and suck in the damp air—heavy air
—air from a tomb. The gasp for
breath is deafening. My heart pounds.
My ears throb. My body feels empty.
My footsteps become jerky and some­
how far away. I glance down. I am
walking on nothing. I am floating.
I feel a presence It is behind me. It
is clutching at my heels. I must run
—run for my life!
I speed through the air, enveloped
by panic. I glance to the right. A
black shape looms out and I
stop abruptly. It is a garbage can!
A garbage can filled
with coffee-grounds
and orange peels from someone's
bright linoleumed kitchen. Leftovers
from the meals of people—human
beings. I feel ashamed and quell the
desire to hang
my
head. Abashed, I
look around. I am walking on a side­
walk. It is a foggy night. The vague,
shadowy monsters that had struck
terror to my heart are the friendly old
elm trees that line my street. If I
look up I can see stars, and at my
side—a garbage can!

How to Catch Salt
Water Crabs

By
Aliceruth Johnson

Perhaps you believe that a crab is
a crab any place in the world. But
this is not true. On the contrary,
crabs are very intelligent and temper­
amental, and have their only likeness
in the one common end—namely, out­
witting the fisherman.
Anyone not acquainted with the
peculiarities of a crab may not give
him credit for much intelligence, and
that is a fatal mistake, as I have
learned, much to my sorrow and dis­
comfort.
The actual preparation and the mo­
tions of catching a crab are small and
insignificant compared to the brain
power and strategy that must be em­
ployed to outwit such a fellow.
The first requirements are a row­
boat, a large bushel basket or baskets,
according to how many crabs you ex­
pect to catch, a small frame net with
a short handle, three or four spools of
fishline, about a half pound of raw
beef, cut in three-inch chunks, and a
large burlap bag to put over the top
of each basket to keep the crabs from
dying before you reach ashore.
The best time to go "crabbing," as
it is called, is just after high tide. You
row past the sand bar, anchor your
boat, bait your lines, cast them over
the side, and wait.
How long you will have to wait I
am not prepared to say, as it all de­
pends upon the circumstances. If you
have prepared sandwiches and have
come expecting to stay all day, you
will probably find that your line will
be heavy with clinging crabs as fast
as you can let your lines down and
draw them up. If, on the other hand,
you are in a great hurry, and need
the crabs for next meal, you will prob­
ably fish for hours and not get more
than five or six small, anemic-looking
creatures.
At first I believed that the crabs
banded together and cast a vote as
to whether it would be a "biting" day
or not; but I decided, after seeing
that no two fishermen had the same
luck on the same day, that I had not
given the crab all the credit due him.
I finally came to the conclusion that
they post lookouts to take inventory
of each individual fisherman's sup­
plies. If they find that he is prepared
to make a day of it, they call out
their reserves, who clamp their claws
on the bait as fast as it is lowered. If
on the other hand, they find that the
fisherman is in a great hurry, they
send up a sickly brother every hour
or so. The fisherman gives up after
a few hours of this, goes home, and
opens up a can of sardines.
The actual drawing in of your lines
requires little skill. If you have a
bite you draw your line up slowly and carefully until the prospective catch reaches the surface; then take your net, scoop up the crab, and put it in the basket.

This sounds very simple I know, but it all depends upon one thing—your attitude. If you are anxious and have a smug feeling of satisfaction, when you see the crab come to the surface, he will note your expression, drop off, and go back to his companions below, so I warn you to look very unconcerned, as though catching that crab were the farthest thing from your mind. You may gloat as much as your heart desires after he is safely in the basket, covered with the burlap bag, but not a moment before.

Strategy is what it takes to be a successful “crabber.”

Women Shoppers

By

Stephen Bailey

I love my sisters. I am starting with this statement so the reader will realize that I believe women have their place in the world. As housewives they are unsurpassed, as presidents of women’s clubs they are superb, as missionary workers, bridge players or school teachers they hold their own. They sew stockings beautifully, wash dishes excellently and as a whole, cook fairly well.

There is a phase of life on this planet, however, which turns the fair sex from the peaceful ways of everyday living to the methods of the insane.

I speak of the gentle art of shopping. Shopping turns the meek housewife into a domineering Mussolini. The department store is her Italy and the husband is temporarily placed in the shoes of King Victor Emanuele, passively tolerating the dictator.

The experience of the hatshop is one of the most tragic from the man’s point of view. At nine o’clock the woman elbows her way into the shop, dragging her husband behind her. She seats herself before a mirror and motions for him to sit in the small, uncomfortable chair to one side. He tries to be philosophical about the whole thing for he knows that he must sit there for about four or five hours doing absolutely nothing. As the wife begins the order of selecting he thinks about the lovely person she was “yesterday.” What beautiful eyes she had that first day at Niagara Falls. Finally he gives up reminiscing and just waits. The terrible monotony is broken every now and then by having a grotesque headpiece poked in front of his nose for approval.

Man’s tolerance at a time like this is wonderful to see. He stands and sits for hours while she tries on gloves, shoes, dresses and overcoats, and he never says a word. He gives his rising temper a mental cuff and controls his feelings, no matter what they be.

When it comes time for the man to shop, however, there is a definite change in attitude. The men’s department was made for men, (so he thinks.) He strides over to the pajama counter and selects the first two he sees. He is just about to pay for them when his wife come up and tells him that red pajamas just won’t go with the orange bedspread. She, thereupon, selects two green ones that are entirely unacceptable to the man. Pair after pair piles up on the counter while that clerk becomes wearier and wearier. As the fortieth pajama climbs dejectedly to the top of the pile, the husband and clerk interchange sympathetic glances. “Somewhere the sun is shining, somewhere laughing children are at play.” The husband finally compromises with his wife and a lavender pair to match the comforter is purchased along with a yellow pair to match the morning cornmeal mush.

Women shoppers not only drive their husbands goofy, they also take ten years from the life charts of