

cause it's part of his life, like liquor. Some-day that old coot'll be in one of his drunks, and a damned street car'll hit him"

It was a cold February night in 1941.

The Portland hockey team was playing Salem in the Coliseum. Spikey never missed a hockey game; it was his favorite sport. Too bad he couldn't see as well as he used to. Alcohol and astigmatism had united with age to dim his vision. He could hardly see at all. But somehow he always seemed to know which team was winning. A sixth sense probably.

Spikey stumbled out of the cab. A driving snow beat into his face as he started unsteadily across the street to the Coliseum.

He never made the opposite curbstone. He didn't see the street car because of the snow lashing at his already semi-useless

eyes . . . and he didn't hear it because he was thinking about the game and wondering if Portland could beat the mighty Salem team. The street car "drove him into the turf."

Al wrote the story for The Sun:

"As 4,000 snow-whipped persons filed into the Coliseum, The Sun's veteran sports editor, Evans, was ground into the icy cement of Parkway avenue by a street car last night.

"An authority on every branch of every sport, Evans waltzed into the hearts of The Sun's many readers with his thousands of stories for over a score years.

"Spikey could not see the street car. He lost the game of life by a score that no man can ever overcome..."

PROFESSOR BLANK

PATRICIA SYLVESTER

He walked into the room, hung his umbrella on the thermometer (on sunny days he used the umbrella as a walking stick) and turned methodically to the speaking stand. Then it came—laughter! laughter! The professor filed through his mind to determine if he "cracked" any of his jokes at the last meeting of the class. No, the last meeting was Thursday, second Thursday of the month. He always pulled his jokes on Tuesdays. Maybe it was the blackboard. Someone had written something on the blackboard, — something funny, maybe even about him. He turned to look at the board, but it was clean, not an erased gray, but a washed black. He drew a little black notebook from his upper left hand vest pocket and wrote on one of the memos labeled "To Tear Out When Done": See if we have a new janitor. But this laughter. It must be stopped. He filed through his mind again and drew out a card under H "How to Stop Laughing":

Closing the mouth — think of death or oysters. No that wasn't it. H "How to Stop Laughter." Ah, that was it. The directions: Cough. He coughed. Demand attention. He tapped his pencil on the speaking stand. Say: "Mr. Blank will you please tell me what's so amusing so I can laugh too. He said, "Mr. Smith (It was so handy to have a Smith in the class) will you state the circumstances causing such hilarity so that I may share in your amusement."

Mr. Smith was rudely awakened. He hadn't been laughing, though his snoring might be taken for a titter. "I'm sorry, prof, I didn't get your question. I was workin' on my thesis."

"Thesis, Mr. Smith—'is.' Very well. Mr. Jones, you may be able to answer my question if you can release the young lady's hand long enough to stand up and reply."

Mr. Jones said he guessed he didn't know.

This process was fruitless. The professor refiled the card and drew out another "Emergency Tactics": Follow the eyes of one of the students, or if their are none of these, watch one of the seat fillers. Their glance will be directed to the external object which is the cause of the laughter.

He looked at Miss Benson. She was looking at his feet. Oh well — Miss Benson was English. Better follow Mr. Sellick's eyes — at his feet, too.

The professor looked down—his feet! How ghastly! How ominous! Had he painted his corns with his wife's "Bleeding Dragon" nail polish instead of the corn medicine? He'd told her never to use that red stuff. Always leads to harm. The parson's wife at the last church they attended, before the one they went to now, wore red nail polish. She always spent her time in church picking it off. It was too reminiscent of his classes and much as he liked the church he had had to leave it. But it was definitely nail polish on his corns — so bright he could see it through his boots — not through his boots — surely not through his boots — no — never through his boots — nor through his socks.

If it couldn't be seen through his boots or his socks — then, — yes then — yes, most certainly then, he was barefooted. He wiggled a toe to be sure. It cracked. Yes, he was quite barefooted — except for the red polish on each toe. (Would the polish have to wear off?) He wondered. But barefoot! He must have forgotten to put on his shoes. — He'd taken his usual early morning walk on the front lawn absorbing strength from the earth through his bare feet. Well, he couldn't just stand there — with the class laughing — something should be done.

The professor picked up his pencil and put it in his pocket, picked up his umbrella, put it up and walked out. His wife met him at the door of their house with his socks and shoes. High shoes, special make — when he had something on his feet he liked to know it. He put them on, and went back to school. He walked into the room, hung his umbrella on the thermometer (It was quite a feat to do it when the umbrella was open.) and turned methodically to the speaking stand. "Today class—" But the class was gone. You only have to wait fifteen minutes—even for a Ph. D.

CREDO

MARY WILEY

In our sad days it is a woman's part
To keep alive the things that ease the soul,
All music and delight. It is her role
To pour out lovely songs to fill the heart
With tenderness again, and hopeful start
The hymnal in the church; amid the whole
Of dark, confusing time out of control
To sing, and let not loveliness depart.

Unflinching faith is difficult to keep
When futile tears fall on the changeless earth
And still are dried by the recurrent sun.
Mankind may perish if its women weep
Too much, too long. We will allow no dearth
Of Song; there is much singing to be done.