

"I DON'T HAVE TO BE president," said Mr. Willkie the other day, "but I do have to keep my beliefs clear to live with myself."

Correspondents had asked Willkie to comment on an editorial in a paper founded by Father Coughlin, radio priest, and presumably still directed by him, expressing the opinion that in the present emergency Americans can better trust a man like Willkie than one like Roosevelt. Willkie replied that if he understood what Coughlin's beliefs are, not only was he not interested in his support, but he didn't want it. He went on to say that he did not want the support of anyone who seeks to promote racial or religious prejudice or any foreign economic or political philosophy in this country. He ended his statement with the sentence above quoted.

EACH OF US MUST LIVE with himself. There is no escape from it. Some find it easy. The man who has no real convictions, whose conscience is elastic, who knows no law of life but to seize the opportunity of the moment, has no difficulty in getting along with himself with the fair degree of comfort. He can be all things to all men, and, if he is nothing to himself, the fact does not trouble him. But there are others to whom life has real meaning, who recognize in it certain principles which they must not violate and on which they cannot compromise. If the man so constituted does violate what he accepts as basic principles, and some men do, he pays a terrible penalty, for he loses the respect and confidence of that self which is always with him, whose intimate companionship he cannot escape.

JAPANESE CHRISTIANS are being organized into a single great group which is to be completely independent of foreign financial support and foreign control and influence. Many among whom missionaries have labored have been bewildered by what appeared to them the complexity of the Christian religion. Accepting that faith upon its first presentation to them as representing a great principle of unity, they have been puzzled later to find the western representatives of that faith divided, often discordant, and sometimes hostile toward each other.

IF THE NEW MOVEMENT IN Japan, is in response to demand for a unified church established on the basis of Christian faith as a way of life rather than on a long list of negligible isms, it has great promise. But the recent trend in Japan makes one skeptical. Japanese military authority, always independent of the civil government, seems to have established itself in a position of complete supremacy. Proceeding along its own lines and in its own way it is imposing on the people the essentials of the totalitarianism of Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini. And nothing could be more consistent with that spirit than the creation of a church from which all foreign influence will be excluded, and which will in fact be a part of the national political machine.

A NAZI BOMB DAMAGED the church of St. Giles in London. Oliver Cromwell was married in that church, and there is the tomb of John Milton. A statue of the poet on the church grounds was moved, but, as reported, was not seriously damaged. Probably that bomb was aimed at a different objective and missed its mark. The aviator who released it may never have heard of Cromwell and Milton. But there is a peculiar fitness in the destruction by Nazi hands of whatever may be associated with the memory of those two men.

THERE MAY BE A LESSON for Hitler in the life of Cromwell, who shattered the tradition of the divine right of kings, who brought England to a state of power and prosperity, but who made the mistake of assuming supreme power for himself, and who died a natural death in time to escape a violent end at the hands of enemies who surrounded him. Milton gave to the world those lofty conceptions of the conflict between the powers of good and evil and of the operation of that inexorable law which decrees that "the soul that sinneth, it shall die." He was one of the great liberals of his day. These men stand as symbols of a way of life to which Hitlerism is utterly opposed. Hitler's bombs may obliterate every physical reminder of their existence, but the spirit that moved them still lives, and it will continue to influence the lives of men when Hitler and his like have become but evil memories, blots on the pages of history.

AN ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch during the week brought news of the appointment of J. F. T. O'Connor to the position of federal district judge in California. That information is of special interest in Grand Forks because it was here that "Jefty" O'Connor spent his early years, and it was here in the local schools and the University of North Dakota that he received his early scholastic training. In Grand Forks, also, he began the practice of law, in which he has won conspicuous success, and here are hosts of friends who think of him with warm affection and in appreciation of the services which he has rendered his old home town and his former state. His career has been one of uninterrupted progress, and his friends will welcome his call to this new service, confident that he will measure up to its responsibilities, and hoping earnestly that he may live long to enjoy the consciousness of greater usefulness and the respect and affection of his fellowmen.

THERE IS AN ANCIENT AND still prevalent belief in the occurrence of equinoctial storms, a belief that many meteorologists insist is without foundation. Sailors and meteorologists seem unable to get together. Those whose business it is to go down to the sea in ships have need for accurate knowledge of the weather, and long before the days of radio weather reports, and even before the use of the barometer was known, the sailor relied on his own observation of the signs immediately around him for guidance as to the behavior of the weather, upon which his progress, his safety, and even his life might depend.

OF NECESSITY SAILORS Became weather-wise, and the mariner was able to sense well in advance the approach of changes of which the landsman could perceive no evidence. And no tradition has been more firmly imbedded in nautical minds than that the equinoctial periods, spring and fall, are almost certain to be periods of uncertain and stormy weather. On the other hand, professional weather experts tell us, and cite records to prove it, that the crossing of the equator by the sun has nothing to do with the weather, and that the March and September dates, when those crossings occur, are no more stormy than other periods.

BE THAT AS IT MAY, AND whether the meteorologists are right, several million people are now looking forward to the equinoctial storms of this month, some with hope and some with misgiving. Day after day Great Britain is being bombed by fleets of German planes, the presumption being that those attacks are preliminary to mass invasion of the island by German armies. And from a score of sources comes the statement that unless the invasion is made before the equinoctial storms of late September it cannot be made at all before spring. Commentators of all sorts accept the theory of equinoctial storms as valid. The British are anxiously and hopefully awaiting those storms, believing that if they can keep up their resistance until the storms occur they will be able to overtake the Germans in air preparations, while the Germans are putting forth their best effort to complete their job before the fateful storms compel them to suspend operations. Is popular tradition or modern science right?

HOW FAR DOES THE RIGHT of the individual extend in matters related to his religious beliefs? The general principle is that one may worship in any way that he sees fit so long as he does not interfere with the rights of others. In determining just what constitutes interference with the rights of others we run into complications. Down in Kentucky there is a cult that spreads the doctrine of faith over a wider area than is customary. Their theory is that those whose faith is sufficiently strong and of the right kind are immune to such things as the venom of snakes, and to demonstrate this in their religious exercises they permit themselves to be bitten by rattlesnakes.

TWO DEATHS HAVE Resulted recently from this exercise. A child, subjected to the ordeal, was for some time at the point of death, but apparently has recovered. Leaders of the cult make the convenient explanation that the deaths were due merely to lack of faith on the part of the victim. Their belief in the efficacy of faith is unshaken.

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF secular science there is no mystery about the apparent immunity of some individuals to snake poison. Resistance to such toxine differs with individuals. The skin may have been punctured by the snake's fangs without the injection of much, or any poison. The snake may already have been teased into striking until the poison in its sacs is exhausted. For these and other reasons many persons, without the faith of the cultist, have been struck by poisonous snakes without suffering much or any inconvenience.

THAT DOES NOT DISPOSE of the question of the rights of the individual. Has society the right to prevent one from subjecting himself to snake-bite if he wishes to do so? Society does assume the right to prohibit suicide and to punish attempted suicide. And has the individual, in the exercise of control over his own children, the right to subject them in the guise of religious exercise to experiences which the rest of us believe extremely dangerous?

NOW COMES SEPTEMBER, and we have a right to expect some of our finest weather. Of course expectations are not always realized, but that's another matter. But even if we don't get our usual fall weather, we will not be peculiar in that respect, for there are places where, the residents often tell us, they seldom do have their usual weather. Anyway, North Dakota's regular fall weather is grand and September has started out auspiciously. The luxuriance of growth is about over. Trees, shrubs and flowering perennials have about ceased to extend themselves and are hardening their tissues and storing up reserves of strength that they may be able to withstand the rigors of winter and be prepared for renewed action in the spring. The landscape presents an aspect of ripeness and maturity in contrast to the lush growth of early summer. Sturdy conservatism takes the place of the eager and adventurous spirit of youth.

THIS MATURITY IS NOT the dull and colorless thing that is sometimes alleged, for a well regulated autumn in North Dakota is the most colorful period of the year. Already the woods are beginning to show tinges of warm hues against their background of cool green, and presently we shall see masses of tan, yellow and orange, with here and there splashes of crimson and scarlet, all glowing as if with fire in the sunshine.

BUT THE SUMMER COLORS are by no means gone. Some of the annuals have ceased flowering, but there are many of the most gorgeous that are still in full bloom. And to anyone wishing evidence of that fact I heartily recommend a visit to the Central park garden. There are larger gardens, many of them, but for sheer beauty in small space I can recall nothing that surpasses the Central park "display."

THE GARDEN IS Fortunately located, occupying several hundred feet of what was once Third street. From the north the approach is ideal. For several blocks on Third street one sees the garden in full perspective, with its perfectly kept lawn bordered by flowering annuals in almost endless variety, while in the distance are roses now covered with bloom for the second time this season.

THE GARDEN, LIKE ALL the city's park property, is under the general supervision of Mrs. M. B. Kannowski, park superintendent, while the work in Central park is the special charge of George A. Durick, who seems to be able to make plants grow and bloom just about as he pleases. Probably that is because he knows and loves them. To anyone wishing tips on flower gardening I recommend a chat with Mr. Durick.

THERE IS BEAUTY IN THE tropics which it is well to see and enjoy. But in this north land of ours there is beauty which is often overlooked because it is all around us. We visit Florida or California and bring back pictures of selected spots which are truly beautiful. It is pleasant to have such mementos of travel. But without going far afield he can find in our own surroundings spots equally charming and colors equally beautiful.

WHILE A SMALL BOY I heard someone speak of the view from the river bridge at my home town as something very beautiful and greatly admired by visitors. I was greatly surprised. I had crossed that bridge many times and was familiar with everything that could be seen from it. The idea that there was a "view" there hadn't occurred to me. Next time I crossed the bridge I looked things over. I saw the winding river, glistening in the sunlight, the broad, level valley, with its fields and farmsteads, and beyond, the dark-green forest-clad hills. I saw all this as I had never seen it before, and I decided that I had been passing by something beautiful without really looking at it.

LOCAL CITY SCHOOLS ARE open again, and in most of the cities and villages of the United States the school bells have rung to call millions of children to the classes and the lessons of another year. Cartoonists and humorists habitually describe the opening of the school year as something hated and dreaded by children. More than 300 years ago Shakespeare wrote of "the whining schoolboy, with his satchel, and shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school."

IT IS A DISMAL PICTURE that some of the writers have given us of school days. And parts of it are truthful. The opening of school marks the end of the long summer vacation, when work is to be substituted for play, and the tasks imposed are not always agreeable. But the appearance of the youngsters who troop past on their way to school at the opening of the school year gives no indication of consciousness on the part of the children that they are facing a painful and hateful ordeal.

ON THE CONTRARY, THE "shining morning faces" of the children seem to reflect inward happiness. It would be difficult to find anywhere on earth a happier procession than that of American children on their way to school on the morning of the opening day. Especially is this true of the little ones on their way to school for the first time. They are entering on a new phase of existence. They are passing a mile-post on the way to being "grown up." A new dignity envelops them, and they have attained a new consciousness of their importance. Decked out in new finery, with new shoes, perhaps, boys, it may be, in new blouses and girls in new dresses, with hair in curls, or in freshly braided pig-tails and ribbons, their faces are alight with eagerness and their voices are alive with merriment. For them school time is anything but sad.

THERE HAS GROWN UP around the pioneer school, especially the country school, a tradition which is as unfortunate as it is false.

MOST OF US HAVE SEEN, and many of us have taken part in a play entitled "The Deestrick Skule," which, probably, was never intended to be taken seriously, but which has been accepted by many of the younger generation as a fairly accurate picture of what the old country school was like. There is left the impression that the country school was an institution in which the management was utterly incompetent, the teachers ignorant and usually cruel, and the pupils continually in a condition of riotous disorder. Some of those conditions, it is true, did mark some country schools, but those schools were exceptional.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL OF 50 or more years ago was an important and highly valuable institution. It was not organized and systematized as are schools today. Its courses were limited, and many of its pupils were limited in attendance to brief intervals between periods of farm work. Its teachers were of infinite variety, in age, character and qualifications. But in it was done a lot of earnest and worthwhile work, and a great army of young people received in it training which helped to increase knowledge, strengthen character and form the basis for sound citizenship. To burlesque the old school is harmless in itself, but it is unfortunate that in many minds the burlesque has been accepted as the real thing.

WATER SUPPLY IS Subject to many complications. The latest is for the supply to be cut off by blasting out the bottoms of wells. In Westchester county, just north of New York City, the people have depended for water on wells sunk into the rock and fed by underground springs. The city is building a new \$290,000,000 aqueduct, a part of which is being blasted out, 500 feet beneath the surface of Westchester county. And all the wells in the vicinity have gone dry. The blasts, far below the bottoms of the wells, have created new fissures in the rock, and the water is leaking out. Whether or not the supply will be restored after the tunnel work is completed is a question that nobody is able to answer just yet.

HOW MUCH DOES IT COST to eat? One answer, of course, is that it depends on where you are and what you wish to eat. The New York bureau of marketing, which keeps close track of such things, reports that in its city of seven million, food prices generally are advancing and are materially higher now than a month ago. This is especially true of meats. Some of the retail prices which it quotes are: Smoked hams, 24 cents per pound; veal cutlets, 55; rib roast, 33; porterhouse, 49; lamb chops, 36; leg of lamb, 30; rib chops, 45; broiling chickens, 32.

I HAVE TRIED TO Compare these prices with those in Grand Forks. Exact comparison is difficult, because meat qualities are not uniform and meats are cut differently and named differently in different markets. However, some reasonably close comparisons are possible. On the latest Market Basket pages of the Herald smoked ham was quoted at 19 cents, and prime beef roast at 18. I can answer for the quality of both, for I ate them and they were excellent. No veal cutlets were quoted, but veal roast was priced at 16 cents. I didn't find any lamb quotations, so I must skip that. Neither did I see a quotation of steak prices, but we had as fine a sirloin as could be bought anywhere, and it cost less than half the price of New York porterhouse.

WE ARE TOLD THAT NEW York prices of most meats are so high that housewives are buying poultry and fish instead. Fish prices are not given, but turkey is reported plentiful at 29 to 31 cents for small fresh birds, with packed birds cheaper. Broiling chickens are quoted at 32 cents as against 18 to 22 cents for small birds in Grand Forks.

SMOKED BROILED Chicken is described as a novelty on the New York market. The birds are smoked, stuffed and broiled and the meat and stuffing are carved together. The price is 60 cent a pound. I don't think chicken in that form has reached the Grand Forks market. Neither have I seen smoked turkey in this market, although it has been sold by mail for several years by a few specialists who treat the birds according to their own secret formulas. Some folks like it while others are not particularly enthusiastic about it.

ONE JITTERY Congressman thinks that the transfer of American destroyers to Great Britain gives Hitler legal justification for declaring war against the United States. As if Hitler ever waited for justification of any kind for whatever he wished to do. If Hitler thinks it will be to his interest to make war on the United States, before or after he smashes Great Britain, he will make war, no matter how pacific, provocative or pugnacious the United States may be. And if he doesn't feel that way he will not make war, no matter what the United States may do.

I FIND THAT I GAVE THE wrong name to Caretaker Durick of Central park, whom I called George. His name is Frank, and he has been doing a good job in the park for a quarter of a century. George, I understand, is a brother.

HOW WOULD YOU Interpret a sentence like this if it appeared in an entertainment magazine?

"Smith & Jones combo played big biz all over circ, with every nabe helping b. o. Acro act kayo; new emsee at burly; fine evening spec ends with grand pyro."

INTERPRETED IT WOULD come out something like this:

"Smith & Jones combined features is playing to big business all over this circuit, with every neighborhood helping out the box office receipts. The acrobatic act is a knockout; there is a new master of ceremonies at the burlesque feature and the fine evening spectacle ends with a grand fireworks display."

THE BIT OF JARGON IN the first paragraph contains contractions and other symbols which the Billboard, national entertainment magazine, uses in reporting various entertainment features throughout the country.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE child's social relations usually begins at a very early age and proceeds imperceptibly and unconsciously. The youngster learns to adjust himself to the habits and idiosyncrasies of his young neighbors by a sort of instinctive process of trial and error. Thus the rough edges are worn off little by little without severe shock, and the child learns lessons of behavior without the consciousness of being taught. My initiation into the mysteries of social conduct was different. Until I was six years old I had no companion near my own age, and I had never been in contact with a group of children. Then came a change of residence and entrance into a country school. I was like a lost sheep, and in the hazing to which every newcomer was subjected I was completely at a loss. Those first few days were days of torture, for when it became known that I did not resent indignities in the customary way—for I didn't know how—indignities were heaped upon me.

GRADUALLY RAYS OF light began to find their way through the darkness. I discovered that when one boy pulled another boy's hair, the victim scratched the first boy's face or kicked him on the shins. And, if the counter-attack was vigorous enough, the victim was likely thereafter to be left in peace. Tentatively I applied that knowledge, and I found that it worked. And because I had been reduced to a state of desperation, probably my responses were unusually vigorous. Little by little I found my place. I learned that if I took too great liberties with another boy I was likely to get hurt, and the other boys learned that it was well not to meddle too much with me for a like reason. Thus we got along famously, with only an occasional fight to settle major differences.

SOMETIMES THERE WERE bullies in our school, bigger and stronger boys who made life miserable for the smaller ones. Usually the reign of the bully was brief. He might be cock of the walk for a few days or weeks, but sooner or later he was sure to get what was coming to him. Some smaller boy might unexpectedly give him a thrashing, or failing that, two, or three or maybe six little fellows would gang up on him and pull him down from his pedestal. Invariably he came to grief. We were a lot of little savages, individualists who prized liberty for ourselves, who learned, in ways sometimes painful, that we must respect the rights of others, who learned also, that the liberty which we prized was worth fighting for and that sometimes it was necessary to fight for it.

A COPY OF THE DODGE county, Minnesota, Republican, published at Kasson, Minn., contains a brief account by J. R. Elford, of Kasson, to Grand Forks, where they visited their son, Rev. Homer J. Elford, pastor of the First Methodist church, and Mrs. Elford. The article is devoted chiefly to observations on conditions along the road, especially on the Minnesota side of the Red river valley. Coming from southeastern Minnesota, Mr. Elford was impressed by the productiveness of the Red river valley, both in small grains and in potatoes. There are also enthusiastic references to the lake and forest districts of northern Minnesota.

COMING FROM WILLISTON a few weeks ago, and passing through the little town of Wheelock, I was reminded of something which may interest those who are searching for the origins of place names in North Dakota. About the time that Wheelock was being platted it was visited by Ralph Wheelock, a Twin City newspaper man, who, I think, was there on a hunting trip. He came in contact with some of the local people, and facetiously suggested that the new town be named after him. He agreed if that were done to donate to the embry city a town pump. Thereafter Wheelock had a lot of fun in the paper with his new town and town pump. The local people took him at his word, and I believe Wheelock made good on his promise. I wonder if the pump is still drawing water,

ONE OF THE Interesting features of that exchange of American destroyers for naval and air bases on British territory is that each party would have benefited from the transfer of property to the other, even if nothing had been received in return. The United States is vitally concerned in a British victory would immediately relieve this nation of a menace against which it is now preparing itself with frantic haste. More destroyers would improve the prospect of British victory. Therefore it would have been advantageous to the United States to turn over those destroyers to Great Britain with out compensation of any kind.

ON THE OTHER HAND, IT is important to Great Britain that the defenses of the United States be strengthened to the utmost. The stronger the United States is, the greater is British security. By granting to the United States the right to occupy bases in Newfoundland, Bermuda and the West Indies, Britain is actually strengthening her own defenses. Hence, Britain would well have afforded to invite the United States to occupy those bases without condition or compensation of any kind. It isn't often that a trade is made which is so completely advantageous to both parties.

ALL THIS HAS NOTHING to do with the procedure followed by the president in conducting his end of the transaction. Mr. Roosevelt has taken unwarranted liberties of the independent position in which the constitution places him. Under our system of the separateness and independence of the several departments of the government he has ignored congress in a matter of such vast and far-reaching importance that congress ought to have been consulted and take into full confidence. There is no way short of impeachment whereby congress can call him to account, and there will be no impeachment, for the reason, among others, that congress itself it presumably in favor of this transaction, even though it may resent the methods by which it was put over.

IT MAY BE SAID THAT Premier Churchill acted as independently and autocratically in this matter as did President Roosevelt. But no such comparison are valid because of fundamental differences in the two systems of government. As the head of the British government Winston Churchill is directly responsible to parliament, and at any hour parliament can depose him if it does not approve of his course. Churchill must represent and carry out the will of parliament. Roosevelt has his attorney general interpret the law to his liking, just as he sought to create a supreme court in his own image, and shelters himself behind constitutional provisions which were never intended to be used in that way. Nevertheless, I am glad that we are getting those bases and that Great Britain is getting those destroyers.

TO ME MUCH OF THE Discussion of conscription is beside the mark. There is something more important involved than the question how we may most quickly and efficiently raise an army of half a million or two million men. If that were all, we might adopt whatever would be most convenient at the time. There is no question that we can raise an army of considerable size, perhaps large enough for peace-time purposes, by the volunteer method. But the question is not of the size of an army that can be raised, but whether or not the young man, whether the son or the millionaire or of the ditch-digger, or the merchant or the farmer, shall be trained in the understanding that he owes to his country whatever service she may require of him in her hour of need, that he must be ready to respond when the call is made, and that the call to fit himself for the service is as imperative as the service itself. That is democracy. The volunteer system is not.

IT IS UNDER Circumstances sadly changed since his former visit to Grand Forks two years ago that C. J. Hambro, president of the Norwegian parliament, will be here for a series of addresses on September 15 and 16. Then his country was peace, with no shadow of war over it, quietly engaged in the normal and useful activities of life, and continuing the development of free institutions which already had won the admiration of the world. Today that land is occupied by the armed hosts of a foreign invader. Its people go and come as a foreign dictator permits. And its lawful government, with the members of its royal house, has been compelled to seek refuge in another country which has not yet been trodden under the tyont's heal. But while the Norwegian people have been compelled to yield to force, the Norwegian spirit is not subdued. The Norwegian parliament representative of that people and symbol of that spirit, is not dissolved, but waits the time when the nation can be re-established on its basis of freedom and progress. Mr. Hambro, president and spokesman of the parliament, will bring us a message which I am sure will be both informative and inspiring.

A LETTER JUST RECEIVED by H. C. Rowland, University music department, from a brother in Wales, discusses routine business and family matters as casually as there were no war on, but mentions incidentally some of the experiences for which the war is directly responsible. "Some things," writes the brother, "are a bit awkward, but it might be worst. We can only trust in Providence. Not so bad in these parts up to now. Plenty of Khaki about, and defenses in case Hitler tries any tricks. He has had a rough time so far. We are trying to take precautions against attacks, and I think we shall eventually beat him and Musso, although it will take some time... Don't worry about us. We shall battle on and never say die until dead. Nothing of note has happened in these parts, although Hitler's planes have been not many miles from here. Our planes are in the air day and night. We only hope it will end sooner than expected or get quieter as winter draws near."

MENTION IS MADE OF Rising prices, and examples prices of gasoline and tobacco are given, gasoline the English equivalent of 49 cents a gallon, and tobacco 39 cents an ounce. Former tobacco prices were 8 to 10 cents an ounce. The government rations gasoline and tries to discourage smoking.

I CONVEY THANKS TO MRS. F. J. Brown, or Orr, for a garden curiosity in the form of a large double ripe tomato. It is really a double fruit, consisting of two complete tomatoes attached after the fashion of Siamese twins. Such formations are developed sometimes from the friction of two independent fruits which have crowded each other, or the crowding may have taken place while the fruit was forming in the blossoms.

A CORRESPONDENT Submits several questions which I am answering herewith as best I can.

QUESTION—IN PARK RIVER there is said to be the second largest tree in North Dakota. Where is the largest tree in the state?

Answer—Just what tree is the largest in the state has been a matter of some discussion. About seven years ago a claim was presented for the Park River tree, whose circumference at the butt was given as 25 feet. A little later I received a report of a tree on the Tongue river near Bathgate which was found by Ambrose Gibney to measure 22 feet four above the roots and 25 feet two feet above the roots. Since then I have been told of a tree near Hillsboro of approximately the same size, but I haven't the record of its measurements available.

QUESTION — JUST WHERE is Fanny Heath's garden? I could elicit no information on a recent visit to Grand Forks to make a pilgrimage to this garden.

Answer—The Heath farm is about five miles southwest of Grand Forks, but the garden is no longer there. After the death of Mrs. Heath, and later of her husband, maintenance of the garden was discontinued and most of the plants were distributed among local gardeners.

QUESTION — WHAT ARE the specific duties of the National Guard? Are they similar to those in the camp life of the CCC? What is the pay, and to whom is it given, the enlisted man or his family?

ANSWER – The National Guard is in no sense similar to the CCC. While it is composed of civilians who are normally engaged in the usual occupations of their communities, its functions are exclusively military. It may be called into service by the governor of the state to maintain order, or by the president of the United States in time of war. A law recently enacted authorizes the president to call the Guard into service now. Some of the Guard units have already been called, and others are soon to follow. This is for intensive training. In actual service, and in camp, the guardsmen receive the pay of regular soldiers, which is now \$21 per month as a base, and is paid directly to them.

WAR HAS BROUGHT ABOUT a great many changes in the living habits of the English people. It has become necessary to conserve both material and energy in order that the full power of the nation may be devoted to the war. One change that must seem rather startling to those who have been accustomed to the old ways is the installation in many centers of community kitchens and dining halls, where meals are prepared and served for the entire neighborhood. Under this method, it is said, food may be better rationed, better balanced, and cooked and served with less waste than in the separate homes, and much of the labor that has been devoted to the preparation of meals can now be used in preparing supplies of various kinds for the fighting forces.

I HAVE TALKED WITH many persons who have traveled and eaten in England, and if their statements are to be credited it appears that any change in English cooking would be an improvement. There are in England, I am told, a few hotels and restaurants where they know how to broil a steak, bake a potato and make a cup of coffee, but those are sadly in the minority. The average English family, according to informants whom I accept as truthful, subsists chiefly on boiled mutton, soggy boiled potatoes and boiled Brussels sprouts—everything boiled. The “roast beef of Old England,” if not entirely a myth, is unrecognizable to an American as roast beef, and both roasts and steaks, when used at all, are cooked until there is neither life nor juice left in them. Fresh fruits seldom appear on the table, and salads are almost unknown.

IT IS NOT CERTAIN THAT commercial cooking will improve matters much, for the English, with characteristic stubbornness, persist in liking their own kinds of food, boiled in their own wet way. It seems incredible. English people have gone over to France, and after making the rounds of Paris restaurants, have complained that French food is altogether too dry, and, returning home, have settled down happily again to boiled mutton and Brussels sprouts. They do know how to make tea, and for those who like tea that’s something.

OVER IN CALIFORNIA, where a lot of people must lie awake nights thinking up new religions, health fads and social and economic systems, they are working on a new musical scale of 24 notes to take the place of the seven notes in the diatonic or garden scale. The idea is to split up the tones in the present scale, some of them into four parts and others into two, making 24 in all. Then, instead of singing do, re, mi, one would sing do, dee, day, doo, ray, ree, righ, raw, and so on.

TO FIT THAT SCALE A Piano would have to have four separate keyboards, and playing it would be like running up and down stairs. That might be all right for the piano, but the flute would have to be punched full of holes like a colander, and it would take four people to supply fingers enough to play one flute. The Japanese, I understand, use a scale composed of half-tones, and some who have listened think that’s what makes their music so awful. For the amateur vocalist the 24 note scale has some possibilities which seem attractive. When I sing I often play around among the halves and quarters instead of sticking slavishly to the 10-per-centers. It gives variety, and a touch of originality. I shall watch the development of the California plan with interest.

FOR A WEEK, OFF AND ON, I have been watching the colors change on a box elder tree within sight from my window. The box elder is not as colorful as many other trees, and usually after a heavy frost its green foliage turns all at once to a pale brown, with none of the warmer colors to brighten it. This year, as I write, there has been no frost here, and all the neighborhood foliage retains its summer green, except on that one tree. There, on exposed branches, have been developing warm russets, dainty pinks and subdued crimsons, scarcely noticeable to the passer-by, but most pleasing when observed in detail. Some ripening process has been at work in a charming way.

A YOUNG WOMAN Reporter for the Gallup polls writes interestingly of the people she meets and their reactions to the questions she asks. An old man on relief, seated on his porch overlooking New York harbor and the statue of Liberty, grumbled.

"You want to know what I think? I'll tell you what I think. I sit here all day looking at that statue standing out there in the harbor. All day I sit here and I think to myself she's just a statue. That's what she is, this Liberty, just a statue."

TO THIS THE REPORTER adds the pertinent comment: "He had failed to see one thing. Had he been completely right he would not have been allowed to say that." If liberty had been merely a statue he would not have been permitted to sit there and grumble. He would have been ordered to stand up and salute and "Heil" somebody or other.

IMAGINE, TOO, ANY ONE in Germany or any of the countries now occupied by Germany, taking up Gallup poll about a matter of state. And imagine a German newspaper publishing the results of such a poll, tending to show that a majority, or even a substantial minority of the people are opposed to the rule of Hitler or disapprove of anything that he does. Those things aren't done in any country controlled by Hitler. The fact that Americans can and do express themselves freely and safely concerning their government and the men who conduct it is one evidence that in this country, at least, liberty is something more than a statue.

NEW YORK'S WORLD'S FAIR is drawing to a close. It will run through October, and then the work or wrecking will begin. The ground must be cleared promptly so that it may be put to park and other uses. One task, which has presented itself as a real problem, is that of disposing of the exhibits of nations which, when the fair started, were at peace, but which have since been overrun by foreign invaders, and whose governments have been destroyed or are unable to function. There is a large Polish exhibit, but Poland no longer exists except in memory. Belgium is under alien control, as is Czechoslovakia. Other nations are in similar straits.

SOME OF THE EXHIBITS of those nations, works of art, representative products of industry, tokens of cultures that are now suppressed, will be sold. Some collections will be placed in storage, awaiting hoped-for better days. Will they ever cross the ocean again, to be restored to their proper places as evidences of the achievements and the progress of free peoples? Or are they to gather dust for a while, to be scattered and become the play-things of barbarians, or to be displayed in museums, where curious visitors will be old: "Once upon a time, across the ocean, there were free and intelligent peoples who produced these exquisite works of beauty and utility, but those peoples have vanished, and in their place are subject races out of whom the spirit of freedom has been crushed, and who are now chained to the chariot wheels of the god of war?"

NEW YORK CITY HAS HAD several bomb scares, some of them merely scares, and some the real thing. There have been a few bad explosions. The city administration has organized squads to deal with bombs and things suspected of being bombs, a job which would not be at all to my liking. Printed instructions have been issued to police and fire departments telling how to proceed when anything suspected of being a bomb is discovered.

AMONG OTHER THINGS, the fire department is instructed what precautions to take if it is called into action in any such case, and it is to turn the whole problem over to the police department, which, say the instructions, "will be fully responsible for the disposition of the bomb."

THAT SEEMS LIKE A LARGE order for the police department under one definition of the word "disposition." I can think of nothing having a meaner disposition than a bomb, unless it may be two bombs. There is excellent authority for the use of the word in that connection, but wouldn't "disposal" be better?

THOSE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE tours of last year and this year were successful from every standpoint. They were similar in purpose to other tours made years ago under the auspices of the Commercial club, which later became the Chamber of Commerce. The most extensive of those earlier trips was one made by train sometimes in the first decade of the century. There was chartered from the Great Northern a special train consisting of two Pullman sleepers, a tourist sleeper for the band, a diner and baggage car, and with the entire space taken by local business men the train left Grand Forks on a Monday morning, covered the main line of the Great Northern to Montana and all the branch lines west of Larimore, and arrived in Grand Forks about midnight on Friday night.

IT WASN'T POSSIBLE TO Include the Hannah, Neche and Walhalla lines because of lack of time. Those were left for another excursion the following year. A stop was made at every station on the entire route covered. Sometimes the train would start up a branch line at night and the stops would be made returning the next day. Or the order might be reversed and the stops would be made going north by day and the return run to the main line would be made at night with everybody in bed. In that way not a single station was made.

THE PRACTICE WAS TO unload at every stop, line up for a parade led by the band and march to the center of the town, where there would be a few words of welcome by a local official, a response by one of the visitors, and a few minutes of all-round visiting. Longer stops were made at the larger towns, where, in some cases, elaborate entertainment was provided. It was a tired group that got home on Friday night, but everybody felt that it had been a grand week.

THEN THERE WERE Automobile trips, quite a number of them. Automobiling then wasn't what it is now, not by a long shot. The roads were different, and so were the cars. There were no hardsurfaced roads, and scarcely any that were graveled, and rain on one of those trips was catastrophic, for the cars skidded and skittered or bogged down to the axles. The cars, too, were different. They were fractious and temperamental, and nobody could tell at what moment they would do some unexpected thing or refuse to do anything at all. To drive a car fifty miles was an adventure, and to manage a cavalcade required enough generalship to march an army across the state. Every one of those early tours was accompanied by a trouble car in charge of expert mechanics, and on every trip the services of those men were in demand.

PRACTICALLY ALL OF those cars were open, and the windshield afforded only slight protection from the wind. On one trip we left Grand Forks going south, facing a gale, and the air was full of dust. Will Hall, band leader, had smeared cold cream all over his face to prevent chapping, and when the cold cream got full of black dust, you should have seen him. Another time we left St. Thomas for Drayton in a pouring rain. We were to have dinner at Drayton at noon. Two or three of the lighter cars made the trip in a couple of hours. Others made it in four or five hours, and some, I think, didn't get through at all. That gumbo west of Drayton is about the stickiest in the valley. Most of us hopped a freight for Grafton, where we caught the evening passenger train for home.

ON ANOTHER AUTOMOBILE trip a stop was made at McCanna. It isn't a large place, anyway, and in some way they had missed being notified of our coming. Hence there was no local concourse. However, the ritual had to be followed, and the Grand Forks speaker selected for that occasion mounted a flat-car and began his oration: "Good people of McCanna." One of his own crowd shouted: "Hey! you're facing the wrong way. The good people of McCanna are on the other side of the railroad track." The speaker checked up, and, finding that to be true, did a right-about-face.

AMERICAN WEEKLY Magazine devote a great deal of attention to war matters, to the actual progress of the war across the Atlantic and preparations against war on this side. Quite naturally, British publications, which go to people who are day and night in the very thick of the conflict, are filled with war articles and war pictures. I have just been looking over a number of British illustrated weeklies lend to me by a friend, and have noted their contents with interest.

THERE IS EVIDENCE IN ALL of these publications of effort to maintain public morale. In any country engaged in such a desperate struggle there are bound to be restrictions on freedom of expression. The completeness and severity of German censorship are notorious. In Germany, both before and during the war, adverse comment on any of the policies of the government or of its higher officials have been prohibited, and severely punished if made. British censorship is less rigid. British publications may and do criticize the government with great freedom, and authority to repress publication of articles inimical to the nation's war effort is exerted only in rather extreme cases. But the whole trend of the British press is to inspire a spirit of courage and confidence, and in this effort the illustrated weeklies are doing their share.

ACCORDINGLY, IN THE magazines on my desk I find articles and illustrations descriptive of the work that is being done in Britain to strengthen the country against invasion and to prepare it for the offensive when the time for the offensive comes. There are pictures of big guns and smaller pieces of artillery, sometimes complete, sometimes in action, and sometimes in process of manufacture; pictures of seagoing craft of various types, descriptions of their functions and records of some of their achievements; articles descriptive of the methods employed to resist attacks from German planes; and in some cases drawings showing the mechanism of artillery pieces. All these are calculated to make the people feel that the army, navy and air forces are on the job, and that industry is well coordinated in a gigantic war effort.

AMONG THE FEATURES calculated to inspire courage are those relative to the aid that is coming to the island kingdom from overseas. The reader is shown pictures of the landing of thousands of sturdy soldiers from Canada, Australia and New Zealand. There is shown one group of Maoris from New Zealand, stout, rugged fellows, whose fathers showed themselves to be splendid warriors in their conflict with the early British settlers. The sons and grandsons are now citizens and soldiers in the distant dominion and are answering the call from Britain.

IN THE MAGAZINE THERE is no effort to disguise the gravity of the situation which confronts Britain. One magazine quotes a speech by Winston Churchill warning of danger ahead and of the need for alertness, courage and sacrifice, perhaps for a long time. The purpose, and undoubtedly the effect of the publications will be to keep the British chin up and the British face turned forward.

AN AMUSING PICTURE which adorns the front cover page of one of the magazines is an illustration in color of a bog gun, close up. The picture conveys an impression of the power and destructiveness of such a tremendous weapon. Attached to the gun by about 10 feet of string is a little puppy, doubtless of the mascot of the outfit, and one can see from the attitude and expression of the little dog that he is prepared to guard that gun against all comers, Nazi or otherwise.

WHEN HENRY FORD LEFT a \$50 bill on the table to pay for a \$4 dinner, and didn't wait for change, he was in a tight spot. When he was asked if he intended the \$46 as a tip for the waitress, if he has said that he had made a mistake, and has collected his change, some people would have called him a pinch-penny. He or his secretary, said that the big tip was intended. Now, when Mr. Ford goes out to dine, will every waiter expect a \$46 tip from him? And will he, or she, get it?

WHILE THE THIRD-TERM issue has been injected into the present presidential campaign and there is presented definitely the question of the wisdom of having one man serve as president twelve years in succession, it is interesting to recall how few American presidents have completed even two successive terms in office. During the first half-century of the republic the rule was for presidents to serve two terms each. Five of the first seven presidents, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Jackson, each served two full terms. John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams, were given only one term each.

FROM JACKSON'S TIME Until the Civil War, no president was elected to a second term. Lincoln, twice elected, was assassinated shortly after his second inauguration. Since the Civil war only Grant, McKinley, Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt were elected to two successive terms. Cleveland served twice, but Harrison filled the interval between his two terms. Theodore Roosevelt and Coolidge served more than four years each, and each served his first partial term because of the death of his predecessor. Grant made a vigorous effort for a third term after an interval of four years, and failed, and Theodore Roosevelt made a like unsuccessful effort. Thus, in the entire history of the nation only nine president have served for eight consecutive years, and until now none has been a candidate for a third successive term.

THERE ARE VALID Reasons against long and uninterrupted tenure of office in such an exalted position of the presidency, and there is a well-defined sentiment against the practice. Also opposition to a third term often arises, not because of any attitude toward the principle itself, but because of opposition to re-election of the present incumbent. Thus, Democratic congressmen joined in a resolution declaring against a third term while Coolidge was president. Some of those same congressmen are now supporting Roosevelt for a third term, while Republicans who vigorously opposed the third-term resolution in Coolidge's time have discovered great danger in the third term now that Roosevelt is a candidate.

A WEEK AGO I READ AN article by H. G. Wells, denouncing in the pungent style for which Wells is famous, what he described as the snobbishness and inefficiency of many of the prominent figures in British political and military circles. One would gather from the article that in recent years British leadership, with a few notable exceptions, has been deplorably inefficient and sometimes corrupt.

I ENJOYED THE ARTICLE, for Wells is always interesting. He has a deftness in the handling of words which command admiration, and, if his ideas are often fanciful, they are always picturesque. I recalled, as I read the broadside, that Wells is an Englishman, that he has his home and his interests in England, and that while he writes such devastating criticisms of some of the principal figures in his country's government, he is permitted to remain as large, without interference, and, so far as I know, without rebuke. He has neither been hanged, beheaded nor shot. He has not been locked up in jail or sent to a concentration camp, he hasn't been tortured into confessing something, and he hasn't even "disappeared." He just goes about as he pleases, and writes what he thinks, or what he wishes people to think he thinks, and I have no doubt he enjoys himself hugely while doing it.

I DIDN'T WONDER WHAT would happen to Wells if he were a German or a Russian and while living in his native country he should express himself in a similar way about its public men and public affairs. I didn't permit myself to wonder about that because the possibilities are too numerous and so varied that it would make one dizzy to try to think of them all. But I am quite sure that no such expression from him would result in his immediate and complete suppression. I don't know exactly what would happen to him, but I am quite sure that it wouldn't be pleasant.

WE HAVE IN THIS Country some who denounce the American system of government as being tyrannical and oppressive and who recommend Naziism, or Fascism, or Communism as vastly superior. So long as they do not incite to violence, they are quite at liberty to do so. They enjoy that liberty under the system which they denounce, whereas, under any of the systems which they advocate they would be muzzled, and if they persisted, put to death.

PRESS DISPATCHES FROM abroad deal chiefly with the spectacular events of the war, the conflict of flying squadrons miles above the earth, the bombardment of cities, the destruction of monuments of art and industry of a thousand years, the assembling of flotillas laden with armed men, the massacre of human beings, all leading to the shattering of empires, and, perhaps for generations, the degradation of mankind. Such are the highlights of that epic struggle, of which the world wishes to be informed. But within the realm of that conflict are homes where men, women and children live, and where they must continue as well as they can the commonplace activities of life, even though bombs are bursting around them and some of their young men are away in the wars. Light is shed on the life of those beleaguered people in letters occasionally received here by their friends, and one gains some impression of how people live when the universe appears to be crashing about them.

LAST YEAR REV. W. Murray Allan of Grand Forks was visited by a cousin, Captain William Allan, and his wife, who had come from their English home for a brief visit with relatives, and who made many friends during their stay. A letter recently received from Mrs. Allan tells of family events and activities during the strenuous time. A son, commissioned in the Cameron Highlanders, went to France in the spring, and after a letter dated May 28 nothing was heard from or about him for weeks. Then he was reported missing. Still later he was reported in a German prison camp, and, knowing that he was still living, his mother writes "We feel now able to tackle any job that may lie ahead of us with fresh heart."

INFORMATION WAS Received that the family would be permitted to send the young man one 10-pound parcel of clothing, and nothing else. The items were selected with great care. The mother writes:

"As he probably had to walk from Arras to Babaria, we thought we should use three of the 10 pounds for a pair of boots, another three for a sleeping bag and the rest underclothing, socks and gloves. No jackets were allowed."

THE LETTER CONTINUES: We don't know whether he was wearing his kilt when captured, but we think he was, as the Highland troops defied regulations and would not give their kilts up even if it meant wearing them over battle dress. We gather that he was separated from the main body of Camerons and joined up with a large body of separated men who fought in the rear guard action from Arras to St. Valerie, which was apparently worse than the rear guard action to Dunkirk."

CAPTAIN ALLAN IS Described as "a civilian to a certain extent." He applied for admission to the Air Force, but was rejected as "too old." "So," says his wife, "he has settled down to pig keeping and home guarding, and has been working very hard."

THE REFERENCE TO PIG keeping may require explanation. Early in the war the government agency devoted to maintenance of food supply urged all residents of the kingdom who had a few square feet of space in gardens or elsewhere to keep pigs. The reason for this was that pigs could be fed on refuse from the homes, and that they multiply rapidly. That recommendation has been generally followed, and Captain Allan, in addition to Home Guard duties, employees himself carrying swill to the 36 pigs that the family has accumulated.

AN AIR RAID SHELTER HAS been built in the village for children going to school, and of this shelter Mrs. Allan writes":

"It has had a great moral effect on the children, as it has turned the idea of a raid from a nightmare of terror into a time when they can be safe and play games. They march into the shelter in quiet order, and one would think we had given them a Christmas party by the happy expressions on their faces when they are in it. It is a sad thought that the world is in such state that a child is thrilled with a shelter as a gift, but we hide our mature sad thoughts and help them to think of the shelter as a happy place. The psychological effect is so gratifying that we feel really satisfied that we have done a big thing in the lives of these children to help them come out of the experience of war with healthy minds and bodies.

THE VILLAGE HAS Received a number of "evacuees," children moved in this case from London to places of less congestion and greater safety. Of these Mrs. Allan writes:

"They came here palefaced children without the slightest knowledge of the ways of life other than lived by people in the poorest London quarters. Now they have such rosy cheeks that you cannot distinguish them from the village children. They have learned to be clean and orderly, and they are polite in the most natural sounding way. In brief, they are like different children in every respect. They have done everything to co-operate in the efforts of the village salvage campaign, and have made a real place for themselves in all our hearts. It has been a joy to build an air raid shelter for them, and they are so appreciative."

WHEN I COMMENTED THE other day on English cooking as I had heard it described, I rather expected to hear more about it, and in that I have not been disappointed. My good friend Rev. John D. Cawthorne, Methodist pastor at Drayton, comes to the defense of the cooks of his native country in right manful fashion. My paragraphs were prompted by a brief news dispatch saying that in certain localities in England community kitchens and dining halls were being established as a means of conserving both food and labor. And now, Mr. Cawthorne has the floor:

"**I READ YOUR 'THAT Reminds Me,'**" he writes, "with more than usual interest today— I mean the column in last night's paper—but also with a great deal of surprise. I think the main reason for the adoption of Communal Feeding, is that in the purchase of great quantities of food of various kinds there is a large saving of expenditure and a lessening of the amount of waste. I feel very sorry for your informants. They had an unfortunate experience. I would really like to know how they are able to say what "the average English family" eats, or what is the degree of excellence or inferiority of the cooking in these homes. Upon what do they base their assertions—which you accept—that they subsist chiefly on boiled mutton, soggy boiled potatoes and boiled Brussels Sprouts—everything boiled.

"**I HAVE LIVED IN THE** North of England, in the Midlands and in the South West. I am familiar with every part of the country, except the South East and Kent. I know South Wales. I have been entertained in all classes of homes, and stayed at many hotels—Old Inns, such as are described in the National Geographic Magazine March 1931. Large seaside hotels, commercial hotels, and little country hostleries, but I have never yet had the disappointing experience that your friends seem to have had when they visited England.

"**THE ROAST BEEF OF** England is not a myth! It is what is claimed for it, still the important item of diet that it has always been. In every reputable housewife's food program it has first place. We had it every week at my home; a large joint, carved by my father on the Sunday and served cold on the day following and after that, its disposition was varied (Dry Hash, Stew, etc.) Our home was no exception, as anyone who has lived in England can testify. And the beef was not cooked until there was no life or nourishment to be obtained from the eating thereof.

"**THE POTATOES WERE NOT** soggy! they were served in several ways as they are in this country. It would be just as inconsiderate for me to say that because I have had potatoes served in a Grand Forks restaurant, half cold, that they do not know how to cook potatoes in America.

"Of course, they do have mutton and lamb in England, but not as a staple diet, and not frequently boiled, and I can assure you that roast lamb is very delicious— but I do not need to tell you this for you know it, in spite of what your friends may say.

"They have an abundance of vegetables, and they use them. I quote from the Geographic Magazine for January 1935, p. 16. 'Anyone who has eaten in English Inns or on English trains must wonder about the source of all the cabbage served with potatoes. Isle of Wight can account for many tons of it.'

"Again from another copy of the same magazine, viz. March, 1931, 'It would be difficult to discover an English Inn of any repute where a generous supply of eatables and drinkables is not the rule.'

"**SO FAR AS THE 'Commercial Cooking'** is concerned, I am quite sure it will be no improvement on that which is found in most of the homes of England. It is, of course, a fact that in a nation of 45 millions, in which there are 13 million homes that you will have a percentage of shiftless, inefficient, careless housewives. For the most part, however, they feed their families as well as they can afford to do.

"You know, I am sure, of Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding. One day last year I was surprised, when listening to KFJM when Professor Rowland was introducing my son Deryck who was to sing, to hear him say, 'I am well acquainted with his father and mother and have had the pleasure of having roast beef and Yorkshire pudding at their parsonage home.'

"I am certain that you will want to hear the other side, and this is my justification for taking up so much of your time.

FAR BE IT FROM ME TO argue about a subject concerning which I know so little. In defense of my former more or less frivolous comment, however, I will say merely that my impressions of English cooking, rather vague, I confess, were gained from descriptions given me by friends, some of whom had visited England as tourists, while others had lived there for months or years.

A STRAY PARAGRAPH tells of a parliamentary practice which is said to have been followed in the ancient republic of Locria. A member of that body desiring to propose a new law was required to stand in the center of the assembly. A rope was fastened around his neck and the end thrown over a beam above him. He then proposed his law. A vote was taken instantly. If the measure failed to pass, the other members hauled vigorously on their end of the rope. The practice discouraged needless proposals. Some people think there are too many laws in the United States, but would hesitate to suggest revival of this ancient practice. Others are inclined to think it might be a good thing.

WINSTON CHURCHILL SAID not long ago that Hitler was finding the people of England tougher than he expected. That toughness is still in evidence, notwithstanding the pounding that has been done. The people have expected invasion for weeks, and from all the evidence available the preponderant feeling seems to be of impatience that it is so long delayed. "Let them just come where we can get at them," — that, or its equivalent, is the remark that correspondents hear everywhere.

AS I HAVE READ THOSE statements, time after time, I have been reminded of another defiance whose source I have lost, but which seems to express tersely what most of the British appear to be thinking: "We will welcome them with bloody hands to hospitable graves."

As nearly as I can recall, that bold utterance was made by a Texan when the republic, was threatened with invasion by Mexico, but just what were the circumstances, and what Texan expressed himself in such forthright terms I have been unable to find out. I have searched reference books until I am weary, without result. If any reader can help me out I shall be grateful.

SEPTEMBER HAVING AN R in its name, the eating of oysters is now permissible. There has been a sort of superstition that there is some magic about the letter R which makes oysters unfit for food in R-less months. This, I understand, is a mistake. British oysters have been famous for two thousand years. Julius Caesar found them so good that he had them shipped all the way to Rome, which was quite a jaunt in those days. Oyster fishing became an important British industry, and in the absence of regulation there was danger that the bed would be depleted and the industry destroyed. Therefore in the reign of Edward I an edict was issued prohibiting the taking of oysters between the months of April and September, and it happens that there is no R in the name of any of the prohibited months. I believe that ancient law has been re-enacted and is still in force in some of the American coastwise states.

SOME DAYS AGO I Referred to English illustrated magazines which had been lent me and to the various phases of war activities depicted on their pages. One of them contains a map of the United States dotted with pictures showing the products of different sections. The purpose, of course, is to show the United States is a vast store house from which Britain can buy food and other commodities.

SHEAVES OF WHEAT ARE shown, of course, in the North Dakota and Texas areas, oil and timber in California, cattle in several states, and manufactures are represented by smoking chimneys through the industrial east. Curiously, it seemed to me at first, there is no mention of corn, although the United States produced about three times as much corn as wheat. On second thought the omission seemed less strange, as the British do not rely much on corn. And in this country while considerable quantities of corn are used for human food, most American corn is marketed on the hoof and finds its way to the ultimate consumer in the form of hams, bacon, steaks and roasts. A very large proportion of American corn is consumed right on the farms where it is grown and is marketed in the form of cattle and hogs.

DAVE BOONE IN THE Indianapolis News takes this fling at Jim Farley and his passion for new issues of stamps: "I hope Mr. Farley shakes off all those habits he contracted in the postoffice department and don't start issuing bottles in new shapes and designs. And I hope he keeps the drink in one color. "It would be funny to ask for a soft drink and have the clerk ask, 'Do you want it in the Yellowstone park anniversary bottle or the new Thomas Jefferson memorial container?'"

MY REMARKS A FEW DAYS ago about the splitting up of the notes of the familiar diatonic scale into quarter-tones, so as to make a scale of 22 notes instead of our usual seven brings a letter from Leigh Gerdin, who returned some months ago from work as a Rhodes scholar at Oxford. Mr. Gerdin, who specialized in music, writes of different systems of subdivision which are now in use, at least experimentally. He tells me that there is in the University Carnegie Record library a recording of a composition for fretted instruments, violin and human voice sounding quarter, eighth and sixteenth steps.

"THE EFFECT," WRITES Mr. Gerdin, "is most interesting: At times it sounds vaguely like a fire truck going down the street or a symphony of alley cats on the back fence, and other times it is very beautiful indeed."

MR. GERDIN ENCLOSES A letter from Dr. T. Armstrong, organist of Christ church cathedral in Oxford, and director of the famous Bach choir there, whose letter is interesting because of the glimpses which it gives of British reactions to the war, Writing of an offer which he has received of sanctuary for his children in the United States, Dr. Armstrong writes:

"At the time when evacuation was first discussed we thought it all out and decided to keep them at home. It's a very big decision to make either way, for nobody knows how long the war may continue and what arrangements could be made for the children in the event of a five-year-war or something of the kind."

"OXFORD," CONTINUES DR. Armstrong, "so far has been very lucky. There have been raids on airdromes in the neighborhood, but the city itself has not been attacked. (This was August 18) and as they do not nowadays give air-raided alarms except in case of attack, it has been possible to sleep sound at nights."

THE WAR ENTAILS LOSSES which cannot be calculated in material terms, but which are very real, nevertheless. Of one of these Dr. Armstrong writes in mentioning the work of his choir, which he says has been "singing wonderfully." "Now, sad to say," he writes, "it will be broken up, for five or six of the men are registered and are due for calling up. It is a small thing, and compared, with the war it is nothing; but it is a symptom of the fearful destruction. The choir has taken a long time to build, and it was not a chance growth. It will take a long time to rebuild if it has to go."

MY FRIEND TOM HARIG planted a peach-pit six years ago at his home on Thirteenth avenue South. The seed sprouted and the seedling grew until it is now a lusty tree, loaded with fruit. But the "peaches" are plums, nothing more or less, and very fine plums, at that. They are smaller than most of the commercial plums, but much larger than the compass cherries that one finds on the market. Their color is mingled pink and yellow and they are juicy and sweet, with true plum pits instead of peach pits. We are told that figs do not grow on thistles, but plums, it seems, can and do come from peaches.

I CAN'T SEE HOW ANY grafting or budding of the original peach stock could influence the progeny in that way. Was the peach blossom fertilized with pollen from an adjacent plum tree? That, it seems, might produce a cross of some sort, but this fruit bears no evidence of crossing. It is plum all the way through. The tree itself has been given no winter protection, but it has survived all the sub-zero weather that we have had, and it seems to have thrived on it. .

ANOTHER NOVELTY WHICH Harig has in his garden is a grapefruit seedling which was grown out of doors and lived through last winter without protection and is now about five feet tall. Many persons grow small grapefruit plants in the house for decorative purposes, but Tom grew his out of doors. Advised to take it inside last fall, he said he wasn't going to coddle it. If it couldn't stand the climate it would have to go. And there it is, having lived through at least one North Dakota winter.

OF LATE I HAVE TAKEN bits from several letters from Great Britain written to friends here which differ from newspaper dispatches and radio broadcasts in that they are intimate personal messages, written with thought that they would reach the public, and therefore more revealing of daily life and daily thinking than other forms of communication can be. These letters have been from points widely separated, Wales, the Midlands, Oxford, and now I have one from Edinburgh. Since they were written, of course, the intensive bombing of London has been going on, but every district represented has been bombed more or less severely since the raids began. The present letter is from an Edinburgh professional man, who writes in part:

"**AS A MATTER OF FACT**, up to the present, the state of affairs here is not at all bad, and very little different from normal to all outward appearance. Certain articles of food are rationed but the quantities are liberal and indeed ample in most respects. Blackout regulations are a bit of a nuisance; but after all, folk in the country don't have lighted streets to walk about in, and they get about all right in the dark. Why should townfolk not do the same?

"**ENEMY ACTION HAS BEEN** very slight hereabouts. He has been raiding fairly heavily in the south of England during the past few days, as you no doubt have heard. No doubt he has done a lot of damage and destruction, but he himself has had to pay very heavily in aircraft and crews for doing so. For instance, eleven machines raided Croydon two or three days ago, and not one got back to tell the tale.

"No, so far we in this country have not by any means had a bad time. Possibly a real period of trial and endurance is about to come, so far as personal suffering and material damage are concerned.

"**BRITAIN IS FACING A** Tremendous problem, but no one is panicky or excited; and no one fears the enemy or doubts our own ultimate success. Your country can help us very much by sending the best material in the shortest time and at the cheapest possible rates, and also by cutting off from the enemy and from the countries controlled by him all warlike supplies.

"**THE TIME THAT IS GOING** to be hardest for us all in this country will be after the war, when the accounts are made up and we see the cost. Already taxation is very heavy, but it must go higher yet without doubt. Shall we ever be able to pay off the huge bills? Life will be different after the war for most of us, so far as money is concerned. But if this is the price we have to pay for certain victory and for the restoration to the world of common sense, liberty and justice, it will not be high."

SO THE EDINBURGH Letter ends. In it, as in others received, one finds evidence that thinking British people are accepting the tragic experiences to which they are being subjected, and looking forward to others that may be still more trying, fully realizing their gravity, but quietly resolved to see this thing through to the end, and with unshaken confidence in ultimate victory. It is that spirit, and that alone, which can build impregnable defenses.

PROBABLY SENATOR Ashurst of Arizona falls somewhat short of being a great man, but he is a most entertaining and likeable person. He is both humorous and witty, qualities not always found in combination. He is eccentric and unpredictable, inconsistent and boastful of it, and probably he retains more of the flavor of old-time oratory than any other man in public life. In his 28 years in the senate he had made a host of friends, but recently he appears to have been more popular in Washington than in Arizona, for the voters of his state recently recorded a decisive majority against his re-election. Senator Ashurst took his defeat with good grace, and his "farewell" address in the senate the other day was a model of good humor. Of him it may be said, as was said of the ancient Thane of Cawdor, "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it."

CHARGES MANATING from Berlin that the British have been deliberately bombing German civilians, and threats of reprisals in kind may be swallowed by the Germans at home, who are not permitted to know what is going on in the world. To outsiders who have access to the facts, such statements are childish. I have no means of knowing what persons and places in Germany have been bombed by the British, or why. But all the world knows the Nazi record in its attitude toward civilians.

MORE THAN A YEAR AGO Nazi fliers subjected Warsaw to the most merciless attacks that any city had ever received from the air. Last winter Rotterdam was given similar punishment. In each case bombs were rained promiscuously on homes and hospitals. In these and other cases civilians were machine-gunned on the streets. Helpless refugees in France were machine-gunned on the highways, and survivors leaving torpedoed vessels were mercilessly shot down in open boats at sea. These things are matters of unchallenged record. Whatever the British have done or are doing in Germany they knew from what had gone before that the monster with which they were in conflict would spare neither women nor children, neither the sick nor the aged, neither works of art nor places of worship, but would expend his savage blood-lust on all of them.

WEATHER HAS TO BE taken into the calculations of all military commanders. Fair weather and foul have their bearing on the movement of armies, the sailing of ships and the preparations which must be made for advance or retreat—Just what effect weather changes will have on the progress of the present war is a matter which is still in doubt. There are those who believe that cloudy and foggy weather will aid rather than impede German air attacks on Britain. Be that as it may, it appears certain that stormy weather must seriously handicap the landing of a large land force in England. To transport an adequate force the Germans must use a vast flotilla of small craft, not built for rough water, at the mercy of a sea that can be as violent as any on the globe. Stormy weather may or may not aid Britain ultimately but it would hold up an invasion in force.

INTHIS CONNECTION there is interest in the hurricanes which come in from the Atlantic and sometimes strike heavily at points in the United States. Those storms do not all follow the same course, nor can their path be plotted with certainty. Nearly all of them originate in the equatorial Atlantic and at first travel northwesterly. Crossing the Caribbean some of them strike our Gulf coast and blow themselves to pieces inland. Others, and perhaps the majority, curve northward after striking the Caribbean, then continue the curve through or near the Carolinas, then northeastward through the Atlantic to European waters, sometimes causing heavy damage along our north Atlantic coast.

APPARENTLY THE STORM that swept the English channel last week was a part of such a great disturbance. A storm of unusual severity, it followed an almost circular course almost paralleling the North American coast, but fortunately well cut at sea. Its fury continued until well out into the Atlantic, and after that I saw no specific record of its progress. It was significant to me, however, that the English channel had winds of hurricane force just about the time that the influence of that storm might have been expected to reach Europe.

I WAS INTERESTED THE other day in reading the description by Vincent Sheean, world famous traveler and correspondent, of what he has just seen in London. Last Sunday evening, between air raids, Sheean visited Marble Arch, where Sunday evening crowds are always harangued by speakers with a message to convey.

“There they were, just as before,” writes Sheean, “although the audience was smaller now. There were three religious speakers with placards, one Irish Republican, one Socialist and one Communist. The Irishman attracted his crowd chiefly by telling jokes and pseudo-Irish boast. The Socialist and Communist speakers were very much in earnest and had larger groups.

“Side by side, they both attacked the capitalist system and urged its overthrow. But the Socialist included Chancellor Hitler among his enemies, while the Communist apparently did not think him worth mentioning.”

DO YOU SUPPOSE THERE are any crowds in Berlin squares listening to speakers criticizing the acts of their overlords and describing the excellencies of the democratic system of government? I don't. And because the British have been so long accustomed to think and speak as they please, they are fighting to retain the right rather than being gagged and throttled as some of their neighbors are.

A FRIEND INQUIRE IF the Lieutenant Robert Davies, who bossed the job of digging up the time bomb at St. Paul's cathedral, and drove the truck that carted the thing away to be harmlessly exploded in a marsh, is by any chance a relative of mine. Like me, he lived in Canada for years, and, unlike me, he was graduated from the University of Toronto. I should feel honored to claim relationship, lineal or collateral, with Lieutenant Davies, but, being a truthful person, I can't. In Wales the Davies are as thick as dandelions on a neglected lawn, but, while dandelions may be related to each other, there is no evidence of relationship of one little Davies group to another other than that of common descent from Adam.

I THINK I HAVE Explained before that my family name is based on the fact that St. David was chosen as the patron saint of Wales. Some Welsh families became known as Jones, or Roberts, or Williams — I don't know why. Others, under the influence of patriotic fervor or religious exaltation, chose some form of the name David. Hence we have in Wales the names Davids, Davidson, Davies, and several others, some inhabitants, of the same village and others living clear over on the other side of the mountain. So, while removal of the bomb from St. Paul's sheds not even reflected glory on me, I honor the spunk of the cheap who did it, regard less of his name.

I HAVE WRITTEN OF THE fearlessness of humming birds in attacking marauders which have designs on their nests or young. The pugnacity of the humming bird, it appears, is not confined to defense of its home and family. It may fight others of its own kind, possibly as an exercise in preparedness. A friend tells me of seeing a humming bird make a vicious attack on another which had entered upon the back-yard premises evidently considered as its own by the first bird. The invader didn't put up much of a fight, perhaps feeling that he was in the wrong, and the defender was soon left in undisputed possession of the yard.

ALTHOUGH DANDELIONS are no longer "in season" from a blossom standpoint, now until the end of this month is the time to kill the plants with kerosene, says L. E. Longley, horticulturist, University Farm, St. Paul.

Longley points out that kerosene control has been tried for two years at University Farm with nearly 100 per cent effectiveness on lawns of either Bluegrass, Bent grass or Fescue. He advises applying the kerosene with an ordinary handsprayer at the rate of not more than 5 gallons for each 1,000 square feet. The spray will turn the grass brown but the color returns in two to four weeks' time. Care should be taken to apply the kerosene in a very fine spray and apply it evenly.

SOME AUTOMOBILE HORNS give a fair imitation of the caw of a crow, but I don't think I could mistake one for the real thing, and the other day while down town I heard what I feel sure was the "Caw, caw" of a real crow from somewhere overhead. I don't remember ever seeing a crow in the business section of town, and very rarely does one appear around the outskirts, except perhaps along the river.

THE MOTHER OF TWIN girls was asked if they looked alike. "The older one does," said the mother, "but the younger one is quite different."

PROBABLY BECAUSE I have written so often about the Amish, those sturdy Pennsylvanians whose ancestors migrated long ago from Germany by way of Switzerland, that a friend sends me a newspaper clipping telling of an interesting incident in their very recent history. Not all the Pennsylvania "Dutch" are Amish, that term being applied to the members of a particular group whose religious belief condemns many modern practices which others consider progressive. The more rigid of them condemn the use of modern mechanical devices and follow antiquated fashions in clothing which are intended to set them apart from the "world," and which have earned for them the name "Plain People." On this account they are sometimes said to be "queer." Their "queerness" is further exhibited in their almost unvarying practice of habits of industry, thrift, honesty, neighborliness and independence. Surely, a "queer" people.

THE PRINCIPAL AMISH settlement is in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. There for generations they have farmed land, not too promising at the beginning, but which they have brought to a high state of fertility and productiveness. Under their treatment the land has so increased in value that it has become increasingly difficult for the father of the typically numerous Amish family to give each of his children a farm. Therefore there was another Amish migration not so long ago in which many families moved over into Maryland, where they bought a large acreage of land which was cheap because it was considered poor. Those families are now applying to that cheap land the methods which have made Lancaster county blossom as the rose.

EARLY THIS SUMMER Benjamin Stoltzful, leader of the group of migrants, started work on a new barn. He built its foundation 58 by 78 feet, of concrete, supporting heavy joists and a first floor of sound plank. Then 100 of his old neighbors came over from Pennsylvania to build the superstructure. It is contrary to the principles of most Amish to own automobiles, but this cavalcade came over in hired automobiles. They brought with them lumber from trees grown on their own sawmill and seasoned until it was fit for use. They started work on the building one morning and finished it before night, and Stoltzful has a fine new barn. What a country this would be if some of the "queer-ness" of the Amish should spread to the rest of us.

A MATHEMATICIAN OF THE London Daily Express has calculated in detail the cost of some arms which figure in Britain's war expenditure of £9,000,000 a day.

A rifle bullet, for instance, costs approximately 2d.—but in bulk 1,000 rounds (bullets) of rifle ammunition cost £5 10s. Similarly rifles themselves in quantities work out £7 each.

A hand grenade is quite cheap —2s. 9d. A pistol can be bought for £4, while a trench mortar costs £40.

As little as £1 makes a small bomb (incendiary). A bomb to sink a submarine costs £15, medium type £25. R. A. F. bombs on enemy airfields cost £20, armor-piercing bombs £100.

SEVENTY YEARS AGO I could, and did, catch flies, not with either vinegar or molasses, but with my good right hand. I had no pressing need for flies, but the presence of one served as a challenge. The fly buzzing around me seemed to be daring me to catch it, and catch it I did, on the wing, or sitting—if flies sit—anywhere within reach. I can't do it now. I don't even attempt to catch one flying. I gave that up quite a while ago. And even when one alights right in front of me, not two feet away, and wiggles its head at me, no matter how I may sneak up on it, or how careful I take aim, or with what power I swoop, the fly is gone, to come back in a few minutes to tantalize me again. Even flies become more skittish and agile than of yore; or is it possible that I have slowed down a bit?

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN millions who uttered exclamations of thankfulness, pious or profane in form, but earnest and devout in sentiment, when they learned that the little de Tristan child in California had been rescued unharmed from his abductor, and that his rescuers, a couple of h u s k y lumbermen, had given the abductor the beating of his life in the process. If they had pounded him to d e a t h the only cause for regret would have been the possibility of thwarting efforts to discover others who, almost certainly, were associated in the crime. Quite often some one declares his approval of something in principle, but later he disapproves of the method of applying the principle. In what may be termed the obverse of that attitude, I am unalterably opposed in principle to physical violence, but in such a case as this I am enthusiastically in favor of its application.

THE ABDUCTOR IN THIS case is now in jail, awaiting whatever processes the law provides, and nursing his bruises, which I sincerely hope are racking and torturing him. I have no doubt that sob sisters of both sexes will discover that the perpetrator of this most despicable crime is to be pitied rather than condemned because he has been wronged by society and never given a chance. We shall be told, probably, that he was a promising boy who was always kind to his mother, and that he would have been a model member of society if society had handed him a college education, and a fat, easy job. Let them sob, but I'm glad those lumbermen treated him rough.

I RECALL NO RECENT cases of kidnapping in Great Britain. Canada has had one or two that have attracted considerable attention. Under the British law, and I believe this is true also in Canada, it is a criminal offense for anyone to pay money to a kidnaper for the recovery of an abducted person. Not long ago the attorney general of Ontario suggested an extension of the Canadian law which, in addition to prohibiting payment, would provide for the attachment and temporary holding by the state of all the property of near relatives which could be used for ransom. The idea was to make ransom not only illegal but impossible. There is something in that to think about. It stands to reason that if the incentive to kidnapping is removed there will be less kidnapping. On the other hand, one cannot forget the anguish of those who are subject to the torture of having loved ones taken away from them, and who would be willing to make any sacrifice to insure their safety.

THE BARRYMORES ARE again in the divorce court. This time it is John who asks for divorce. I heard John Barrymore's voice over the radio for a few minutes on Sunday evening, as I suppose some millions of others did. And I wondered how many thought, as I did, of the tragedy of which that brief radio appearance was a forceful reminder. Barrymore had the capacity to be a great actor. At times he has risen to great heights. Native talent, family tradition and public receptiveness were all his, and he might have gone from success to success, winning honor and distinction for himself and making his life a permanent contribution to the dignity of a grand profession. Instead, he has let himself go and has slipped from one lower level to another until he has been satisfied to appear before the public as a buffoon, entertaining the crowd with off-color wisecracks, and, in this last radio appearance, making his own lamentable failings the subject of slap-stick jesting. When a man throws his money away we say "What a fool!" But when one throws himself away there are no words to describe the tragedy.

WHEN I WROTE Irreverently of English cooking as it had been described to me by several friends who had experienced it I did not have in mind either the kind of cooking that one meets on palatial liners, in a few select hotels, or in Buckingham Palace. Neither was I thinking of the kind of cooking that is done in any of the London slums. The information that came to me, always with a spice of good-natured humor, was of what friends of mine had observed as generally prevalent in English visits, sometimes of considerable length. However, in the discussion that has been precipitated I carefully maintain my position as a neutral, with my fingers crossed and my "hair parted in the middle." This time Mrs. Gwladys Eleanor Folsom of Grand Forks gives her version. After citing the experience of Mark Twain, who thought Turkish coffee was "mud" because he didn't understand the Turkish way of treating it, Mrs. Folsom continues:

"IN BETTER DAYS I'M SURE the fame of the cuisine of those palatial Atlantic ocean liners had spread even farther west than this delightful Red River Valley. In the dining saloon of any of these great ships might be found the most delightful handiwork of famous French, Italian, Scandinavian, German or English chefs bouchees, souffles, croquettes, brioche, trifle, Vol-au-vent, marmalade, Remoulade, biscuits buns, cakes ad lib. Now it so happens here in this great agricultural domain that livestock is a very major industry—hence it people have been taught to eat plenty of pork and beef and mutton. Nothing wrong about that but I'm afraid the aesthetics have been too much neglected.

"LIFE REALLY HASN'T more to offer than an ocean voyage in such environment, yet our good American travelers will invariably insist upon their "bacon and eggs" for breakfast; their "beef" or "pork" for luncheon, their "steaks" or "chops" for dinner; and always with mixed feeling of amused regret to the traveled European gourmand. Again, for a thing unknown—no matter how delightful—there is no desire, said the Latins, oh! so many centuries ago.

"NOW OUR TRAVELER Disembarks in England, and of course she or he will sooner or later be hungry. Nice Old Mother Nature is funny that way. Thirsty too, no doubt. I'm sorry you wrote of your informants whom I accept as truthful, remember? Of course the nice things were most certainly conscientious. I'd be the last to suggest it. I've too many nice American friends to even hint otherwise. But I've been, I am, not infrequently even now, in just the frame of mind they found themselves when trying to enjoy their first few meals in a strange country. Though I've heartily enjoyed these several years of late this side the Atlantic, I shall never get used to eating from cold plates—plates spread around the table before the meal—never heated. Englishmen like their meals hot—even the boiled ones, if you please. The plates to come from a warming oven just before the meal is served, in England. We don't mind so much if the room is cold. We haven't always enjoyed this luxury of heat in the British Isles, as have you more fortunate Americans. It's a damp and cold climate. We have become acclimated to it. But we must have a hot meal hot. (I seem to remember eating off hot plates in this country. W. P. D.)

"AS FOR THE FOOD OUR nice Americans may be privileged to choose in England—I'm afraid you'll have to pay me for my time, did I attempt to cover it in a short criticism of this kind. I'd glad to loan you our Mrs. Beeton's book on cookery, if the family will spare it. Believe me, there's your bacon and eggs—or was—Your beef, pork, lamb, fish and fowl—and as for its preparation and condition as you will—or would have found it—I can only point to the great age people generally attain in that tight little isle. Or take you round to the Tower of London to see the guards—whose fine physique and red flushed faces have led the natives to call them 'beef eaters;' or point out, as we walk along to the height and slimness of those whom you have been led to believe subsist solely on "boiled mutton, soggy potatoes and boiled Brussels sprouts—everything boiled." The first rule of an Englishman's dinner is that there must be one vegetable from above the ground, and one from below the ground. The second rule no doubt would be, the less fried food the better. Just how important this is to one's diet will become apparent only by a little practice. Try it for a while, and then tell me that England doesn't know her vegetables.

"FOOD IS SUCH A VERY very interesting subject—I may be pardoned for continuing. A very fine American—sorry I've forgotten his name—he was an Oregon man—once wrote a book called 'Food and Flavor.' I urge all to read it; perhaps your library can procure a copy, or several copies. Here in the Red River Valley—the 'Nations Great Bread Basket'—too much cannot be known of food. Too, you Sir, will find it not only interesting but informative. You'll like what he has to say of English food.

"TRUE, WE DO NOT HAVE all the luxury of fresh vegetables you very fortunate Americans en-(Turn to Page 7, CoL-3.)

MANY THANKS TO MRS. Nellie Lake, 2201 Fourth avenue North, Grand Forks, for a basket of fine Concord grapes grown in her back yard. The trouble with most home-grown Concord grapes that I have seen is that while the vines may grow and yield well, the fruit ripens too late and must be gathered a little immature or be caught by the frost. Mrs. Lake's grapes are ripe and sweet, and I am told that she has a fine crop of them.

A FEW DAYS AGO I mentioned having heard the cawing of a crow somewhere down town, although I was unable to see the bird. I am told now that the crow was almost certainly a tame one that had wandered from its home somewhere in East Grand Forks. Several persons saw and heard it.

THAT WAS A REAL FROST on Tuesday night. Ice an eighth of an inch thick formed on the bird bath, and I see the University weather bureau reports three degrees of frost. Zinnias and some other flowering plants have a withered look, but in my neighborhood petunias, asters and snapdragons show no sign of having been touched.

IF ANYONE WANTS A FINE rose geranium to keep indoors he can have one of mine. It was grown from a slip started last spring, and has become an immense plant with dense foliage. The women like them for the fragrance of their leaves, and to flavor jelly. One of mine has had two tiny blossoms, which seems to be unusual. Several friends have told me that they never knew of a "rose" geranium blooming before.

A QUESTION MARK, AND not a period, should follow the sentence: "May I help you with your problem of reorganization of the personnel?" but it took a decision of the New York supreme court 13 pages long to settle the question, if it is settled.

The question what symbol to use in such a case was asked in a civil service examination for clerks, and 17 candidates who voted for the question mark were marked wrong by the examiners and failed to pass. They went to court for a ruling. They got the ruling and a passing grade.

THE CIVIL SERVICE Commission held that the sentence is a question only in a technical sense, being an offer of service rather than an inquiry. But Justice Pecora, after consulting 46 authorities, including publishers, editors, university professors and librarians, held that in addition to being interrogative in form, there is nothing in it to suggest that a "yes" or "no" answer is not expected. The court holds that the sentence: "May we expect prompt payment" is quite different, being intended as a demand for payment rather than for a verbal answer.

DROPPING OF BOMBS NEAR St. Paul's cathedral in London has prompted many sketches of the history of that famous edifice. There is recalled, among other things, the remark of the architect, Sir Christopher Wren: "If you would see my monument, look around." A man's good work is his finest monument.

IN A COLLECTION OF Scottish songs sung in London by an excellent soprano and broadcast by short wave was one entitled "Charlie, my darlin'." I am not familiar with it, but its title and words indicate that it is a Jacobite song written and sung nearly 200 years ago in honor of the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" who attempted unsuccessfully to occupy the British throne which had been vacated by his grandfather, James II. There was a conflict of loyalties in Scotland, and bloody battles were fought. Young Charles became a hunted fugitive, and his escape from the country has been the subject of many romantic stories. The Jacobites, as his followers were called, had to watch their step, for severe measures were taken against those who were known to persist in their "rebellious" attitude. But there were those who clung tenaciously to the Stuart cause and there were secret meetings at which Jacobite songs were sung and toasts drunk to "the king over the water." Now a young woman in London sings an old Jacobite song and the British government broadcasts the song to the world. What changes time brings!

WHEN THE LUMBERMAN Wetsel tackled the kidnaper of that California child he took long chances. The kidnaper was able-bodied, armed and desperate, and anyone who interfered with him invited trouble for himself. Moreover, it was not Wetsel's child who was being kidnapped. What business was it of his? His family was not endangered; his lumbering interests were not affected; neither his life nor his property was imperiled in any way. Probably he did not even think of any duty that he owed to society or of his ultimate interest in the prevention of crime or the apprehension of a criminal. He just responded to that human instinct that inspired hatred of cruelty and oppression, and his way of responding was the very practical one of sailing in and mauling the kidnaper to the best of his ability, regardless of consequences to himself. Wetsel may have heard the argument that the way to deal with crime is to love the criminal; that the way to abolish war is to keep away from it. But in the concrete case before him he did not stop to theorize, but sailed in with both fists. Therefore, I say, three rousing cheers for him.

MR. WILLKIE SAID THE other day that what the people want is not doles, but jobs. Mr. Roosevelt, who isn't quite sure whether he is talking politics or not, might point to the fact that he has been an exceedingly liberal dispenser of jobs. He has placed more people on the federal payroll than has any other president in time of peace. But one man at work in a factory or on a farm is worth more to the nation than a dozen doing "made" work, whether on WPA or in federal clerkships invented to enable him to draw a salary. It was real jobs of which Willkie spoke, and which he thinks the people want.

ACCORDING TO AN Article in the Miami Herald, Lord Haw Haw, the renegade Englishman who broadcasts Nazi propaganda from Berlin, recently put on the air a transcript of the University of Chicago's round table discussion at which Senator Nye of North Dakota spoke in opposition to sending battleships (evidently the writer of the article meant destroyers) to Great Britain. Naturally, anything of an isolationist nature finds a ready welcome in Berlin.

AS A BATTLE THAT Affair at Dakar was a minor affair, although both sides seem to have been severely pounded in it. But it is impossible to estimate the injurious consequences to Great Britain. The world is watching the consequences of this war, and several nations, regardful first of their own interests, are ready to join forces with the side that seems likely to win. By alienating French sentiment still further Great Britain has strengthened the position of Petain and played into the hands of Hitler. Spain, already leaning toward the axis, is given an additional incentive to declare openly for Germany and Italy. Turkey and Egypt, for whose co-operation in the eastern Mediterranean the British have hoped, are not likely to take heavy risks to aid a losing partner. Japan, seeking opportunity for expansion, is certain to assume a more truculent attitude toward Britain.

THE ONLY EXPLANATION of the blunder that seems possible at this time and distance is that de Gaulle and the British authorities had neglected to inform themselves accurately of the real conditions at Dakar. They seem to have expected to occupy the town with only nominal resistance, if any. Instead, they found the garrison ready and willing to put up a real fight, and after fighting until they saw danger of being overwhelmed by an avalanche, they quit. The odium of this affair will fall on Great Britain. She has disrupted friendship and incurred new dangers by making the attack, and she returns empty-handed from the scene of the adventure.

SHIPMENT OF SCRAP METAL to Japan is to be discontinued October 16. The only trouble with that is that the embargo does not take effect earlier. Probably there are good reasons for that. For years the United States has been furnishing Japan with scrap metal, knowing that it was being used in the manufacture of weapons with which to continue Japan's illegal and unjustifiable war on China. An embargo has been opposed on the ground that it would interfere with our trade relations with Japan. The more metal we shipped Japan the more cocky she became. Now, a critical situation having arisen, we impose the embargo anyway, regardless of trade relations. We might have been better off if we had taken that step two or three years ago.