what was gray hair to me? The fog was gray, gray and horrible. I must have thought of my future, but what future? What was future? A long ride in the fog? Hazy, misty, milling slush filled my brain. School? No, I didn't care. Diminished blotches of light appeared to me, struggling to be master of their power. People in the haze, struggling for what? A place in the world? A place in the fog? God, what thoughts came to me. What was working? Thoughts that I never knew existed came and went as the coming. Came as the wildly flaying strings of mist beat upon my car window; left as the echo of a murmuring baby dies when sleep overtakes it. My thoughts — angry ones, bright ones, deep thoughts — crowding, fighting for release, for recognition. Fog deep, crowding, fighting to surround all in its infinity. A train wreck, vague, struck me; I had shuddered before at it's memory; but I left it in the fog. It was as nothing. It was no more than the sudden opening of the fog and less than the inevitable crash of the billowy wafting walls when it closed again. I saw nothing save all dismal as I drove on.

Yet it wasn't a dream; I think I was awake. I think I am awake now. I was in a fog. Fog stops. Fog goes on. I stop, I go on. My destination was somewhere beyond the fog. I knew the way. Others had traveled it. But why couldn't I leave the choking fog? Why? The shadows made by my lights were probably beautiful. I think they were. Yet I was in the fog; fog that reached out and everywhere; devouring the all of everything; swooping, gently flowing — everywhere that fog that should have choked but didn't. It was huge and gray and awful in it's duration.

The small beauty of my lights apparently did not affect the fog. But I couldn't turn them out because I knew they didn't affect the fog. They were for me, not the fog. Why turn them out? They were guiding me. I suppose they were guiding me. I arrived home with them at any rate.

AUGUST EVENING

KEITH WHITE

IT IS Dusk, almost dark: the fire flies are glowing intermittently as they flit over the wheat stubble; the sun has receded over the horizon leaving only a dull glow of color in the west; in the east the harvest moon is peeping through the blasted tops of beach trees. The mists are rising down in the river bottom and ease like ghostly ships up the creek bed while over to the south choir practice begins. The sonorous bass of the bullfrogs, the vibrant tenor of cicadas; the squawk of water fowl as they rifle, single fly up the creek; the bawl of cattle, bedded down on the distant hillside, their clean, white faces, crests, and flanks visible through the ascending vapors from the swale between; the distant barking of a stock dog or the baying of a hound, and the sudden, frightened squeals of pigs as they noisily masticate their corn, vague, black, hulks against the dusty, trampled earth; all blend together in perfect harmony.

The milk cows string single file down the path to the spring lazily batting flies and languidly chewing their cuds. The layers straggle across the yard and loiter in to roost, while over by the well house the horses jockey for positions at the water trough. The big, black mare threatens nastily, with gleaming teeth, retracted ears, and vicious eyes, the childish gelding, who nips playfully at the gangly, young, foal
scampering along against his mother's flanks, his head held high, eyes gleaming with sudden fright, and hind foot cocked to throw at his tormentors.

The work teams are mechanically rolling over and back, all easily worth their hundred dollars, after a hard day's work in harness. Now the near horse of the sorrel teams props his front feet under him, bucks up on all fours, stretches prodigiously, shakes himself as a dog shakes water, and jogs down toward the flats along the branch, his blazed face and white forepastern luminous through the settling gloom; to where the yearlings, two-year olds, and a few aged brood mares are grazing, indistinct, black, shadows as the curtains of the night draw to a close.

Yet in spite of all this the scene is quiet and peaceful; the world seems at rest as I stand motionless on the hilltop, my thumbs hooked onto my overall suspenders and drink in the cool, fresh, air, tainted with the perfume of fresh mown alfalfa and the simple, earthy scents of the barnlot, mingled with kitchen smells suggestive of frying ham, hot bread, and strong black coffee, wafted to the nostrils by the soft evening breeze.

My body aches, my very bones are sore, my very shirt is glued to my back with briny sweat, my overall are stiff with perspiration, dust, and grease; but my soul sings; I'm happy, jubilant! A day's work well done has ended; a feeling of deep satisfaction and security steals over me, overpowering even my physical fatigue and for a moment lifting me above the monotony of the hard labor which can so easily become drudgery.

I stand spellbound, impressed and awesome of the simple sights and sounds and then trudge up the path to supper and to bed as the day and the day's work simultaneously come to an end.

WHEN TIRES RETIRE

BETTY LEE SNYDER

THERE HAS Been a great deal of talk about the rubber shortage since the war began. Radio comedians have used it to an advantage; members of business firms are riding bicycles to work, and the old ladies who could never be convinced that the automobile was here to stay, are saying, "I told you so."

We are now a nation of people working tirelessly for defense. The other morning I saw a man ride a horse to church; gone are the days when I took the family car and with a bunch of friends, practiced making two-wheeled turns on the Park-moor driveway — and I take the bus to school. The cars of public officials are being put away, with the admonition, "use public conveyances." I would not be surprised to read that someone's house burned to the ground because the fire squad missed their streetcar. Even the taxi companies are feeling the pressure of the shortage. With them, its a case of re-tire or retire.

We might break a few more water mains, flood the city, and all buy motorboats; and there is, of course, the horse. Roller skates are all right except for the fact that the wheels are steel and there is a shortage of that, too. No — the only really practical solution to our problem is self-sacrifice and a willingness to give up a few of the things to which we are accustomed. Our democracy is worth it and we are ready to put our shoulder to the wheel. (A wheel without a tire.)