

Except for a few very brave souls who set out to search for the small bit of territory that was not owned by companies, and except for those who had enough money to go home, the migrants were compelled to work in the company-owned mines, in the meat-packing houses, or in the sugar-beet fields or refineries; the men slaved in these labor camps, working twelve hours a day, six days a week for years. After the work stopped for the day, the workers, exhausted from their day's labors, would eat and go to their cots and fall asleep. The routine left little time to refine or educate one's mind to any great extent; after living this animal-like life for a while, the men began to be animal-like in their actions. They escaped from their dreadful life every Saturday night by satisfying their baser desires in the burlesque shows, in the dance halls, and in the cheap reading of literature that thrives on sensationalism, sex, and crime. Men whose entire existence is animal-like can be led and told what to do with very little effort. And so it was throughout the United States, men, uneducated to any extent, from the "sweat mills" of the east to the lumber camps of the Northwest, all being led like animals.

Now, the working conditions in the United States have become examples for the entire world to follow. Because of the improved working conditions—shorter hours, more benefits for the laborer, and a higher level of work—and thanks to universal education, the American now has the time and opportunities to live a more cultured life, to live his own life. A society's culture is based first of all on the way in which it provides for itself; all other things are secondary. When man's economic situation improves, his cultural life will improve. In Denver, in Colorado, in the western states, in the entire United States, man's economic stability is such that he is capable of a great cultural level; whether he takes advantage of his opportunities is up to the individual. But the significance is that here and now in America, he has the opportunity to choose the way he lives to a greater extent than man had ever before thought possible.

Sailing by the Book

Nancy Brandt

IF YOU had mentioned a centerboard to me a couple of years ago, I would have thought that you were referring to the pleasant colonial custom of bundling. A boom was something lowered by Clancy, and a telltale was what I hoped my little daughter wouldn't be.

That was back in my pre-sailing days, before I acquired a second-hand Nipper, a nautical vocabulary, and a varied collection of bruises, rope burns, and beautiful memories.

No sailor can explain the fascination that sailing holds for him, although many try. Over a hundred years ago Lord Byron said it this way:

"This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction."

Last summer a member of the Maxinkuckee Yacht Club meant the same thing, but he phrased it in the modern idiom:

"No matter how shook up I feel over something that went wrong during the day, the minute I raise the sail everything looks bright again."

They were both accomplished sailors, but the amateur and the fair-weather sailor (it just so happens that I fit both categories) can also enjoy this age-old sport.

At first my quiet sail seemed to waft me only to distraction, not away from it. Distraction is defined as "confusion of mind; perplexity, insanity." Learning to sail by the book leads naturally from confusion, through perplexity, right to the edge of insanity.

The best way to learn to sail is to have an experienced sailor go out with you, and give you a few lessons. I had never spoken to a sailor, experienced or otherwise, except for a few minutes at a wedding. This sailor was maid of honor at a friend's marriage, and I managed to speak to her for a moment after the cake had been cut. I asked her if she had any good advice for a novice. Her reply was interrupted by the happy cries of some wedding guests who had just discovered that one of the punch bowls was filled with artillery punch (one quart each of claret, sherry, Scotch, and brandy, frugally diluted with one quart of soda), and the only words I heard were an admonition never to jibe. I didn't know what "to jibe" meant, but I firmly resolved never to do it.

Having thus exhausted all sources of first-hand information, I went to a bookstore and bought a copy of *Sailing Made Easy*. I read it at least three times a day for the rest of the week, and read it again Saturday while sitting in the boat.

Then I cautiously untied the Nipper, put my right hand on the tiller, and took the main sheet in my left. The book, propped open against the centerboard trunk, announced in large type: "Chapter Two: NOW YOU ARE READY TO SAIL."

"I am?" I asked myself doubtfully.

Setting off for a first sail with a copy of *Sailing Made Easy* indicates a nice faith in the printed word, but it is a poor substitute for having a real sailor aboard. There are many things books do not tell you. Mine, for instance, said nothing about the importance of raising the sail quickly. I raised it slowly, while easing the metal slides of the sail one by one onto the track on the mast—a process as slow as pouring molasses back into the bottle. The wind puffed out the partially raised sail, and the boat skidded violently in a sideways slide, her copper-painted bottom tilted high in the air and her deck awash with a foot of suddenly vicious-looking lake water. I clawed my way to the high side, and frantically wrestled one hundred square feet of wet canvas back aboard the boat.

Confusion of mind, leading right into perplexity, was the direct result of the maiden voyage.

Some mistakes I made through stupidity. There was the time I carefully lowered the centerboard, put the rudder in place, raised the sail (very rapidly) and set off with all the assurance of Captain Joshua Slocum beginning his voyage around the world. However, I had forgotten to untie the boat. A Nipper has tremendous pulling power when the sail is filled, and it tore the entire mooring out of the lake bottom.

The sailor ultimately wishes to return to shore, and then enters the perplexing problem of tacking. My book devoted only three pages to it, but a degree in engineering was what I really needed. Lacking that, I sailed back and forth over the pretty blue water . . . back and forth, back and forth . . . getting not one foot closer to shore. The sun blazed hot, and then hotter. Hour upon blistering hour went by. I worked as hard as I could, and got literally nowhere. Finally I decided in desperation to sail down to the end of the lake and run aground. This increased the length of the tack to the proper proportion, and when I came about I could see that I might reach home before dark after all.

Finally I worked my way through the book and joyfully threw it overboard and got on my own. I learned how to get the most out of a light breeze; I discovered that most delightful of all pleasures—sailing on a summer night under a full moon.

There is one nautical problem which no book mentions—a problem peculiar to the mother who sails. As soon as she is well under way and has reached the middle of the lake, her whole family gets hungry. Papa and the children decide they need Mama, and they need her right now. On Sunday afternoon I will be sailing along with the boat heeled over nicely, my feet braced on the opposite deck, all the pens and keys lost during the summer jingling companionably under the floor boards—when a black motorboat roars up behind me. "Throw me your mooring line!" shouts my son. "I'll tow you back to the dock. Do you realize that it is TWO O'CLOCK and we haven't had dinner YET? WE'RE HUNGRY!"

So back we go, with the Nipper submissively in tow. The people on shore sigh in relief—the authorities have caught that crazy woman who was trying to escape in the sailboat.