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## August 1943

William Preston Davies

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JUST A WEEK AGO MUSSOLINI "resigned" his position as virtual head of the Italian state. Actually he was expelled in response to rising public clamor against the system of government which he had imposed on the nation, the miseries which he had inflicted on the people, and the military reverses which Italian armies had suffered in the field instead of the glorious victories which the people had been led to expect. Thus the sawdust colossus who had hoped to bstride a world which trembled beneath his tread has crumbled amid the ruins of an empire of paper and sand which was to have rivaled in magnificence the empire of the Caesars. During the days of his power, Mussolini posed as another and greater Julius Caesar, but that great warrior and empire builder died with the laurels of victory fresh on his brow and with the plaudits of the multitude still ringing in his ears, while his feeble imitator had not even been elevated to martyrdom at the hands of an assassin. Instead, he is the pitiful prisoner of men who once bowed to his mandates, held in custody by them to protect him from the anger of the mob which but yesterday was drilled into acclaiming his presence and strewing his path with flowers. Nothing of grace or dignity attended his career or has marked his passing from the scene of power and influence.

\* \* \*

ITALY'S COLLAPSE AS A MILITARY power has for some time been an accomplished fact, and everywhere there has been expected some change looking toward the nation's withdrawal from a war in which the people never had any heart, into which the nation was plunged by an act of sordid treachery, and which has been marked, for Italy, by an unbroken series of disasters. The change which did take place came suddenly and in one of the many forms in which it might have been expected, but regardless of the form, the fact is there, and what remains of the war will be for Italy merely a marking of time under pressure of circumstances.

\* \* \*

THE WEEK THAT HAS BEEN PASSED since Mussolini's expulsion has been marked by a volume of speculation concerning the future of Italy, and it is interesting to note that in that speculation the subject has been treated as if Italy had already surrendered unconditionally and that the problem now is to provide

for the direction of Italian affairs during the period between the surrender and the ultimate defeat of Germany. Actually, Italy has not surrendered, and while it is reported that overtures for peace are being made, there is no certainty how long it may be before that surrender take place.

\* \* \*

MARSHAL BADOGLIO IS A CAPABLE soldier, and he has long had an undercover following of considerable strength. In peace negotiations he will try to get the best terms possible for his country. To do otherwise would be to bring upon himself a storm of popular anger. He cannot afford to surrender any advantage that his country may possess in the presence of its armies in the field, which armies, if used effectively, though not victorious, may delay appreciably and expensively the onward march of the Allies.

\* \* \*

BADOGLIO MUST CONSIDER, NOT only his relations with the Allies, but his relations with Germany. There has been a large German infiltration into Italy, and Hitler will not willingly see Italy occupied by the Allies and its ports and airfields used as bases for further operations against Germany itself. He will use every possible expedient to keep Italy in the war. Whether or not he would try to retain by force whatever positions in Italy he controls if Italy should demand his withdrawal remains to be seen, but there is the possibility that such a demand might require Italy to turn its guns on its present German Allies, in which case Italy would still be at war, having merely changed antagonists.

\* \* \*

THUS IT IS APPARENT THAT there are perplexing problems involved in Italy's prospective surrender. In view of the practical certainty of that ultimate surrender it is important that plans be made—perhaps they have been made—for administration of Italian affairs after it occurs. But meanwhile, we are at war with Italy, and no course is open but to hammer away at that war with all our might. We have not yet landed on the Italian main land. We do not yet occupy Sicily. We are in control of most of it, but in the corner that remains there are powerful enemy forces determined to block our way as long as possible, and we have the experience of Tunisia to remind us that when the enemy considers the gaining of time important the sacrifice of men and material is regarded as of small importance.

## By W. P. Davies

IN A RECENT COLUMN I RE-produced the story of the poker game in which Jud LaMoure was said to have won the town site of Pembina from Colonel Enos Stutsman. The story was given as it appeared in the weekly newspaper, Pennsylvania Grit, in its issue of July 2, 1893. I have heard and read several versions of that story, but I am not yet sure that such a game was ever played, at least for such stakes. But from the number of versions of the story that have been told it is certain that considerable fiction was woven into some of them. In the Pennsylvania paper's story the poker game is said to have been played in 1862, which was only a year after Dakota territory was created, and long before there was any such thing as a Pembina town site. There are several other discrepancies, but the story is a good one, and it has done duty for many years.

\* \* \*

AS I MENTIONED, "GRIT" WAS A weekly paper, containing, with its limited quota of regular news, a large assortment of stories of the queer and the sensational, but it had a large group of readers who watched for it eagerly each week and who enjoyed the thrills that each number have them. The issue which I have contains, among other things, a story of the robbery of passengers of two stage coaches by a lone bandit, Jules Burroughs, and an installment of a typical western story, with all the thrilling trimmings.

\* \* \*

ONE LITTLE ARTICLE WHICH might interest those who think that the farm combine, which threshes grain as it cuts it, is altogether a modern invention, describes a machine in use in California which did just that in 1893. The earlier machine was the header, and a

crude line drawing in "Grit" shows it being propelled by 16 horses. The horses are shown in the picture strung out in front of the machine, four abreast, which may have been all right, though I have understood that with the old header the horses traveled at the rear of the machine and pushed it by means of a heavy bar to which they were attached. The header cut the grain a little below the heads and left the straw standing.

\* \* \*

IN 1893 THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION in Chicago was the big show of the year and "Grit's" reporters looked the fair over and wrote pieces about it for their paper. They seem to have thought that it was a good-enough show, but there is a patronizing air about their articles, which may have been due to the fact that they came from Pennsylvania and Chicago was a rather new prairie town. In 1876 the Centennial had been staged in Philadelphia, and, of course, to the Pennsylvania mind no other show, past, present or future, had equaled or could be expected to equal it in magnificence.

\* \* \*

ONE OF THE VISITORS WHOSE presence at the fair is recorded was Benjamin Harrison, who was accompanied by his little grandson, "Baby" McKee, now become a sizable youngster. Harrison had been elected president in 1888, defeating Grover Cleveland, who was a candidate for a second term, and in turn had been beaten by Cleveland in 1912, and he had retired to his Indiana law practice.

\* \* \*

ANOTHER VISITOR WAS THE PRINCESS Eulalie—remember her? She was the daughter of the queen of Spain, and she was one of the important personages at the fair. Because Columbus had sailed on his voyage of discovery under the auspices of the king and queen of Spain, it was proper that Spain should be especially honored at the Columbian exposition, and the young princess had been sent to be the honored guest of the United States and the exposition management. She was received with unbounded enthusiasm, and nobody expected that within five years the United States and Spain would be at war, and that after hostilities lasting only a few months Spain would be stripped of all her possessions in the western hemisphere and would have ceded sovereignty over the Philippines to the United States.

\* \* \*

THERE IS SOMETHING FASCINATING in looking over an old newspaper. The paper presents a picture, more or less accurate, of life at the time it was published, and a perusal of its contents after an interval of 50 years or more always impresses one with the sense of movement and change. What a lot of fun our grandchildren will have looking over stray copies of newspapers that are being published now, and what a queer lot they will think we were!

## By W. P. Davies

KATHERINE BRUSH, IN HER Sunday column, wonders if you have ever noticed "that women mixing cocktails usually measure the ingredients, and men do not—but still the men make better cocktails?"

May it not be, Katherine, that a man, being bound by no technical restrictions, gets in a stiffer proportion of the essential elements? I am not stating a fact, but merely suggesting a possibility.

\* \* \*

DEAN CHANDLER AGREES WITH me that while Jud LaMoure and Col. Stutsman may have played a stiff poker game, and probably did, there are several fishy things about the story that I reproduced from that old issue of "Pennsylvania Grit." Among other things, Dean Chandler points out that Alex McKenzie wasn't sheriff of Burleigh county in 1862, for he hadn't then arrived in the territory and Burleigh county was not yet organized. Neither was General Williams then a member of the territorial legislature, for he had not arrived, and there was then no territorial legislature. The dean thinks that the poker game, if played, may have taken place about 1872 instead of in 1862.

\* \* \*

IN AN OLD NEWSPAPER THERE is given a formula of measurements to which the women of perfect physique should conform. Among other things it is said that the upper arm of the women of perfect proportions should come down just to her waist-line, and that when standing erect she should be able to rest her elbow on the top of a table. Just try that on your dining room table. Perhaps tables were built higher in those days.

\* \* \*

A HONOLULU DISPATCH PUBLISHED just 50 years ago tells of charges being made against Claus Spreckles, sugar magnate, of offering to buy arms for Hawaiian royalists and says that guards had been placed to prevent the landing of such arms if any were shipped. The

item recalls some of the changes that have taken place in Hawaii in half a century.

\* \* \*

FIFTY YEARS AGO THE AFFAIRS of Hawaii were in turmoil. They had been in a chaotic condition for some time. Queen Lilioukalani had aroused fierce antagonism to her rule by her arbitrary and high-handed methods, and after a popular uprising she was declared to have forfeited the throne. Island sentiment as to the future was divided. One faction favored the transfer of sovereignty to Kaiulani, the deposed queen's young daughter, with a regency to govern until she came of age. Another group proposed establishment of a republic and the making of overtures for annexation to the United States.

\* \* \*

TROOPS FROM AN AMERICAN ship were landed for the announced purpose of preserving order. A treaty of annexation to the United States was prepared and submitted to the American senate by President Harrison a few days before the end of his term in 1893, and that treaty was withdrawn by President Cleveland a few days after his accession pending investigation of the situation. The information which came to Cleveland was that the action of the Hawaiians in asking for annexation had been influenced by the action of the American minister and the landing of American troops, and on the strength of that Cleveland ordered the American flag lowered and all the proceedings that had been taken canceled.

\* \* \*

THE NEXT FEW YEARS WERE stormy ones in Hawaii, with plots and counter plots. Following the accession of McKinley to the presidency a new annexation treaty was framed. Because of doubt whether the treaty would be ratified by the required two-thirds majority in the senate a joint resolution was prepared ratifying and approving the proposal of annexation. That required only a majority vote in each house. Actually it was passed by the senate by a vote of 42 to 21, which would have been barely enough if the treaty had been submitted to the senate in the usual way. The house vote was 209 to 91. Thus Hawaii became a dependency of the United States.

\* \* \*

IT REMAINED FOR HAWAII, AS A United States outpost, to be the scene of Japan's treacherous attack on the United States on December 7, 1941, an act which brought the United States as an active belligerent into the present war. The territory is now headquarters for American naval operations in the Pacific, and we may expect it one of these days to be the center from which the armed might will be hurled against Japan, destroying one of the menaces to civilization.

*Thurs Aug 5/43*

# Correspondent Doubted Duce Would Be Ousted

By W. P. Davies

IN THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE for Sunday, July 25, there was published an article by Herbert L. Matthews entitled "Will—Can—Italy Collapse?" Mr. Matthews is, and for many years has been, one of the regular correspondents of the New York Times. He has traveled widely, has lived in many important European cities, and has enjoyed unusual opportunities for familiarizing himself with the people among whom he has lived and about whom he has written, with their customs, their attitude and their point of view. He is a keen observer and a capable analyst, and he occupies a place in the front rank of those able men who serve the American public as correspondents abroad.

\* \* \*

IN HIS MAGAZINE ARTICLE, MR. Matthews discussed the Italian situation as it appeared to him at the time his article was written, which, presumably, was only a few days before the article was published. He saw Italy in a state of anxiety and confusion, but he saw no prospect of the country's collapse or its withdrawal from the war short of actual occupation by the armed forces of the Allies. He based his belief on the presence in Italy of powerful German forces, on the fact that Italians who might be inclined to revolt lacked both organization and leadership, and on the elaborate machinery which Mussolini had created to maintain himself in control. He rejected all thought of Mussolini's voluntary retirement, and he saw no possibility of his being ousted by any force within Italy. The following paragraph is a fair summary of his conclusion:

\* \* \*

"AND UNTIL THE LAST TRUMPET sounds from Allied bugle, Mussolini will have the upper hand in Italy. We must always remember that. He may only be Hitler's puppet now, but that is enough. With the whole Nazi structure behind him, he can keep going against any internal development that we can foresee

today. Italy must not be expected to crumble by herself."

\* \* \*

THAT ARTICLE WAS PUBLISHED on Sunday, July 25. On that same day Mussolini was kicked out of his position as head of the Italian state and the elaborate structure which he had built crumbled to dust. That revolutionary change was brought about, not by Allied invasion of Italy proper, but by elements within the nation itself weary of a war which had brought nothing but disaster and bitterly resentful against Mussolini and the system for which he was responsible. That a correspondent so able and well informed should go so far astray concerning influences of which he wrote, and which were actively at work while his words were penned, is an impressive demonstration of the unpredictability of the behavior of a people under the stress of war. Actually, the general public had been expecting the collapse of Italy long before it occurred. In this instance the guess of the man on the street, thousands of miles away, was better than the estimate of the trained and experienced correspondent.

\* \* \*

EVERYONE KNOWS THE JINGLE, "Thirty days hath September," and I suppose almost everyone has been helped by it when in doubt about the number of days in a given month. Similar compositions have been formed as aids to memory concerning a great variety of other subjects. Something of the sort has been done to aid one in naming the books of the Bible in their proper order, but I haven't the faintest idea now what it is.

\* \* \*

MANY YEARS AGO I RAN ACROSS something which I think was in rhymed form which was intended as a help to the naming of the presidents of the United States in their order. All that I can remember of it now is "Wisdom and justice many men admire." The initials of those words are the initials of the first six presidents, Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Adams (John Quincy). I wonder if anyone can supply the rest of it. I always get mixed up when trying to remember just where each president of the middle group came in. Information will be gratefully received.

ALTHOUGH THE CITY OF GRAND Forks is almost as far away from either ocean as is it possible to get in this hemisphere, the city's name is borne by one of the ships of the great American navy. The ship is one of the new frigates recently constructed. Readers of old sea stories are familiar with the term "frigate," for that name was applied to a type of fighting ship in service in the early American navy, and long before that to similar vessels in the British service. The old frigate ranked in size and importance next to the battleship of its day, the ship of the line. Relatively its position was that of a modern cruiser. In recent years the name has almost passed out of use, but it is being revived, and the "Grand Forks" is one of a large number of ships of similar type built for the United States. The navy department furnishes the following information about the modern frigate:

\* \* \*

THE HISTORIC DESIGNATION, "frigate," has been given a new type of twin-screw corvette, scores of which will be built for the navy.

Just as the first American frigates were built to intercept surface raiders of the Barbary pirates, which were threatening our supply lines, the modern frigates have been designed specifically to combat undersea raiders.

\* \* \*

CONGRESS AUTHORIZED THE CONSTRUCTION of the first six American frigates in 1794. Two of these famous vessels now again are in commission. The U.S.S. CONSTELLATION, at Newport, Rhode Island, is the administrative flagship of the commander in chief of the Atlantic fleet. The U.S.S. CONSTITUTION is at the U. S. navy yard, Boston, Massachusetts.

The first of the new U. S. navy frigates, Canadian-built, already are in service. The maritime commission has instituted a program, much larger than the Cana-

dian schedule, which will bring scores more into service with the U. S. fleet before the end of the year.

\* \* \*

THE NEW FRIGATES ARE LARGER than the standard type British corvette, which has rendered such valiant and successful service during the present war. Somewhat similar to American gunboats, the frigates are primarily heavy duty vessels. They have an overall length of 303 feet and a beam of 37 feet, 6 inches. Their speed will be adequate for their anticipated duty in the North Atlantic, where durability, detecting devices and ordnance, are prime factors.

\* \* \*

SOMEWHERE, PERHAPS, YOU have in your possession an old photograph album which once shared the place of honor on the parlor table with the big family Bible. Now the album is more likely to be packed away in the attic, but once in a while it may be brought out for the entertainment of friends, or to remind older members of the family of scenes and incidents now almost forgotten.

\* \* \*

THE PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH STILL occupy their place in the album are probably stiffly posed, and the costumes provoke expressions of wonderment and hilarity—as if anything could be more queer than what we are wearing now. Among the pictures will be several tinctypes, and if the collection is a very old one there may be a daguerrotype or two, examples of the first experiments ever made in the art of photography. The days of that form of photography seem remarkably distant, yet a man who died just the other day had served in his early life as a daguerrotypist.

\* \* \*

HE WAS CHARLES H. TREMEAR, A native of Canada, and who, until his death, at the age of 77 had for 14 years been in charge of Henry Ford's photographic studio. He is believed to have been the last living daguerrotypist. Like many of the other early photographers he had his studio mounted on wheels, and when his business had expanded to the point where he could afford luxuries, his caravan was an elaborately equipped affair drawn by four horses. Its coming to the small towns and villages through which he traveled was like the arrival of a circus.

\* \* \*

THE TRAVELING PHOTOGRAPHIC studio was once a familiar feature. Long ago I saw two or three of them, the last being owned and operated by E. H. Foster of Jamestown, North Dakota, in 1882. Foster divided his time between surveying and taking photographs. I worked on his surveying crew, but had nothing to do with the photographic end of the business.

## By W. P. Davies

ABOUT 30 YEARS AGO LOUIS Campbell, former secretary of the Grand Forks Brick corporation, moved to western Canada to engage in business. Later he went to Minneapolis, where he is head of a large knit-wear manufacturing concern. During all those years he has maintained his interest in Grand Forks, and he writes that he keeps more or less in touch with the old town through the columns of the Sunday Herald, which he reads regularly. Usually he and Mrs. Campbell make a trip to Grand Forks about once a year, but this year they have been obliged to cancel the trip because of gasoline restrictions and other war complications. Instead of coming in person, Louis writes a cordial letter, sending his regards to all his old friends here. He also quotes some paragraphs from a "V" mail letter received from his son Ralph, who was born in Grand Forks and is now a major in the coast artillery.

\* \* \*

RALPH, A RESERVE OFFICER, WAS called into service in October, 1940, but did not go overseas until May of this year. He is now somewhere in Africa, but is not permitted to say just where. He may, however, say where he has been, and his duties have taken him over much of French North Africa. He was recently in Algiers, and he wrote from somewhere in the vicinity of Tabaraka and Bizerte. Under date of July 15 he wrote:

\* \* \*

"I RECEIVED MOTHER'S LETTER of June 26 on July 4, which is good time. The newspapers were coming through fine until we moved. Do not expect to get any mail for another week or so.

"This last move was a long jump for our outfit. Everybody and equipment came through in good shape. Really saw Africa and lots of interesting sights, both historical and from this war. Saw camel pack trains and flocks of storks.

\* \* \*

"THE COUNTRY ALONG THE route we covered is not unlike parts of Idaho, Arizona and Colorado. Went through a section that reminded me of the Royal gorge in Colorado, including the railroad engineering. One night we had a swim in an old Roman swimming pool and visited some Roman ruins near by. There are many battle field sights to see, some of which are not pleasant but which must be expected.

"Visited Algiers and rate it the best town I have seen in Africa so far. This is also the opinion of many others.

\* \* \*

"THE WEATHER IS GETTING EXCEEDINGLY warm, staying around 100 F. to 105 F. all day long and yet the natives say we haven't seen anything yet. Notwithstanding the heat, mosquitoes, flies and gnats, none of which add to our comfort, I am feeling fine.

"The invasion of Sicily is the big news here and due to our present location, we are not only in direct line, but you might say in on the ground floor in getting the news direct."

\* \* \*

"IN ONE OF HIS RECENT LETTERS Ralph spoke of the difficulty he was having in finding a jewelry shop that could repair his watch. The jewelry stores in every town that he had contacted had the same story, namely, that the Germans had taken their goods and particularly their tools."

\* \* \*

LOUIS CAMPBELL MENTIONS THE interest with which he reads the Sunday Herald after an absence of some 30 years from Grand Forks. That reminds me of something, and I hope nobody will mind if I put in a plug for the circulation department. The Herald, daily, Sunday, or both, is going regularly to several hundred young men from Grand Forks and the paper's circulation territory in North Dakota and northern Minnesota who are now in the nation's armed services. Some are in Australia, some on Pacific islands, some in Africa, or Sicily, some in England, northern Ireland or Iceland, and many are afloat on ships of war. Some are flying planes over the six continents and seven seas, and others are in training in domestic camps. But wherever they are they welcome the appearance of the Herald.

\* \* \*

IN THOSE DISTANT OUTPOSTS the paper does not arrive regularly. It is more likely to come in batches. That makes no difference. It is welcome anyway. Do the boys read it? Ask any of them who are home on furlough. They read all of it, general and local news, comics, editorials, want ads. Some of them even read this column. A soldier from a southern camp, visiting his family here, was going over with his relatives some of the things that had happened while he was away. Mention was made of this or that little incident in which he might be interested. "Yes," he would reply, "I saw that in the Herald." And he had seen a lot of things in the Herald that his friends at home hadn't noticed.

\* \* \*

FOR A LOT OF THOSE CHAPS THE Herald is indispensable. For terms and other information consult the circulation department.

*Sun Aug 8/43*

# New Italian Premier Has Difficult Decision to Make

By W. P. Davies

ITALY'S NEW PREMIER, BADOGLIO, has been accused of temporizing in not yielding immediately to the Allied demand for immediate and unconditional surrender. In some quarters he is accused of being pro-German, and it is quite true that in the two weeks that have elapsed since the fall of Mussolini the Germans have made use of the time to strengthen their position both in northern Italy and in other areas where Allied attack may be expected. Inasmuch as those now in control of Italian affairs have not seen fit to surrender unconditionally, but on the contrary have declared their intention to continue fighting, there remains but one course for the Allies to pursue. They must fight on with all their might until Italy is forced to surrender.

\* \* \*

THAT MEANS UNREMITTING BOMBING of every place of military importance on the Italian mainland, destruction of the nation's ports, docks, manufacturing plants, railway centers, public works of every kind. In that process there will be unavoidable destruction of monuments of priceless historical value; thousands of families will be made homeless; thousands of peaceful people who wish only to live their lives in peace will be killed. And the people will be told, as they are being told, that responsibility for this pointless destruction and needless suffering rests squarely on the shoulders of Badoglio and those now associated with him.

\* \* \*

IN A WAY THIS IS TRUE, YET CERTAIN reservations must be made. To require the unconditional surrender of a nation of 40 million people is a large order. That is what we demand, and we must continue to insist on it, for we cannot afford to bind ourselves to any conditions which will restrict in any way our complete freedom of action in our war with Germany. But there must be thousands of men in Italy who are neither Fascist nor Communist to whom the idea of unconditional surrender is intolerable, and who would prefer further suffering to

what they consider dishonorable yielding. The attitude of such men must have some influence with Badoglio and his associates.

\* \* \*

BADOGLIO HEARS FROM RIVAL groups of his countrymen cries, respectively, of "Peace at any price," and "Peace only with honor." He is also confronted with certain concrete facts of considerable importance. Two weeks ago Germany already had a large force in Italy. If the surrender had been made immediately, that force would still have been there. It has now been augmented by the addition of several divisions. It would still have been augmented had Italy surrendered at once, for Allied occupation of the main land in sufficient strength to deal with the German force could not have been effected overnight. The Germans would have held what they could, as long as they could, and they would have turned deaf ears to any order from Allied or Italian command to get out. And if Badoglio had undertaken to expel the Germans by force, Italy would have become a battleground and the insistent demand for peace would not have been realized.

\* \* \*

THE SIMPLE FACT IS THAT ITALY is caught between the upper and the nether millstone, and responsibility for them began years ago. We blame Mussolini for what has happened to Italy, as we blame Hitler for the World war. Each of those men carries his heavy load of responsibility, but each is in some measure the symbol of embodiment of a national spirit gone wrong. Mussolini exercised a vicious and disastrous leadership, but a leader is powerless without a following. Mussolini dangled before the Italian people the glittering bauble of imperial glory and the vision of economic prosperity to be won by rejection of the basic principles of democracy. Like the ass in the fable that followed the bundle of hay suspended before his nose, enough Italians to strengthen Mussolini's hands followed those baits until the ground gave way beneath them. Badoglio has inherited a situation created in part by Mussolini and in part by the people themselves, and it is bound to be a difficult legacy to handle.



AN EDITORIAL IN THE NEW YORK Times commenting favorably on June weather at Bismarck, North Dakota, prompted an appreciative letter to that paper from Kenneth W. Simons, editor of the Bismarck Tribune and promoter-extraordinary of the conservation and utilization of Missouri water. Like most of us, Simons is familiar with the distorted ideas of North Dakota weather that are habitually given publicity in the eastern press, and to him the Times editorial was a welcome change from much of the comment on the subject that appears.

\* \* \*

IN HIS LETTER OF APPRECIATION Ken offers a little discussion of Bismarck weather on his own account. Instead of the 40 degree below zero, which some people appear to think is about the normal for North Dakota for most of the year, he says that that low temperature is seldom reached at Bismarck, which had an altitude of 1,760 feet, and at that altitude the cold even of midwinter isn't felt as severely as are higher temperatures at lower levels. Warming up to his subject Ken waxes lyrical in praise of Bismarck weather as follows:

\* \* \*

"IF YOU THINK YOU'D LIKE Bismarck in June, you should try it in July and August. Then, if ever, come perfect nights. The Missouri river may steam in the daytime and the hilltops may dance like Salome in the sun, but it's always cool in the shade, and the dry air whisks away the perspiration quickly.

"And when the sun goes down the air cools off quickly. A breeze always springs up from the East, pursuing the sun as it slides down the sky in the West, and we in Bismarck pull the blankets up under our chin as we drift off to sleep.

\* \* \*

"THERE ARE COMPENSATIONS IN living here on the great plains, where few are very rich and few are very poor; where the spirit of the West still lives, and men are rated for what they are rather than for what they have.

"Our summer sunsets make Times square at night a dull imitation by comparison, and in June we played 11-inning baseball games after supper—we still eat supper out here—without benefit of lights.

"But that was before the war, before our young men scattered to Guadalcanal and Alaska and Africa. We aren't playing baseball now. In harvest season all the able-bodied men left in town will be closing their stores and offices early to hurry out to farms and help with the work so you folks in the East may be fed."

\* \* \*

SIMONS WAS WRITING OF Bismarck weather, for Bismarck is where he lives, but his remarks would apply to North Dakota weather in general. Summer and winter the people of North Dakota are in general more comfortable than are those of most other states and are less affected than are most others by extremes of cold and heat. Occasionally in summer we have days as hot as they have almost anywhere else in the country, but even then we seldom have hot

nights. Even with the thermometer registering away up in the nineties or above during the day, we are almost always certain of a refreshing night's sleep, given a good digestion and a clear conscience, whereas in the South and East night brings no relief.

\* \* \*

GLANCING OVER THE UNIVERSITY temperature record for July at Grand Forks—altitude 800 feet—I find that there were five days in the month or which the temperature was 90 or higher. The highest was 94 on the last day of the month. But on every one of those nights the temperature dropped to 66 or lower. On July 31, with a maximum of 94, the minimum was 62. No matter how hot it gets during the day the nights are almost always cool enough to make a light blanket over one feel comfortable. And on the rare occasion when the night is actually hot, one can kick off the cover and think "Praise God that we don't have to swelter like this every night for weeks at a time, as they do in some states that shall be nameless!"

\* \* \*

A VISITOR IN GRAND FORKS LAST week was here on an unusual errand. She is Mrs. Halvor Aspen, of Seattle, who was accompanied by her sister and her mother. The two younger women were escorting their mother to Chippewa Falls, Wis. to visit relatives there. Mrs. Aspen had never met any of the people now in Grand Forks, but she felt that she knew a lot of them, and many of them felt that they knew her. For several months at her home in Seattle she was landlady to a group of Grand Forks young men at one time numbered 12 who roomed with her and ate at her table during their employment in Seattle, several of them in the big Boeing plant.

\* \* \*

TO THOSE YOUNG MEN, THE Aspen establishment was more than a boarding house. It was real home. Mr. Aspen was at that time engaged in deep-sea shark fishing, and was away much of the time. Mrs. Aspen looked after the boarders. Some of those boys were away from home for the first time and were desperately homesick. In that city, strange to them, they found themselves again at home. Their hostess not only lodged and fed them—she took personal charge of them and really mothered them. She gave them the run of the house, kitchen, laundry, everything. She advised them concerning their conduct and scolded them when she thought they needed it, just as their own mothers had done. She urged them to go to church—any church they pleased—on Sunday, and usually they did. She saw to it that they wrote home, and she took care of their money for them, issuing it to them as needed, provided they could give good reason for wanting it. And the boys all wrote home to their folks telling of their good fortune in finding such a home. That's how a lot of Grand Forks people came to feel that they knew Mrs. Aspen, though they had never seen her, and she arranged her trip to Wisconsin so that she could spend part of a day calling on as many of those Grand Forks families as she could reach. It is needless to say that she was warmly welcomed.

MY REFERENCE TO THOSE jingles which have been used as aids to memory in respect to presidents of the United States and the order in which they served, number of days in each month, and so forth, have brought contributions from several correspondents. I was unable to remember the one about the presidents except for a few words. Mrs. Nellie Chapin Burns, of Crookston, comes forward with this:

\* \* \*

THE RHYME FOR THE PRESIDENTS' names was familiar to my childhood and takes you up to Chester A. Arthur with these lines:

"Wisdom and justice

Many men admire:

Jarring vice harms truth's pure, trembling fire;

Pray be loyal, just,

Go, highest good acquire".

To this for my own edification I have added:

"Chart happy changes,

Make reliability thy way,

Honesty, courageous hearts require"—

And there you are at Roosevelt. Will the next word be 'What' for Willkie? 'Fat' for Farley or 'Damn' for Dewey? It is your guess.

\* \* \*

"NOW THAT I SEE IT I AM SURE that the version given by Mrs. Burns is the one which I heard many years ago. There are others, however. This one comes from J. A. Erixson, agent of the Soo line at Southam, N. D., who writes:

\* \* \*

"THE MORNING HERALD REQUESTS some rhymed form by which one may name the presidents of the United States in order, here's one that helped me while in the grades and has stuck for 30 years.

"When a joke made me a joker Van had to poke the fiery poker but Laughing

Jack gave his girl a candy horse collar marked redskin."

"This includes Teddy Roosevelt and additions will have to be made to bring it up to date."

\* \* \*

STILL ANOTHER COMES FROM A correspondent who does not wish his name used. His version is:

"Wisdom and Justice many men admire. Justice valiantly has taken priority through faithful practices by learned jurists, giving hypocritically garbed and cleverly hooded clairvoyants much rebuke to weaken hierarchy, chicancery, hoodlumism, repulsive doctrines. (The last word takes in Dewey).

\* \* \*

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER OR NOT the latter part of this is original with the correspondent, but I'm afraid it wouldn't be of much use to me. Rather than try to repeat all that I would go some place where there was a World almanac and look up what I wanted to know.

\* \* \*

THEN HERE IS A LETTER FROM Russell Henderson, of the Northwest Airlines at Grand Forks, who has a method of checking the number of days in each month in an interesting manner entirely new to me. Russ writes:

\* \* \*

"POSSIBLY MY ABILITY TO MEMORIZE is lacking, but I never could remember the jingle "30 days hath September" etc. Some years ago my dad solved this "days in the month" problem for me. By clenching ones hand into a fist you can begin with the index knuckle for January, which is 31 days, then February between the index and next knuckle, everyone knows has 28 days, then the next knuckle which is March has 31 days. In other words each knuckle has 31 days and space between knuckles have 30 except February. As you go down the knuckles to the little finger, you begin over again. This I believe is a system those with even poor memory will never forget."

\* \* \*

THERE IS ALSO AN OLD VERSIFIED form in which the kings and queens of England are named in their order, beginning with William the Conqueror. Recently I saw a few lines of it which went about like this:

First William the Norman,

Then William, his son,

Then Henry and Henry

And Richard and John.

The lines run all the way through the long list of Henrys and Edwards and the others down to and including Victoria. For some reason the versifier omitted from the lines given above the names of Matilda and Stephen, who came between the first two Henrys, and whose rivalry kept the kingdom in hot water for many years.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN NORTH Africa find that certain of the same factors govern the weather there that governed it for them at home. They learn, just as they did at home, that it isn't the heat so much as the humidity that makes the temperature take hold. This is explained in some detail in a recent issue of Stars and Stripes, the army newspaper. The weather man at headquarters rather belittled the temperature of around 100 in June, and wanted to know how the boys would feel about it in July and August, when they might expect a temperature of 112 along the coast and 120 inland.

\* \* \*

HOWEVER, EVEN THE NATIVES complained of the June heat, though it was only 96 to 100, and the weather man admitted that they had some cause for complaint. The weather at that time was really unusual—as it is most of the time in California—the reason being the erratic and improper behavior of the sirocco. That is a wind that blows habitually across the desert, where it loses almost every atom of its moisture. But this year the siroccos—several of them—blew across the sands, passed over the coast and went out to sea, as usual, but then turned and came back after loading up with moisture, giving the inhabitants along the coast both heat and humidity, all of which was highly irregular.

\* \* \*

SAND STORMS ARE THE USUAL thing in the desert, but while the wind may blow, the coast towns are spared much of the discomfort of driving sand by the mountain ranges south of them which catch the heavier particles of sand. Tripoli is an exception, as there are no mountains to protect it and it receives the full force of the winds, sand and all. On September 13, 1932, Tripoli was the hottest spot on earth, with an officially registered temperature of 136 in the shade—where there was any shade.

\* \* \*

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS IN Biology know that Alfred Russel Wallace was an eminent scientist who, working independently, developed a theory of evolution almost identical with that of Darwin, and at about the same time. The two men became close friends. In his later life Wallace wrote an essay entitled "Man's Place in the Universe," in which he discussed the possibility of human

life, or life similar to it, on bodies other than this planet. He considered the subject from the standpoint of temperature. He noted that human beings can live only within quite narrow temperature limits. Nowhere on the earth does natural temperature reach 150 degrees, and men can live and work only for short periods in temperatures much lower than that. On the other hand, human life would be impossible at a temperature lower than 100 below zero.

\* \* \*

THAT GIVES A NARROW BAND OF about 250 degrees of temperature within which life as we know it is possible. Wallace searched the universe and found no celestial body where anything approaching that moderate and medium temperature is maintained. The other bodies, so far as he had knowledge of them, are scorched with fiery heat or frozen in life-killing cold. In some cases they run to both extremes, and he was unable to find any spot where human beings would not burn or freeze. Hence he held it highly probable, if not certain, that in all the vast universe this little fragment of matter which we call the earth is the only spot on which intelligent life as we know it is possible. That seems like a fantastic waste of material and energy, but Alfred Russel Wallace was a real scientist. However, real scientists sometimes reason fantastically and reach false conclusions.

\* \* \*

SO FAR AS WE ARE CONCERNED, we needn't trouble ourselves about life on the other bodies that are flying through space. We have tested the extremes of heat and cold on our own planet, and we have found no spot so hot or so cold that man cannot live and work there provided they take the precautions that intelligence has developed. Perhaps in some similar way, humanity will be able to cope with the extremes of ignorance, selfishness and folly which sometimes seem likely to wipe the race off the face of the earth.

By W. P. Davies

THAT STORY ABOUT THE POKER game between Colonel Enos Stutsman and Jud LaMoure has reminded several readers of the early days in North Dakota. One of them is F. C. Kuster, who owns and operates a farm about a mile south of the University. Mr. Kuster saw a good many poker games when he came to the state, and as he recalled some of them he recalled also some of his own varied experiences. Some of those experiences I am passing on to readers as they were told to Mr. Kuster's son-in-law, Matt Lagerberg, superintendent of the public school at McClusky, N. D.:

\* \* \*

"SPEAKING OF PLAYING POKER puts me in mind of two weeks I spent northwest of Minot on the Soo line railroad in 1893. Nowhere have I seen men that were so thoroughly bitten by that kind of gambling bug as the men that worked on the grade up there. I have heard said that the foreigners that built our railroads were mostly from Southern Europe but not these men. They were mostly Scandinavians. They called each other Swede this or Swede that, but I presume that there were also numerous Norwegians and probably some Danes in the gang. They seem to have come from the west coast railroad camps. I doubt very much that they learned poker in their native country.

\* \* \*

"RAILROAD BUILDING WAS IN the midst of a mushroom growth in those days much like the aircraft industry at the present time. We had an Irishman neighbor down at Caledonia, Minnesota, who had a large family of boys, and to give them a good start in life, he presented each one with a team of horses and wagon so they could go railroadin' as soon as they became 21 years of age. A man and team could earn up to \$4 per day railroadin' and that was mighty big wages in depression times. My particular gift upon coming of age, for there were five boys in my family, was the freedom to go and "work out" on my own.

\* \* \*

"IT WAS SPRING, 1893. I TREKED to St. Paul and took a job with a gardener near the city. I was brought up on a farm, and that was my life. This gardener had 12 acres of potatoes, among other things, and all work was done by hand. I believe to this day it was the hardest work I have ever done. Potatoes were dug and picked by hand. 'A good man should be able to dig and pick 50 bushels per day,' my boss used to say. Nowadays our pickers think they are working hard when they pick 100 bushels per day after a two-row digger.

\* \* \*

"IN THE MIDST OF THESE LONG, hard days, I thought some about going to Minot. All over town there were signs that read: 'MEN WANTED AT MINOT, FARE \$2.' During depression times you can imagine what avalanche this created. It seemed that a trainload of men left for Minot every other day. After three months of back-breaking truck gardening, I bought a second class ticket for Minot. This was about August 1st, and harvesting was just beginning in North Dakota.

"I LEARNED THAT ABOUT ONE-half of the men weren't planning on going to Minot at all that boarded our train at St. Paul. They got off en route to work in the harvest fields. At Carrington we second-classers had to ride on top of the box cars, and a little farther on we rode flat cars. About three miles from Minot they were laying steels on the grade so of course that was as far as the train could go. We walked in from there—second class walking it was on the dry, hot prairie.

\* \* \*

"THE COUNTRY DIDN'T AGREE with me. It was too dry and hot. As I look back 50 years now I can appreciate the grit of the first pioneers who took homesteads in the northwest counties of the state and made the country what it is today. Of course I simply hadn't been out enough to learn to adapt myself to new surroundings. I well remember my first drink of the alkali water, and how it upset my stomach. I wasn't the only one to be adversely affected by the water—all of us tenderfeet used to put oatmeal in the drinking water and stir it well to take away the salty taste.

\* \* \*

"AT MINOT I HIRED OUT TO A contractor for \$2 per day less \$4 per week for board. It seemed that the grading was done by contract. Each contractor took 3 to 6 miles or so of grading all along the way. We rode the Great Northern west from Minot about 20 miles and then went overland via team and wagon. We were about 40 miles northwest of Minot when we stopped to go to work. There were about 35 teams on our outfit. They had no hay, but hired a night herd to watch the horses during the night. Here's where I learned the reason why drivers are sometimes called 'skimmers.' There were some who could do just that—take off the horses' hide with the end of the line.

\* \* \*

"I HAVE NEVER LIKED SHEEP AND out there, there were lots of sheep. We made a visit to one dug-out—it seems shepherds lived in holes dug out of the high bank. I didn't even go in, the smell was too much for me! After two weeks I quit this job.

\* \* \*

"CONTRACTORS WERE OF COURSE not interested in taking men back to town; all they cared about was to get them out there. Three of us finally caught a ride with a bootlegger going toward Minot. These bootleggers had their caches hidden in the dugouts left by the shepherders, and in front was a pole with a bottle on top. Near where the town of Burlington is now located, there was a large building seemingly intended to be a store building, that is, retail store. A homesteader here had built this after considerable hardship dragging lumber out there. He was convinced that the Great Northern would have to go that way to get out of the Mouse river valley. He did seem to me to have a strategic location for a townsite. "Jim Hill will not pay exorbitant prices to anybody," our driver commented, "he will get around it no matter what it costs." He claimed that is why the high bridge was constructed on the Great Northern west of Minot.

\* \* \*

"WE STOPPED AT A SMALL FARM-house for supper. And what a supper! Fresh eggs; and fresh bread and fresh meat. The homesteader had a small patch of a few acres of wheat that seemed to me to be dead ripe, but hardly a kernel of grain in the heads. We were charged 20c each for our meals.

\* \* \*

"BUT COMING BACK TO PLAYING poker—I disliked the laborers craze for poker. They had to have short sessions during the noon hour. Nowhere did they gamble away their clothes or any property they may have owned such as one often reads about. At 21, I wasn't nearly as carefree as this gang. I left them. I boarded the train for Larimore, where the Elk Valley Farms had just purchased 40 binders and I took a job setting up binders. I climbed aboard number 30 and cut grain steadily for 3 weeks. And there was no poker to disturb my too-delicate conscience."

By W. P. Davies

INFORMATION CONTINUES TO come concerning those memory-aiding jingles. Evidently many persons are interested. The one beginning "When a joke makes me a joker" was entirely new to me, but one correspondent writes that she learned it in her school days but had never heard "Wisdom and justice many men admire," which became familiar to me years ago and which I have heard repeated many times. One correspondent writes that she doesn't know a rhyme that fits the names of the president, but she obligingly sends me their names anyway.

\* \* \*

I have a pleasant letter from Mrs. Edward Farnsworth, now of Long Beach, Calif., a daughter of the late M. S. Titus and Mrs. Titus, of Minto, and who has several relatives in and around Grand Forks. She is also a granddaughter of Col. Frank Viets, one of the pioneer business men of Grand Forks. In Long Beach, she lives in an apartment house which is managed by Jerry Dow, son of Ed Dow, whose brother John was partner of Colonel Viets in the old Hotel Dacotah.

\* \* \*

MRS. FARNSWORTH WRITES THAT among the effects of her father was found a copy of the first issue of the Grand Forks Herald, published June 26, 1879, which he had treasured since its first appearance. The paper is now in the possession of Mrs. M. S. Titus, at her summer home at Bemidji.

\* \* \*

I SUPPOSE THERE ARE A FEW copies of that first issue of the Herald in existence, although I have never seen one except the copy that is preserved in the Herald's vault, together with copies of every issue printed. There are, however, numerous copies of a reprint made on the occasion of the Herald's fiftieth anniversary, and because it is identical in appearance with the first issue many persons have taken it to be an original. Through some mischance the lower right-hand corner of the first page of the original was torn off and lost, and in the reprint that corner of the first page is blank. That makes it easy to identify. Several copies of the duplicate have been sent to me in the belief that they were originals. Anyone having such a copy is requested NOT to send it.

I HAVE A LETTER FROM AN OLD friend of my school days in Canada who writes that her husband, another school-mate about my age, cannot now carry insurance on his car because insurance there is not issued to drivers over 80 years of age. Walter still drives his car, but he takes his own chances. What an idea, that it isn't safe for a fellow to drive a car when he is past 80!

\* \* \*

MY FRIEND ALSO WRITES OF THE death of Lawson Fawcett, a younger brother of the late Dr. John Fawcett of Grand Forks, whose son, Captain Billy, distinguished himself as an aviator in the former war and became widely known as a magazine publisher and owner of a resort at one of the Minnesota lakes. The Fawcett family of Ontario was a big one, and one son and two daughters are still living.

\* \* \*

PRESIDENT WEST, OF THE UNIVERSITY, has been studying hornets—from the safe side of a wire screen—and he has come to admire and appreciate their qualities. Under the eaves and outside the screened porch of his residence on the campus a colony of hornets have their nest, and he has become interested in watching their behavior. They work industriously at building their nest, which shows evidences of architectural skill, and the paper which they manufacture for building material is smooth, uniform and apparently of fine texture. The insects seem inclined to attend strictly to their own affairs and not to bother anyone who doesn't bother them. In a corner near by a spider has its web, which is somewhat in the way of the hornets' direct flight to and from their nest. A few times some of them collided with the web, which was annoying to them and irritating to the spider. But the spider mended its web and the hornets have learned to avoid it, making a sharp turn around it as they fly. Thus spider and hornets live side by side, at peace, if not in perfect harmony. The hornets work steadily from sunrise to sunset, and there seems to be no such thing for them as time-and-a-half for overtime, nor have the workers ever gone on strike. Presumably they have a closed shop.

**By W. P. Davies**

ONE OF THE ACCOMPANIMENTS of war, and one which seems to be inseparable from modern war, is monetary inflation. There is unprecedented demand for implements of war and for the materials from which they are made; industry is diverted from civilian production to production of war material; extraordinary demand for labor arises; millions of men who otherwise would be engaged in ordinary production are inducted into the armed services; the supply of labor available for civilian production is diminished; competition for labor increases wages; and there is more money available for the purchase of a smaller quantity of consumers' goods. Inevitable the tendency is for prices to advance, living costs increase and there is continual striving for higher incomes to keep pace with that increase. Thus there is created a spiral which has no limit. Wise planning may check the speed of that movement, but cannot prevent it altogether.

\* \* \*

THUS FAR IN THIS COUNTRY, inflation has not reached the levels attained during and after the former World war, but the elements of inflation are all present and there is unremitting pressure from every direction for larger incomes and higher prices. A generation ago the full effects of inflationary influences were not felt until after the war was over. The present war is by no means over, and its end is not in sight. It remains to be seen whether the situation will be kept reasonable under control, or will develop into something like the speculative fever of 20 to 25 years ago, with the resultant crash in which every speculative period ends.

\* \* \*

WE COULD LOOK FORWARD WITH greater composure and confidence if the lessons which should have been learned in former years had been learned more thoroughly and had been applied more firmly and consistently. We may concede that both the president and congress wished to prevent serious inflation, but neither the president nor congress approached the problem in a manner calculated to dispose of it effectively. Temporizing policies were adopted and half-measures were applied to a situation which demanded the formulation of a definite policy at

the beginning and firm adherence to that policy all the way through. Instead, nobody knows today what the policy of the government is with respect to the two elements most influential in their influence on inflationary trends, prices and wages. We are still in the experimental stage, dealing with test tubes in the laboratory with a situation which demands the equivalent of mass production. Meanwhile, there is a steady advance in costs of labor and prices of commodities, and no one knows yet what steps are to be taken to check the trend.

\* \* \*

ONE OF THE FEATURES ATTENDING the inflationary period which followed the former war was a fantastic increase in the price of farm lands. In several states farm lands normally priced around \$100 per acre were sold at \$400 and higher, sometimes to speculators who expected to make a quick and profitable turn-over, but often to purchasers attracted by the high prices paid for farm products, and who thought they saw fortunes in farming. At such inflated prices, the capital investment in land made crop production prohibitive even at the prices then paid for products, and when those prices fell to normal or below, disaster was inevitable. Lands bought at several times their productive value passed into the hands of mortgagees who did not want them and those who had bought them were left destitute.

\* \* \*

NORTH DAKOTA ESCAPED THE most serious effects of the land-price inflationary movement. Prices of farm lands in this state appreciated materially, but not to the extent that prevailed in several other states. The slump in farm land prices that came later on was due chiefly not to the former inflation but to a long period of unfavorable weather conditions which have since been corrected. Warnings have been issued by government agencies against inflation of land prices, but at present the warning is scarcely needed in North Dakota. Here average land prices are still materially below what may be considered normal, and competent farmers who wish to establish themselves on good land and operate it in a business-like manner now have opportunities which are not likely soon to be repeated. Increased land sales indicate that real and healthy interest is being taken in this fact,

By W. P. Davies

THE ARTICLE PUBLISHED SOME time ago by a writer who advocates abandonment of plowing and substitution of discing has provoked considerable discussion, in which this column has participated to the extent of one comment. George F. Stewart, county agent of Hettinger county, sends me a copy of an article on the subject by Wm. W. Albrecht, of the department of soils of the University of Missouri, who, while conceding that plowing may be overdone under some circumstances, defends the practice in general as a necessary part of agriculture and cites numerous scientific facts in support of his conviction.

\* \* \*

PLOWING CAME INTO PRACTICE long before there was much applied science. Primitive man stirred the earth without knowing anything about soil chemistry. He couldn't get seeds to grow on hard soil or tough sod. He observed that seeds would grow if planted in clean, somewhat loose soil. Therefore he cleared the soil of top growth and stirred it with a stick. Crops grew, after a fashion, sometimes very good crops, but if the process were continued long, yields diminished. With his crude implement he couldn't go very deep, therefore he moved to a new spot and started over again. As an alternative to moving he sharpened his stick and went a little deeper, and by short steps the modern plow came into being.

\* \* \*

THE PRIMITIVE MAN KNEW NOTHING of nitrogen, bacteria and the other factors that go to produce plant life. He merely learned that if he did certain things he got certain results. Most of our progress has come about in just that way. People did certain things because they got results. Then science came along and found out why, and it became possible to apply in a systematic way the

knowledge thus acquired. Women used yeast in their bread for centuries before anyone knew that the "rising" properties of yeast are due to the work of little living creatures on certain chemical substances. Men plowed in like manner and for similar reasons.

\* \* \*

PROFESSOR ALBRECHT DISCUSSES both the mechanical and the chemical features of plowing. As to the former he points out that in the process of plowing the soil is broken up and aerated, facilitating its impregnation with oxygen and the operations of bacteria. Chemically plowing aids in replenishing the soil with nitrogen. There is pointed out, also, what every intelligent farmer knows, that the same kind of plowing that is needed on heavy, tenacious soils is not suitable for light, sandy soils. In plowing the tiller of the soil must use not only his plow, but his head. That goes for a good many other things.

\* \* \*

THERE IS A STORY WHICH HAS been told many times of the old Indian who, when small farmers began to invade the range country in the far western part of the state, thought that they were turning the sod wrong side up. Demonstrating, he replaced a sod which had been turned by the plow, and indicated that it should be left as nature had placed it, with the grass side up. Many became convinced later that in certain areas the sod should never be disturbed by the plow.

\* \* \*

WE THINK OF AMERICAN AGRICULTURE as being highly mechanized. In the Western and Midwestern states it is. But according to an article in the Country Gentleman, America has less power machinery per thousand acres than Great Britain. The article does not say whether this represents the mechanization per thousand acres of farm land or per thousand acres of total area. If the latter is meant the statement is meaningless, for account must be taken of the relative areas of uncultivated land, forest, swamp, mountain and desert. It is a fact, however, that since the beginning of the war, Britain has greatly expanded her agriculture, and the government has stimulated the use of power machinery.

By W. P. Davies

SOMETHING REMINDED ME THE other day of Bryant's poem "The Prairies, and there came to mind those fine opening lines:

These are the gardens of the desert, these  
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,

For which the speech of England has no name—

The Prairies.

Then I had to find the poem and re-read it and travel with the poet through the centuries as he traced the cycle through which the prairies of which he wrote had passed, with one civilization following another, each leaving little evidence of its presence. "Thus arise," he says,

Races of living things, glorious in strength,

And perish, as the quickening breath of God

Fills them, or is withdrawn.

\* \* \*

I FOLLOWED THE WRITER IN HIS enjoyment of the sights and sounds with which nature charms the senses on the plains, and I thought of the realization of his vision of the advancing multitude that should soon "fill these deserts."

From the ground

Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice

Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn

Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds  
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain

Over the dark-brown furrows.

\* \* \*

THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT those older poets that appeals to me as little in modern verse does. For one thing, they adhered rather strictly to certain forms which to me are pleasing, and which seem to me to belong to poetry. They wrote rhyming verse when they chose, but they were not dependent on rhyme. They wrote blank verse so readable that one does not think whether it rhymes or not. Much of Bryant's blank verse has a measured cadence which is as natural as the sighing of the wind or the rolling of ocean waves. One measure follows another because it must.

\* \* \*

BUT THE POETRY THAT I ENJOY is not dependent either on its metrical form, although that serves as an appropriate setting. There is beauty and grandeur in the thought expressed, and in the combination of thought and form there

is something that I miss in most modern verse. Much that is written today that passes for poetry—and some of it is highly praised—is merely prose broken up into odd shapes and printed to look like poetry. If printed in the form of ordinary prose no one would think of it as poetry. It has neither rhyme nor rhythm. It is just prose, and some of it is poor prose, at that. As to some of it, the writer may know what he is driving at, but I defy anyone else to find out.

\* \* \*

POETRY, LIKE MUSIC AND DANCING, and painting, seems to go by waves. In music we have had our jazz period, and several others, and now we abandon ourselves to swing. We have tried out several dances imported from Africa. Perhaps we shall try some from the Solomons. Unintelligible smears of paint on a canvas are called futuristic. All of those come and go, sometimes with fairly sane intervals between. Perhaps it will be so with poetry, and writers will again record beautiful and inspiring thought in lines that sing themselves and which make the reader feel like joining in the song.

\* \* \*

NOTWITHSTANDING THE MODERN trend, some of the things that Shakespeare wrote are still considered good poetry. There are those who turn up their noses at Bryant's "Thanatopsis," but it seems to wear. And I suspect that people will be quoting Shakespeare, and Bryant, and Shelley, and a lot of others who are now scarcely fashionable, when most of the queerly printed jargon that often passes for poetry has been forgotten. I shall not forget it because I can't take the trouble to read it.



MOST OF US, I SUPPOSE, HAVE been accustomed to pronounce the name "Quebec" as if it were spelled "Kwebec," but often one hears over the radio the pronunciation "Kebec." To inform myself I consulted Webster and found the former pronunciation the only one given. I am informed, however—I know no French—that the French give the combination "qu" substantially the sound of "k" and that the French-speaking inhabitants of Quebec invariably pronounce the name of their province and provincial capital "kebec." One may choose, therefore, the English or the French pronunciation.

\* \* \*

THERE SEEMS TO BE NO RULE governing the pronunciation of foreign place names. Sometimes we Anglicize them and sometimes pronounce them, or try to, as the natives do. I know of no reason why we should spell the name of Italy's capital "Rome", and pronounce it that way, when to the Italians it is "Roma," and so pronounced. The Latin form is quite easy to English speech. The city which we call "Vienna" is "Wien" in Austria. The Austrian initial letter has the sound of our "V", which is all right, but why don't we call the city "Vien", without the additional syllable, and let it go at that? I don't know, either, why the French call the capital of England "Londre," or "Londere," whichever it is, when they could just as easily say "London", as the people who live there do. When it comes to Russian names I just throw up my hands. Their multiplicity of consonants is a complete mystery to me and I don't try to solve it. I think as a rule our dictionaries give as nearly as possible the English equivalents of foreign place names, but why so many of those fairly simple names are twisted from the originals I don't know.

\* \* \*

C. M. BRYANT OF ST. JOHN, AN ENTHUSIASTIC conservationist of wild life, has to his credit the measure which is now a law prohibiting the removal or destruction of any native growing shrub or tree growing on timbered lands in North Dakota except where such land is being cleared for agricultural purposes. The purpose of the law was to prevent the threatened extinction of the wild cranberry in the Turtle mountain district. The bark of that shrub is used by an Eastern company in the manufacture of a proprietary medicinal preparation. To obtain a supply of the bark the company had encouraged its collection and sale by residents of Eastern forest areas and as cutting was done without care to provide for future growth the original sources of supply became exhausted. Recourse was then had to the Turtle mountains, where the shrub has been abundant. There the same practice was begun, and it became evident that if it were continued there would soon be no cranberries left in the district.

THE WILD CRANBERRY IS ONE OF the state's most desirable native fruits and great quantities of it are gathered each year for jelly, preserves and similar uses. It is also valuable for its influence on wild life. The shrubs themselves provide cover for small game birds and animals and birds consume vast quantities of the fruit. A campaign for the protection of the shrubs was inaugurated, promoted largely by Mr. Bryant and assisted by the Isaak Walton league and numerous individuals, and the last legislature enacted and the governor signed the protective bill which is now a law.

\* \* \*

THE CONSERVATIONISTS WERE less successful in their effort to protect the native timber of the Turtle mountains. In that section there is a fine growth of young hardwood coming on which, if left until it attains reasonable size will be of incalculable value. But those young trees have been slashed right and left when they have attained a diameter of three inches or thereabouts, the stakes being used for fence posts. Intelligent treatment would make of that forest growth a perpetual asset, but reckless cutting would quickly destroy it. A movement was started for the protection of such hardwood growth, but no action was taken by the legislature. The conservationists are still at work and hope for favorable action by the next legislature. Meanwhile efforts are being made to prevent the robbing of state lands of their timber.

By W. P. Davies

BECAUSE OF ITS NORTHERN latitude, North Dakota receives more sunlight during the summer months than is given states farther south. We notice the early rising of the sun, and the long daylight evenings, during which it is possible to read small print out of doors after many of our southern friends have gone to bed. We know that this prolonged daylight has its influence on vegetation, but this influence is not perceptible from day to day. We just know that it is there and is operating, so that in spite of our comparatively brief growing season it is possible here to mature crops that require a much longer time for development farther south. But there are evidences of the influence of direct sunlight to plant growth which sometimes present themselves in interesting ways.

\* \* \*

ONE DOES NOT THINK OF THE shadow of a tree having much influence on plant growth in the vicinity of the tree provided the plants receive direct sunlight except for a few hours in the early forenoon or late afternoon, but of comparison is made with plants receiving full sunlight all day long, the effect of even two or three hours of sunlight per day becomes easily perceptible. A row of flowering plants is so placed that those at one end of the row are shaded for an hour or two at some time of the day while the sun shines on the rest of the row from sunrise until sunset. If conditions of soil and culture are the same, the partially shaded plants are likely to grow a little less rapidly and bloom a little later than their immediate neighbors.

\* \* \*

IN A VICTORY GARDEN POTATO patch the behavior of some of the plants puzzled the owner. Seed, soil and culture throughout the plot were identical. But in a band several feet wide diagonally across the plot the plants presented a solid mass of blossom fully a week before the others bloomed. It was found that until sundown, the sun's rays shining through a space between two houses illuminated the narrow band while the plants on either side were shaded for an hour or so. Evidently just that much direct sunlight had stimulated growth so that the difference became perceptible.

\* \* \*

THIS DOES NOT MEAN, OF course, that plants will not grow and thrive if shaded for an hour or two a day. They will, just as they will grow and mature through occasional cloudy weather. But the cutting off of only a little sunshine each day will retard growth just that much. This does not mean that all plants must be grown in direct sunlight. Some plants require partial, or almost complete shade, and nearly all will get along with a little shade during part of the day. But with most

sun-loving plants even an hour's shade a day will retard growth in some measure.

\* \* \*

DIRECT SUNLIGHT IS NOT NECESSARY for the ripening of many fruits except as direct sunlight usually subjects the fruit to greater heat. Grapes, apples and many other fruits ripen perfectly though completely shaded by dense foliage. Bananas are always cut from the plant while green, and they will ripen in pitch darkness. Tomatoes which are just about ready to color are often placed in sunlight to ripen, but the sunlight is not necessary at that stage. In many families large green tomatoes are gathered at the end of the season, wrapped in paper and ripened for winter use. In a warm room they will ripen if no light even reaches them. It's the heat that does it.

\* \* \*

ONE LETTER-WRITER TELLS OF his experience with peanut butter. He has false teeth and he has had trouble with peanut butter gumming them up. He got around the difficulty by making a sandwich with one slice of bread coated with peanut butter and the opposite slice coated with mustard. It worked all right. I can get along with mustard, but so far as I am concerned, he is welcome to the peanut butter. I can eat it if I must, but I prefer almost anything else.

\* \* \*

SIMILARLY, I CAN EAT SHREDDED wheat, but I would just as soon eat hay. I haven't the slightest objection to the manufacture and distribution of the stuff or to other people eating it. I have no doubt it is nourishing and wholesome, but I am content to let others have it—all of it.

YESTERDAY I REFERRED TO the work done by C. M. Bryant of St. John for the preservation of the wild cranberry in the Turtle mountain region and for protection of the young hardwood in the same area. Mr. Bryant is also in close touch with the game bird situation in his territory this year. This, he says, is due in part to adverse weather conditions. Cold, rainy weather early in the season destroyed most of the first hatch, and while there may be some recovery from the later hatch, he estimates a shortage for North Dakota of 57 million birds this year. He believes the present year to be the most critical for game birds in North Dakota since 1910 or 1912—he is not sure of the date. The following excerpt from an article in the Turtle Mountain Star summarizes another phase of the situation as seen by Mr. Bryant:

\* \* \*

**"THE FUTURE OF OUR GAME** birds is threatened by another condition, the growth of predatory animals and birds, plus the absence of the animals on which such predators formerly fed. This means that the game birds have three or four times as many natural enemies to contend with.

"It is claimed that a crow destroys between one and two hundred birds a season by robbing nests and killing the young. The normal span of life of a crow is 50 years, Mr. Bryant explained. A little simple arithmetic will show what crows can do over the years. Seldom have there been more crows around than may be seen this year.

\* \* \*

**THE FOX, SKUNK AND WEASEL** all take a heavy toll of bird life. Said Mr. Bryant, 'What about the fox? He hunts the year around. Now, the jackrabbits are about extinct, the birds will have to take their place. The skunks are plentiful and they are bad actors too. And the weasel, I love the little rascal for what he has done for me, two or three times when traps or poison did not get anywhere, the weasels came and did it for me. Last winter they did a wonderful job. One camped in the basement, and was he welcome!

**"DURING THE OPEN WEATHER,** his chief food is flickertails, mice and rats, but now that there are so few flickertails he is forced to go to bird life, so regardless of the awful deal the weather handed us in June, I think we were headed in the wrong direction. No help from the legislature for about two years, and you know we will not get near enough to turn the tide.

"Here it is in a nutshell. The weather destroyed many millions of our spring hatch. The enemies are more plentiful, especially the two worst, the crow and the fox. Their chief food, the flickertail and the jackrabbit, are not here, so what? Eat birds.

\* \* \*

**"MR. BRYANT THEN PROPOSES** an interesting and ambitious program. Since it appears unlikely that the legislature will appropriate enough public funds to accomplish anything important in the fight against predators, he proposes that an attempt be made to get 5,000 interested citizens of the state to contribute \$200 each, making a fund of a million dollars. The program could be sponsored by the Wildlife Federation, Izaak Walton League or similar organization.

\* \* \*

**"HE SUGGESTS A \$10 BOUNTY FOR** fox and coyote; \$2 for skunk and weasel; 75c per crow; \$1 for small hawk and 50c for large hawk. Such bounties would really get action. His proposal is that the state game and fish department administer the campaign. He recommends that the number of game wardens be trebled, each one an experienced trapper and hunter, no "political hacks", provide each with car, guns, ammunition, horses, dogs and traps. Building of a large number of crow traps for use when the birds are in flocks is suggested.

\* \* \*

**"MR. BRYANT MAKES 12 TRIPS A** week between St. John and Devils Lake, in connection with his duties as Great Northern conductor and vouches for the seriousness of the game bird situation in this area clear north to the Canadian boundary. He said he was not personally familiar with conditions in other parts of the state, but assumes they are similar.

\* \* \*

**"JUST WHAT UNFAVORABLE** weather can do was illustrated by the experience of Captain Main, our grandest old naturalist in charge of the fish hatchery and game park at Lake Upsilon, when similar conditions existed in 1910 or thereabouts.

Captain Main has built the artificial pond at the hatchery, had five families of little ducks, and was the captain proud? And was he sad, at the end of about two weeks, for not one was left.

"After that bad year, Mr. Bryant explained, kind nature and fair and good management landed the state on top again in the matter of wild game birds. This state ranked tops in the nation for upland birds in 1942. Now Mr. Bryant doubts if we can come back because of the conditions as outlined above. But he is in favor of putting everything we have got into an attempt to come back, and he wrote a communication to the game commissioner to be considered at the wildlife conference held in Bismarck the early part of this week."

Sun Aug 22/43

# Must Co-operate for Peace

By W. P. Davies

IT IS TAKEN FOR GRANTED THAT when the war is over there must be some sort of co-operation among the nations to prevent, if possible, a recurrence of the disaster that has been brought upon the world by the spirit of aggression, prompted and directed by reckless ambition. The need for some such effort is now felt in this country even by many of those who in the past have leaned strongly toward the view that the United States is large enough, powerful enough and skillful enough to live within itself, relying on its own resources, indifferent to what happens in the rest of the world. Tragic events of the past few years have demonstrated the illusory nature of such a belief. No longer do we hear the question: "What have we to do with 'abroad'?" We have learned that whether we will it or not, what occurs abroad vitally concerns us.

\* \* \*

THERE IS NO LONGER ANY QUESTION that in some way we must assume some share of responsibility for the peace and order of the world and play some part in the shaping of its destiny. The question is not whether or not we shall do this, but what form our effort shall take and in what degree it shall be exerted. On this point there is wide divergence of opinion. There are those who believe that we should lead in a grand movement to reorganize the world on a political basis similar to that which we have found useful, but the more closely that plan is examined the more it resembles the plan of putting the cart before the horse. We are fighting a fight for universal freedom, and the very essence of freedom is that those who are to enjoy it shall formulate their own constitutions and establish their own institutions according to what they conceive to be best for them. The peace and order of the world are not dependent on the constitutional systems which are imposed on the nations or which they may be induced to adopt.

\* \* \*

THE FIRST ESSENTIAL CONDITIONS of world peace is that nations shall cease to live in fear of each other. That blissful state could be attained by such change in human hearts that nowhere would there be the desire to act oppressively or deal unjustly. That condition may exist in the millenium, but the millenium is not in sight. For the present we must deal with facts as we find them and

accept the existence of aggressive tendencies as evils which we cannot completely banish, but which we must bestir ourselves to curb. That means that in one way or other the nations must co-operate to suppress acts of aggression before they have reached mammoth proportions, even to deal with such threats before they can be put into execution.

\* \* \*

FOR THIS THERE MUST BE UNIVERSAL co-operation, and that co-operation cannot rest alone on any written compact. We have had compacts before, some of them excellent in their way. The trouble was that they were not kept. Observance of them meant inconvenience and annoyance, financial sacrifice, even the potential use of force. Because of those undesirable features there was tolerance of evil and compromise with it. Sacrifice of trade was unwelcome. The use of force was opposed by those who felt that it was better to do anything than fight. So the compromises were made; the thin end of the wedge was inserted, and it was driven home. Those who held back because they feared commercial loss have had their possessions swept away, and those who held back because they disapproved of fighting are engaged in the greatest and bloodiest war of history.

\* \* \*

SOMETHING OTHER THAN WRITTEN compacts will be necessary if peace is to be established and preserved. There must be the inflexible determination on the part of all peace-loving peoples that under no circumstances shall armed aggression be tolerated, no matter whom the aggressor or whom the prospective victim. That determination must be so complete that any act or threat of aggression will bring forth from all the rest of the world not merely vocal protests, but positive action. In that the peoples of the small nations as well as those of the great ones must feel and accept their full share of responsibility. There must be no neutrals, any more than there are when a red-handed murderer is at large. There must be no consideration of the relative cost of getting in or staying out. The aggressor must be considered a menace to mankind, and so treated. In spite of the lessons of this war that state of feeling has not yet been reached in sufficient measure. In spite of all the difficulties that are in the way it must be reached before a peace that is dependable can be reached.

By W. P. Davies

"BUGLES IN THE AFTERNOON" IS the title of a serial by Ernest Haycox, the first installment of which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post last week. The story attracted my attention, and doubtless that of many other Northwestern readers because the scene of the opening chapter is laid in Dakota territory in the year 1876 and the reader is taken to Fort Abraham Lincoln, just across the river from Bismarck, and introduced to General Custer and his Seventh cavalry on the eve of their departure for the Little Big Horn, from which they never returned.

\* \* \*

SOME OF THE INTRODUCTORY passages had me puzzled. The two who evidently are to be participants in the coming romance are presented as they alight from a train at a little town of five buildings "flung without thought at the eastern edge of Dakota." The train had come from the East, and departed westward into the emptiness, leaving the two passengers standing on the cinders in front of the depot shed. The man and woman, strangers until now, continue their journey in a stage. After traveling all of one day and until noon of the next they reach Fargo, where they take another train for Bismarck, which seems to be the lady's home.

\* \* \*

ONE FEATURE WHICH PUZZLES me is that though the travelers started their stage journey at a town on the eastern edge of Dakota, they traveled westward to reach Fargo, which was then, as it is now, on the Red river, the eastern boundary of Dakota territory. I don't understand how they did it. Another puzzling feature is that from the hotel in the town where they first appear they look out upon a vast expanse of sage, and on the stage they are driven through mile after mile of sage. My idea has always been that one doesn't find sage brush until he is pretty far west in either North Dakota or South Dakota.

\* \* \*

STILL ANOTHER DESCRIPTIVE BIT which raised a question in my mind is that which says that the locomotive of the train on which the travelers arrived was a wood-burner. Perhaps it was. It may be that in the early years of Northwestern railroading wood was the fuel used in Minnesota, for instance, where timber was plentiful. But fuel was scarce in the prairie country, and long before 1876 the Northern Pacific had been built to Duluth, and coal was brought up the lakes by boat. I wonder if anyone can tell me if any of the locomotives which

first served this territory burned wood. I was familiar with the wood-burners that ran on Ontario branch lines, but they traveled through heavily timbered country where the land was being cleared and wood was considered to have practically no value.

\* \* \*

IN 1924 J. E. SANDLIE, THEN ENGAGED in the automobile business in Grand Forks, published a circular listing the estimated crop yields in North Dakota for that year and setting forth some of the resources and possibilities of the state. It may be interesting to check the following summary against estimates for this year:

\* \* \*

"NORTH DAKOTA'S AGRICULTURAL production for the current year, based on government crop reports and independent investigation, has raised the total estimated agricultural wealth to \$414,263,000. This represents a per capita value of \$633.96, for each man, woman and child in the state, and a total average dollar value for each farm of \$5,883.33.

"The value of production of diversified products is placed at \$125,689,000 as against \$288,574,000 for grain and hay products.

\* \* \*

"THE GRAIN PRODUCTION IS LISTED as follows: Wheat, 114,612,000 bushels; value \$154,725,000.

Oats, 93,364,000 bushels; value \$42,113,000.

Barley, 39,624,000 bushels; value \$21,793,000.

Rye, 16,575,000 bushels; value \$18,166,000.

Flax, 16,376,000 bushels; value \$40,917,000.

Wild hay, 1,800,000 tons; value \$10,800,000.

The diversified production is given as follows:

"Corn, value \$34,720,000; potatoes, \$8,955,000; millet, timothy, broom grass, \$1,805,000; sweet clover, \$3,680,000; alfalfa, \$2,520,000; corn fodder and silage \$5,250,000; hogs, \$8,850,000; poultry and poultry products, \$11,506,000; beef stock, sheep and wool, \$7,900,000; dairy products, \$39,690,000; honey production, \$392,000; alfalfa and sweet clover seed, \$525,000.

"The grain production estimate represents the old North Dakota and farmer up to 1916, while the diversified farm products estimate represents the new North Dakota farm and farmer of 1924.

\* \* \*

IN ADDITION TO LISTING THE above products the circular tells of North Dakota's immense coal deposits, its fruit possibilities and the prospects for the development of a sugar industry, as the local sugar plant was then being built.

By W. P. Davies

MY COMMENT ON THE CONFUSION that exists in the pronunciation of foreign place names has brought an interesting letter from Professor Joseph Tamborra, who has charge of the department of romance languages at the University of North Dakota. Professor Tamborra writes:

\* \* \*

"IN YOUR LAST NIGHT'S PAPER you commented on the pronunciation of geographical proper names, which are so recurrent in these war-times. You said that somebody pronounces these names in one way and others in another, that is, some pronounce them in the foreign way, as Quebec (kebec), while others in the English way (kibek). I wish that you would find time and space in your paper to tell the reading public (hoping that some radio announcers would read it, too), that there are only two correct ways of properly pronouncing foreign proper names (personal, geographical, historical, mythological, etc., etc.), namely: as they are pronounced in the language to which they belong, if one knows how to read fairly well that language, or as they are pronounced in our own unabridged English dictionaries. When one does not pronounce them in either way, although there is the good guide of our dictionaries in most cases, and for both pronunciations, not only he shows his ignorance, but he becomes also a murderer of words; his mispronunciation does not spill any blood, but it sets a bad example and irritates one's very sensitive feeling of propriety and "good breeding" in a country like ours where means of self education are plentiful and inexpensive. I have especially in mind the mispronunciation of geographical names in Italy, which have been so recurrent lately on the radio; as, for ex.:

- Cagliari: a) mispronounced, with accent on penult syllable..Caglia'ri
- b) instead of accenting the first syllable ..... Ca'gliari
- Trapani: a) as above ..... Trapa'ni
- b) as above ..... Tra'pani
- Foggia: a) as above ..... Foggi'a
- b) as above ..... Fog'gia
- Reggio: a) as above ..... Reggi'o
- b) as above ..... Reg'gio
- Brindisi: a) as above ..... Brindi'si
- b) as above ..... Brin'disi

The mispronunciation of these and other Italian proper names is caused by the

idea of accenting always the penult syllable, a fact that is true in most English words. While in Italian, too, the accent falls in most words on the penult syllable, there are many words in which it does not.

\* \* \*

I FIND THERE ARE OTHERS WHO prefer the old poetry to most of the new, My recent remarks on the subject have brought several letters, one from Mrs. J. G. Moore, who writes in part as follows:

\* \* \*

"WHEN I READ 'IN DEFENSE OF Good Poetry' last evening I could not resist longer. That will find a hearty response from many who, like you, have become tired of what some of our recent poets (?) call poetry. Your quotations from 'The Prairies' is delightful and so appropriate for the present time."

\* \* \*

SOMEWHERE IN ONE OF HIS ES-says Edgar Allan Poe considers the subject matter of poetry, and after applying to it something of the method of reasoning used in his mystery stories, he arrives at a strange conclusion. For some reason he holds that sadness is an essential of poetry, and beauty another. As the most beautiful thing on earth is a beautiful woman, and the saddest thing that can occur is her death, he concludes that the perfect poem would be one describing the death of a beautiful woman.

\* \* \*

POE HAD A LOT OF FANTASTIC notions, and that is one of them. The field of poetry is unlimited. It may be sad, as Bryant's "Death of the Flowers," or joyous, as Shelley's "Skylark"; it may ripple along as Tennyson's "Brook" does, or it may be contemplative, as Gray's "Elegy." Or it may ring with the pride that noble deeds inspire, as Holmes' "Old Ironsides" does. But it isn't poetry unless it has both real imagination and aptness of expression.

By W. P. Davies

AS I NEVER HAVE HAD THAT EXPERIENCE I have no personal knowledge of how a man feels when he is habitually and persistently described as handsome. Take the case of Anthony Eden, British foreign minister. As everyone knows, Mr. Eden is a man of attractive appearance. He is well built, has regular features, and if one may judge from published portraits of him, he has a pleasing expression. Possibly he would be awarded first place in an international beauty contest for men, although there are many others who would crowd him, if they did not outrank him. But it has been his peculiar fate to have the adjective "handsome" attached to his name, and mention of him without the adjective seems to be incomplete. I should imagine that Mr. Eden would find it boring and that there are times when he is tempted to grow a beard, or dye his hair, or in some other way alter his appearance, so that when he is mentioned at all people will think of him and not of his appearance.

\* \* \*

IN RECENT YEARS THERE HAS grown up the habit, which is particularly noticeable in some magazines, of attaching descriptive adjectives to names of persons, even though the descriptions are not even remotely related to the occasion which brings the individual into the public view. When John Lewis appears before a congressional committee, which he does when he feels like it, we are reminded that he is bushy-haired, has heavy eye-brows or has certain other physical distinguishing marks. A young woman, who is arrested for speeding, applies for a divorce or appears as a witness in a court case may be described as pretty, petite, glamorous, red-haired or statuesque, as if that made any difference.

\* \* \*

THE STATE OF NEW YORK IS TO elect a lieutenant governor this fall, according to a high court decision recently rendered. The office was rendered vacant by the death of Lieutenant Governor Wallace and there was a legal tilt over the question whether the place should be filled now by election or remain vacant until the general election in 1944. The question had a direct bearing on party politics of the state, and a less direct bearing on national party politics.

\* \* \*

DEMOCRATIC LEADERS INSISTED that a special election be held this fall, although the subject is not covered specifically in any existing law. Leading Republicans hoped that the election might be deferred until 1944. Up-state New York, which contains most of the agricultural territory of the state, is largely

Republican and it was felt that in an off-year special election the up-state vote would be light, whereas there would be a full turnout in the general election. Presumably the Democrats would have a better chance of electing their man in an election held now than if the election were deferred for a year. Hence the Democrats desired and the Republicans did not desire an election this fall. The decision of the court of appeals holding that the election must be held this year was written by a Republican justice, a reminder that there are judges—lots of them—who render decisions according to the law as they understand it, regardless of party or other extraneous considerations.

\* \* \*

WHEN GOVERNOR DEWEY WAS elected he said he intended to serve the state as governor for the full term of four years. That would keep him out of the presidential race next year. But notwithstanding that statement there are numerous Republicans in and out of New York who have been in favor of drafting Dewey as the Republican nominee next year and who have believed that he would not refuse the nomination if it were actually tendered him. But if Dewey were to run for president he would have to resign as governor and he would be succeeded by the lieutenant governor. If a Democrat should be elected to that position the government of the state of New York, with its immense patronage, would pass into Democratic hands. That is why, in the opinion of some observers, the holding of the special election this fall impairs the prospect of New York Republicans presenting Dewey's name to the Republican convention next year.

MY REFERENCE A FEW DAYS AGO to the confusion existing with respect to the pronunciation of foreign place names brought a comment from Professor Tamborra of the University, who teaches the subject from the standpoint of a linguist and educator and makes some useful suggestions. A further comment comes from E. W. Butler, of the Central high school, who discusses as follows some of the difficulties which confront the radio announcer as well as the man on the street:

\* \* \*

"IN THE FIRST PLACE," WRITES Mr. Butler, "any attempt to assume a purist attitude on foreign pronunciations is a waste of time. I say this in spite of the fact that for some 25 years I have been concerned with teaching various pronunciations in relations to speech work, and that for the past several years a part-time radio job has complicated that 'pronunciation' thinking even for.

"For instance, a pretty strong lecture can be delivered on the inconsistencies of the English (American) tongue. We have the most illogical spelling and pronouncing language in the world. There IS no rhyme or reason to it . . . and of this we are all aware. Causes for this are obvious . . . as we are a polygot combination of everything from Choctow to Chinese, and with the regular and irregular Latin combinations thrown in we have a pot-purri that baffles logic and learning. About the best we can do is suggest some 15 or 20 spelling rules . . . and hope for the best.

\* \* \*

"SOMEWHAT THE SAME IS TRUE in pronunciation. While the professor (Tamborra) takes an uppercut at some radio announcers (and I admit my own shortcomings!) I ought to state that once a new name crops up in the news this is the procedure:

1. A look at the dictionary (and in many modern cases the name is not given as our lexicographers and geographers didn't expect us in some of the weird places war has led us).

2. A phonetic spelling accompanying the story. And right here we ought to admit that the press services supplying radio have done a mighty fine job on this as the plan they use is far superior to that of most dictionaries.

3. A check up with other announcers on

4. Check with the guide sent us by the press association.

This seems sensible, now doesn't it? The only bad thing about it is that it doesn't work! You see, habit, and perhaps perverse Americanism, has a great way of tossing logical speech, true European pronunciations, and Anglicized versions into the oral waste-basket, and then coming out with its own colloquial (if you please to call it that) use.

\* \* \*

"LET'S TAKE TWO GLARING EXAMPLES: Pantelleria, and Kharkov. We were taught, carefully, to pronounce the word Pan-tell-e-RE-a and did so with great consistency . . . until . . . we heard a direct-from-Algiers broadcast by a famous news correspondent . . . who called it Pan-tell-ER-ia all the way. He was followed the next day by other reporters . . . who did the same thing. They were followed by certain government officials . . . who did the same thing. Now, purists, what shall we do: call it Pantell-e-RE-a, as undoubtedly correct form is . . . or fall in line with on-the-spot broadcasters who are doing otherwise?

"In the case of Kharkov I first called it KAR-kof, found I was in error as all the top rank announcers were saying HAR-kov. Changed to conform, and then found to my surprise that KAR-kov had emerged out of the struggle. Somewhere we had lost an 'h' and changed a 'v' to an 'h' and back to a 'v'.

"And we don't need to go to Europe, either, for our troubles. How do you pronounce 'Los Angeles' and 'ration'?

\* \* \*

"ALL OF WHICH BOILS DOWN TO something like this: usage is everything: You may concoct or re-discover all the rules you care to, but in the long run (the text book tells us) correctness in speech is determined by the majority speakers. In other words it is an evolutionary process. Simply telling us that the Frenchman calls Paris Parea doesn't mean that you or I will necessarily do the same, because we Americans are an obstinate breed and somehow manage to handle (or manhandle) our articulations to suit our own fancies. All of which reminds me of an argument I once had with another teacher: he didn't like my pronunciation of 'levee.' So I chased down all the dictionaries, pronunciation aids, and authorities I could find: net result: 12 preferred LEV-ee; 13 chose le-VEE. I threw up my hands and yelled 'KINGSEX.'

\* \* \*

"WITH THIS GOING-GLOBAL WAR we announcers are going to learn a lot of geography in a hurry; every day we are going to meet up with a lot of new names and places, and a lot of them are going to be pretty hard to pronounce. We're going to MIS-pronounce a lot of them, and we're going to HAR-kov-KAR-kov a lot of undecided cases, we may even Americanize some Italianisms and Italianize some Americanisms but perhaps the wonder will persist that we don't make more mistakes than we do. At least, bear with us until the war is all nicely over . . . and the terms and names are standardized . . . and we DON'T need them. That's the way it works out . . . hardly in theory . . . but always in practice."



A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO it was often said that "food will win the war." Food did not win the war, though it had an important influence on its progress. It has an important influence on the progress of this war, and when the fighting is over, food will be a tremendously important factor in the readjustment of human lives. Recognition of that fact promoted the holding of the recent international food conference, and for an indefinite period the production and distribution of food will present problems demanding the attention of all of the larger nations and most of the smaller ones.

\* \* \*

AT THE CLOSE OF THIS WAR THE food situation will be vastly different from what it was when the guns were silenced in 1918. Then Russia was still one of the world's great food producing countries. The combination of war and revolution had interrupted production, but the rich fields of the Ukraine had not been trampled and torn as they have been in this conflict. China had her periods of famine due to natural causes and internicine strife, but she was not in the grip of a foreign enemy. Holland and the Scandinavian countries were free and productive on a large scale. In southern France the production of food went on about as usual, and while the people of Italy were inconvenienced by the war, they were not starving, as many of them are now.

\* \* \*

TODAY EVERYTHING IS DIFFERENT. Normally Great Britain produces about 30 per cent of her food. That proportion has been increased to more than 60 per cent, but much of the difference goes abroad to the nation's armed forces and the inhabitants of countries where they are stationed. Food production in China and Russia has been greatly curtailed. German soldiers occupy almost all of the continent of Europe, and in every country so occupied the people feel the pangs of hunger because they have been robbed of the food that they had produced and many of their instruments of production have been removed or destroyed. The sun that dawns on a world in which armies have ceased to fight will dawn also on a world suffering from hunger and clamoring for food.

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THAT IS A SITUATION WHICH those who hope for a stable peace cannot regard with indifference. Elementary considerations of humanity will demand that by some means and on some terms those who have food in abundance make some part of it available to those who have none, but neither the United States nor any other nation can under-

take to feed the world. Great as our productive capacity is, it would not be equal to the task, nor are the combined resources of all the major food-producing countries adequate to meet such a demand.

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NOT ONLY FOR THE REMAINDER of the war, but for some time after its close we of the United States must expect, not lack of sufficient food, but lessened quantities of some foods which we have usually had in abundance. Wheat from this country, Australia and Canada, wheat and corn from the Argentine, mutton from the antipodes, meat from every country that produces in quantity will be needed to save the lives of millions from starvation.

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THAT WILL BE ONLY PRELIMINARY. Wherever on the globe food production is possible it must be revived as quickly as possible. No real peace is possible in a starving world, nor can the freedom for which we are now fighting be extended as it should be if certain millions come to look to other millions for their daily bread and expect to make no effort of their own. By whatever means are possible food must be provided to meet immediate and pressing need, but those whose means of production have vanished must be equipped afresh so that they can carry on by themselves.

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EXCEPT IN LIMITED QUANTITIES food cannot be produced with bare hands. Implements are necessary, and in some cases complicated machinery is necessary. Resumption of food production where it has practically ceased will call for the revival of industries which have almost passed out of existence during the war. Plants that have been turning out guns and shells and planes will again make plows and harrows, tractors and combines. Where such plants have been destroyed by war they must be rebuilt. More trucks and cars will be needed to carry farm products and new steel rails will be needed to replace those that have been melted and cast into cannon.

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ALL THOSE WILL MEAN ALMOST unlimited demand for the products of industry, and in order that there may be proper balance between the demand for food and the facilities available for its production there will need to be solved weighty problems of organization and finance. Credit must be made available to those who need it for the rebuilding of disrupted industry, and in the great work of reconstruction there will be work for all and benefits to be shared by all, provided the task is approached in a spirit of earnest co-operation and performed with intelligence and skill

SOME TAXPAYERS WHO HAVE RECEIVED blanks on which to report estimated income and estimated tax for 1943 have been puzzled because there is no place to figure in income and taxes for 1942 in relation to those of 1943. There isn't any and the making of estimates as provided on the blank will be rendered perfectly simple if one forgets the year 1942 altogether. There is not exception. If the tax assessed against the 1942 income, as shown on the report made last March 15, is greater than the estimated tax called for this year, that greater tax is the one to be used in making this year's estimate. Otherwise no attention is to be paid to the 1942 income or tax.

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THE BLANK CONTAINS ONLY A few questions to be answered and they are clearly and simply stated. There should be no confusion concerning them. The taxpayer is required to make the best estimate he can of his total income from all sources and after deducting the personal exemption to which he is entitled, to fill in the income tax on the remainder from the accompanying table. To this there is added the 3 per cent victory tax according to the formula provided. From the total of income and victory taxes is subtracted the estimated amount of tax which will have been withheld from his wage or salary during the year and the amount which he has already paid this year in income and victory taxes. The remainder is the estimated amount which he will owe the government by the end of the year. Not less than half that amount is to be paid when he files this report on September 15.

\* \* \*

ADJUSTMENT OF THE 1942 TAX IS made at a different time and comes under a different heading. No part of that tax has been paid. All payments which have been made are credited to this year's tax. If the tax for 1942 was \$50 or less it is all canceled, and no further attention need be given to it. If the tax was more than \$50 and not more than \$66.67, \$50 of it is cancelled and the difference is payable. If it was more than \$66.67, 75 per cent of it is canceled and 25 per cent remains to be paid. Of such amounts due the government half may be paid next March 15 and the other half March 15, 1945, or the entire amount due may be paid next March, at the option of the taxpayer. All this, however, has nothing to do with estimating this year's income and tax on the blanks which are to be returned September 15.

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THEY CONTINUE TO DO INTERESTING things in the development of methods of transmitting intelligence. The other

day a Western Union official predicted that in the near future messages would be transmitted by light waves. The method of transmission was not described but it was said that with the method which is now being developed the facsimile of the original message will be transmitted with perfect accuracy. The method seems to be different from any now in use. Radio, of course, does not transmit sound waves, but reproduces them after electric waves have carried the necessary impulses. This is true also of the telephone, and television operates in a somewhat similar manner. Probably it is intended to use light waves somewhat as electrical waves are now used, but this appears to involve some difficulty, as light waves are understood to travel only in a straight line unless diverted by some reflecting surface, and there seems to be no such surface as would serve the purpose. It is only a century since Morse gave the electrical telegraph to the world. Until then there was no way in which a message could be sent beyond the range of the human ear or eye other than that of carrying it in person or sending it by horse or by the newly developed railway train or steamboat.

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WITH THE OFFER BY G. J. PETERSON of a reward of \$25 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the first garden raider added to the offer by the Herald of rewards of \$25 for each of the first two such cases there is now offered \$50 for the first effective information and \$25 for the second. If the person who contemplates raiding a garden has no conscience, it may at least occur to him that somebody is likely to be watching for him and that it will pay him better to get his vegetables honestly.