

scampering along against his mother's flanks, his head held high, eyes gleaming with sudden fright, and hind foot cocked to throw at his tormentors.

The work teams are mechanically rolling over and back, all easily worth their hundred dollars, after a hard days work in harness. Now the near horse of the sorrel teams props his front feet under him, bucks up on all fours, stretches prodigiously, shakes himself as a dog shakes water, and jogs down toward the flats along the branch, his blazed face and white fore pastern luminous through the settling gloom; to where the yearlings, two-year olds, and a few aged brood mares are grazing, indistinct, black, shadows as the curtains of the night draw to a close.

Yet in spite of all this the scene is quiet and peaceful; the world seems at rest as I stand motionless on the hilltop, my thumbs hooked onto my overall suspenders and drink in the cool, fresh, air, tainted

with the perfume of fresh mown alfalfa and the simple, earthy scents of the barnlot, mingled with kitchen smells suggestive of frying ham, hot bread, and strong black coffee, wafted to the nostrils by the soft evening breeze.

My body aches, my very bones are sore, my very shirt is glued to my back with briny sweat, my overalls are stiff with perspiration, dust, and grease; but my soul sings; I'm happy, jubilant! A day's work well done has ended; a feeling of deep satisfaction and security steals over me, overpowering even my physical fatigue and for a moment lifting me above the monotony of the hard labor which can so easily become drudgery.

I stand spellbound, impressed and awesome of the simple sights and sounds and then trudge up the path to supper and to bed as the day and the day's work simultaneously come to an end.

WHEN TIRES RETIRE

BETTY LEE SNYDER

THERE HAS BEEN a great deal of talk about the rubber shortage since the war began. Radio comedians have used it to an advantage; members of business firms are riding bicycles to work, and the old ladies who could never be convinced that the automobile was here to stay, are saying, "I told you so."

We are now a nation of people working tirelessly for defense. The other morning I saw a man ride a horse to church; gone are the days when I took the family car and with a bunch of friends, practiced making two-wheeled turns on the Parkmoor driveway — and I take the bus to school. The cars of public officials are being put away, with the admonition, "use public conveyances." I would not be sur-

prised to read that someone's house burned to the ground because the fire squad missed their streetcar. Even the taxi companies are feeling the pressure of the shortage. With them, it's a case of re-tire or retire.

We might break a few more water mains, flood the city, and all buy motorboats; and there is, of course, the horse. Roller skates are all right except for the fact that the wheels are steel and there is a shortage of that, too. No — the only really practical solution to our problem is self-sacrifice and a willingness to give up a few of the things to which we are accustomed. Our democracy is worth it and we are ready to put our shoulder to the wheel. (A wheel without a tire.)