

to produce a cosmetic used for eye shadow. Malachite, a green copper mineral, was similarly treated to produce a green eye-shadow.

From weapons to utensils, utensils to charms and jewelry, and jewelry to an eye-glass and cosmetics, all this is but a small part that stones have played in the history of man. The study of these uses of rocks and minerals and the perception of their great beauty have instilled in me a greater realization of the wonders of the earth itself. Little did I suspect when I purchased those seven mineral specimens in the small roadside shop that I was to gain a new insight. I was to realize that all the loveliness of the world is not to be found in the flowers, trees, streams, and animals *on* the earth but that there is great beauty *within* it, a beauty of rock and minerals, as old as the earth itself.

Hay Day

Diane Shoemaker

THE air was still cool at four in the morning, but I knew that today might be the day if rain did not fall before seven, so I dressed quickly and hurried downstairs. Aunt Jean and Uncle Max were already in the kitchen, my aunt mixing biscuit dough, my uncle rinsing a pail in preparation for milking. I set the table, waiting anxiously for the word. After breakfast I cleared the dishes while Uncle Max gazed out the window: "Call the boys," he said. "We're going to put up hay." My heart pounded as Aunt Jean rang for Cunningham's. Haying time was here again.

About nine-thirty I took my position at the corner door. Uncle Max had forbidden me to go any closer to the barn, but I really did not mind, for I was close enough here to see everything that was happening. As the first load arrived, I immediately noticed the sweetness and freshness of the hay, as the fragrance floated and danced past me toward the house. Doc and John set the hay fork and unloaded; Harold scattered the loose hay in the loft; Mr. Webster, his son Norris, and Uncle Max scattered and piled hay on the wagons; Check and Darrell Gene drove the tractors, while Preston Webster drove the horse. Whenever hay season came, the neighbors always traded a day's work. Tomorrow my uncle might help Check, but today everyone was working for him, each performing his individual task with care and pride, even though the work was not for himself.

John Marion was the individual who amazed me. Even though he was in his eighties, he worked as hard as any of the younger men. Wearing long underwear in the summer and letting his mustache grow to cover his lower as well as his upper lip were just two of his idiosyncracies. I was official water-boy, so to speak, and kept the water jar in my shadow. To my unasked question, John told me

that drinking ice water on a hot day made a man sick enough to have to quit working. This particular day John had just climbed upon the wagon, when he gave a shout and, grabbing a pitchfork, flung a snake out of the hay to the ground. Hearty laughs from Check indicated he had known about the snake all along and had remained silent so he could see John's reaction. The old farmer ranted and raved quite vigorously and refused to set another fork the rest of the day.

In the shade to my right were Preston and Molly, the horse with hooves the size of dinner plates. She would plod straight ahead, pulling the fork and load into the barn, slowly turn, plod back to the barn, and slowly turn, ready to start out again. Preston would amble along behind her in much the same listless manner. About every third trip he would come over to get a drink. He was new in the neighborhood, thus fascinating. I admired him, but not because he was handsome and sweet; on the contrary, the way he handled the mare was the marvel about him.

Soon it was time for dinner, and the men came in from the field and the barn. Gathered in a group around the pump, they talked about corn and cattle as they splashed cold water on their faces. Doc was chewing on a piece of straw; Darrell Gene lay on the ground under a tree swatting at the pestering flies; Harold scratched and shook the chaff from his shirt; Preston winked. The delicious odors of chicken and fresh bread emerged from the house, competing for first place with the fresh, sweet smell of the hay. After filling my plate, I moved out into the yard away from the backdoor. The droning of the voices, mingling pleasantly with the clinking and tinkling of dishes, reminded me of the hayloft filled with new hay and the soft splatting of the summer rain on the tin roof. I finished eating and wished that Preston would finish too.

Mr. Angelo

Byron G. Massialas

THE first time I met him was on the Simplon Orient Train; I was going from Turkey to France, just a year before the last World War broke out. He was a tall man of thirty-three, blond, gray-eyed, and very good looking. I was just a child, and the things that impressed me the most were the two young girls—secretaries—that accompanied him, usually taking dictation and sending cablegrams from every station when we stopped, and the innumerable valises he had in his coupé, together with such items as portable typewriters, and dictaphones. His name at that time was Mr. Angelo, and we were informed that he was a great businessman.