

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-

pier clothes than the "number one Joe." He had two almost entirely different sets of friends, the "gang" and the faculty and students in the literary clubs. He could discuss easily Milton, Shakespeare, or Edgar Guest, and was usually in the midst of the frenzied cheering section at the basketball games. He was president of the Mask and Wig club and as far as real dramatic ability was concerned at the time, he simply could not be surpassed. Most people regarded him as just one of those nutty, lucky guys who could be a playboy and make good grades in his studies at the same time. They usually do not go together so successfully.

I, too, along with the rest of the bigots had criticized Wallace for being so aggressive, self-endowed, conceited and talkative. I had wondered at his unending vivaciousness, been disgusted at his monopolising Open Forum with himself and his opinions. I had been hurt by the blunt, sarcastic way he had told me what he thought of me and

my immature ideas, and his cynical laugh. With all this fact, I thought I had discovered what Wally was like, but I had not.

It was when the two of us were discussing some of our original poetry that I found I didn't yet know him. This was a Wally I had never dreamed existed. I found he was very plain, sweet, unassuming, and considerate, with a soft infectious laugh and gentle manner. I noticed his long pointed fingers and neatly manicured nails. His blue eyes had a depth and twinkling kindness in them. Notwithstanding this, I found him still pulling almost outlandish stunts, saying questionable, inconsiderate things to other people, and yet there seemed no end to his knowledge and artistic ability. So now he told me I need not speak to him — I wonder why? This was still another angle to Wally, the uncomprehensible. I simply can not seem to get him lined up in any particular category. Wally is simply too complex.

Dust

MARY G. FRENCH

It was August 21, 1936, in the days when Kansas was a part of our country known as the Dust Bowl. The sun shone down on a parched and thirsty earth. The lawn, which should have been a beautiful green velvet carpet, was instead an ugly brown expanse of dead grass whose roots had long ago given up the struggle to reach life-giving moisture. Where no vegetation grew, the ground was cracked and broken. The trees, prematurely brown, swayed lazily in a hot breeze which came drifting in from the west. Birds, mostly boisterous bluejays, friendly robins, twittering spar-

rows, and an occasional rasping crow, sat about idly discussing the situation. No flies buzzed about, simply because there were none.

About noon there fell over the landscape a hushed expectancy. The birds stopped their conversation, and the breeze died a quiet death.

Then suddenly, as though from out of nowhere, it was upon us. The foe of the farmer, the enemy of an abundant harvest, the murderer of plant and animal life. Dust.

The wind came forth now with renewed strength, carrying with it fat,