

our bustling modern cities of today. The French quarter is hemmed in by smoking factories, rambling warehouses; and its narrow flag-stone paved streets run between crowded rows of quaint old dwellings, erected, I'd say, over a century ago, and designed after the Old World houses of southern France, Spain, and Italy.

As we walk down the narrow, crowded streets, we see heavy, iron-bound doors that open abruptly on the uneven sidewalks. We open one of the squeaky iron gates covered with clinging vines of roses and ivy, and we see fine old courtyards with time-scarred fountains and statues, well-worn walks, and sometimes, we might say, almost a riot of tropical greenery. Hanging over these courtyards are beautifully carved balconies of wrought iron. The Creole families, whose history dates

back to the early days of New Orleans, in their quiet dignity, dwell in these old mansions. To make the scene more picturesque, we see twisted streets named after French and Spanish governors. The old market place reminds us of a vanished past and of an early morning when the market was crowded with hooped skirts of women and top hats and tails of men, or the less wealthy in their shabby shawls, haggling over their wares.

But, alas, tourists, as well as the old French and Spanish families sorrow as the wheels of commerce relentlessly crush down the old fascinating city, and in its place is erected a modern city. In spite of all this, however, I still believe that this city where history, poetry, and romance are so closely linked, will never lose something of its old charm.

Garden Of Eden

KEN SKELTON

The large wrought iron gates were thrown open to admit the throngs of people of which we were a part. Supporting the gates were square, substantial looking red brick posts; winding back through the posts was a narrow macadam road, which was last among the beautiful slopes. On one side stretched row upon row of small, heavily laden apple trees. The coloring was so perfect and the spacing so uniform that it seemed like an overdone picture.

When at last we reached the top of the hill, we came upon a group of white frame buildings. One, the house, was surrounded by bright yellow marigolds and symmetrical evergreens. In the side yard was a bird hotel. It, like all the other buildings, was

white with a red roof. One of the other red-roofed buildings was used as a tool shed, although it was much larger than the average. The third building was, perhaps, the most interesting, and also the largest. It was beyond its large sliding doors that the cider bar was located. The bar was short, perhaps ten feet long and about waist high. Behind the bar was a large stainless steel plate with three spigots. Under the spigots was a well polished drain trough. This was much used, for the sparkling, amber cider flowed like water. Over at one side was the apple grader. This was a long, narrow trough, down which the apples were run. At intervals was a kind of chain with round holes in it. The apples

of the same size fell into the holes, which were large at the beginning of the chain and kept getting smaller until the last hole admitted only very small apples. Bushel baskets were placed under the holes to catch the apples as they fell. Not far from the machine were huge stacks of carefully crated apples ready to be run through the grader. Over on the other side were long, low benches covered with baskets of bright red apples. Around these people stood to drink their cider and talk to their friends, for the place seemed to be a great gathering place. All this goes on under one red roof.

Outside we saw the orderly trees standing in straight rows, with empty

apple boxes underneath them. The trees were so heavily laden with shining red fruit that they had to be propped. In the distance, over the iron fence, we could see the pretty little new houses of Arden. When we turned the other direction we were faced by a gently rolling terrain covered with still green grass. If we looked closely, however, we could see brown leaves fallen from the walnut and maples which were thick on the hills. Some of the trees, like sumac, were turning a vivid red. Over the whole scene hung a smoky blue haze. It was like leaving a paradise to leave Lilly's fine apple orchard on a beautiful September day.

Complex Wally

MARY CORY

I was told at lunch by one of my high school friends that Wally wanted to see me at two minutes after two on the second floor bridge. That was Wally all right, always doing something peculiar and very exact. I was on my way to the bridge at two, and as I rounded the corner of it, I saw that the "Remarkable" was already there. He was standing tall and gangly in front of the window looking down at the street and appearing in a rather desolate and serious mood. He turned slowly toward me as I greeted him, and without acknowledging my salutation, spoke deliberately, "If you really feel that way, Mary, you do not even need to speak to me any more; that is why I sent for you — good by." He turned and strode away. Again he had left me suspended in mid air, so to speak, over one of his uncalled for actions. After I had watched his yel-

low wavy hair disappear down the stairs, I sort of slid back down to solid footing, took a deep breath and leaned on the window sill for support. I shrugged my shoulders uneasily and wondered again about Wally.

I remembered the day I met him. It was the first day of my freshman year, and in a history class. He sat right across the aisle from me, and I was fascinated. He seemed to know everything the other freshmen did not know. My first impression was that he might be one of these windy, popular fellows who thinks he knows all about everything, but who really knows very little about anything. As time went on, I changed my mind completely. I found he really knew his history, he used perfect grammar and dressed well when in class. Outside of class with the "gang" he used degenerating slang and wore slop-