

shoved it out the screen door with an admonishing, "Shame, shame on you!" Then we proceeded with the teaparty — she as calm as before, and I with suppressed excitement. For her, this was the only one small incident in the lively harum-scarum day that she and her family spent, while I was an only child and spent a comparatively quiet life.

I think that from the vantage point of the present I can look at the past with a detached perspective. Seeing myself as I was enables me to judge myself as I am. Aside from this, even unpleasantnesses of the past have faded into laughable insignificance and become very pleasant to remember.

AMERICANA

DORIS DALEY

I ride over the hills and I see the sun rise on America. I see a vast continent through the purple haze. I see the deserts and the jungles — the summer sun and the winter snow. I see the people who live in this country — as they came, different as the corners of the earth they left, and as they are today, one and indivisible — the lifeblood of the land. I see their farms and their great cities. I see them alone and in milling crowds, and I hear the tramp of their marching feet.

For Americans are young and they love life, and they will stay free. Years ago, our founding fathers acted upon the impulse of independence and it is still our dream today.

The American is free, and bold, and strong. He is like the stinging wind in his forests and the shining steel in his factories. He is a jack-of-all-trades, and master of most. He loves new ideas, new inventions, new styles. He is never satisfied with the present.

The American will get what he is after, but he will not follow blindly to get it. He must know "why." He has pried many secrets from his vast country — earth and sea and sky — and the search is never-ending.

He is quick and sharp, calculating. He

loves to take a chance. He is a past master at the great American game of Bluff. He always plays the game fairly and to the best of his ability. The "good old college try" is an American institution.

The American is full of spirit and friendliness. The whole town are his neighbors, and the whole country his friends. He makes vast quantities of money, and spends it on the shining, useless baubles that delight his children—and himself.

The American makes his own laws, and he sometimes makes mistakes. He has learned much from both. He is wise, and he trains his children to be wise and strong. He is tolerant and capable. He has the faith of a child in his ideals, and while often over-zealous in carrying them to others, he fortunately cannot be crushed by the scorn of the older and wiser nations.

The American loves a baseball game and he loves a good fight. His sympathy goes out to the underdog if the latter is worthy of it; for while the American worships big things and powerful things, he will not bow down to intolerance and oppression. He will get in his two cents' worth, rather than be swallowed in the flood, standing still.

That is why his feet are marching today, and he will see to it that they march toward a different goal tomorrow.