

of the country; and here, drawn by the hand of summer and fall, or traced with delicate imagery in winter or spring, lies a picture which once found can never be forgotten. I know that wherever I shall wander, whether it be among the isles and the purple magic of the tropics, or in the barren wastes of the north, these fields and wood-lands, clothed in the beauty of sun and stars, will always call me back, back to my old haunts, and my old wanderings.

A. E. ROLAND '31

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### THE RIVALS

"Listen here, gal," Jack said, "lay off that Swede—get me? If I see you dancing with him again, I'll knock his darn block off!" Jeanette cracked her gum; gave her hip an odd graceful twist; snapped her finger in big Jack's face, and said, "Enough of that, boy friend; I'll dance with whom I please and if you don't like it—well—" "Listen, Jeanette," Jack said vehemently, "don't think that I'm crazy about you, because I'm not; but I'll not let you make a darn fool out of me here in front of the gang!" Jeanette's eyes narrowed. "Big boy," she said, "I am the one who is trying to flirt with the bozo, and he doesn't know that you are my man." The orchestra struck up the music. Jeanette walked directly to the Swede who received her with open arms.

The next day there was the usual rush for dinner pails when the whistle blew. Jack's little brother was waiting for him, and as soon as he had delivered his dinner pail to Jack, he rushed off behind the warehouse where he stripped off his clothing, and plunged into the water for his usual swim. In a short while the men dropped their dinners one by one, and joined a group which was forming in the center of the yard. Jack was with them; he was grim. If the men loved and admired him, it was because he took his fighting seriously.

The Swede was the only one who acted in the customary manner. He sat away from the crowd, and seemed uncon-