should not have to go hungry or to be unable to find work.)

- David Roach - '38

THE WORLD WITHIN

It can not be possible that we have people who do not day dream. If I can imagine such a person, this is how I would describe him: He is very alert and unimaginative. He is extremely busy with some task which requires skill and speed, but very little thought. As he goes through the motions of performing his hazardous task his mind must be concentrated upon it. He hurries at his job and then rushes to meals, after supper he glances through the news and then retires, falling asleep almost immediately, not to awaken until morning when he will start his daily routine again.

I don't think that we have any one like this, I assume that everyone day dreams; perhaps builds castles in the air which will never come to earth.

I have been day dreaming this afternoon and I shall write down the things that I have been dreaming about during the past half hour:

Shall I invest in a new typewriter? I would like to have one of those new Remington noiseless portables. I could get one for about sixty-five dollars, I think. Yet, how much would I use it if I had it? I can't type anyway, except by the Columbus method. Maybe I should spend my money for something else? I could save it and add more to it and take a trip somewhere which I would remember and enjoy for the rest of my life. I could go to South America and see what life is like down there. I would of course have to buy a good camera and take pictures. Those few pictures I took on my last trip were so interesting. I almost think I would buy a little movie camera with a high speed lens. A moving picture would be much more realistic. Maybe I had better not think about these things at all. I could buy some land in northern Wisconsin or Michigan, and build a cottage. It would be a nice place to go for a few days at a time in the future. I could rent it to my friends once in a while; perhaps my children would enjoy spending a week or so there each summer.

I could let some of the neighbors' children go there too. It would be a lot of fun for them. I really should buy a new car first; my old one is quite out of date and it is so noisy that you couldn't hear a radio in it. I could afford a new car right now, but a new car costs quite a lot; and I don't use a car so very much anyway. One of those new Ford convertible coupe's would be just the ticket. It sure would be fun to go for a drive on a nice day with a car like that. We could take a two-hundred mile trip in a day easily and come back before midnight too. Frank would do the chores for me if I couldn't come back to do them myself. It sure is a nice day today. I wish that I could be hiking on the hills back of Gasser's barn. It would sure be warm and sunny there. I might even find a crocus or see some opossum out sunning himself. The last time I saw an opossum there, it was just such a beautiful day as today. I wonder who is approaching the door. It sounds like August's walk. I wonder what he wants to tell me or ask me. There goes the door now.

"Hy-ya Slab," says August, and my day dreaming is stopped. August starts to tell me about what he just finished doing and that he is going to Sauk and don't I want to go with him. After a few minutes deliberation on the matter I tell him that I have to go to a class yet today so I can't go with him. Then Less enters and says, "C'mon, Hank, let's go to class. You don't have to do that anyway."

- Henry Ochsner - '38

INCREASING VALUES

In economic principles and business, value means the increasing demand and usefulness of a commodity or its utility. But in the last fifteen weeks at Short Course there has been an ever increasing appreciation for some of the most common-place things, ideas, and people, that are mixing together. After going to school with some 340 boys and eating and sleeping with them, one realizes the inspiration received by having an understanding of one another.

In many cases people live one life and think another, which builds up a conflicting situation in themselves. This situation in some individuals is never detected by other people because they are so poised in their outward appearance and action.

I suppose there are many reasons for millions of people living a double life and never being fair with either side. The reason I am writing on such a subject as the value of my own objectives, ideas, and friends, and the sincerity and honesty with which I try to show them, is because of the influence of the boys and girls and faculty members that has helped me evaluate the true worth of having friends, future objectives, and personal habits.

Never before had I ever realized what sincerity could do in well-directed activity. Although I and many other people were not always looking for the easy way, yet we never were able to collect the profits of a moral victory. President Royce of Platteville Teachers College brought the essence of hopeful living home to me when he recited a short line of poetry by James Whitcomb Riley:

"The world is a great and
beautiful world.
And with every thorn comes
a rose--
But how sweet is the rose."

Most everyone has to accept part of this poetic meaning, but if you have begun to feel it before you heard a man say it you are confident that your objectives are to be well-directed in the future. However, there is the possibility of the average individual reverting to different attitudes by having some disaster or physical mishap come into his life. But once a person is able to appreciate other people and their interests he will appreciate your interests if they are of some worth. So it is up to you to choose the objectives you are to follow, and the people you are to live with, and make the every day routine of living worthwhile by being able to accept the psychological benefits from it. Then the sooner everybody gets the feeling that there is something he wants to accomplish, his ways of active living will gradually change or develop so as to fit in with what he hopes to achieve in the near future.

In giving credit to people for their achievements and inspirational endeavors I must also give it to the person who has set the example in such a unique way that others can and do grasp the idea.

No wonder your ideas change when there are so many different ones to have, and then by some inspiration you fall into one line of thinking. You are bound to appreciate things that other people are doing when you appreciate them yourself.

- Len. H. Winn - '38

TODAY AND TOMORROW

Today is the day to act; don't wait for tomorrow. True enough, for if I waited until tomorrow to go fishing it may not be such a nice rainy day as it is today; or if I waited to take a class in Rural Social Literature and thought I would take it next year when I come back instead of taking it this year -- why I may never get back, I may even be dead next year. Then of course I wouldn't be able to come back. Now would it do me any good to have taken it this year. I might just as well have gone fishing. Now we are back to fishing. If today were a good day for fishing and I went but didn't catch a fish I would probably be dissatisfied with myself. Tomorrow comes and the weather is just right for fishing as it was yesterday, but I had gone yesterday and had put off going to town to get that piece of repair for the cultivator and must go today. Tomorrow evening my friend shall have visited me, telling of the nice mess of speckled trout he got. This big one he caught under that log. Why, that's the same place I tried yesterday and would have tried if I had gone today. And those four dandies he caught in the northeast "hole". Why, they didn't bite for me yesterday but I know I could have caught the four of them today myself, if I had gone today instead of yesterday.

Maybe I had caught a good basket of trout yesterday and was well contented. That would be fine. My friend would wish that he had not waited for "tomorrow".

I suppose we should act as our conscience tells us. If we make a mistake, it would not be our fault; it would be the weather, or the fish, or something.

- Byron Koch - '38

WAR MADNESS

To me war is one of the most terrible and useless things the human race can engage in. Two nations whose populations love and cherish life, happiness and security are forced by their governments to try to destroy each other. They do their utmost to reach their goal first because their government has the power to legalize and make honorable murder in the first degree. To me there is no difference between shooting a man in peace time and war time even though a government does legalize it and make it an honor.

War is also one of the most wasteful things the human race ever devised. It not only is a tremendous waste of human life and human morals but also a gigantic waste of natural resources which nature put here for us to use and leave for our successors. Instead of doing so we use them to destroy our fellow men. We Americans must do our utmost to prevent such a catastrophe. From the human view any civilized person would abhor war.

- Donald L. Haines - '39

THE VALUE OF THE SHORT COURSE

It is difficult to determine in dollars and cents the value of any kind of an education. It is something which can not be bought or sold. True, we often pay dearly for an opportunity to get an education, but the education itself is the result of our own efforts, combined with our own ability to make use of information supplied to us. A man may be given a boundless supply of information by an instructor but still he may never even learn to read if he does not put forth some effort on his part.

I think that many people underestimate the value of the Short Course to the people of this state. They look at it as an institution of higher learning which provides a stopping stone to no ultimate goal. The four year course provides an opportunity for a teacher's certificate, a University diploma, or perhaps a position as an Agricultural Scientist; but they overlook the fact that the Short Course gives the farm boy an opportunity to avail himself of a good and practical education in his field of work. There are not any prohibitive prerequisites to keep him from coming. The school is not in session when he must be on the farm helping maintain the family income.

There is ample opportunity for the Short Course student to get practical information through the library and magazines of the University; besides the work that he does in class.

A farmer in this day needs a more rounded education than does a worker in almost any other profession. A doctor must understand many things relating to the human body, such as its composition, environment, diseases, construction, etc. A lawyer, too, must know many things about and pertaining to the profession, and so with any other profession. The farmer, however, is required to know many and diversified things. He must be a mechanic, a blacksmith, a soil specialist, a conservationist, a plant breeder, an entomologist, and a veterinarian. He must understand weather conditions, some genetics of animal and plant life. The work of an electrician is not entirely out of his line; Geography, Geology, and Physiography are things which a modern farmer should know something about. Besides knowing a little about all of these things and some others, the farmer must have managerial ability, so as to make good and efficient use of this knowledge. There are few, if any, farmers who have ample education in all of these lines; all of them know a little about some of these things. We can readily see where these different subjects fit into a farmer's routine work. There are other things, too, of which he must take part in order to be a successful farmer. There is the Economic and Political field. He must have a thorough understanding of these two things if he is going to be able to make a success of his work; and the more that he is forced to take part in it the broader his education must be.

The Short Course does provide an opportunity for the average farm boy to avail himself of some information on each and everyone of the above subjects. Even if it is not complete information it does give him a staff to lean on where or when the road to success becomes steep and rough. The Short Course graduate has this added ability to make the grade.

Again I say that it is impossible to estimate the value of an education. But the person with the education has an added round of ammunition to help him to success and to help others to follow him.

- Robert Strohmman - '37

RURAL ELECTRIFICATION

It is the greatest single social benefit yet proposed for the American farmer. Only a week ago I found myself a guest at a farm home, which had been connected to the new power line for but one day. Of course, the novelty of the thing was still present. Just the same, I don't know of any single thing that the family might have had, which would make the work day brighter or the long night brighter, than the thrill they found in throwing the switch which made available for them both power and light at a moment's notice.

At intervals during the afternoon's conversation the younger members of the family interrupted in order to display an electric toaster, given them by Aunt Ruth, or a beautiful floor lamp received from a very good friend in the city.

Just before leaving we were taken into the basement, that we might see how perfectly the new washing machine operated. None of the noise or smell of the old gasoline motor was present.

This project represents the "ushering in" of a new era in the life of the country man and woman.

- Kermit C. Cooke - '37

THE VALUE OF GOOD LITERATURE

It seems to me that good literature tends to help a person develop a sense of imagination. Imagination is one of the fundamental things a man must have to be at all successful. A person must be able to imagine a thing before he can go about to do it. If a person wants a beautiful home, he must have in mind what it should look like before it can be made beautiful. And so it is with anything we do, whether it be in country or city.

Another thing that literature does for a person is to open a person's eyes to some of the beautiful and wonderful things in life and in nature that a person might otherwise never see. How wonderful it seems to me life can be if a person can go along and enjoy some of those seemingly hidden things in nature. It also shows that life can be made happy without a lot of money if a person can see the way to enjoy it.

- Christen Anderson - '37

THE SOCIAL SIDE

Three more days and we will be Short Course graduates. For two winters we have been studying various ways of becoming better farmers. We have learned more effective methods of tilling the land, feeding livestock, and marketing the products of our labor.

However, important these things may be, if they were all we learned while we are here, our education would be far from complete. In a few days we will go out and start to make our own way in the world. What we have learned here will probably enable us to make more money than our neighbors. But is money the most important thing after all? I do not know anyone who is really happy merely because he has a lot of money. The person who seems to me to be the happiest is the one who has a good philosophy of life, who understands the feelings and moods of other people and who is able to get along with them because of this understanding.

I do not believe that this side of our life has been neglected. Through our classes in citizenship, sociology, literature, and psychology, we have learned a lot about why people do what they do when they do it.

We have also learned many of the fundamentals of a happy home life which I am sure all of us hope to have at some time in the future.

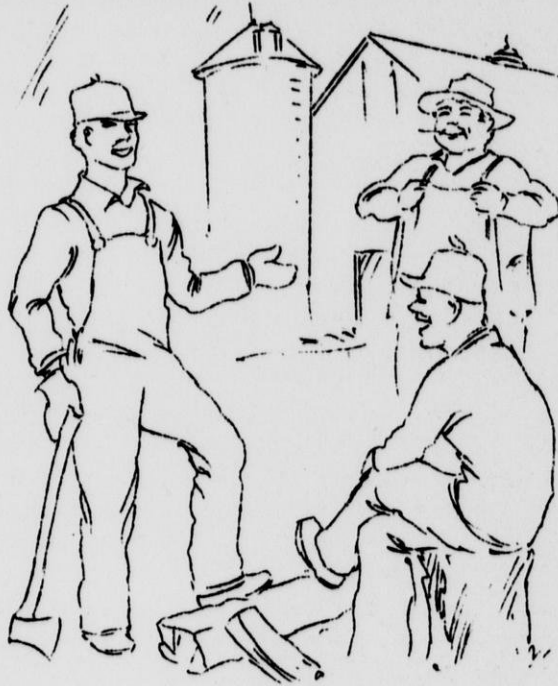
Because we have had these courses we are better fitted to meet the problems of life which we will have to face and to get a more thorough enjoyment of its beauties than we would have had if our curriculum had been confined to the more material subjects.

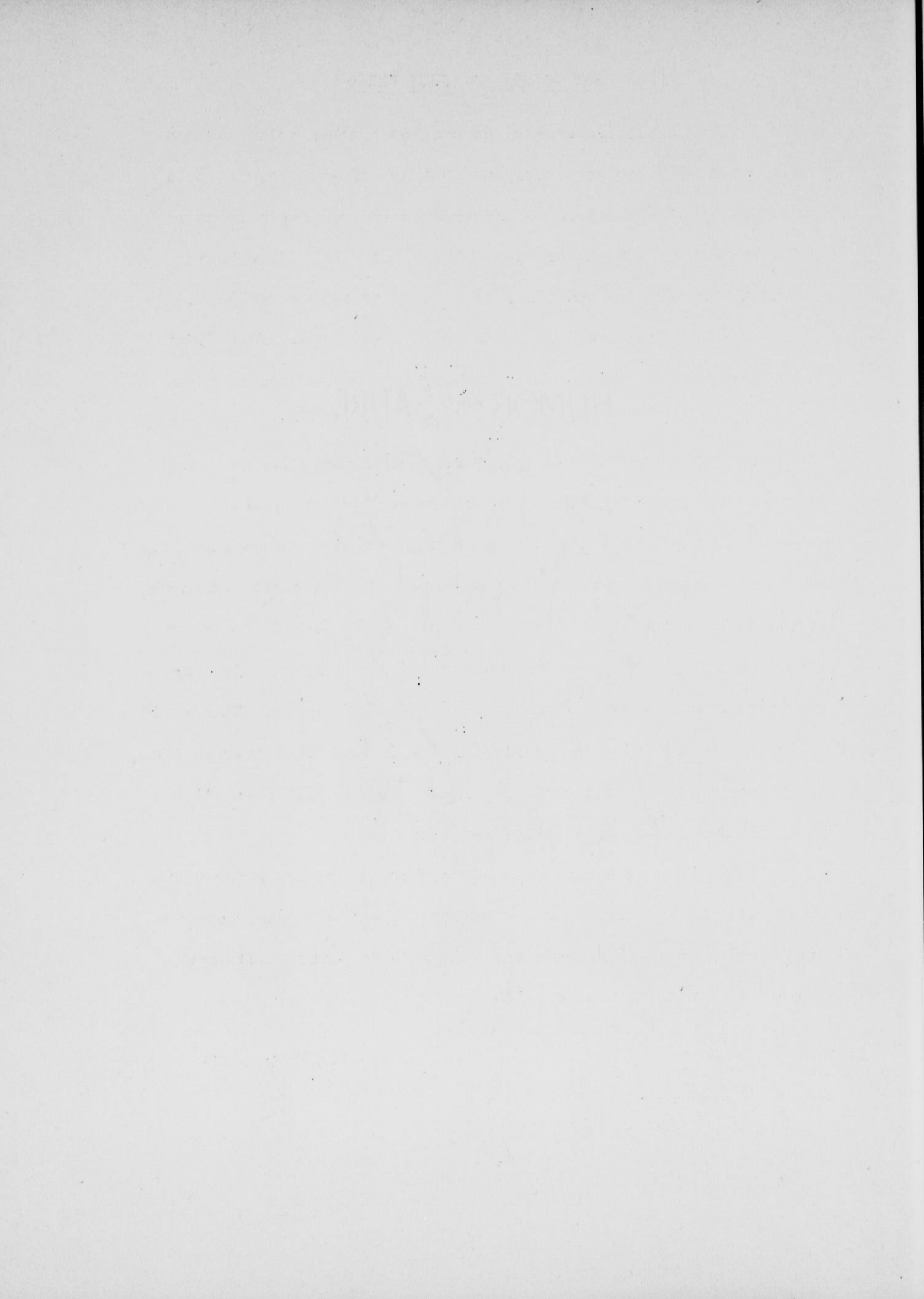
- Robert Strohman - '37

SECRET

... with the Commission ...
... the Commission has ...
... the Commission ...
... the Commission ...
... the Commission ...
... the Commission ...
... the Commission ...
... the Commission ...
... the Commission ...
... the Commission ...
... the Commission ...
... the Commission ...
... the Commission ...
... the Commission ...
... the Commission ...
... the Commission ...
... the Commission ...
... the Commission ...
... the Commission ...
... the Commission ...

== HUMOR AND SATIRE ==





HOW TO OPEN A STUCK VALVE

The perplexing problem of opening a stuck valve is something that will confront everyone in this life; therefore it is advisable that the layman be informed as to the proper procedure used by most of the authorities. The first step, after having located the valve in question, is to cuss profanely enough to blister the paint on the opposite side of the room. This first step is vital and absolutely necessary and to the average layman is easily done. The results from this first step are amazing as the majority of valves will recognize your superiority and open with ease. (Provided you are strong enough to turn them.)

If the valve, however, does not recognize you as superior it is advisable to refrain from repeating the first step and concentrate on the second. The second step is to deceive the valve and make it believe you have given up all hope and this is done by turning and starting away from the scene of action. This will relax the valve and then a flying tackle is made that catches the valve unprepared. This step if timed correctly will open all but a few that did/^{not}respond to the first step.

As there is exception to everything there are a few valves that will not respond to these treatments, and when these are encountered a thoroughly competent and reliable plumber with the proper equipment should be called.

- Harold Uthoim - '38

THE BALLAD OF COLD-NOSED PETE

Hark to the tale of cold-nosed Pete,
And Pluto, the office pup
Who kept the office nice and neat
For banker Huskydup.

Old Huskydup was a rich old hound;
His bones were piled up high
In the shack down near the old mill pond.
Indeed he was the richest hound
Of all the hounds in town.

One night, alone, all, all alone,
Some prowling cur broke in
And stole the pile of precious bones,
Alone, alone, all, all alone.

Next day in front of Pip's saloon,
The neighboring curs came round,
And talked of the event 'til noon,
Accused Pete, the vagabond.

"How dare you," roared our good old Pete,
To Pluto the office Pup,
And jerked him from his favorite seat,
And began to cuff him up.

Old Pete was indeed a husky brute,
The bully of the town.
Pluto was composed of mostly nose,
In Boston bred and born.

They did fight, and fight they did,
'Til all their clothes were torn;
Old clumsy Pete, and Pluto Pup,
Until their strength was worn.

Then our old cold-nosed Pete thought hard
It was his chance - he could not fail,
And so he bit both hard and long
Upon poor Pluto's tail.

Old Pete let out a howl of pain
I'm very glad to say,
For sure it was, the tail he found
Had proved to be his own.

Old Pete went slinking home at last
A most disgruntled cur.
He slept - and lo! tomorrow morn
His tail was all healed o'er.

Now if you think I'm sadly wrong,
I beg you to recall,
That up in Nome, Alaska there
The nights are six months long.

- Everett Wilde - '38

OFF TO WORK

A dash of gray light across the sky.
Burr, Burr, Burr grinds a brassy alarm clock.
A tired arm reaches, and click
The lion's roar of my dream stops.
Ah-O-hum. Time to get up
Thud! the sound of a tired body landing on a cold
floor
A few quite shivering movements while a sleepyhead
and body get into the blue denim. Then downstairs
and outdoors.
The early birds are singing the morning prelude while
a feathery fog lies on the lowlands.
Plog, Plog, I walk to the shed and open the door which
offers resistance to my still sleepy muscles.
Clank, rasp--as I place the crank in its catch.
A squeaky, sucking sound comes forth as I crank and
choke the tractor.
I hesitate and open the choke partly
Then another turn and Bang.
Tin Henry starts, and another day's work.

- Howard Wentworth - '39

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM AFTER EATING TOO MUCH BOILED CABBAGE
(As if anybody would ever eat too much boiled cabbage)

I

The skies are blue, the air is sweet
The winds caress my face and feet
The robins sing to me and say
That I shall meet a prince to-day.

II

He'll ride upon a snow-white mule
A snow-white mule, a snow-white mule
He'll ride upon a snow-white mule
A curious picture that will be,
And he will offer me a lift.

III

Sing to me, my turtle dove
In your nasal baritone.
Let me know that you are mine
That I'm the one for whom you pine
For whom you'd swim the salty brine
For I have been so long alone.

IV

The old church bell will peal with joy
Oh, what a wedding that will be.
Old lady Simpson's found a man
She'll surely land him if she can.

- Elmer Zank - '38

A BOY OF SEVENTEEN

When I was a boy of seventeen--
Ungainly, dull and tall,
As green as any goslin,
I thought I knew it all.
Now old Joe Anderson, another boy in school
He was just about as big as I
And about as big a fool,
Just whispered in a private way,
"It would be a right smart feature
And give us lots of glory if we
Would up and lick the teacher".
That scrawny little teacher,
He bounded from his chair--
He grabbed me by the pants,
And he threwed me in the air.
Around, and around, he whirled me,
He whirled me like a top.
Then I saw a thousand stars--
That teacher let me drop.

- Ralph Ames - '39

SWING MUSIC

Let us swing to the music of the modern dance band,
It's the latest thing in dancing all over this here land.
Keep it smooth - just glide along, that's all you have to do,
Just sway right with that rhythm and you'll be "swingin'" too.

It sure has swept the country
They compose new songs and rewrite the old
Everything is "swing" now - that's what I am told.

The age of jazz died long ago,
Old fox trots have ceased,
The old smooth-flowing waltzes
With ragtime rest in peace.
So out of all the old styles,
Has come this newborn thing,
The dancing world has entered,
Into the age of "swing."

So come along and join us,
As we swing around the floor.
Forget your worries and enjoy yourself,
Join in and applaud for more.

- Leonard Winn - '38

BARN DANCE FUN

"Ladies bow and gents know how," the caller sings out, and everybody is happy, dancing the grapevine twist. No other type of dance is so well adapted to rural gatherings or enjoyed so much by both dancers and spectators as the square dance or some other type of folk dance.

One reason that it is popular is because it can use the talents of the local fiddler and piano or guitar player for the music and get along very well. When the piano player hits the chord, and the fiddler hits up "Turkey in the Straw" the fun is on. This music has simple time and is quite easy to play, and to dance to but fancy such a band playing "Harbor Lights" or "The Moon Got in my Eyes." It takes good musicians and a fair sized band to play most of the modern music and make it sound right and such an orchestra costs money. So the fiddler is obtained instead and he serves the purpose very well.

The spirit of the old time dance is altogether different from that of the modern dances. The old time spirit is that of a great outward show of happiness: clapping in time with the music, a shout of joy occasionally. All add to the spirit of the event. Everyone is friendly. Groups mingle here and there, getting the next dance and having fun in their conversation -- everything is informal.

Contrast this with the modern dance. -- A couple enters, sits at a table or booth and orders a drink. They dance, sit down, and get up again for the next dance. If your partner wants to dance with someone else, you're supposed to dance with the other partner of the other couple. The dancing is also a different type. You probably can hold your partner closer while the ten-piece band plays a dreamy waltz, but the fun of old time dance is of a different type. Everyone joking, friendly -- and it is this type of friendship -- the acquiring of a friend as a "buddy", not a "sweetheart", that should be more prominent in this country.

- John Jandt - '38

STRIDOR SUPREME!

Nocturnal solitude reigned supreme,
When all of a sudden there shattered
my dreams,
A tintinnabulation that knew no
abrogation.

Peace and tranquility, are you so puny
As to be rent asunder
By one ambitious short courser
With an alarm clock
At five-twenty five?

- Everett Wilde - '38

DINNER FOR TWO

She walked past twice before turning in. When she entered, her eyes traveled around the room as if looking for someone she only half expected to find. He wasn't there.

The head-waiter came forward.

Betty asked, "Remember me, Tony?" He did not at first, yet -

"It was last year - last Thanksgiving," she reminded him.

"Oh, yes." He remembered now. "You were with young Mr. John Biggers." As he led her to a choice table he tried to remember more about her.

As he held her chair she said, "I don't believe I'll order just yet, Tony."

Maybe it was a silly thing she was doing. He probably wouldn't come. And if he should, after a year there was no reason to believe he had changed toward her.

They had met at a house party given by the Gilbertson's. Sue Gilbertson, a matchmaker of note, had told Betty: "He's frightfully alone, wealthy, and sensitive about it. He's been sued so many times he thinks all the ladies are out for his pocketbook. So be careful, gal, be careful!"

Betty had laughed, "Don't worry, Sue! I'm not in the market at present. Your wonder boy will be perfectly safe."

They were engaged a week later, two weeks before Thanksgiving. And because they were both alone in the world they had spent the feast day together. Here in this same restaurant they had eaten their Thanksgiving dinner - and parted - a year ago today.

It was a minor thing, really. She had noticed in the two weeks of their romance that he was squeezing his pennies so closely. From what Sue had told her she knew of his many charities, the time and money he gave to worth-while causes. But in the line of entertainment, tips, the ordinary expenses of his daily social routine, he was almost miserly. The climax had come on Thanksgiving day. He was wondering how much to tip with mathematical precision. Betty had winced.

"Heavens, John!" she had said, "you'll be pinching cigarettes next."

And he had said quickly, "And why not?"

"With all your money!"

"All my money? I didn't know my wealth was so well known."

At the coolness in his voice Betty had said, "Oh, don't look surprised. I knew of course. Sue told me."

It had resulted in their first and last quarrel. She had come to believe during the year's passage that all of his penny pinching might have been a trial. His fear that women were interested only in his money had so possessed him that he had taken this sly way to test her.

It seemed as if she would have to dine alone. She called for a waiter. Then as she was about to order her attention was drawn towards the door. A group of tattered, worn men were filing through the restaurant to a long table under the balcony.

"What in the world --?" Betty turned to the waiter.

He smiled, "Just one of Tony's doings. Free meals to twenty of the city's hungry on Thanksgiving Day."

"How nice!" She watched the line of men, then stiffened at the sight of a familiar figure. "John!"

He turned, his face white with strain. Slowly he walked over to her table. "Hello, Betty."

"John - dear! Sit down. Tell me --"

He took the chair opposite, at ease despite his clothes. "There's nothing to tell. These things happen to everyone. I - I've missed you, Betty."

"And I've missed you," she whispered. "But, darling, if you're -- I mean I've a splendid job now. And, oh, I want to help! We were wrong before. Now there won't be that dreadful money between us. We can start from scratch."

She laid her hand on his arm. "Let's have dinner together. Won't you please? Our second Thanksgiving dinner."

He asked, quite surprised, "You mean you wouldn't be ashamed to eat with me here, dressed as I am?"

She shook her head slowly. "I'll never be ashamed of you, dear. No matter where we are or how you're dressed."

Then he said, "I'll never forgive myself for doubting you, Betty. Perhaps it's too much to hope that you can. But, well - I'm not really what I appear. I mean I'm not broke. I've wanted to do something for these men, and charity is a serious responsibility to me. I wanted to make sure my money would go where it was most needed. So I've mingled as one of them, seeking the worthy." He looked up to meet her eyes. "Thank God I did! I'll never doubt you again, Betty."

Betty was in doubt -- She must remember to tell Sue. All, she reasoned, was fair in love.

"Dinner for two," she said to the waiter.

- Franklin Hopkins - '38

ON OUR WAY

In mid-summer after the grain was all harvested, four of us prepared to make an auto trip to some place. We didn't know and we didn't care; all we were going to do was to drive and turn toward whichever town we thought might interest us most. We rented a one-wheeled platform trailer and attached it to our car. We loaded in a few gasoline cans and a can of oil, several suitcases, and quite a lot of food, some of which consisted of baked beans in tin cans. We covered the entire load with a good canvas and fastened a pole over the top. The end of the pole extended three feet beyond the back of the trailer. To the end of this pole we suspended a roll of "Waldorf" which dangled and bobbed at the end of the string.

The time came for us to embark upon our journey. The four of us got in the car, and amid good-bye kisses, hand-shaking, and much talking, we took off, waving good-bye as we turned out of the drive-way.

The first town we came to was Plain, which offered little excitement if not embarrassment, because everyone recognized us and gazed upon our queer looking outfit. We left Plain in double time and hit for the hills. We drove over town roads and through woods until we didn't know our exact location. We then came to a good concrete highway which we knew would take us north or south, depending upon our notion to turn when we got there. We turned left and went south and in a short time we were in Potosi. We wanted to cross the river, but the ferry toll was fifty cents so we decided to follow the river to Prairie du Chien. At Prairie du Chien the bridge toll was ninety cents, so we decided to drive on to Dubuque where we knew we could cross for less. At Dubuque we crossed the Continental divide, but not until we had paid our bridge toll which we had not given without much discussion and arguing. Why, the toll-taker had the impertinence to ask us to pay five cents toll for the trailer, when he charged five cents for a two-wheeled trailer, and our trailer had only one wheel; and then he wouldn't give us a receipt. Well, anyway, we succeeded in getting his goat and that is all we were interested in anyway. Then after discussion we decided to go to Des Moines. After about an hour on the road we stopped for lunch. It was almost two o'clock. John lifted the hood and took the can of beans off of the manifold. We opened them with great anticipation and promptly started to eat them with a definite and determined idea of emptying the can. We did empty it, and we also consumed about a pint of milk each.

This lunch put us in good condition to continue. We did continue but hilarious laughter and loud conversation died down and we began to discuss in earnest what we would do when we got to Des Moines, and whether we hadn't better stop before we got there and spend the night and then arrive in Des Moines in the morning. John suggested that we drive to Newton and find a place to fill our straw tick and then go to town and spend the evening. We did this and we arrived in Newton about eight-thirty o'clock.

The town was very much alive and we could see that there were many rural folks in to do their shopping, as we heard them discussing farm problems, and whether or not it was going to stay nice until the threshing was over. We were in a mood to start something so we walked up to an old gentleman and asked him if he thought that we were going to get there. He would promptly ask us where we wanted to go, and we would just as promptly tell him that we didn't know but we were on our way. As we walked off, he would stand and give us a puzzled look; perhaps trying to determine whether we were intoxicated or just mentally unbalanced. Next we met a policeman. We tried hard to think of a ridiculous question to ask him, and we succeeded.

"When do they carry in the sidewalks in this town?" we asked him.

"Say, if you fellows want to be funny you better try it on someone else", he said.

We considered this as a warning enough, as it came from a policeman. Our next victims were a group of three young ladies, apparently on their way to a show. We walked down the sidewalk in front of them, and every few rods we would stop, turn around and accuse them of following us. They would immediately deny the charge and then ignore us. I guess they were glad when they reached the theatre, and when I look back upon the situation I don't blame them in the least.

It was bed-time and we drove out into the country to the spot which we had located before supper, and we "threw up our bunk" as we called it. After one or two hours of conversation we went to sleep with the crickets chirping a restful lullaby to our tired minds.

When we awoke the next morning "Old Sol" was already started on his journey across the sky, and the farmer, in whose hay field we slept was on his way out to get a load of his second crop of alfalfa. We had an interesting chat with him on economic conditions and on our trip. He expressed an inward desire to be on a trip with us. After eating a cold, but tasty breakfast, we continued on our way to Des Moines. Our progress was only interrupted long enough to secure a supply of milk, free of course, from the Maytag Dairy Farm, and some ice to put in our refrigerator to keep it from souring.

We got to Des Moines in the middle of the forenoon and visited the thresher factory which proved to be very interesting and worthwhile. We visited the Iowa State Capitol and also took notice of the truly beautiful city of Des Moines. After dinner we drove toward Omaha, but changed our minds about Nebraska when we thought of endless prairies and hot dry winds; so we changed our course and went to Kansas City.

We approached Kansas City from the north about nine-thirty o'clock that night. As we descended down off of the hill into Kansas City we became aware of the magnitude of the city and its unsurpassed beauty from our vantage point on the hill.

In Kansas City we visited a night club. Not that we were in the habit of visiting night clubs, but we wanted the experience of having been in one of Kansas City's night clubs. Kansas City is noted for them. We found it quite interesting, but decided that night clubs were not all that is claimed for them. There was ample liquor there, dancing, and gambling, and of course a floor show. We were given to understand that we were not altogether welcome as we did not join in the frolic and did not buy enough beer or other liquor to make us valuable customers; but we behaved in such a manner and remained in our seats so as not to give the manager cause to oust us from the club. We soon tired of the performance and finally left about midnight, resolving that night clubs weren't made or maintained for fellows like us, and that we didn't care to go to another one anyway.

That night we slept in a grain field in Kansas, and we didn't awaken until a flock of about forty geese started honking around our tent the next morning.

Our journey then took us eastward, across Missouri, Illinois, then south to Kentucky, Tennessee, and into Mississippi and Alabama. We visited the newly started lumbering districts and in northern Alabama. The heat was so intense down there in the south, that we thought it would be wise to go northward again. We did and after slow but deliberate progress for three days we arrived in Cincinnati where we visited the world's most powerful radio station WLW. We did not see their five hundred thousand watt transmitter because it was under repair, but we did see some interesting things.

Time determined that our expedition was to end in two days, and we had to quit stopping to visit as much as we had done previous to this time, and hurry on to Toledo, Chicago, and then home.

At home again we were asked to relate our experiences to the family. We did to the best of our ability, but in our estimation the pleasure and experience which we enjoyed could never be told them in a manner which would portray a fraction of our experiences. The memories of those cornfields in Missouri and Illinois, the bluegrass and tobacco in Kentucky, the red wastelands and corn and cotton fields of Mississippi, the mountains of eastern Tennessee, and again the great blue grass pastures of Kentucky will live in our minds always. So will the incidents which are minute in detail and can be appreciated only by us who actually experienced them.

- Henry Ochsner - '38

LET-DOWN

I arrived in Madison on a bus about seven p.m. It was raining a drizzly, misty rain -- and I was somewhat tired from riding.

I'd heard that Madison was one of the most beautiful cities in the middle west and I was eager to see for myself. The sidewalks were covered with ice and it seemed as though the rain had given them a polished slickness; as I walked slipping and sliding away from the depot and looked up and down the street, seeing just a few pedestrians, I thought, "This is just another city." Where is the beautiful Capitol? Where's the College Campus and the Lakes? There's a saying "all roads lead to Rome" and in Madison that "all streets lead to the Square." "But where is the Square?"

I walked several blocks and my clothes were getting damp and heavy. I stopped on a street corner and looked around and said to myself, "To 'Heck' with it; I'm going to a hotel and go to bed."

- David Roach - '38

SHIRRED EGGS

Last week I dined in the streamlined train, the Hiawatha. The waiters were immaculately dressed in white and black uniforms. There was enough silverware on either side of the plate to feed a family. I ordered shirred eggs, potatoes, milk, and the rest of the usual trimmings. Each thing that was brought to me was in an individual dish, so before I was thru eating I had also used enough glass ware for a family.

The dining car was full of people. They all were stiff-necked and trying to act very dignified. The care they used in selecting the proper piece of silverware for each kind of food was very noticeable. The tiny bites they ate, the way they held silverware, all very correct, no doubt. It took an hour to eat. After eating the people walked out very quietly. No one slapped anyone on the back or called any cheery greeting. They were all very well-mannered people of money. They all were trying to appear sophisticated.

Today I ate dinner in the Short Course dining hall or "mess hall" as most of the boys call it. Everyone ate what they got and liked it. I took my silverware as I passed by. One knife, fork, spoon were sufficient. The more food put on one plate, the less dishes to wash, so one plate and two sauce dishes were all that was needed. The food all goes into the same stomach.

The boys came in and ate and were gone in ten or fifteen minutes. They didn't gobble down their meal, but ate it without thought of form or fashion. This gave them time to enjoy the food. When a fellow got thru eating he left. If he met someone on the way out, he said "hello", or perhaps asked how he came out in that quizz. The boys were comfortable and natural and I wonder if they were not more happy than the people who called fried eggs, "shirred eggs", and never forgot themselves long enough to be comfortable.

- Henry Helmsteter - '37

SIDESHOW

The drums blared and the trombones moaned, so we all crowded around the platform. The "barker" was saying: "Step right in close folks, don't be backward, Jo Jo doesn't bite." So when Jo Jo was alone showing his teeth and cavorting around, the barker had us buying tickets with a sales talk something like this: "Get your tickets on the left, it's a dime, ten cents, one tenth of a dollar. The babies in arms can walk right in free of charge."

We were finally all inside, looking at "Fat Emma" 485 pound fat lady, Madame Zara, the bearded lady, and last but not least, Little Egypt, the triple-jointed young lady that could shake from head to feet on a moment's notice, and to cap the climax, she wound around her beautiful young voluptuous body a writhing boaconstrictor brought in from the wilds of Africa. After it was all over we walked out talking about the whole thing. We decided we would kill all the snakes, shave all the women's faces and about the triple-jointed women, well, we just didn't know.

- Louis Conlon - '37

"THOU SHALT NOT LIE"

Early in our life we are taught not to lie, and yet, has not society made liars of all of us? When we are small we are fairly truthful, but as we grow older, we learn to lie more fluently and easily. By "lying", I do not mean the deliberate telling of a falsehood in order to bring harm to someone, but rather the telling of a falsehood to "protect" the feelings of someone. For instance, you go to a house party. You arrive there before the others do, and you sit around and talk. Their two and one-half year old daughter takes a liking to you and starts bringing her dolls. She piles dolls on your lap until you think she must have a monopoly on all the dolls in the country. Your lap is getting rather full and she has trouble making the one doll stay. As she tries to perch it somewhere on you, the guests who have arrived by now are tittering and giggling and saying "isn't she just too divine?" and the parents think it's just wonderful the way she has taken a liking to Mr. X. You think it would be "wonderfully divine to paddle her little canoe," but you say "she's very cute" or words to some such effect.

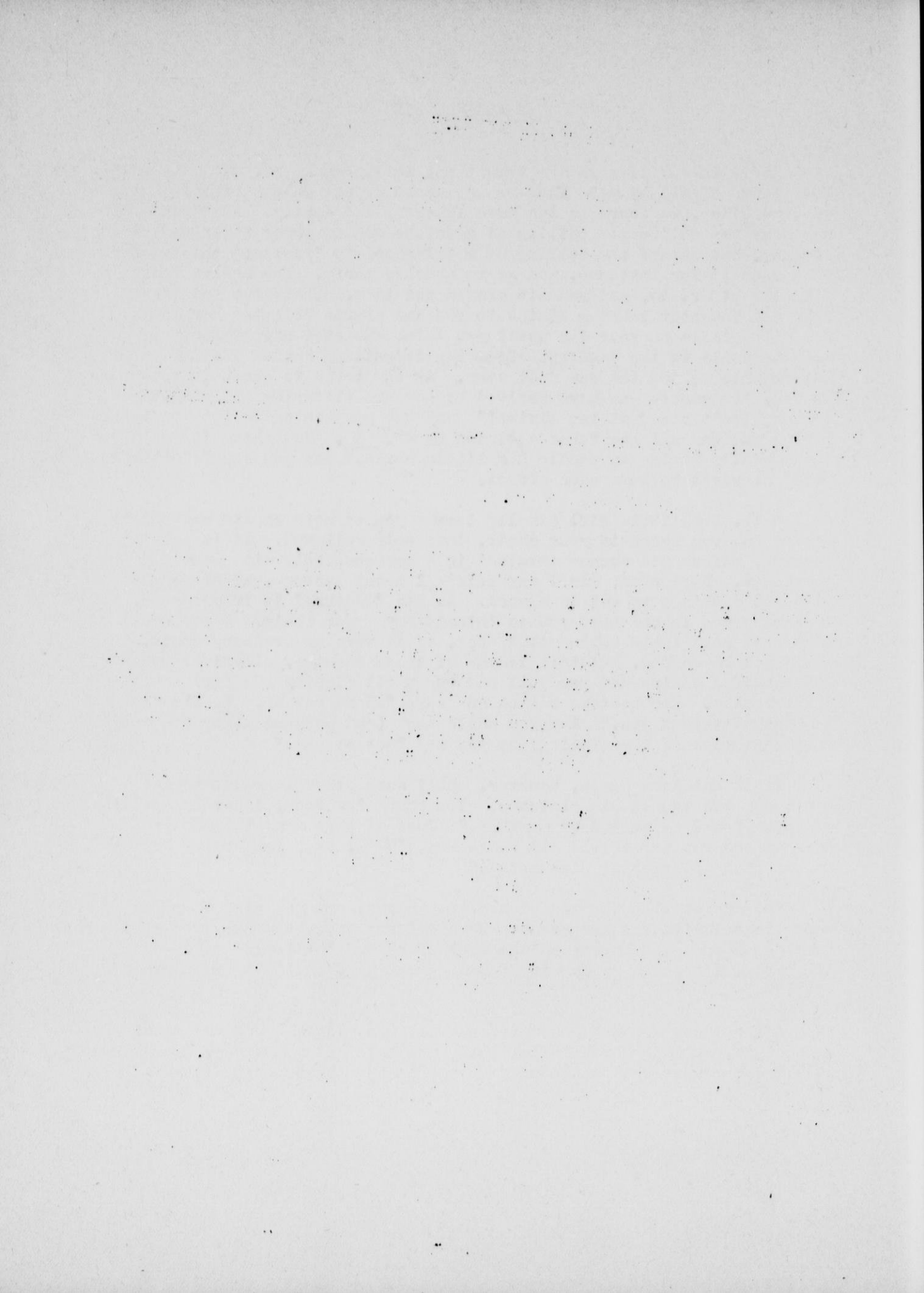
Well, the little girl finally leaves you as more guests and children arrive and you relax in your chair, immensely relieved. It is not long, however, before you become involved in a boresome talk with some old gentleman. Pardon me, did I say talk? I meant lecture, as he does not give you a chance to get in a word. As his "lecture" is in progress, the hostess comes in and asks you to "kindly move your chair, as she would like that card table behind it." Now, if it were an ordinary chair, it would not be so bad, but this is one of those massive, old-time, leather, over-stuffed chairs and you pull and tug until finally you have moved it sufficiently. The hostess smiles and says "thank you Mr. X I'm sorry to have disturbed you." And you smile back (and perhaps utter the only true statement of the evening) as you say "not at all."

It is not long again, however, until some other long-winded old gentleman has you in his clutches. You think "ye Gods, I hardly get rid of one, when I am bagged by another." Just as that moment lunch is announced and you say to the old gentleman, "Well, they seem to be breaking up our most interesting discussion."

You do not like the sandwiches they serve, and you wish they had been more liberal with the ice cream. When offered more, however, without, batting an eye, you become a "cheerful liar" and "politely" say: "No thank you, I enjoyed every bit of the lunch but I couldn't eat another bite."

After lunch you get your coat and hat and bid the host and hostess good night, tell them what a perfectly wonderful time you had, and as you slam the car door shut and savagely step on the starter you mutter - "phooey".

- Carroll Zick - '37



— FARM AND HOME —



3147-10-02

CLOUDS AND CLOUDS

Fatigued and soiled by heat of day
And browned by rays of sun
The farmer drowzes on the ground
At night when work is done.
His troubled soul is now at peace
As on his visions run.

His barn, an old and faded gray,
A few points out of line
Has changed into a massive hall
Near which the cows and sheep and swine
Graze in fields of verdant grass
With fence of quaint design.

The house, so dark and bare to view
The porch with simple lines,
To soaring mind a cottage seems
With flowers and walks and vines.
In place of road with ruts and stones
A concrete driveway winds.

The door to homely vision swings
And in the dreamer's sight
A woman steps with graceful tread,
Beside, a child in white,
She strangely seems the wife he knows
Who labors morn 'til night.

Then up the road browned children come,
With smiles and books and pails,
Home, a long day's school behind,
Full of childish tales.
Happy and free as singing lark
That o'er the Meadow sails.

The farmer starts, the falling dew
Has brought an evening chill,
The vision fades, but memories strong
Cause his eyes to fill.
Though hard work be his destiny,
Success by dream and will.

- Hal Rinehart - '38

THE ART OF FEEDING A CALF

Many calves, about three weeks to three months old, are at times very disgusting, especially at feeding time. Young calves are usually left with their mothers for the first three or four days after birth and then are taken away and taught to drink from a pail. Some calves will learn to drink at the first feed but it generally takes a day or two for the average calf to get adjusted to the change, but when a calf decides to be stubborn it usually takes a considerably longer time and a great deal of patience. In some extreme cases where a calf will not drink out of a pail, even after he has gone hungry for several feeds, some other adjustment has to be made. The calf can be put back to nursing its mother until it is fat enough to sell, or else a pail with a nipple on the bottom can be made corresponding to the cow's teat.

Teaching a calf to drink from a pail is simple but at time is hard on the constitution. The usual practice is to back the calf into a corner of the pen and straddle its neck so it can't get away. Two fingers of the right hand are inserted into the calf's mouth so as to get it started sucking. A pail with milk in it is held with the left hand about two feet from the floor. Slowly with the right hand the calf's head is led towards the pail and the milk. The calf may jerk back several times and then the instructor has to begin his lesson all over again. But once the calf gets a taste of the milk, he is usually willing to stay with you until it is all gone. Very often a calf will get too ambitious and take a butt at the pail and its contents. The expected usually happens; the pail is jerked out of the feeder's hand and the milk is spilled or the feeder gets covered with the milk. About that time the calf gets a cuff across its nose via the instructor's hand who disgustedly walks out of the pen leaving the calf with a look of bewilderment and amazement on its face and wondering why it has received such treatment. About that time the calf lets out a call pleading for the owner of the pail to come back so the calf can finish its meal, but it us usually of no avail.

No two calves are alike when it comes to feeding them. Each one has to be handled differently, and it is up to the feeder to learn the habits of each calf. Feeding a calf is truly an art.

- Warren Lislewire - '39

OUT OF THE SOUTHWEST

The Brown family awoke that morning with a feeling that it was swell to be alive. It was one of those days when Mother Nature seemed to call to everyone to come outside and drink in her beauty.

Mother Brown was up early and out in her flower garden long before many people were even thinking about getting up. Mr. Brown left before daybreak with a load of fresh vegetables for the city market. Young Jimmy Brown had also risen early. The field mice were doing a lot of damage to the young trees in the apple orchard, and today he was going to start putting poison grain in their runways beneath the grass.

Jim was very happy this morning. For three hours he had been singing and talking to the robins and redbirds that made their homes in the orchard. Up and down each row he walked, poking his stick here and there until he found the highways of the mice, and then dropping a little bunch of poison grain where they would be sure to find it.

Jimmy worked his way over the hill and down into the flat. He poked his stick down by the trunk of a tree and froze in his tracks. A weird, hissing sound seemed to come from the point of his stick. Then Jimmy saw it. A huge bull snake was lying in the grass, and was plenty mad because it had been disturbed from its morning nap. Jimmy quickly recovered his nerve and started teasing the snake with his stick.

While playing with the snake Jim had the feeling that some one was calling him. He let the snake go and listened. Jimmy! Jimmy!

Yoohoo--Jimmy! Now he was sure; it was his mother calling.

Jimmy ran to the top of the hill--then he knew why his mother was calling. Coming out of the Southwest was a huge black cloud. Already it had started forming its funnel shape. Jimmy broke into a dead run for the house. Before he got there the wind was getting very strong. He put his head down and ran all the harder.

Mother Brown was frantic when he got there. She was trying to get the young plants in the hotbeds covered before the wind blew them away. Jimmy got there just in time to catch a big frame that had blown out of her hands.

Somehow they got the plants all covered, the chickens in the chicken house, and the cow in the barn with her young calf before the full force of the storm struck. Then they ran for the storm cellar. Mother Brown was so exhausted that Jimmy had to carry her the last few steps.

When the storm seemed to be over they got up nerve enough to step outside and see what was left of the farm. To their astonishment, the full force of the cyclone had missed their place by about a quarter of a mile. The neighbor Kale's farm buildings were completely demolished.

Mother Brown stopped a minute in silent prayer for the Kales and then started crying. Jimmy tried to be a man and comfort her, but he too felt like crying. Finally Mother Brown put her arms around Jimmy and whispered, "Thank God, we're safe."

- Paul Nold - '39

WHEN I WAS BORN

Am I to blame, if my brother
Had been here for quite a spell,
And if my Mother's love
Was spent and gone,
When I was born?

Am I to blame if my Master had to
teach me
To draw milk from a big white cow,
And if I was doomed to be
Pot bellied like a hand fed calf,
When I was born?

Am I to blame, if when my stepmother
was gone,
I had to steal milk
That should have fed my playmates,
And if I was but a late twin lamb,
When I was born?

- Robert Brackin - '39

THE ANSWER

"Yes, neighbor, I know you have done a wonderful job in making a living in these hard times, and that no man can say that your family has not had the best of everything, but you forget that you had years of experience and a good start when the depression struck.

"You say that you would gladly teach me the tricks of farming and that the Farm Short Course does not give me money to start on. I would gladly take my training from you if it were possible for me to acquire by your teaching all that you know, in such a way that it would leave the impression on my memory that your experience has made on yours. Also you forget that the best teacher can not transmit all that he knows to the student.

"I do not claim that the faculty of the Farm Short Course are any better men by nature than you are, but you forget that there are a great number of them, each having elevated his life to studying a simple phase of the very complicated subject of Agriculture. Is it not reasonable to expect that a score or more of men should know more about a subject as broad as Agriculture and life on the farm than one man could possibly know about it?

"All that we ask is that we might have a chance to learn in a few short months that which you have learned from many years of experience and hard work, but more than that we will learn many of the things that you have not been able to learn because you have not had an opportunity to try it out and prove it sound.

"By so doing we feel that we will be more able to take up your work and carry on and upward before you are entirely spent, and thus prevent a slackening of the reins."

- Robert Brackin - '39

SAM

Get over there Sam,
You great big brute,
So I can get you curried. Bill Jenkins
Bill Jenkins been out already;
And we're just getting started.
Come on now, hurry up
Or you'll have me worried.
Whoa! step over there;
Get that tail down;
Bring your head around;
Open your mouth.
Well, Judas Priest,
A guy would think you never
Had a bit in your teeth.

- Franklin Hopkins - '38

BUSTER

One morning in May when I was a small boy, my dad woke me and told me there was something special to see. I hurriedly dressed and went with him to the pasture. There I saw the most awkward animal I had ever seen. It looked like a cross between a giraffe and a mule. It was a newborn colt. It wobbled around following its mother. Everything was inspected by his sharp eyes. In a few days it lost its awkwardness. It filled out and looked like a horse. He became more of a nuisance as he grew older. Everything had to be chewed on to see if it was worth eating. He grew rapidly and by winter was again awkward but much larger. Now he's a big chestnut horse, Old Buster.

- Lawrence Halverson - '37

THE BOY HUNTER

I used to kill birds in my boyhood, blue birds,
robins and wrens,

I hunted them up in the hills, and down in the
cool dark glens.

I never thought it was sinful, did it only for fun,
Had great sport in the woods with little birds and
my gun.

One fine day in the summer, I spied a brown bird in
a tree

Merrily singing and chirping, as happy as a bird
could be,

I raised up my gun and fired; the aim was only too true.

In a moment the little bird fluttered, and out of the
tree it flew

I followed it quickly but softly, and there to my
sorry I found

Right close to a nest of young ones, a mother bird
dead on the ground.

I picked up the bird in my anguish and stroked the
poor motherly thing,

That never again would fly through the air, a-hunting
on careless swift wing.

I made a firm vow in that moment when my heart with
sorrow was stirred

That never again, so long as I lived, would I kill a
defenseless bird.

- Eddie Jarvi - '37

ESSAY ON PIGS

Eight little pigs in the straw with their mother
Brown eyes, curling tails, tumbling over each other,
Four them some milk and you will hear them say,
"Please, please, please."

Did a person ever see a sight more home-like than a nest of young little pigs. Short and fat of body, stubby noses, flopping ears, humorous looks in their eyes, and tightly curled tails, lying in the warm sunlight. Their mother gaunt and fierce of eye, hovering near, ready to give her life for their protection. If aroused with a sudden noise they will tumble over each other, squat flat upon their fat little tummies, and then bolt in every imaginable direction.

Soon they get the adventure lust and will investigate everything they choose, from horses hoofs to the kittens playing in the yard. And should they become lost, they can produce the most pleading and plaintive sounds to show their distress. Should they be picked up and put in their proper place they will lie still a moment after being released and then give a (Uhoos) for thank you and go happily to join their playmates.

Soon they will grow a little bigger and all the fun of little pigs is lost but the mother will soon produce another batch so be not discouraged - there'll be some more!

- Harold Antholt - '37

THE OVERSEER

Dad, you're an overseer!

You watched that eight pounds of flesh and cartilage on the day of November 4, 1917, as it lay in an improvised cradle, made from a clothes basket. Little do I know of what your thoughts were on that day or of the days following. You watched me grow and heard me grow. You paced the floor when I wouldn't sleep. Your heart missed a beat when I began to cough and strangle because I had not learned to swallow the right way. The neighbors and friends all had compliments to pay, and still you didn't get egotistical in your attitude toward me. You well say my faults. Watched me stumble around in my exploring this world. Experience taught me many lessons, and you saw them all. Remember the day you found me in the bull pen teasing the bull with a corn stalk? What was on your mind then dad? Or, the time, the runaway horse ran over me? Through all this you watched and when counsel was needed you gave freely and wisely. Dad, I think you're a great sport.

- Lawrence Northey - '37