

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,

frollicking tumble weeds which hopped and skipped along, happy to be free. The dust was like a thick heavy mist upon the earth, slowly blotting out the sun. The air had a strange cold, clammy quality which caused people to shiver in spite of the heat. Houses, fences, and trees became dim outlines that were slowly, but completely erased. There was no sound except that

which the wind made as it screeched around corners, in a hurry to go wherever winds go.

For one brief moment the dust-laden air seemed to increase in density. Then, as quickly as it had come, it was gone. The sun shone down with the same intense heat on a world where every object was shrouded in death — in dust.

To Save Our Soles

MARJORIE PHILLIPS

Americans in 1943 are doing a number of things that we never did before and, in all probability, will never do again. The world is changing rapidly, adjusting itself to the necessities of a nation at war. We are beginning to feel, for the first time, the insidious fingers of the international conflict. There is a seriousness now behind the American smile, a strength, a realization of what this war means.

But let me take you back a few months — a year, if you will — to the middle of 1942 when the American public strode briskly about its business, oblivious of anything so mundane as saving shoe leather. The possibility of shoe rationing was remote indeed. One still read of the stars of Hollywood buying a dozen pairs of shoes at once, and a few other resourceful individuals managed to purchase several pairs of shoes in anticipation of the day of rationing — perhaps not realizing that thus were they forcing the government to limit the public's supply of leather.

Then came rationing. The nation gasped and was completely taken aback. Even those who had vaguely suspicioned an impending shoe ration were stunned at

the suddenness of it. The government, I presume, was aware of the fact that surprise was essential to the success of such a movement, for had the general public been warned, there would have been no shoes left to ration in a short time.

There were quarrels and heated discussions, of course, and exclamations of dismay from the ladies, but that is a privilege of Americans — especially ladies. We soon resigned ourselves to our fate and began dragging out last year's footgear to be repaired. We hurried to the basement and sought out our discarded patent leathers with the scuffed toe, and our suede pumps with the shiny spot on one side. We polished and brushed them tenderly, and sighed with relief that they hadn't been thrown away.

Miss America, after shoe rationing, learned to buy shoes more carefully. She looked for durability and comfort instead of spike heeled, flattering slippers. She shopped for a suitable color and correct size, not for a too small pair of brightly dressed sandals. None of these things had she ever before considered in buying her shoes; but, now, when she parted with her