

## The Path of Romance

Springtime at Columbian and all our world was glad! New ferns, shy lilies of the valley, crocuses and harebells peeped out coyly from Lover's Lane. The Japonica bush flaunted flame colored blossoms. Daisies sprang upward to our swiftly moving feet as the balls flew over the tennis courts.

Suddenly we spied familiar figures beneath the heavily arched trees.

"Baskets," we cried. Rackets were dropped and much parleying ensued; eager on our part, stolidly insistent on the part of the squaw ladies.

The curiously woven straw was always a fascination not to be withstood and when our visitors turned backward through the Path of Romance their burdens were considerably lighter. They had also scored financially and the taller of the ladies ventured in a gratified monotone:

"Fine Pathway! Columbiana squaw save for paleface boys and girls."

We scented an Indian tale. These brown people were rich in legend and quaint imagery. The difficulty lay in persuading them to voice their knowledge.

"Tell us," we coaxed.

"No can tell—too fine for squaw talk. Him educate. Him tell."

Palms upward, they pointed toward the gateway, where a young Indian lad quietly waited.

"Him come from big school in Vancouver—hear about mother squaw—him speak grand talk. Him tell."

So this was the intellectual Indian boy who was studying at the University.

"May he come?" we begged of the teachers in charge. Permission given, we sent our cleverest Senior to entice his red brother inside the gates. The former returned triumphant, the inscrutable face of his companion showing neither surprise or curiosity.

"Yes," he knew the story.