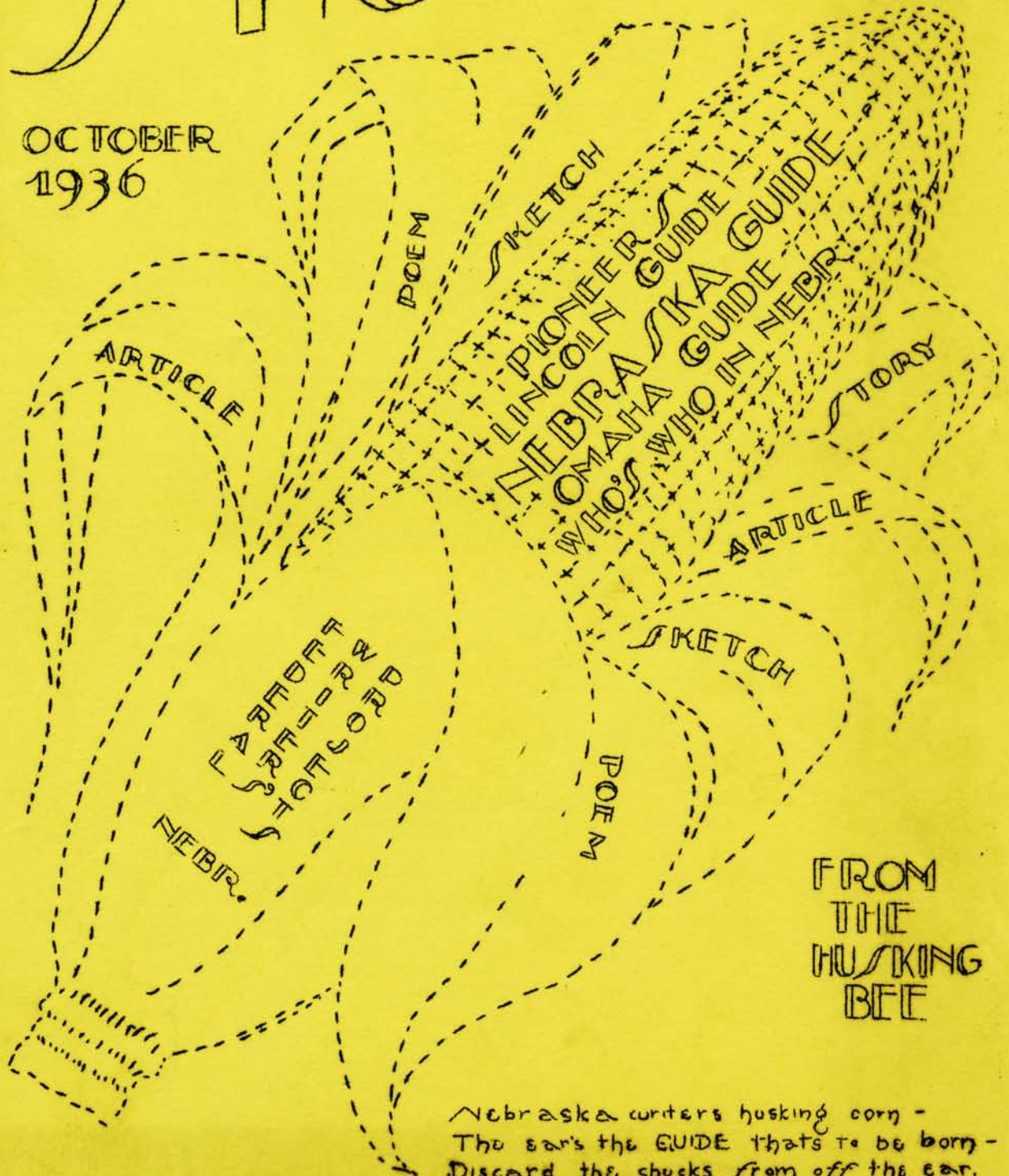


# SHUCKS

OCTOBER  
1936



FROM  
THE  
HUSKING  
BEE

Nebraska writers husking corn -  
The ear's the GUIDE that's to be born -  
Discard the shucks from off the ear.  
Some of the shucks are salvaged here.

# SHUCKS

OCTOBER '36

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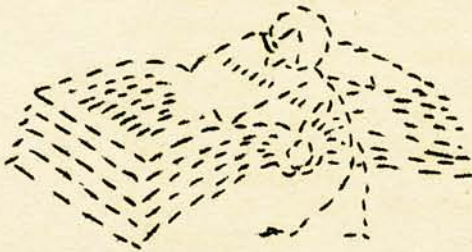
SHUCKS has had no editorial staff. The pieces in this book have not been considered suitable to be submitted for the Writers' Projects' national magazine, nor have they been edited, except for abridgment, for this volume. Most have never been submitted to any publisher; only part were written especially for this book. The work has been done entirely out-of-hours, solely as recreation and practice for the project workers. SHUCKS is "published" for, and dedicated to the National Office and our fellow writers in other states. We are indebted to Miss Marguerite Swedburg, Supervisor, WPA Type Section, and to her assistant Miss Eileen Fiebig, for their assistance in the preparation of the manuscript for the mimeograph.

# THE CLICHÉ EXPERT ON OUR GLORIOUS HERITAGE

By Weldon Kees and Norris Getty  
(With a nod to Frank Sullivan)

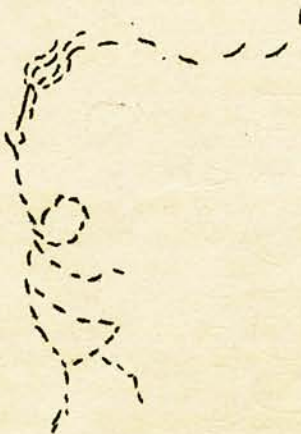
Q. What have you just been engaged in doing? Not reading histories on Nebraska's glamerous past, by chance?

A. By a queer quirk of fate it so happens that that is exactly what I have been doing.

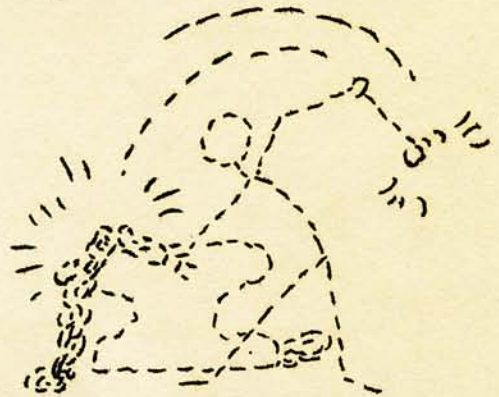


Q. Splendid. What generally can be said of Nebraska's history?

A. It is a source of boundless inspiration to the youth of today, who look to those glorious traditions for hope and guidance.



A. They forged a new way of life in the great West.



Q. In forging this way of life, did they meet with any difficulties?

A. Indeed they did. Their path was fraught with hardships.

Q. Was one of these harships the Indian—sometimes referred to as the Noble Red Man.

A. Assuredly

Q. What did the Indians do?

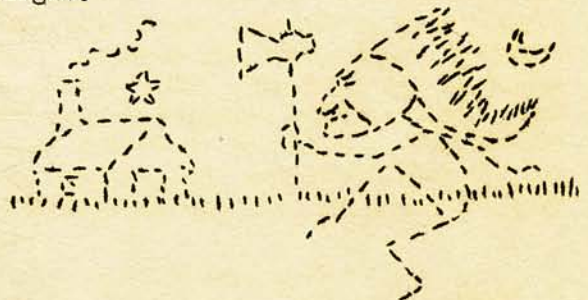
A. Banded together and cruelly assaulted the whites.

Q. These Indians crept, did they not?

A. That is correct.

Q. How did they creep, Mr. Beamish?

A. Stealthily, in the dead of the night.



Q. Now, Mr. Beamish, just what did the pioneers do?

Q. What were the women and children of the whites in the face of this creeping?

A. Totally helpless.

Q. How were they when they were brought out from the cave after the Indian raid?

A. None the worse for their adventure.

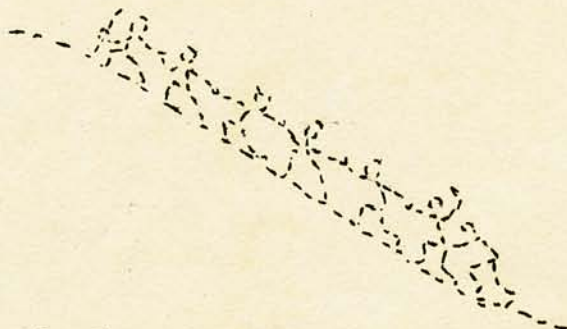


Q. What other hardships did these people experience?

A. A multiplicity of hardships which this age wots not of, under which souls less sturdy than they would have gone down into the dust to defeat.

Q. Which is not in the American tradition?

A. Decidely not! The American tradition is a vast panorama of the upward march of humankind, the struggle for liberties dear to the hearts of all true patriots.



Q. Hmhmhm. Getting back to the hardships, that is if you don't mind Mr. Beamish.

A. Not at all. Proceed. There was the grizzly bear, for example.

Q. Very well; what was the grizzly bear?

A. A peril to the unwary traveler.

Q. There were grasshoppers, too, I believe. How did they come?

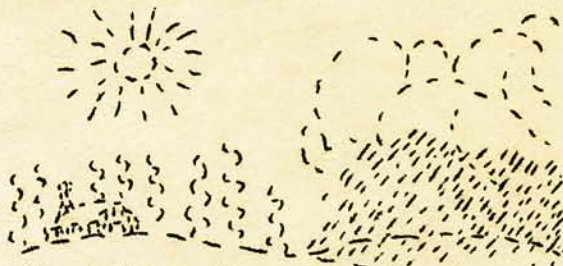
A. In such vast swarms that they darkened the sky.

Q. How did rain come after a long drouth?

A. Like a blessing.

Q. How did the sun beat down on the State?

A. Like a great golden ball.



Q. And how did a flood come?

A. It swept down in a vast torrent, bearing dwellings before it.

Q. Were they ever discouraged by all these calamities.

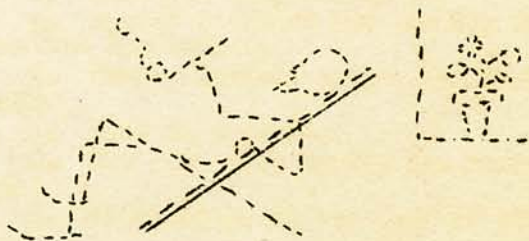
A. No, they were ever courageous in the face of hardship.

Q. Were the early pioneers' dwellings like mansions?

A. No, they were rude huts.

Q. And what do the pioneers who survive now do?

A. Sit and dream of the days gone by.



Q. And the pioneer towns that were deserted—what about them?

A. They sit, too—as if musing on the departing days of their glorious past.

Q. What do the lives of the pioneers hold for the young people to day?

A. You mean the youth?

Q. Pardon. The youth.

A. They hold up for the youth a splendid example and a noble inspiration.

Q. What can be said of the descendants of the pioneers?

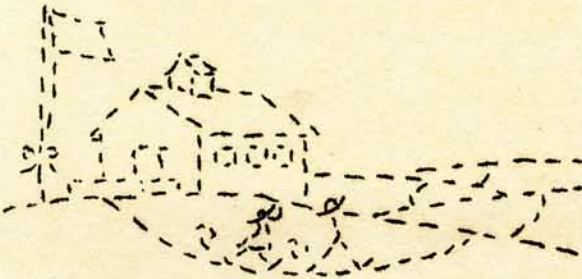
A. It may be positively asserted that they are wide-awake and aggressive citizens.

Q. And what are these true sons of the hardy pioneers continually doing?

A. Writing new chapters in the winning of the West.

Q. For instance?

A. They have dedicated buildings to the pursuit of higher learning. In short, schools.



Q. And what do the young people receive in these institutions?

A. Splendid instruction.

Q. And what does this instruction do?

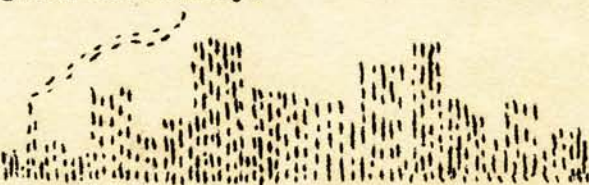
A. It molds their lives in wholesome paths.

Q. For what does it prepare them?

A. To take their places in our great democracy.

Q. What else did these true sons do?

A. Founded cities, which have grown constantly.

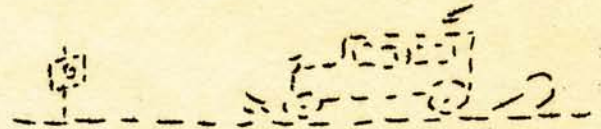


Q. What are in these cities?

A. Well, for one thing, Chambers of Commerce.

Q. What does a Chamber of Commerce do?

A. Provides adequate travel information for the tourist.



Q. What else may be found in these cities?

A. Public buildings, splendidly designed, splendid architectural creations, with towers typifying the deathless aspirations of the prairie people, from the tops of which may be seen a splendid view of the country for miles around. Some have statues--symbolic images--symbolizing a nobler form of living.

Q. Well, I'm sorry, Mr. Boomish, but I've got to go. Let me say, however, that this has all been very interesting.

A. Yes, one never knows how rife with interest his state's history is until he has probed her rich store of treasures.



Q. Well, I've got to go.

A. Let us then journey forth, inspired by this glimpse of the past that was, to carry on the hopes and dreams of those who blazed the paths of fortune into a new way of life.

Q. I'll go with you as far as the corner.

# COTTON MATHER

By Leila B. Hallock

Cotton Mather, who belongs to the Colonial period of American history, was the first character of prominence in the literature of our country. Born in Boston, February 12, 1663, he was a part of the life of this colony--a fact which the state of Massachusetts is proud to remember.

The early history of Massachusetts was dominated largely by the Mather family, of which Cotton and his father, Increase, were the most notable members. Increase Mather was pastor of the North Church at Boston for sixty years, and was president of Harvard College for sixteen of these years.

But it remained to Cotton Mather to add luster to the ancestral name by means of literary activity. At the time of his death he had completed 380 books. It is almost inconceivable that anyone could find time for so gigantic a work besides performing so many other duties. Cotton Mather preached 1,000 sermons each year. But his dominating personality controlled himself as well as his friends and associates, and he was a tireless worker. His work covered every phase of his activity, and so great was his curiosity and so multiple were his interests, that he has been compared to a magpie. He knew six languages and was as familiar with Latin as with his own tongue.

Probably the most remarkable of Cotton Mather's works is "Magnalia Christi Americanus." This book contains a history of the Church in New England and reflects, in a striking

manner, the life of the period.

Cotton Mather was an idealist. He liked to see the fulfillment of God's prophecies, and he refers, in his "Magnalia," to Governor Bradford as the Moses who was to lead the people from the wilderness. This was in accord with his own optimism in picturing America as the "New Jerusalem." To Mather, Governor Winthrop was "Nehemiah Americanus."

Referring again to the "Magnalia," it is interesting to note Mather's observations on Harvard College: "Lest all the hellebore of New England should not suffice to restore such dreamers to their wits, it hath produced an university, also, for their better information, their utter confusion ... An university which may make her boast unto the circumjacent regions, like that of the orator on behalf of the English Cambridge."

The Salem witchcraft was attracting the attention of the New World during the most influential part of the life of Cotton Mather. Though he was at first active in the persecution of the witches, he later repented and made some experiments in the efficacy of prayer and fasting in the treatment of the demons.

Mather's "Wonders of the Invisible World," treating of witchcraft, is in great demand by students of psychology. He also published a series of essays entitled "Essays To Do Good" which were highly thought of by the philosopher Benjamin Franklin.

The largest collection of Mather's works is to be found in the Massachusetts Historical Society at Boston.

# THE DUST STORM

Running Deer stood on the top of the butte  
Shading his eyes with his lean brown hand  
While he gazed at the desolate plain,  
Dry and brown without trees or grass.  
He saw in the west the heavy storm—  
Yellow and snarling—  
The dreaded dust storm which loosened  
And gathered the soil as it came  
Spreading a pall over the land,  
For a thousand miles.

Running Deer smiled—"I was at the battle of Wounded Knee,  
I was one of the three thousand Sioux driven  
Out to die in cold and snow.  
Sitting Bull said the white men would be punished but not by us—  
I have seen it with these eyes.

They killed our buffalo and our elk,  
They drained our lakes  
To raise a few more cabbages.  
They cut down our cedars and cottonwoods.  
In their greed they ploughed up  
The buffalo grass to raise turnips.  
They loosened the soil and after fifty years it is blowing away.  
There is no rain.  
Vengeance has found them in their greed."

Cora Phebe Mullin



# CONCERNING DIVERS KNAVES

By Frederick Christensen

On a time gone by in a place a great way off there was in the quick a goodly man of great clerkly wit and renown. This man was hight Messire Wimbly--truly a name that was withal uncouth and of a sinister genesis. Thenadays, it is to be known, all men of fair behavior were the familiars of the gods, so that they did converse with them right gallantly and supped with them betimes. In full sooth, things were wont to be ordered in this wise, despite the contrary noise and ribald clamor of certain men with little understanding and less faith. Further, an a man lived out his days full solemnly and not too roundly, upon quitting this life he was wafted away to that realm yclepped Hades, there to remain until such a time as he proved himself worthy of walking in the halls of the gods. Thus it was in the olden days when varlets were right lusty and maidens both buxom and comely and divers satyrs and nymphs did hold holiday in the greenlands.

Now it fell out in the fullness of time that Messire Wimbly was sorely stricken and sadly and had no long time to put his house in order, for he straightway gat himself a-bed and speedily thereafter he gave up the ghost. Whereat there was great alarm and grief and dule throughout the land. Verily, the passing of this champion brought woe and dismay to all clerkdom, in especial to those who would fain cry out against the will of the gods with no whit of thought for that brave counsel: Whom the gods love dies young. When the noise and bruit of this had

spread and every man wist that Messire Wimbly was no more, sundry graybeards and knaves of doubtful wisdom did betake themselves apart and foregathered in grave assembly for they were of a mind that they might fashion a plan whereby the gods, in especial Satan, would be roundly thwarted and Messire Wimbly restored to them. It ill becomes a humble scribe to set down the words there spoken or to bemoan the folly of men who fly in the teeth of their lords. I say only this, when there was an end of counselling and those gathered were again departed, four varlets, right fair of form and strong of arm, and one named Tomkins, a man of slight worth to look upon but skilful and full quick of tongue --these five of all the assembly stood ready to betake themselves to Hades, inasmuch as they were fore-sworn to have words and to drive a bargain with the arch-fiend of that domain, a shrewd bargain an they judged not amiss.

Right soon hereafter, it is said, the said Tomkins and his merry men gat them to horse and rode for three days to the westward where, as all men know, lies the way to the Place of Darkness. And in the midst of this company were divers and sundry clerks with exceeding doleful visages, to wit, one master of history, a philosopher, and two followers of a strange god. To say sooth, what with the wanton carolling of Tomkins and his hearties and the sore lamentations of the four, a more unseemly caravan was never seen. So bold was their manner and so ungodly their



showing that Satan did fall a-trembling as they drew near and bethought himself of his past iniquities, for he was much troubled and wot not but that his scepter and his head stood in great peril, as forsooth they did for Master Tomkins held or the devil or the gods in no high honor and did ever confound them with great mischief. And now this smooth varlet did bend the knee before his own lordship and he spake words full soft and courteous, albeit his heart was not in them:

"An it displease you not, Sire, I greet you from the world of men whence I am but lately come. You wit well that ever and anon we that walk in the quick are most cruelly used by foul circumstances. You wit also that we are as weak vessels of sorry wine . . ." and more in this wise to the end that all mortals were fallen into a most parlous case and did murmur wrathfully inasmuch as one stiled Wimby, a gentle carl and a gallant clerk, had been snatched from amongst them no

varlet and do humbly crave that the said Wimby be restored to us. Wherefore, my liege,

mindful of your bounty and fair actions, we have brought in our cortege certain men of handsome fame and good condition, to wit, one master of history, certes a comely clerk

and but a little the worse for wear; a philosopher that hast the lore of Aristotle but not a jot of his own; and two churls sadly weary of the old gods. And these hearty carls,

lord,  
I am charg-  
ed to deliver  
unto you, mindful  
that, an you tiel'd up  
the said varlet Messire Wim-  
bly, it were, yea and verily, a  
seemly thing."

Very wary and right troubled was Satan as he hearkenod to these words. Very long and right sagely did he take counsel with himself ere he vouchsafed an answer. It gat hold upon him that this Master Tomkins was a scurvy carl of much guile and be-like most cunning of tongue. I trow, the devil is ever sadly at ease in the company of mischief-makers, fear-

long  
while a-  
gone. "an ye  
grant the mark,  
Sire," quoth  
Master Tomkins  
"we fare but ill  
sans this blisome

ing foul treason and choosing always to walk with the innocent and godly, for these he doth outsmart with wondrous dispatch. Right so the archfiend held Master Tomkins in utter despite for that he mistrusted him and took little keep in his words. And now Satan spake warmly, making answer in this wise:

"Good sir, you speak fairly to mine ears, but most grievous to mine understanding and much at odds with matters touching mine honor. By my faith, I find little pleasure in it. To say sooth, I grudge ye not the varlet hight Wimbley, inasmuch as he is passing noisome and doth imperil the peace of the realm both shamefully and without end. He is but a sorry devil and I cherish him not." With this he left off talking for the nonce whilst he cast his darksome eyen upon the four precious clerks so sorely steeped in useless learning and heresy; the which did make great moan and quaked amain, for they found little to relish in these straits and were most eager to take to their heels and get them back to earth again. And now spake the artful fellow, Master Tomkins:

"Saving your grace, Sire--"

"Forbear, varlet! Meseemeth yon philosopher doth languish in virtue. Albeit his countenance is most owlsh, he is but a poor and trifling thing beside divers cowed gallants that do dwell in proper dalliance amongst ye, that wit I well. In fine, this philosopher likes me not; I want naught of his ilk."

Whereat Master Tomkins did essay words again and that right bravely, bit to no purpose. Quoth he:

"It is mete, my Liege, that you judge not ill these good clerks for that they are varlets all of high degree and smart renown. In especial, yonder carl, hight Master of History, hath been in his heydey a right famous abstractor of the quintessence, making much ado and great

writings about one named Caribou or such like. An he make ye not a right fair follower, sire, then my wits do me great wrong."

Hereat Satan did laugh full mightily and made oath roundly that, an this master of history came into the hands of the said Caribou, it were a sorry pass withal inasmuch as this Caribou was of a mind that he did fare most shamefully in the scribblings of the said master of history. And here Master Tomkins waxed forlorn and did fail of confidence in both wit and tongue, the while he misdoubted him that any manner of device would avail to win forth the erstwhile clerk, Messire Wimbley, for that as has been soothly shewn, Satan did take brave stock in the varlet and would fain have not even five and twenty others in his stead, by they never so courtly and well behaved. Forthwith, I mind me the philosopher, the master of history, and the ungodly twain waxed right hopeful and blithe of face, witting that the devil was nothing loath to renounce them and they stood right fair to return to earth anon. Now spake the philosopher, a hearty fellow whilom and an able man whenas his own head stood in no peril:

"Sire and Gentles, it little boots, by far and by large, that the said Wimbley be in the quick or in hell. An ye reason fairly, ye wit well that matter doth exist but in the mind and is most uncouth in that, I do proclaim, It springeth from naught and is verily naught. That I say sooth divers writings do attest, in especial one yolepped 'Alyce in Faery-Land.'"

And these words of grave nonsense did arouse distress amongst those assembled (save the philosopher), so much so that Satan did fume most foully, finding but little pleasance in casuistry and even less in such as to give the lie to the testaments of their very wits. Whereupon one of the godless twain, a saucy fel-

low in his time and a lusty jester,  
did speak and that right beldly:

"By my halidame, Lord, an we four  
do fare most ill in the eyen of your  
grace, why then it were full seemly  
that ye seize right smartly upon  
this glib earthling hight Tomkins,  
together with the churls that do at-  
tend him. Meseemeth, sire, he were  
a fairer prize than all the varlets  
of clerkdom and ever a leal-true sub-  
ject of your grace."

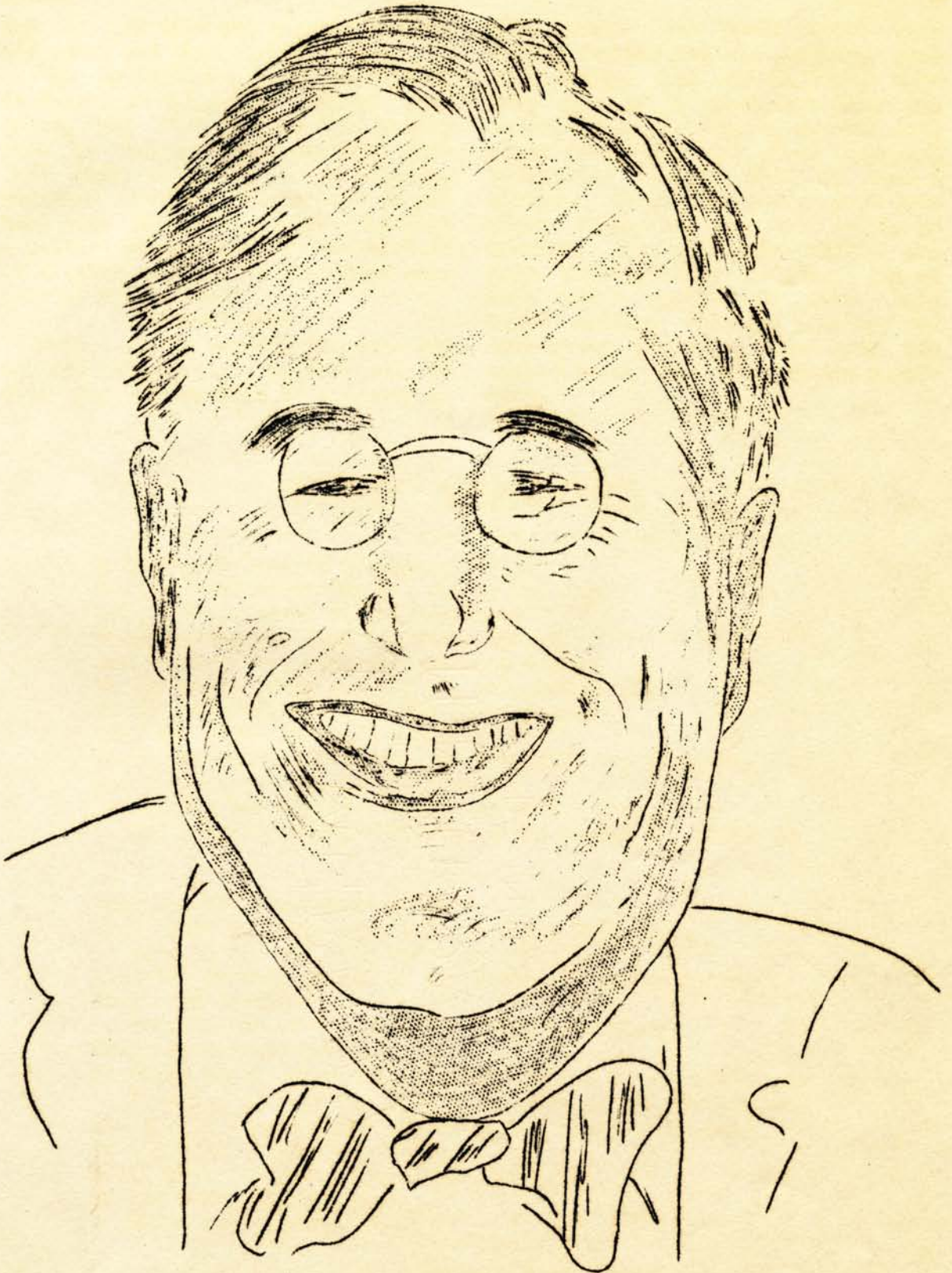
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Here, alack, ceaseth the tale and  
telleth naught else; so that even to  
this day no man wist of a verity in

what manner the devil dealt with  
Master Tomkins and his company. Not-  
withstanding the which, divers mor-  
tals are of a mind that Satan did  
suffer them to depart, one and all,  
right fairly and with great largesse,  
bethinking himself that it were a  
shameful thing to pluck such pre-  
cious rogues ere they were fairly a-  
blossom. And of Messire Wimply, men  
hold privily that he clomb out of  
hell never again, but doth hold  
brave holiday therein, pleasing the  
arch-fiend mightily, what with his  
darkly tales and his wanton merri-  
ment.

## TWO POEMS

A tree grew lone on a sloping hill,  
Knarling and spreading its way to the sky,  
With nothing about it but boulders;  
Fungus-slime ate from the roots upward,  
But the tree resisted the creeping decay;  
Though angry winds tore at it, shrieked at it,  
It only nodded, and sank its roots deeper;  
Till one night in storm and fury  
Lightning riddled it, roots to trembling top branches,  
And its crash reechoed the thunder;  
    Nothing but boulders there now on the slope,  
    And a sun-touched, loitering cloud beyond the hill.

Some men are like ghost ships  
That haunt the many seas and never put into port,  
    Even at the end when they are sinking;  
Like the phantom vessel in the Mariner's crazed dream,  
They seem crewless,  
    Drifting where the shifting tides bear them;  
They are forever alone,  
Clefting black waves into grayish ripples in the night, and  
    Fleeting on lest the moon bathe them in its brilliance;  
And though occasionally the surge may carry them close  
To a gloomy, verdant shore,  
Still their essence repels them out again  
To the vasty watery places,  
    Where only shadows toss.



Don Shearon 5

# JEFFERSON DAVIS' STATUE IS IN THE CAPITOL

## [A LAMENT]

They set his statue in the Capitol,  
And then they all shook hands.

Being in bronze, he cannot get out,  
But must stand in his enemy's house,  
With his enemy's flag at his back.

While many, who had never known the blood,  
Stood about praising their own broad-mindedness,

Grass grows over the bones  
Grass grows over the deeds of men and blots out their shape.  
A passion fifty years old is indeed fit for the mockery  
Of those who hold the supreme virtue of being alive.  
Deeds were often great,  
But "Time, the Healer"  
Shapes a man day by day into a statue  
Carried about from place to place by those he despised.

Time made Jesus  
The God of the hypocrites  
Whom it was his wont to excoriate.  
A Bishop condemned Joan of Arc,  
And after five hundred years the Church  
Majestically caught up with itself  
And proclaimed her a saint.  
Marie Antoninette  
Is now the heroine of cheap novels,  
Wept over by the uneducated,  
Excavations may yet reveal  
That the Romans raised statues to Vercingetorix,  
That murdered Gallic champion,  
In the places where they collected taxes from the Gauls.

My friend, you have  
Omens of greatness in you.  
I picture with great joy  
The funeral they will give you,  
The tears they will weep,  
The prices they will pay for first editions  
With the proper error on page 169,  
The heavily annotated editions of your works  
They will force upon helpless children.

Marg Lund



# ARKANSAS HOOSIER

By  
Rudolph Umland

A short distance beyond the railroad tracks lies a small mill town—just a typical little Arkansas mill town. I reconnoiter it, but, finding nothing in its appearance to stimulate a desire to inspect it further, I strike down a dusty road into the country. The sun is sinking low over the wooded hills; the air remains hot and sweltering. I munch a handful of raisins and walk along in quest of a weedy spot where I can lay me down for a nap without fear of being molested. I never have the hankering to loiter about a southern town in daylight in wait to hop a train; chain gangs always seem too greatly in need of recruits.

At the outskirts of town, I fall in with a fellow—a native, I take it, about thirty-five years old, who pokes along with both hands in his pockets and his head dropping like that of an old, tired, worn-out horse. On his face is the glummiest look that I've ever seen on the face of a man. I ask him if there is a calaboose in town where a poor chap might get a little sleep.

"Hit's likely yo' mean a can," he says. "Yes, we got a can hyuh. Hit's jist a li'l', stinkin', lousy hole though that hain't got but one bed, an' a niggah sleeps in hit. I

reckon yo' don't want put up with no niggah, do yuh?"

I reply that choice doesn't always fall to me in such matters, that beggars can't always be choosers, and ask when the next north-bound train is due.

"Hit'll be 'long in 'bout fo' or five hours," he says. "But ef that is whut yo'r laying' fo', yo' don't want the marshal to ketch yuh. This hyuh's a one-man town; jist one ole fellah owns the mill, the stores, all the lumbah hereabouts, n'everything, an' he don't want no sich strangeh as yo'self 'round. Yo' bettah come 'long with me to mah shack an' wait fo' the train. I got the blues bad tonight an' sho'd 'preciate yo' company. My jane's done left me ag'in doggone 'er hide."

I accept his offer and accompany him to his shack. It is in the part of town where the negroes live, and is a structure of two rooms: kitchen and bedroom. On the floor of the kitchen, near the stove, lies a heap of feminine garments. My host kicks these aside and says, "Lize done left these yer duds fo' me to smell of an' weep ovah maybe. Doggone that jane anyhow! I wanta show yuh whut she wrote on papah an' left fo' me to read."

He reaches on top the clock that is ticking away on the wall, and hands me a greasy note. I open it and read: "Charlie, I caint put up no more with your beatins. I am going away. You can have that yeller girl Marg come and live by you. Lize." I hand the note back to him with some words of consolation. I tell him that she'll probably return to him in a few days. I ask him how long they had been married.

He tucks the note back above the clock and explains that they'd never been rightly married; that is, before a judge. They'd just been living together, he guessed it'd been for about two years; she had cooked the meals and kept the shack in order, and he had worked at the mill and given her money with which to buy clothes and trinkets. As to beating her, he admits that at times, when she hadn't cooked the meals well, he had given her a few licks in the face and, if she hadn't submitted passively to this, he had given her a few harder licks. "Any jane needs a beatin' now an' ag'in, an' ef'n she fits back she needs hit the worsen," he says. "An' thet gurl, Marg, that Lize says kin come an' live with me is on'y a lil' colored gurl who ain't got no home. I usta fetch 'er candy times an' hit alwus made Lize mad as all get out. Lize run off befo' once but she come back the nex' day."

Charlie soon has a fire started in the stove and sets about stirring up a batter of corn pone. The table is cluttered with dirty dishes and the remains of several previous meals. Dead flies are floating in a pitcher of milk and in several cups which contain a little coffee. The bodies of more wretched victims are mired in a comb of honey. The legs of the table are set in tins of water to prevent ants from climbing up and adding their toll of casualties to that of the flies.

The supper is finally prepared and we sit down and proceed to dispose of

it. The corn pone, sopped in melted butter, is very good; I fill my stomach with all it holds, knowing that on the morrow I might fare less sumptuously. My evident approval of the pone flatters Charlie immensely, and he replenishes my plate every time, a little more of the glumness leaves his face. When I accept the last crumbly slab, his pride reaches its height of glory.

"Yes, sah! I knows how to make corn pone, I guess!" he exults, a flush spreading over his cheeks. "I'm jist a plain low-down Arkansas Hoosier who works with 'is hands fo' a livin', but I sho' knows how to make pone. Hain't nobody kin make no bet-tah! Lize couldn't make corn cake fitten fo' a dog to eat. 'Course she come f'om 'cross in Tennessee somewhere. But yo' take mah people, jist plain low-down hoosiers f'om Arkansas —they sho' kin make the corn pone! Hain't hit so? I don't need no jane 'round to do no cookin' fo' me."

I take my pipe from my pocket, fill it with tobacco, and light it and Charlie falls moody again and picks his teeth with a splinter that he has broken off the bottom of his chair. Then he takes a chew of plug tobacco, gets up and shuts off the kitchen light, and we go into the bedroom and lie down on the floor. The warm night air comes in through the open door and we lie and listen to the insects chirping away out in the darkness, and the barking of dogs somewhere off in the country, and the pff-pff-pff of a gasoline engine which Charlie says is running down at the mill. Then, from a street nearby, comes a sudden outburst of high-pitched laughter and the sound of musical instruments being tuned up, and Charlie says that the niggers are going to have a dance likely.

"I hain't nevah bin to no dance hyuh in this town," he continues. "I hain't nevah bin to no dance since I left where I was born an' raised back country, an' that's bin eight er

nine years 'go, maybe more'n that. I 'low I won't nevah fo'git the last dance I went to. I'd jist boughten mahself a gun, a bran' new 'volver, an' toted it 'long to the dance that night, an' got lit up on a lil' moonshine an' shot out the lights. Mah cousin was there with 'is woman an' he hollered out, 'What bastard shot out them lights?' Yo' see mah cousin was givin' the dance; hit was at his house.

"'Twas dark an' he couldn't see who done it, but he must sorta seen the doah open an' me run out 'cause directly I heerd 'im comin' aftah me. Moon was a-shinin' an' the stars an' I looked back an' seen 'im comin' like all get out! He was wavin' 's 'volver an' hollerin', 'I'm sho gwyne git yuh!' He kept gainin' on me all the time so I run into the timbah 'long the road, aimin' to lose 'im, but I couldn't run good nohow, bein' full up o' corn whisky, an' I stumbled an' fell an' when I got up ag'in I heerd 'im breathin' right behind me. So I fell down ag'in, aimin' fo' him to fall ovah me, but he fell plumb top of me an' pressed the barr'l of 'is 'volver 'ginst mah ear an' said, 'Now I'm gwyne kill yuh an' efn yo' wants to pray yo'd bettah git to hit.' An' I said to 'im, 'Don't yo' know me, Bob? I'm yor own cousin Charlie.'

"'Charlie, hell!' he said, an' turned mah face ovah an' looked right close, an' then seen hit was me all right. Yo' shot out them lights?' he asked. An' I tole 'im I did an' he asked whose gun I had. I tole 'im hit was mah own gun an' he felt in mah pockets an' found it an' tole me to git up. I got up an' he hit me on the haid an' knocked me outern mah senses. I laid in the timbah 'til mawnin' an' first thing I seen when I woke up was mah new 'volver all broke an' bent so hit would nevah be no good no more. I was plumb mad 'bout hit an' bound I'd git me 'nother an' go aftah Bob

with hit, but I didn't. I thought hit ovah an' figured hit warn't rightly that a man should want to kill 'is own cousin. Efn he's gwyne to kill, he oughta kill outern his family. Anyhow, soon aftah, I had trouble with mah paw an' the ole woman he was livin' with an' cleared out. Have yo' evah et a rat?"

"What sort of rat-- muskrat?" I ask.

"Naw!--jist a ord'nary rat."

"Shucks, Charlie, shucks! What are you telling me? Are rats good to eat?"

"Good? Say, yer tootin' right they're good! Better'n 'possum even! When I was livin' back home in the mount'ns, I worked nights down to the mill, an' I didn't have a lot to do, an' I was by mahself, an' the nights was long, an' I usta git gosh-awful lonesome. The rats was mah only comp'ny an' I sho got to 'preciatin' 'em an' the boss was a-wantin' me to kill 'em; he wanted to git shet of 'em. I ketched a big fellah one night an' put 'im in a box an' set an' watched 'im tryin' to git out. He sho was an uncommon big rat, his body musta bin ten inches long. I got to thinkin' how he'd taste ef he was friod nice with some taters an' gravy, an' I was a lil' hungry, an' I made up mah mind I'd do hit.

"I was alwus a lil' hungry down at the mill, I guess; I 'low I nevah did git fed like I oughter when I got home in the mawmins. Mah mothah had died a good many years befo', an' paw had got married to an ole skinny woman who nevah had nothin' but bread an' sorghum 'lasses fo' br'akfast. An' I couldn't bide no sorghum 'lasses, I couldn't. I'll tell yo' why. There usta be a store where we was livin' run by an ole fellah f'om Kantucky, whose name was Slavers. An' he alwus had a barr'l of sorghum 'lasses in the store an' anybody that wanted could buy a chunk of bread an' help 'imself to the 'lasses. One time when I was there,



the 'lasses tasted sorta funny an' there warn't much left in the barr'l so me an' old Slavers rolled the barr'l undah a lamp an' broke the top open. An' we looked in, an' seen somethin' black in the 'lasses, an' ole Slavers fished hit out an' what do yo' think hit was? Hit was a nigger's hand, cut off at the wrist, an' all shrivelled an' gummy! I hain't nevah liked no sorghum 'lasses since.

"I toted the big rat 'long home with me in the mawnin', an' skinned 'im, an' took out his insides, an' put 'im in a fry-pan, with a lil' lard; an' then paw's ole woman come to make br'akfast, an' she wanted to know what hit was I was fryin'. An' I tole 'er that hit was a rat, an' she got right mad an' said fo' me to take hit outer her fry-pan, said the pan wasn't fit-ton ovah to use 'gin aftah a rat bein' in hit. 'ole woman, I tole 'er, 'yo' do yor own cookin' an' I'll do mah own!' But she said 'Yo' don't fry no durty rat in mah fry-pan nor on mah stove, yo' don't!'

"I went out in the timbah an' made an oven outa some bricks, an' sneaked back in the house ag'in an' swiped the fry-pan an' a lil' more lard, an' back to mah oven ag'in an' I fried me that rat! I fried 'im crisp an' brown, an' throw in a couple sweet taters with 'im, an' aftah that I made a lil' gravy an' went back to the house where paw an' the ole woman was havin' their br'akfast. But they neither one of 'em ud let me eat the rat at the table, an' they said I wasn't fit to eat only with niggahs, an' so I went back to the timbah an' et hit. An' hit tasted finer'n any chicken or 'possum or anythin' else I evah did eat!

"I tole mah paw an' his ole woman I wouldn't nevah eat with 'em ag'in an' I nevah did. I run off an' come hyuh to this town, an' got work in the mill, an' bin hyuh evah since. I don't 'low I'll evah go

back to see 'em no more."

There is a light tapping against a corner of the shack; and, soon as Charlie stops talking, he lies quiet, listening to it, and, by and by, he gets up casually like and says that he has a little business that he must attend to, but that he'll be back in time to wake me for the train should I fall asleep. I hear some whispering but it is so low and hushed that I cannot distinguish any words; I snuggle my head comfortably upon my arms and fall asleep.

Maybe I sleep an hour, maybe longer—I don't know; but when I wake up I hear the whispering still continuing right behind the shack, and I can distinguish the words now. I hear Charlie saying: "Course now, Margie, ef the ole mammy done tole yuh that yo' kin come live with me, that's jist what yo' kin do. I'll give yo' money samo's I done Lize, an' yo' kin buy yo'self clothes an' fix yo'self up all nice an' sweet. Yo' certainly kin, lil' honey. An' I reckon yo' won't give me no trouble like Lize done; will yuh, honey?"

There is the sound of a young girl's giggle and pretty soon Charlie comes into the shack and puts on the kitchen light. I get up and yawn and stretch myself, and Charlie tells me that the train will soon be coming. I put on my hat and shake hands with Charlie, telling him that I am much obliged for his hospitality. Then I leave.

When I get a little distance away from the shack, I look back and see Charlie standing in the lighted doorway and then I see a small figure with a bundle slip out of the darkness and join him; then the light goes out quickly. I walk along, wondering about Charlie, about his ways of life, and about Lize and the little colored girl Marg. Then I put the matters out of my mind; I become wary as I approach the depot and I cross over the tracks to a thicket where it is very dark. Here I sit

down and roll a cigarette.

In a little while, away off in the distance, I hear the whistle of the train. Whooh-whooh! Cripes, when a fellow is waiting to hop a

train, all alone in the night that way, doesn't the sound of its whistle just send a tingling through and through him though! I'll say!

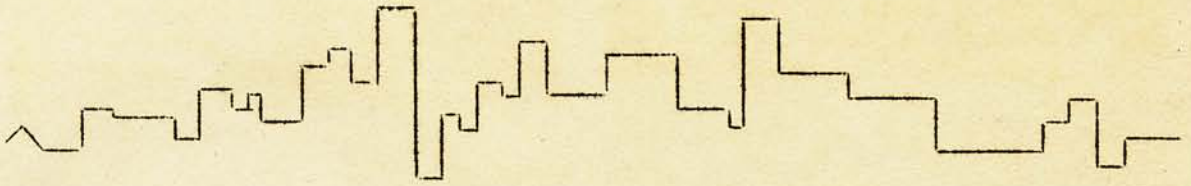
## "IF" FOR HOMEMAKERS

### Another "IF"

Written For a Home Club Program  
With Apologies To the Authors of All the Others.

If you can make your home a place of beauty  
But not too nice to use and live in every day;  
If you can know that every object in it  
Is good for use or beauty, not display—  
Simple, not too plain, but rightly fitted  
For man to rest in, or for child to play;  
If you can have rich rugs and drapes and pictures  
And yet not buy beyond your means to pay;  
And make old furnishings look rich and costly,  
Remodel, when you can't afford to buy;  
If you can cook and bake and wash and iron  
And when all tired out not scold or cry;  
If you can clean and paint and scrub and polish  
And never worry over dirt and grease;  
Nor let the scratches on your cherished treasures  
Disturb your own, or mar your family's peace;  
If you can win by tact, cooperation,  
But never seem to flatter, nag or boss  
And always work with neatness, speed and order,  
Yet never get too tired, dull or cross;  
Then--sometime; see the fruit of all your labor  
Without dismay, swept out by fire or loss;  
And set to work to build again with patience  
And keep your disposition sweet and gay;  
Your family will rise and call you "Blessed"  
For you're an angel housed in human clay.

Elsa Northrup Ward



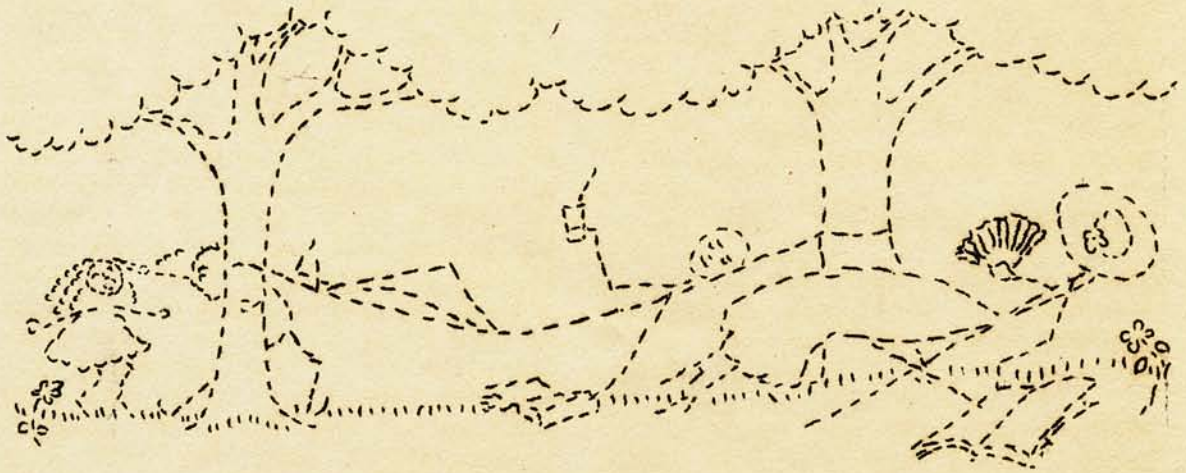
# THE SUBURBANITE

Far from the psychoneurotic hysteria,  
 Far from the chrenothrix and the bacteria,  
 Far from the press of the big cafeteria,  
 Worrying not for the city's deliria,  
 Dwells the suburbanite free from Diphtheria.

Not the gregarious class of mammalia,  
 Not the mysterious paraphernalia,  
 Not the ridiculous secret regalia,  
 Tempts the commuter to wild bacchanalia,  
 Quiet his home as though deep in Australia.

Far from the tyros with hearts made of scoria,  
 Far from the hypocrite's "Domine Gloria,"  
 Far from the wildest of phantasmagoria,  
 Brought by the fumes of synthetic Castoria,  
 Dwells the commuter in perfect euphoria.

J. Harris Gable



# PHANTASY

By Alice Geddes

Philemon, shepherd the most beautiful among men, dear to Diana and blessed of Apollo, tended his flock on grassy hills where the sun lay quietly, and turned him all to gold as he piped. Poor rustic herdsman. Though he was charmer of fauns and satyrs, though the nymphs and dryads were his lovers, though he knew sylvan secrets, though the winds hesitated to hear his songs, Philemon was not content. He ill-liked his low estate. He broke bread with the men, guardians of the sheep, but he scorned them for their thoughtless lives. What did they know? Only to watch sheep, to play on the flute, the love of a Julia, or Thisbe or Cynthia. And that was not for him. Philemon had some thought of the world and the people in it. He was curious about human lives, and the twinings of fate, and he had determined that the earth should yield to him its knowledge of joy and sorrow, of life and death. Yet what booted it him to hold such a noble design? He was the bondsman of Arcesselaus, the master whom he and no other shepherd on the hill had ever seen. It was borne to them in service that this king was hid away in a castle wonderfully wrought in azure and coral midway between the ocean and the skies, and that he spoke no word to anyone. And, it was said, he was so marvelously ugly that no sun would play in his chambers. Also it was whispered that his eyes were never dry from weeping, so great was the sin that held the lost king in his sunless palace midway between the ocean and the skies. All but Philemon believed

this tale brought by the gossiping Thursis, blind wanderer of the land. And Philemon longed only to see his master, this fabulous king, to perform some labor for him that would earn his freedom; freedom to wander over the earth and to fill his eyes with sights, his ears with tales, his mind with wisdom. Because he could not know where to find his king, and withal, might never leave his flock, the sun-tinted shepherd grew surly, and spoke great curses against Arcesselaus who hid himself thus away.

And it came to pass that the lost king had word of the straight, golden youth who rested on sun-steeped hills and piped so wildly well, and cursed the name Arcesselaus. Then did blind Thursis appear one midnight beside the cot of the sleeping shepherd, and him did he touch light on the brow, but sighed the while.

"Philemon! Wake, Shepherd!"

And Philemon started up. In his dream he thought he had heard the bleating of a lamb that had strayed. Then he saw Thursis pale and sightless in the white moonlight that was in the room, and he spoke in anger, both for his concern and his broken sleep.

"Thursis, old knave, what do you here?"

"Speak not thus rudely, young Philemon," the blind seer made answer, and his voice was wondrous sweet. "I bear thee a message from the king, thy master."

The piper was mute. He was suddenly afraid, there in the bare, small room, so unnaturally bright. And old Thursis—could the moon have

given him such radiance?

"These are the words of Arcesse-  
laus. Listen well, youth. 'The King  
commands Philemon that he come into  
his presence and receive any gift he  
may ask.'"

And yet was Philemon silent. There  
was wonder—and fear—in his eyes.

"Well, Shepherd, what say you?"

"Ah, old man, old man. My head  
whirls. Arcesselaus — my king. I  
thought never to find him. You do  
speak the truth, Thursis?"

"Shepherd, thou shamest thyself  
with that question. Look at me!"

Philemon looked on the messenger,  
proud and full of years, and his  
shame made him tremble. He knelt,  
and his burnished head touched the  
ground as he waited for his visitor  
to speak.

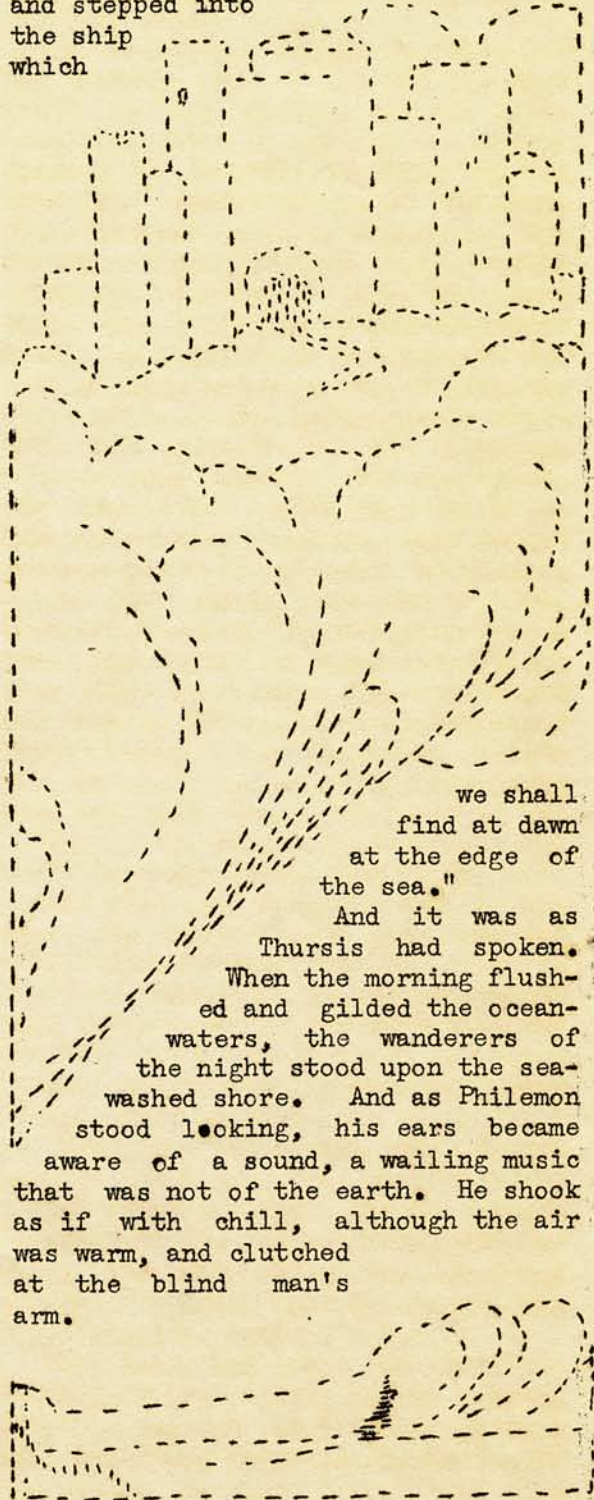
Thursis said gently, "Ride Shep-  
herd. I will be thy guide to the  
king."

And together they went into the  
night, the golden youth and the sil-  
vered old man, strangely bright.

Only once was there speech between  
them. It was after they had  
crested many hills and been  
lost in many valleys and  
the morning was still  
far off that Phil-  
emon said, "Oh,  
Thursis, tell  
me, where is  
midway be-  
tween the  
ocean

and the skies?"

And the old man answered, "I do  
not know, son. Many times have I  
slept after I left the hills I know  
and stepped into  
the ship  
which



we shall  
find at dawn  
at the edge of  
the sea."

And it was as  
Thursis had spoken.  
When the morning flush-  
ed and gilded the ocean-  
waters, the wanderers of  
the night stood upon the sea-  
washed shore. And as Philemon  
stood looking, his ears became  
aware of a sound, a wailing music  
that was not of the earth. He shook  
as if with chill, although the air  
was warm, and clutched  
at the blind man's  
arm.

"Do you hear, Thursis; do you hear?"

"Yes, Shepherd, I know that sound well. There is naught to fear in it." And he whispered, "No. No, not in it. But look, Philemon, and tell me—is there a ship approaching?"

The shepherd looked and saw a proud ship all of white and glowing with a brilliance not caught from the sun, and it was pushed by the waves of the sea, though there was no wind.

He related all that he had seen, and Thursis said, "Soon we must enter that ship and, for thy life's sake, let not a word escape thy lips, and resist not the weariness that will assail thine eyes."

When the ship came up to the beach, Thursis, although he could not see, said, "Now," and together they stepped into it.

Within were two couches spread in white satin. Thursis lay himself down upon one, and motioned to Philemon that he lie on the other. Here again was the sound of music, otherworldly as before, but this time bearing sleep.

Where the path of the phantom ship lay, there was not time or direction. None can say when it came to the palace of Arcesselaus or when it left that land midway between the ocean and the skies. It was not until the sea's spray wet his face that Philemon awoke to find himself lying alone on a shadowy shore. All around him was silence. He rose from the sand; then did he see a great brilliance of azure and coral, and he knew it to be the palace of his king, Arcesselaus, of whom old Thursis had told. And Philemon did not think it strange that he was alone, for he had lost memory of his night's companion and the miraculous ship which no hand guided.

As he stood in the glory that was the royal castle, Philemon knew great joy. Now—now he would ask his freedom. Oh, Heaven! What wisdom would he then make his. But the shadow

here! He liked not the dullness that lay everywhere but on the shimmering turret walls of Arcesselaus. Ah, well, he would see the king, and be off very soon.

So impatient was he to throw off his bondage that he ran all the distance to the castle, and was quite breathless when he reached the mighty gateway to the palace, which had become the color of fog. Philemon stood before the gate, dismayed. Was he in an accursed land? Then, quite silently, the gate swung open, and there was a fanfare of trumpets just as if, he thought, he had been an expected and honored guest. Bestirring himself from the bewilderment which held him motionless, the shepherd went slowly through the courtyard, and through the castle door which was open to receive him. Scarcely had he crossed the threshold when he heard a voice call "Hail, Philemon! Hail, Shepherd." Then a dizziness came over him, and the light seemed gone from his eyes. When his eyes could see again, Philemon saw a white-clad figure before him. There was no diadem, no sceptre, but he knew that here was Arcesselaus, King.

Then did the herder kneel, and would have kissed the hem of the gown which was of a damask material, but that the king raised him up, and said, "Thou art Philemon?"

"Yes, O King, I am your shepherd, and I have come to ask my freedom of you."

The king seemed infinitely weary as he looked at Philemon, and he asked, "Why, O youth of the sun? Is the bondage I put upon thee so sore?" and a tear fell from his luminous eyes.

And Philemon answered low, "No, my king. Yet methought last night I had a dream bidding me come to you who would grant any gift I asked."

"Thy dream was true, Philemon."

"And, O King, I require my freedom of you. Freedom that I may go into the world and learn the mysteries of the earth. My king, I want such wis-

dom that I can know all--all that befalls this world and its people. I am torn apart with this wish. This is the gift which I beg, great Arcesselaus." And again he knelt before the king.

Arcesselaus looked down at the goldness of him, and sighed.

"It is a terrible thing thou askest, Shepherd. I will grant thy freedom, and it is my power to fulfill that other wish. But, first, listen. I, thy king, know servitude that no shepherd on the hills could dream of. Mine is that omniscience that thou longest for. I bear within me the curse of complete knowledge that was placed on our house countless days ago. What my mother's sin was is of no matter now, but she suffered death for it, and I--I must live forever seeing all things, feeling all things. Ah, Philemon the horror of it! The horror of hearing death's silence, of seeing men afraid and in fear, of knowing the hates, the loves, the sins over all the earth, of feeling infinite pain and infinite joy! It is the weight of joy that crushes most, Philemon. And I can't die--I can't die!"

While Arcesselaus spoke, the twilight of the room deepened, and the only brightness there was shot from the shepherd's sun-given head.

The king spoke again, and there was ineffable sorrow in his voice, for he loved this glowing boy from the hills.

"Rise, Shepherd. Would'st thou still be all-knowing?"

"Yes, my king."

"O Philemon, Philemon! Thou art too frail for this thing I must give thee. But it was so spoken in the curse: 'A shepherd will one day ask a boon of you, and on that day you shall exchange your life for his.' So be it, then. I give the freedom from thy flocks, and thou shalt dwell in this place henceforth, and know all things. I shall tend thy flocks, wind thy flute, know the heart of thy fair Clarissa, and, after a few short years, I shall die Everlasting death! And thou--fated, molten boy--I can only pray that I have a little expiated the curse, and that soon the terrible joy of the world will kill thee. Philemon, farewell! I have loved thee."

While the voices of factories are stilled,  
 Deadened to ashes are the furnaces;  
 And crucified on the black cross of hunger  
 Hangs America,  
 Heavy with a child that feeds,  
 Grows mighty on hunger,  
 Bulging her belly with his kicks,  
 Till at last he will burst from her,  
 Rending her asunder  
 To stand beautiful in the new morning;  
 But now a voice, hypocritical, is canting--  
 "Blessed are the poor, the meek . . ."

Dorothy Himalstein

# THOUGHTS ON THE STATE CAPITOL

By Corinne Larimore

Some see this only as a State Capitol building--So it is. Over 75% represents utility that satisfied exacting demands. About 25% is an expression of beauty--that infinite variety of form and feature, color and texture, design, outline, relationship, which constitute art.

It is a picture gallery of polychrome tile panels, gold and multi-colored marble mosaic medallions, each perfect as a cameo--but not for ornament merely. They portray the pioneer's progress over what were once the treeless plains of these prairies. There are groups of murals of exquisite beauty and harmony, whose figures--men, women and children--are dramatizing in pictorial and colorful procession the varied activities of the Ideal State.

It is an art museum with stately marble columns from foreign lands; with giant statues carved on its stone exterior. These figures are of many of the world's beloved statesmen, guarding the sacred institutions of the law which civilization, democracy and Christianity have brought forth. There are tapestries which picture dramatic moments of the State's history, or nature's loveliness; beautiful balconies and balustrades of pierced panels of Utah onyx, luminous and lacelike, where, in the creamy delicacy of carved meshes, the meadow lark sings beside the bison skull, symbol of a deathless past.

It is a demonstration of the science of mathematics--architecture. It is said that this work bears witness to the fact that Bertram G.

Goodhue was a great artist. But first he was a good engineer. The "factor of safety" in the foundation is more than ample.

It is an absorbing pictorial study of geology and paleontology. Through ever-enlarging circles the black and white marble mosaics of the rotunda floor take us swiftly through nature's laboratory.

It is a treatise on the best philosophies of life. The old Hebraic, Greek, Roman and Anglo Saxon. From this background of tradition is evolved the philosophy of a pioneer state. Rising above all, on the majestic tower is the bronze statue of the Sower, symbol of the sower of the seeds of truth, in all climes and in all times.

It is a record of jurisprudence, human and divine. It presents to mankind a detailed account of the "History, Development, and Spirit of the Law." Man may see and feel and know the depth, breadth and height of the all-encompassing law, which, in this prophetic structure culminates in the Law and Government of the Ideal State.

The Law is revealed in the foyer and its source acknowledged. The first beautiful medallion in the barrel-vault ceiling portrays the writing of the law on a stone tablet. The second weaves the thread of truth into the modern pattern.

The Law is exalted in the rose dome of the rotunda in the virtues of the citizens. The virtues are represented by eight heroic figures: Temperance, Courage, Wisdom, Justice, Magnanimity, Hope, Faith and Charity.