

There is another phase of this historic side of the question. At one time there monsters on the earth. Some of the prehistoric animals would put to shame the creatures in the wildest bogie-stories of the Middle Ages; but, we are told, these monsters were extinct centuries before that time. Now, the particular species we know about were preserved only because of the extraordinary conditions of the earth at the time they lived; ordinarily the bones would have been destroyed by exposure to the elements. Were there not many other creatures between that time and this whose bones were not preserved by miraculous circumstance? The seas are wide and deep. The dust at our feet could tell many tales.

According to legend, there were monsters within the time of man. According to history, there may have been. Both of these lead up to and mingle with the third thing in my mind. I read its story in a news publication. It seems that the "Ogopogo" is supposed to be a sea-snake, eighty feet long; a prehistoric remnant or Middle Age sea-monster come to life. It has been sighted in a lake in British Columbia by several highly respectable people. It is said to have reared up its head, and, leaning on a rock, viewed the horizon. The mental picture produced by the description corresponds wonderfully with the drawing in the old history.

How absurd the idea of an Ogopogo is! Yet—I want to believe in it. I want to turn those "silly, superstitious" sailors into brave men, daring to venture to an unknown land, over strange dark seas in which real monsters lurked, horrible creatures which sank ships with flips of their tails. Wouldn't it be a joke if the history books were wrong!

firelight flashes

by

mary ellen ewbank

As I gaze into the dancing flames, slowly, waveringly, come the dreams that the day denies, and the events of the past years gradually take form in the firelight's glow.

Many years, so many that the memory brings a mist to my eyes, have passed since I last crossed the threshold of the Arthur Jordan Conservatory of Music on my graduation day. Ah! those were happy days. I now look back with a smile and a sigh upon those dear old friends of mine; some are famous, but others, whose names are unfung, were just as true.

I teach here or study there, but always there is a desire for something greater, until suddenly the longed-for opportunity for European study and travel is given me. My father has decided to do some research and study in the laboratories at Vienna; therefore my mother and I accompany him to Germany, and in a tiny apartment in Munich I spend many happy hours with my precious violin and my old master.

All too soon those months are ended, and my father wishes to return to America, but it seems that fortune has decided to smile upon me. When the boat docks in New York City I am met by old friend who has an offer for me of a position with a research party engaged in the excavation of the ancient city of Ur. Some very peculiar music scores and musical instruments had been discovered; hence the archaeologists needed someone to assist them in the classification and cataloguing of their most recent findings. At this time another ambition of mine

was realized when the four of us, who were selected for the work, were furnished with a government aeroplane. A fortnight later we took off from Langley Field; and each taking his turn at the controls, two days later we arrived at Chaldee. We were scarcely prepared for the wonders which awaited us in the forras of gold and silver ornaments, set with emeralds, rubies, diamonds and sapphires, which had been the treasures of the royalty of ancient Ur.

After eighteen wonderful months spent in the treacherous land of the shifting sands, I received instructions to proceed to the interior of China, where even greater discoveries than those at Ur were being made. Here one year was spent in the study and interpretation of the ancient scores and classification of various types of instruments found in this ancient temple of Buddha.

One night I was working later than usual deep in the archives of the temple. It is a quite uncanny place, if one only lets one's mind dwell upon the fact. Slowly, into my subconscious mind, a soft melody steals; louder and louder it swells until the temple reverberates with its force. What can it be! Gradually I realize the full import of the music. I become thoroughly frightened, for I was supposed to have been out of the temple hours ago. What can I do? Oh! for a knowledge of the secret passages. There was to be a very sacred religious sacrifice that night that none but the priests could witness. It was certain death to anyone else found in the temple. How had I ever forgotten it! I could just see myself on that sacrificial alter. It was too late now for vain regrets and, of course, there was a chance that I could leave the place unseen. I hastily extinguished my light and slipped into the corridor; there was no one in sight. It seemed that I ran for miles through a maze in an effort to avoid the bright

lights in which I might be seen. Suddenly a brilliant idea flashed through my mind. I found one of the priest's cells, "borrowed" a robe, and walked boldly out the front gate without even a challenge. I have often wondered as to the thoughts of that priest when he missed his robe. I have always kept it as a souvenir.

When this work was completed, I was granted one month of leave of absence to visit my brother at the American Embassy at Peiping.

On my return to America, I spent three years giving lectures and concerts, describing my discoveries and experiences and playing the music of the Orient.

After many more happy and useful years in my chosen work, I am now back in my old home in Kingman, Indiana, on the bank of the brook, among the maple trees. The fire burns low. I arise and go to my grandmother's rosewood square piano, where I take up my old violin. I remember how this, my constant companion, has soothed and sustained me in the varied moods of my many travels. As my fingers lovingly caress the strings, my memories are lost in a flood of melody.

reminiscences

by

francis funk

Approximately one hundred years ago, the first of my German ancestors left Hanover, Germany, for America. They sailed the rough Atlantic in a small sail-boat—a voyage which lasted for ninety days. Fifty years later, the last of my ancestors left the small village of Mechlenberg, Germany, in