

LITERARY EDITION

The Prize Short Story

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

Carroll Swenson

Everyone in Elm City knew Bob Ellsworth. He was one of those young fellows whose future was all planned for him. The town's folk called him "That steady, sensible Ellsworth boy". People just "took to him". Bob would be taken into the firm of Ellsworth & Gray, the city's leading department store, and eventually take his father's place as president and principal stockholder. It wasn't going to be an easy task, for the ladder to success is steep and the rungs far apart, and besides D. C. Ellsworth was not the kind to be partial even to his own son. But wasn't Bob already promoted from the stock-room clerk to assistant manager on the basement floor?

Young Ellsworth often wondered what these town's people would say when the day came for him to "crash the gate" and close it forever to the opportunities which "Ellsworth & Gray" might offer to him.

Bob knew he had a life's calling and he constantly felt it urging him onward, but it wasn't in his father's store. He would be a radio star! Ever since he could remember people had complimented him on his voice, and hadn't he led the church choir for five years? His job to him was just a temporary one, a sort of stepping-stone with which he might save enough money to acquire training in the nearby city.

It would have been so much easier if "D. C." could have seen things Bob's way. "What? My son be a radio crooner? Not as long as he is dependent upon me for his living. Never will I contribute one cent to him toward such a career!" Bob had heard the same story over and over again. He knew it was useless to try to persuade; even his mother had pleaded for him but no one could bend the iron will of the elder Ellsworth.

If there was anything the department store executive could not hear it was crooning. He didn't realize that all singers were not crooners. He was constantly slamming his office window to shut out the "confounded blabbering" of the radio loud-speaker across the street. He would rather his son never rise from the rank of clerks than to broadcast.

At last the day came when Bob thought he could see his way clear. His savings totaled only two-hundred and sixty dollars but he would find work while he was training his voice, — any kind of work, no matter how hard; it would be worth it. He had visions of himself before the microphone, and of Elm City folks who might be listening to him. Perhaps even his father might change his mind! Bob carefully prepared a farewell letter to his mother. It would be hard for her; she had tried to help him. He wished she would pretend to be ignorant of all his plans. He would write to her occasionally and return when she had good reason to be proud of him.

Never had the city seemed so large and over-crowded to him. A feeling of fear came over him as he made his way to the Stanton School of Music, but he could not turn back now, — he could never go home!

However, little encouragement goes a long way and Bob felt like a different person when, after his interview, he

was told that his voice had great possibilities; but that it would mean many months of diligent work and would perhaps be a year before satisfactory results could be obtained.

It is true, the lessons were very expensive and living in the city was likewise high; Bob's capital was rapidly dwindling. No one seemed to want his services. He tried working for his board in a restaurant, selling magazines, and even mowing lawns and washing windows. But in each case he just didn't seem suited to the work. Perhaps he wasn't treated so badly at home, after all. Once he even caught himself wishing he hadn't left the store, — the work came so easily for him.

Suddenly an idea came to him. Why hadn't he thought of it before? How foolish he was! Wasn't his father a close friend of Mr. Benson, owner of the Benson Mercantile Company? And hadn't he, Bob Ellsworth, been ushered along with his father, into Mr. Benson's private office many times? He would go and see him and explain everything to him. At any rate the lessons must go on!

Mr. Benson was only too glad to do his friend, D. C. Ellsworth, a favor, for he was one of his best customers. He placed Bob in the department with which he was familiar, at a nominal salary but which would easily provide for living expenses and possibly a little more. Bob wondered what his new employer meant when he said he might call upon him to perform in a different capacity some day.

Bob had never in all his life worked so hard. His voice training monopolized nearly all his spare time. He had appeared in two or three performances of minor importance and was looking forward to an audition which the largest radio station had promised him.

One day Bob was called into the executive offices. Mr. Benson laid forth his plans. He had, for some time, been interested in radio advertising and had just drawn up a contract for five half-hour programs a week with the city's most powerful station. He had heard Bob sing and wished to give him fifteen minutes of the broadcast each evening. And would he be willing to begin with one hundred dollars a week with the promise of a substantial increase if the public liked him?

There is little need to say that the young singer was too astonished to give a coherent answer. Would he be willing? Why, he thing he had wanted most

(Continued on page 6, col. 2)

Gems of Rhyming Thought

PLANT-OLGY

Genevieve S. Stevens

How poets love to rave, to roar,
So solemnly with metaphor
To paint for us their lone ideal
Of woman's beauty by their spiel.

They liken her unto a rose,
With rosy cheeks (why not her
nose?)
Such dainty feet, her teeth, ah,
pearls!
And always glistening spun-gold
curls!

Oh, woe is me! Oh I can see
They never will fuss over me,
With shoes so big they'll walk the
waves,
And hips as broad as barrel-
staves!

And, teeth, oh, gosh, mine
certainly
Look more like clams than pearls
to me.
And then my nose betrays a lot
Of Jewish blood I haven't got!

It seems my eyes were made to
hold
A whole lot more than I am told.
There's no gold mine in my brown
locks!
My rosy cheeks come from a box.

At me no bard will suffer throes:
You see, I'm not quite like a rose!
A beggar's happy with a crumb —
I'm just a red geranium!

To One Owing a Letter

Gertrude Koshollek

Not all the gold of lilies,
Nor all the blue of skies
Can weave delight like ebon ink
Word-winged from absent eyes.

The wind may blow the gold away;
The clouds, the blue dismiss;
But letters penned by love protest
A better world than this.

Then take your pen, my dear, and write
What in your heart you find;
For God you serve by sacrifice,
But men, by being kind.

TO THE FACULTY

Mary Jane Ostwald

Here's to the faculty
Of old Central State —
Here's to their happiness
As the years go by,
Ready to lend a helping hand
To those who need their aid;
Imparting useful knowledge
To every youth and maid;
Wearing a smiling countenance
Even when skies are gray,
Working for a better college,
And succeeding, day by day.
May their efforts be rewarded,
For giving us a start;
May they have the satisfaction
Of having done their part.

Shovelling Snow

Petri Swanson

Those mighty banks of glistening white,
Were posing there to give us fright;
Had not, that day, the snow come down
To blanket every walk in town?
Might I go on in dreamy sleep,
And never think of feathery heap?

With aching arms, and back the same,
With tendons pulled, and muscles lame,
The shovels piled in rhythmic beat,
To a temper nursed by freezing feet;
While icy winds cut sharp and deep,
I longed in vain to be asleep.

They say we all must exercise
It makes complexions that surprise,
It builds the body straight and strong,
And helps your mind, and wit, and
song;
Yet, when the snow is three feet deep
I'd rather stay in bed and sleep.

The Dishes

Mary Jane Ostwald

The dishes, the dishes! these blamed
old dishes,
How I wish they were all in the sea!
For, wherever I look, from the stove
to the sink,
They all stare up at me.
I could work and slave the whole night
through
To get these dishes clean,
But should I step into the kitchen
again,
I'd see this self-same scene.

Home

Mabel Anderson

There is a place in Northland
That seems grand as Heaven to me;
It is a place where love dwells,
And homely, pure sincerity.
Among the pine trees I have played
With friends and neighbors dear;
The songs and twitterings of the birds
Were delightful to hear.
Down the trail by the mill pond —
Known as "Lover's Lane"
More beautiful scenery could not be,
Especially not to me.
As years roll by and I grow old,
I may find myself alone;
I'll cherish the memories of that
glorious place
That wonderful place called "Home".

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EDITOR'S NOTE

The components of this Literary Edition are entirely representative of student originality, and have not been revised in any way by those who have judged or scored the manuscripts.

Mr. Lyness, an English instructor recently added to our faculty served as the judge and critic. In behalf of Sigma Tau Delta, I wish to thank M. Lyness and all those who helped in any way.

I feel that this literary issue has been an excellent opportunity for the students to test their favorite brain children. I extend hearty congratulations to those whose work has been published.

Bonita Newby, editor

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Poems And More Poems

WHEN YOU'VE A CORN ON YOUR TOE

Millicent Wilson

And how can you smile on a
gloomy day
When your heart is heavy with
woe
I ask you how can you laugh and
sing
When you've got a corn on your
toe?

And how can you be jocund and
gay
When you go to a dance with
your beaux.
I ask you how can you be merry
and free
When you've got a corn on your
toe?

One Day As I Was Dreaming

Mary Jane Ostwald

One day as I lay dreaming,
A vision came to me;
I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea.

And oh, but it was laden
With finer things than gold;
And this, its precious burden
Could ne'er be bought or sold.

And then I saw old Father Time,
As at the prow he stood,
With a joyful cry I hailed him
As loudly as I could.

He turned around and shook his head,
"My child, I cannot stay,
This ship is filled with minutes
That you have thrown away."

The minutes have turned to hours,
And these you cannot keep
Softly they have flown away
While you lay fast asleep.

Complaint

Helen Nimtz

Gee! How easily things go wrong;
A line too much, or a page too long,
And you find you've extended your
brain in vain,
For back your manuscript comes again.

Gee! Things hardly ever do go right!
You are either too heavy or else too
light,
You have too little or too much to say,
And it's not desired either way.

DEPRESSION TO THE NTH DEGREE

R. E. Pierce

The way seems dark,
The path is rough,
The forest, thick and drear;
We stumble on in deep'n'g
gloom,
Hoping the end is near.

Our hearts are sad,
Our minds are dull,
Our talents asleep or dead;
Blindly we grope — not living,
Rather existing, instead.

No hope for future,
No dreams of past,
No feeling of cheer or disdain;
Just one deep, cumbersome, heavy
load,
Unimpressed by sunshine or rain.

The days pass by,
No thought of time,
No consciousness of place;
In a world our own —
Black, empty, limitless space.

Ode To a Mood

Frank Klement

It sometimes seems that others get all
the breaks of life,
And that odds are against us in this
continuous strife
To gain an honest living.
It appears that suns shine brighter on
other distant shores,
And others get the apples while we
draw only cores
That Fortune keeps on living.

Some have all the pleasure while
troubles dot our row,
And cares pull us down deeper and
difficulties grow
As things go wrong in pairs.
We feel more melancholy as we
slump into a mood,
And we hie into a corner to be alone to
brood
Of our worldly cares.

It's only human nature to ne'er be
satisfied,
And we'd still be unhappy if we had
the world so wide
And all its store of gold

So let's cast off our trouble and wear
a cheery smile,
We get from life what we put in; and
that must be worth-while
Because we'll soon be old.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS

Edith Lambert

Have you ever gazed upon the beautiful, towering Tetons glistening in the bright sunlight? If you have, you know the overwhelming flood of joy that fills one's breast at that magnificent view.

This great range or the Rocky Mountains is located at the southern entrance of Yellowstone National Park, and I believe it is the most beautiful and majestic range on our continent.

I have visited these mountains and have had an opportunity to view them in all their splendor from dawn to dusk and God never seemed closer to me than at those times. May I attempt to describe to you the panorama that was before me as I feasted my eyes upon the splendid views of those gaint towers of nature's works?

In the early hours of the morning, when the sky is just beginning to become streaked with gray, these Tetons seem to stand as mute guards protecting the life which exists down in their valleys. In the approaching light of dawn, silence reigns supreme and Heaven seems within one's grasp there.

Suddenly the sun breaks into view between the tall towers and the world is once more brought to life. Birds sing, colored flowers nod their heads in the light breezes. The mountains glisten in the sun and tower into the heavens, obliterating one's view of their peaks. Down in the valleys, tiny lakes glisten like diamonds, and fleet-footed antelopes graze peacefully in the green meadows. Silvery, white clouds glide gracefully across the ceiling of blue and the world of bustling crowds and noisy traffic is forgotten — only the beauty of this blissful peace and quiet is felt and wondered at.

Hours pass and the shadows lengthen. The sun sinks lower in the west and the sky is painted in brilliant hues of pink, red, and yellow. The birds seek their mates and retire to their nests; all wild life ceases to make its presence known. The moon comes up and bathes the tiny lakes in pools of moonlight and the towering Tetons once more take on the effect of mute guards protecting their peaceful valleys.

A WIND

Bonita Newby

Out of the night blows a wind. Gathering fragrance from the flowers and forests it moves on. Whistling and whirring it winds its way, purifying the air, and purring as it sweeps through craves of old buildings making them sound like symphony orchestras rising and falling in quick crescendos. It cools the lips and forehead of a feverish child, smooths the brow of a weary housewife, promises the farmer that rain will follow. It blows back the curls from a schoolgirl's chubby face and the youthful lover whispers, "I love you". The words are caught by the breeze and carried on to comfort some lonely heart. Dust is swept from a crippled lady's doorsteps and a spark, hungry for wood is blown free from the cottage. So silently does this helper go about its work that only those who have made intimate friends of fairy folk know what is being done.

A young man standing on a bridge looks down at the black swirling waters. The turbulent waves match the torments he feels in his soul. He pauses and lifts his face to the sky. The air washes away the heat of the city and the perfume of earthy things fan his face. "No, not now. I'll try again. This time on a farm — gain some strength from the soil. I've been smothered too long." He throws back his thin shoulders and turns to face a new day.

Out into the night a wee mother peers for a glimpse at her laddie returning from the sea. A tiny light appears in the distance. She blesses the wind.

READING FOR PLEASURE

Robert Emery

The one complaint that we hear frequently concerning serious reading is the statement that we fail to feel literature. You will agree that were the reader able to become a part of the piece he is reading, he would certainly enjoy it.

There are several rules that one must respect if he would create a real love of any kind of writing. First, he must read the kind of thing that he is capable of feeling at the particular time he is to read. Should a man feel a desire to go hunting and a general need for the out-of-doors, he will not enjoy an article on woman suffrage, or a social abstract from Russia. It is this principle — that mood must watch what we read — that is most often violated.

The next thought that occurs to me is that to read anything which can make us grow, we must exert force. The writer cannot do it all. We must stir within ourselves the imagination to see the ship-wrecked Crusoe as he drifts toward the shore of the little island that is to become his kingdom. What thoughts are in his mind? Has Defoe told us all that he might be thinking? No. As you read about this character, he becomes your own creation — the Robinson Crusoe you want him to be. You must imagine for him experiences and desires quite natural to the kind of person Defoe has set upon the stage. Remember that the writer can only furnish the characters — you must make them act. Then, it is agreed that reading requires effort.

If you read only to increase your earnings, I suggest you try reading for something quite superior to that. I mean reading to attain the ideals that every normal woman or man has. Most of us must achieve these through reading. We become the hero of every novel. We travel for him, fight for him, and perhaps, even die for his noble cause. We actually live for him — see through his eyes.

Now we have come to the place where reading is an emotional experience. We think with each writer and every new book "How often I have thought that," or "That is just how I have felt many times." The author has found expression for the thoughts that are our own. In doing this he has given us quite unconsciously the admirable traits of a fine woman or a noble man, and we take with us into real life the high purposes and ambitions of people in books.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BEST SELLER

Olive Farley

While looking over back numbers of "The English Journal", an excellent magazine of literary criticism, I came upon an amusing, rather discouraging, and I'm afraid only too true article: "The Mystery of the Best Seller" by Granville Hicks in the November '34 issue.

The best Mr. Hicks can say for most best sellers is that they aren't the worst books published. But, dear me, his inference is as plain as the nose on my face. And if I took too much stock in what he said I could easily convince myself that "my taste is in my mouth".

Mr. Hicks does admit (I liked this one) that sentimental novels of the Lutz-Norris-Bailey type are conspicuous by their absence from the list of best sellers. Apparently, then, our literary taste has improved. But — and here again the inference is obvious.

He (Hicks) more or less deplors that the literary prudishness of the nineteenth century has disappeared only to be replaced by the bawdiness of the twentieth. And it is the proletariat on whom he places the blame for this transition. I cannot say that I agree

(Continued on page 6, col. 1)

Book Reviews — Book Criticisms



THE JANITOR'S BOY
and OTHER POEMS
by
NATHALIA CRANE

I wonder what those of you who have read some of Nathalia Crane's poetry think of it. Although William Rose Benet, who wrote the foreword to THE JANITOR'S BOY, is not at all hesitant in asserting his skepticism of infant prodigies, he is, on the whole, kind in his criticism of this volume which was written when its author was but ten years old. He would have us believe, however, that the most quoted of her poems are just about what one would expect from an infant prodigy, (but we must remember that he is extremely wary of them) and that they prove nothing except that she is a little girl with a lively fancy. He does say that she has shown astounding precocity as a young poet — which is something, coming from so severe a critic as Mr. Benet.

I should imagine that anyone who had read but little of Miss Crane's poetry would do well to start with the clever, light, amusing "poems" before commencing her truly brilliant mature work. For my part, I found the "Roger Jones" ballads most amusing; the one entitled "Oh, Roger Jones" which ends:

"Oh, Roger! You were only nine,
And I was half-past eight;
It really was romantic, or
as good, at any rate."
was hilariously funny.

Best of all, perhaps, was the astonishing story of "The Pre-historic Babe" (ten thousand years ago) who, being hungry, ate an inky octopus; and since —

"The ink was in the baby he was bound to write a tale; So he wrote the first of stories on his little fingernail".

I'm sure you'll like Nathalia Crane.
Olive Farley

POEMS SELECTED
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
by
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Truly, the only juvenile part of this book is the title and perhaps the first half dozen poems. THE BALLAD OF THE HARP WEAVER, RENASCENCE, and several of the beautiful sonnets for which Miss Millay is so justly renowned are all in POEMS SELECTED FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. So, too, is the quaintly sweet PORTRAIT OF A NEIGHBOR who "weeds her lazy lettuce by the light of the moon", and who "when she mows the place, leaves the clover standing and the Queen Anne's lace". And the lovely lyric which begins: "In the spring of the year, in the spring of the year, I walked the road beside my dear", and ends: "'Twas not love's going hurt my days — but that it went in little ways," — also graces POEMS SELECTED FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

But better than all these is a little group of elegies written in memory of a friend, evidently a singer who had died. It includes the hauntingly beautiful PRAYER TO PERSEPHONE about the "little lonely child lost in Hell", and strikes this note of finality in the last of the elegies. "When the ivory box is broken beats the golden bird no more".

Those of you who know and love Miss Millay's poetry and who haven't as yet come upon POEMS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, will welcome this slender volume.

Olive Farley

"LONG REMEMBER"

by
MAC KINLAY KANTOR
Coward-McCann, Inc.,

"Long Remember" is a novel dealing, in brief, with what the monster War did to the little town of Gettysburg and the people who lived there. Although the chief characters in the tale are fictitious, the book is based upon what the author believes to be the actual battles fought, and the events in Gettysburg in the months of June and July, 1863.

Were it not for the fact that we know that the War took place during the last century, it could be a story of our own community, in our own times. Its characters are people who are among the acquaintances of every one of us.

To mention a few, there is Dan Bale, the principal figure in the drama, who has been called back to Gettysburg by the death of his grandfather. He sees the futility of any and all war — its wrongness and wanton slaughter. Never for a moment is his feeling one of fear; simply that the essence of all horror is the needless murder of one's fellow-man.

There is Elijah Huddleston, a friend of his boyhood, who desires the privilege of carrying a musket against the rebels more than life.

There you will find old Mrs. Knouse, a little wizened witch of a woman, whose only concern is for her flowers: the soldiers might trample upon them. When she finally collapses and is carried through the din to safety by Dan, he must take a special trip to bring her cenary.

There is Tyler Fanning, his mother's "honey-boy", who has become an officer.

Ty Fanning's wife, Irene, who finds in Dan the attraction her husband has failed to possess for her. A chance prowler informs Ty Fanning by letter of his wife's duplicity, and such is the effect of her sin upon her state of mind that she believes she is condemned forever if Ty should be killed with her sin undenied. Accordingly, she sends Dan through the Confederate lines to tell her husband it is not true.

In all its four-hundred four pages, there is not one dull moment. If you want stark realism, it is not lacking in "Long Remember". If you care for war's horrors, you will find them all in this graphic portrayal.

Margery McCulloch

THE EDWARDIANS
by
V. SACKVILLE WEST

THE EDWARDIANS which treats of those who frequented the court balls of Edward VII at Buckingham Palace is a clever story (interspersed with French words and phrases) of superficially clever people. Lady West having herself an impeccable position enjoys taking vicious stabs at the elite of English society. Many of the views brought forth and aired upon the pages of THE EDWARDIANS repulsed me even while I enjoyed the racy writing style of the author and the really intriguing people who lived through her words.

I once read a very lovely short story by V. Sackville West and ever since I have been on the look out for more of her work. Recently I discovered several of her poems in various modern anthologies which only enhanced her value in my eyes. Reading THE EDWARDIANS was but another step in acquainting myself with the one delightful book of a delightful author.

Olive Farley

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Them's My Sentiments

Genevieve S. Stevens

Oh, me for the good old by-gone days,
Of bustles, bows and steels and stays,
When kids didn't worry or didn't care
Just who would set their wave-baked
hair;
When tiny tots squishing mud-baked
pies
Did not debate on toe-nail dyes;
When six-year-olds dreamed of tops
and toys,
And weren't concerned with dates
and boys.
Oh, me for good old by-gone days of
yore—
We acted our ages and not a day more!

In Memoriam

Mabel Anderson

I wandered one day by the roadside
That leads to the church on the hill.
I thought of my sweet little sister,
Resting there — quiet and still.

Five years have gone by, little sister,
Yet to me it seems but a day.
In dreams I can hear your whispers
And your happy songs as you play.

You fulfilled your mission in life, dear;
You brought us closer to God.
Memories of you and your childish faith
Bring thoughts of the "Truth" above.

I hear your voice in that choir —
You are near the blessed Christ Child,
Singing songs of praise and adoration
Which are symbols of joy and love.

We are hoping and praying, dear sister,
That when the blessed day arrives,
We shall meet you and the Master
In that beautiful home, "Paradise".

A Backward Look

Mary Jane Ostwald

About to part, we yield our final
gesture
Of high regard, fair mistress of our
hearts.
Sweet "Alma Mater" who hath taught
that "culture"
And not appearance is the sum of arts
To thee we owe the gifts of Friendship,
singing
The strains whose memory shall never
pall;
To thee, those aspirations upward
winging
That to our best and highest tireless,
call.
Farewell, ye halls through which with
echoing laughter
And humming talk, we hurried to the
class.
Loved teachers, how loved we shall
know hereafter,
This is good-bye, your students outward
pass.

My Soul's Release

R. E. Pierce

My soul has left its earthly home
So bright!
It now is free to stay or roam
At night!
Afloat upon the wind it goes,
What it encounters, no one knows.
An awe of such through our veins
flows —
Great Might!

THE QUERY

Mary Jane Ostwald

Long, long ago, when my fathers
Roamed the grassy, undulating plain,
Like a gray ocean in a storm,
Surging and billowing
All things were free and plentiful;
In countless herds the buffalo ran,
Numerous as the stars in the purple
night,
And the forest trees grew tall,
Lifting their branches towards the sky;
The waters ran unhindered to the sea—
Ours was the right of possession,
The first and most ancient right of
man,
And hardest to disprove.
But then, in their winged ships,
From a dim land beyond the Great
Water,
The white men came,
Bringing with the white man's
customs
To a hitherto primitive people;
They cut down our forests,
They harnessed our streams to run their
factories,
They took our lands from us, giving us
nothing in return—
We resisted, we fought them,
But they, in numbers as the sands of
the sea,
Drove us ever toward the setting sun,
A vanquished and despairing people,
A remnant of a mighty race.
Today, we live—and die—on the lands
which they have given us,
We cut down our trees, and saw them
into logs in our mills,
We no longer fish in the streams and
rivers,
Nor hunt on the boundless prairie,
Wandering, untrammelled o'er its windy
wastes,
We wear the clothes that the white
man wears,
Eat his good, and drink his wines.
We buy and sell with the white man's
gold
Obey his laws, and send our children
To his schools, to learn his language.
Forgotten, is the tribal lore,
The ancient tongue a dying memory
To the new generation.
In the years to be, what will become of
the red man?
Will he, like the roving buffalo,
Disappear from the earth—
With scarcely a trace, save his molder-
ing bones,
And a few relics of the early days
As other great tribes have done before
him?

Or, will he, increasing in number and
wealth
Merge his red blood with the blue blood
of the white,
Fusing the two currents in a great
cauldron
Warmed by the fires of love and under-
standing
Creating a new and virile race,
A surge of liberty and equality
A power among nations of the world?

WRAPT IN THOUGHT

Millicent Wilson

Wrapt in thought,
No thought possessing,
Attempting still
To thought expressing.
Such is oft a poet's state —
Wrapt in thought,
For thought to prate.

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SATISFACTION

Bonita Newby

Satisfaction comes to one
When he has his work done well.
He alone knows when he's done all he
can;
That's the only way to tell.

Somehow things have been twisted,
And we've placed the grade on top.
We've forgotten grades don't help us
to think,
We see when we're called to stop.

An A doesn't mean you're through,
That you've found all there's to know.
It's just the very beginning of things;
Let's give them a chance to grow.

Just find out the cause of all,
I'm sure it'll be a surprise.
For the deeper you dig for the bottom,
The greater becomes the size.

It's most disgusting to see
Intelligent girls and boys
Sell their minds for a capital letter,
As though they played with some toys.

So much to them has been lost
For they have no eyes to see
That they've let opportunity slip —
What will their future be?

So pause and think o'er your books;
Be eager to learn it all.
You'll be more confident in yourself
After you've left this hall.

So remember this my friends:
No matter what one may try,
It's the thing done the best that will
succeed;
It alone will satisfy.

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RANDOLPH SCOTT

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"HOME ON THE RANGE"

— SUNDAY —

DOUBLE FEATURE

"TRANSATLANTIC

MERRY-GO-ROUND"

With

GENE RAYMOND

JACK BENNY

BOSWELL SISTERS

And

"CHARLIE CHAN IN PARIS"

With

WARNER OLAND

3 DAYS COMING MON

WILL ROGERS

In

"COUNTY CHAIRMAN"

Farewell

R. E. Pierce

Farewell, my love,
'Tis almost time
That I must go.

Forget, my love,
The days gone by —
Our joys and woe.

Think only, love
Of life to come;
'Tis better so.

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What Price A Pound Of Venison

Harriet M. Nelson

It was a bitter cold day in early November. The wind off the Wisconsin River swept over the snow covered ground, bringing with it moist, chilly air and more snow.

As Ole Hanson walked down Main Street in Rhineland, he turned up the collar of his sheepskin. He shivered as he brisked up his lagging steps a bit. The old man had lived a good many years watching the seasons come and go.

In frontier days he had been busy. During the summer months, he had fished for white-fish and lake trout in Lakes Michigan and Superior. In the rivers and inland lakes he had fished for pickerel, bass, pike and trout.

In early winter he had helped trap the mink, fox, bear, muskrat, martin, otter, badger and lynx. They would hunt out from the lumbering camps, skin their dead animals, and with their dressed furs portage across country to the old trading post at Lac du Flambeau. Here the traders would load their canoes and paddle down the streams to Green Bay, where the larger fur trading terminals were located.

From that little old village in Trondheim, Norway, lying on the peninsula between the fjord and the River Nid, he had migrated by the way of transcription to the Knapp Stout Lumber Company of Menomonie, Wisconsin. Hired by them to work for three years in return for his ticket to New York, from there to Menomonie, where the company had its central office, and then to any lumbering camp the company might transfer him.

Day after day Ole Hanson had worked until the days grew into years, and his years grew into three. He had thrown all of his abounding energy into the destruction of the luxuriant white pine of Northern Wisconsin. Now he was through! As he had swung his ax with a Nordic twang, his features had daily registered the pain of an inward emotion — suppressed because of necessity.

The ever verdant pines would murmur restlessly at night, and shelter the deer as a sanctuary from a group of noisy workers. In the distance the mill buzzed on incessantly, its resounding shrill echoes breaking the otherwise sublime stillness of an unbroken reverie.

On Sundays, Ole had loved to walk through the beautiful forest and leisurely pick up the trail of some animal to follow it to its lair. He would trail the deer down the runways to the openings in the ice of Lake Arba Vitae where they came to drink.

Ole was about to cross the street to the postoffice when the siren of a passing motorist's car stopped him. He gazed at the occupant, who wore a red cap, a red patch on the back of his sport coat, and fondled the smooth surface of a Winchester 22 that he had in the front seat beside him. Ole observed other parts of the machine. On the radiator, tied with a clumsy rope was a fourteen prong buck. That Winchester 22 had silenced him. Those prongs, that denoted age, would be a good hat rack and what a mounting the taxidermist would make of his head. Those noble features would only be enhanced. His hide would be buckskin for someone's dress gloves or moccasins for a lady's foot, and the luxuriant hair would be given back to nature.

Ole looked farther down the street — an endless caravan of hunters, driving by, each with his deer. No matter how they had tied the dead carcasses of the deer they still embodied grace and beauty. Tied over the radiator hoods, crushed on the running boards, tumbled



into trailers — they were still the symbolism of beauty and grace. Only the antlers refused coverage as they poked their way to freedom.

This endless procession, the spoils of the chase, made Ole forget his mission to the post office — he was moved by the hurt of the kill. A good many years ago he had paid his passage. What he had earned thereafter he had invested in timber lands — his timberlands. His timberlands were sacred! The virgin pine reached heavenward, unsuppressed by any man made encumbrance. His woods were open to wild birds and animals and as though accepting an open invitation, lived unmolested by the cool waters of Arba Vitae Lake, dwelling in utter blissfulness of uninterruptedness.

Ole crossed the street, digging his hands into his pockets as he walked. At the Phillips 66 Gas Station his reminiscent spell was broken when he overheard a hunter explain to the station attendant, "Ten gallon, please. I don't want to have to stop at another station until I get home to show the wife and kiddies this. Yes, he was a beauty and and my wife will be pretty proud to know I killed him. Our party had every runway guarded and we watched for two days. We learned from our Indian guide his watering hole and trailed him with the dogs all the first day. He was smart. He had us thrown off the track dozens of times, but he never took into account that we might be out so early in the morning and watch the water hole. It was there we got him, just as he stooped to drink."

Ole walked on, but his thoughts refused to stay with the present. Years ago, when he was out of meat, he too had hunted for his meal of venison. One beautiful Sunday, before the lands were deputized for hunting purposes or the hunting season limited to ten days, he on snowshoes, had followed the blood-soaked trail of a wounded deer through tangled forest passes around Arba Vitae to its lair amongst the wind blown branches in a side hill off the windward side of a wooded knoll. As he came to the opening in the thicket he beheld something moving, a little bunch of brown and white specks beside a larger something tan.

Ole quickened his step. As he came nearer he discerned a dead doe, a bullet wound in her heart, with her fawn beside her trying to eke food from a dead mother's breast. He raised his eyes, the tears had blurred his vision as he muttered, "What a price to pay for a pound of venison!" He picked up the helpless fawn, placed it under his warm woolen jacket and carried it to his lodge, where he nursed it with milk from a bottle until its tiny brown and white spots turned to a beautiful tan, the sign of its maturity. He then turned the animal loose into the pines from whence it had come.

Since the hunting season had been limited to ten days every two years, Ole had dreaded the open seasons and prayed that there would be no snow in November, as snow made it easier to track the deer.

Ole turned his coat collar down, walked away from the gas station and turned in at the postoffice. The postmaster greeted him most heartily, "It's a heavy snow we had last night, Ole. They sure are bringing in the kill."

Ole muttered an acquiescent "yes," but to himself he thought, "They pay too big a price for their pound of venison."

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ESSAY ON TREES

Mrs. Mildred Davidson

Trees have always meant much to me. I have, not only an admiration for the beauty of the line and color of trees, but also a far deeper appreciation of them. As a child on a western ranch I acquired a great love for trees. To me trees meant coveted shade from the burning summer sun, and in winter their thick growth checked the terrific blasts of fierce storms. These trees were not the kind that grew here and there as Mother Nature might have broadcast seed, but were carefully planted. An interesting phase of ranch life was caring for the small trees. There were fruit trees protected by rows of forest trees, and a substantial wind-break for the corral of many varieties, such as cottonwood, mulberry, catalpa, maple, and walnut. How carefully the little trees were cultivated and irrigated in the dry seasons! Girdles of wire netting protected the trunks from the ravages of small animals that loved to feed on the tender bark. All this was not wasted effort because our trees flourished, our place seemed secure and favored. Travelers often stopped to admire our groves. Simple life and absence of confusion gave me much time to think over and over the events of the days. A profound reverence for trees grew in my mind which lingered pleasurably through the years.

On a trip through the Rocky Mountains I was always aware of the trees of that district. I enjoyed the superb spruce trees that grew on the mountain sides. Stretching themselves up to such great heights these evergreens appeared inquisitive to know what was going on on the other side of the mountain. How strange were the trees which grew high up at the timber-line! Mother Nature seemed to have sown their seeds, hurried away about other business and left each persistent cedar to fight its own way in that wild, storm swept region. Great thick trunks tapering swiftly to dwarfed, twisted tops told stories of lifelong battles with the elements. What noble trees they might have been in favorable environment! I stood in awe of such trees — such luxuriant, green needles on such dwarfed bodies. How strangely — like seeing noble deeds come from gnarled, work-worn hands! These trees breathed of patience and stability, and inspired in the mind worth-while reflections as loftily as that part of the mountain on which the cedars grew.

I live now under great elms. Their graceful, drooping branches form a canopy for the small cottage. These trees have come to be symbols of peace and quiet in my life — giant sentinels silently guarding a simple home from a confused world.

The Mystery Of

The Best Seller

(Continued from page 2, col. 4)

with him in this. After all, it is not the proletariat who writes our books; it is the so-called intelligentsia; and even if (as he says) the middle-class forms the bulk of the reading public, and even if it demands dawkiness in its literature, I see no reason why the intelligentsia should cater to that demand — unless, of course, it wishes to. It seems to me that there is excellent opportunity for some first-class reform work among the writers of books to improve the literary taste of the readers of books. I am doubtless in the wrong.

He goes off on a different tangent, then, and discusses sales versus merit (in books). I really think he has hit upon a recognized truth (I love to capitalize that word) when he says: "Merit may sometimes be rewarded by sales but more often it is not." And he quotes an article from the "New Republic" for April 18, 1934: "Good Books That Almost Nobody Reads" as substantiating evidence that he has proved his point. I shall most assuredly read that article.

Mr. Hicks says that we read this and that inferior, and even mediocre, book on some subject or other when we might read this and that superlatively finer book on the same subject. He then

Local Boy Makes Good

(Continued from page 1, col. 2)

in all his life was right at hand. He had but to sign his name. His expression of supreme happiness and gratitude made up for his lack of words as he wrote his name on the dotted line.

Back in Elm City things were pretty much as Bob expected they would be. Some one was saying, "It's too bad; he was a good fellow," and another, "Young Ellsworth didn't know when he was well off, but he'll come back and 'D. C.' will take him in again."

It so happens that D. C. Ellsworth was in the habit of listening to the market reports every evening at the same hour, but this particular evening he turned the radio on and reclined in his easy chair to await the reports on his favorite stocks. As is often the case, the preceding program was not quite finished, but as the listener was too comfortable to move he was forced to hear the golden voice coming over the air.

"By George! That fellow can sing!" Ellsworth admitted.

"He has a beautiful voice. If only Bob could—" but his wife's words were choked with a sob.

"Yes, if Bob could sing like that, I believe I could forgive him. I never heard anything like it."

The music stopped. "This concludes a half-hour program sponsored by the Benson Mercantile Company. We will be with you again tomorrow evening at this same time. Good evening everybody."

"My old friend Benson certainly knows what he is doing when it comes to selecting talent. Remind me to tune in on him tomorrow night, Edith." So saying, Ellsworth arose, ascended the stairs to his room, and retired, completely forgetting his stock quotations.

The following evening found the Ellsworths on hand for the beginning of the program.

"Good evening ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience. We take great pleasure in presenting to you radio's latest discovery — Bob Ellsworth — the lad with the miracle voice, brought to you through the courtesy of the Benson Mercantile Company of this city. 'O. K. take it away, Bob.' 'Thanks Fred, and I am going to dedicate my first number to all my dear friends in Elm City.'"

The same mellow voice of the evening before began.

"Our son! cried the father. 'And to think that I tried to hold him back. I shall never forgive myself!'"

"Now I am sure he will come home. He has made good and I am proud of him." And large tears of happiness flowed down the cheeks of the grateful mother.

names several books which we do not read because they are too difficult, upsetting, stark, menacing, and powerful for the successful maintenance of our calm, smug complacency. The books are: "The Magic Mountain", "Chinese Destinies", "Men's Fate", "The Disinherited", "Strike", "The Shadow Before", and "The Brothers Karamovoz". Instead we read weaker, more insipid, and far inferior books simply because they happen to be best sellers. Whew!

For my own enlightenment (or perchance 'twas mere idle curiosity). I scurried to discover the authors of those so-superlative books. The books themselves shall go on my list of books-I-mean-to-read-sometime. I shall read them all before I am much older for after all I do wish to read the intelligent books of intelligent authors that have been recommended by intelligent people. I hope I am not mistaken in cubbeyholing Mr. Hicks (Delightful name! I'd take a pseudonym.) in the last named category.

As this has turned into a dissertation on Mr. Hicks (Without my consent, understand, and entirely unsanctioned by me) I shall cover the typewriter until another day.

CURFEW

He — I assure you, Vera, I certainly would put myself out for you.

She — Then please do. It's after eleven o'clock and I'm tired.

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