

1943

## The Voice of the Phi Sigma -- 1943 --

Phi Sigma

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### Recommended Citation

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THE VOICE OF 1943

Your editor, the chief scribe of the Voice of Phi Sigma in this year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and forty-three, approached his subject with feelings which were, to put the matter in its mildest form, mixed. For me, this is Hail and Farewell. Hail to the past years of pleasant companions, mental stimulus and mild disputes; hail to freely expressed opinions by intelligent friends, and Farewell for a short time to all that this has mean't to me.

It occurred to me in the middle of January that if I were in town on February 16th, there would inevitably be a meeting of Phi Sigma, and I would then be confronted with that situation well known to members of the society wherein one member who has been selected for the occasion as the living sacrifice of the evening takes his place before the other members and engages in a mental tug of war with them. The sacrifice attempting to amuse, instruct or entertain the society, and the balance of the group vigorously resisting his efforts. This resistance in general follows one of three lines. The first, most generally used, and therefore apparently the approved method is to obtain a seat in the back row or outside of the main room to compose one's self comfortably and then gradually to drop off into a somnambulant state which is not sleeping, but in which the voice of the speaker produces a result so soporific that sleep by comparison is a poor substitute. The speakers at Phi Sigma are particularly attuned to promote this method because they have been trained through years of repressionistic meetings to never pound a table and never raise their voice.

The second method, which takes more activity upon the part of the resister, is to engage in a low voiced conversation, or to interlard the speakers discourse with sprightly comment. This method is doubly efficacious because the speaker will himself occasionally stop to listen to such comments.

The third method, and one which is not so generally used, is to sit bolt upright in one's chair and fix the speaker with a stony eye which says much more plainly than words themselves could do, "All right, go ahead, entertain me." The command, "Now be funny," is one so difficult of execution that it has been wisely omitted from the manual arms of every Armed Force in the world.

Having all of this prospective discomfiture in mind and looking for a corridor of escape, I dashed down to the Board of Trade Building in January, explained my predicament to the Office of Naval Officer Procurement and they, being kind hearted, arranged for me to spend the evening of April 16th far from Oak Park. However, due to a mix up in plans, my departure was stayed just long enough for me to be present this evening and then to dash away without the customary period of recuperation. To add somewhat to the confusion, your editor discovered, just at a time when it would do him the least good, how to obtain unlimited quantities of legal work. To my brother lawyers, I respectfully suggest that they let it be noised about that they want some time to themselves; that they don't want, and won't take any more legal work of any nature, and to please stay away from their offices. Their clients, suddenly aroused from their lethargic contemplation of lawyers as a necessary evil who render probably useless services, will construe their statement as another rationing attempt, and will storm their doors with a "so you

think you can get away without doing my work, do you?" look in their eye. The only more effective way to accomplish the same result would be to let the powers that be announce that in the near future a client would, in all probability, be limited to consulting his lawyer once a month. If my memory doesn't fail me, and this is one time it doesn't, it was O'Henry who said that "all that is necessary to obtain unlimited quantities of money in New York is to hang a stout canvas bag on a strong tripod at any busy intersection, place over it a sign reading "Drop money here", hire a policeman to club away pikers who want to put in Canadian dimes and worthless oil stocks and come back in an hour." My inference is that I approached the Voice not only in confusion, but breathless.

In times such as these, great and sweeping changes are the rule of the day. The rut in which one is accustomed to roll serenely on his way turns suddenly into a segment of corduroy road. The resultant shaking up, the reappraisal of values, the divestment of mental moss is the one good which wars surely bring. But there is a great tendency also, to treat as valueless those things which have gone before and to confuse all that is new with all that is good.

Accordingly, largely to satisfy my own desire to do so, and with the knowledge that to pause in retrospection can surely hurt none of us, this issue of the Voice is dedicated to those voices of the past that perpetuate themselves in writing in the records of our society.

Long ago, in fact in 1878, this society was founded by six young high school boys who resided in the then pleasant residential section of the near west side.

They wanted to hear their own voices raised in debate, to read to others their literary efforts, and to improve their knowledge of the Arts and History. When they presented a debate, beside the moderator and the four debaters, they had but one other member and such guests as might be present as an audience. The process of expansion was gradual. Not every young literary aspirant met the rigid requirements of the founders. There was another feature of the earlier meetings which must have tended to discourage some of the guests from letting themselves be considered as prospective members. I refer to the dignitary whom they called a critic. The nearest officer which we have to that of critic is our secretary. It was the original duty of the critic who, incidentally, held that position for only one meeting, to present a written criticism of the entire previous meeting. I have noted that the early Phi Sigmities were precise in their phraseology. When they said "critic", they mean't critic, and if any one has any doubt as to their ability to criticise, I would like to present the critics report of the meeting of April 30, 1878, written by Gerald H. Beard, subsequently to become a minister, as a case in point. Were we to turn the caustic Mr. Beard, who was known more intimately as "Monkey" Beard, loose upon some of our meetings, there is a possibility, however remote, that he might find some minor points upon which a legitimate criticism could be hung.

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: In the first place we must agree with the majority of critics whom we have heard, in expressing the opinion that to make a fair and just criticism is no easy task. Especially do we find

this true as regards some of the exercises of last Tuesday Evening, which it becomes our duty to criticise. But, to proceed with our report -- The last meeting of this nameless class was held on Tuesday Evening, April 30th at the house of Mr. Robert Jeneson - 16 Lafdin St. All the members were not on hand very promptly (here your critic does not seek to exonerate himself), which was a bad beginning, and for other reasons much time expired before the meeting was called to order. At last the members having seated themselves and the chairman having been supplied with sufficient lamp light, the exercises commenced.

The first thing in order was the critic's report of the previous meeting. Mr. Jeneson had been appointed critic and therefore he presented something which we suppose was intended for his report. But oh! here is where our hard task comes in. Your critic confesses he was puzzled and he is puzzled still. The gentleman commenced with excuses which he reiterated so many times that they quite tired us. The validity of these excuses we are compelled however to doubt. They were in substance that the critic had been unexpectedly called out of town and consequently had not his criticism written out.

Now we do not propose to go into details but we do feel it our duty to state that the gentleman was, we believe, at home the greater part of the week, which time he had to write up his critic's report.

And now about the -- what - you may call it -- itself. Well, we cannot go into detail about this either, but we will give the class the benefit of a suggestion kindly offered to us - viz - That the critic himself was mixed, his papers were mixed, the objects of his criticisms were mixed and consequently the benefit which

we derived was rather of a mixed nature too. The gentleman endeavored to review the debate of the meeting before, but since he only remarked on a few technical points which did not affect the argument either one way, or the other, we pass this by. We will not comment further, but conclude with the compliment that the report was but, "A mixture of all which presents to the eye a grizzle of most unpaintable dye." When the gentleman had completed his strenuous efforts, the effects on him were so great that he went to sleep!

Next on the programme was the general study of the United States. The members each to read or speak on one particular part of the study. First came Mr. Jeneson whose subject was the Geography of the United States. The gentlemen gave us much valuable information, which, it is safe to say every one in this wonderful country does well to possess.

Mr. G. H. Beard then read a paper on the Commerce & Manufacture of the Country and Mr. Small followed with a very interesting review of the History of the United States in which he gave us many facts which we doubtless were not acquainted with before. We judge that he has studied the history well and thoroughly, otherwise he could not have given us as complete an outline as he did without having it all written out. The gentleman got a little mixed however when discoursing on the American Revolutionary War, he stated in his anxiety to depreciate the British Soldiers, that at one of the battles "some few men came out with red coats on". Then in almost the same breath, with the same deprecable desire, he told us that at this same battle "the English lost a great number of men"! Mr. Small then stated of another battle that the English were defeated and he adds in what we deem a foolish and arrogant manner "and always will be". We

thank the gentleman for his kind predictions, but will say that when if England should go to war, it should prove to be to the interests of the United States that she should be victorious, we think we shall hear no more of this folly. It may be moreover (and it will be nothing new) that we shall teach him, whether for his own interest or no, that he is grandly mistaken.

Mr. H. B. Wilson next gave us a very interesting and instructive sketch of the Government of the Country. He read us several pieces on the constitution, which were very entertaining, and told us many things, which were new to some of us, if not to all. Before he had finished however, the Chairman was asked if the meeting was not, according to the rules of the class, adjourned? Upon enquiry it turned out to be 10:00 o'clock and here we must censure the Chairman for not announcing fifteen minutes earlier that the meeting was adjourned. We consider that this must have been either great carelessness or wilful neglect and trust that he will not repeat his actions as regards the prompt opening and closing of our meetings.

The many slang expressions and interruptions of various kinds are very ungentlemanly and unparliamentary.

The gentleman who was discourteous enough to recline on the sofa had better not come to our meetings if his health or his laziness will not permit him to sit up like a gentleman. We advise the chairman to instruct Mr. Magbs in parliamentary rules, as he evidently needs to realize the value of good order.

The class rose at 10 P. M. which was, as we have said, fifteen minutes too late and thus ended our sixth meeting which we think may be improved on in many ways.

Gerald H. Beard  
Critic 5/7/78



It is with the utmost earnestness that I press the hope that Mr. Beard subsequently flayed the devil with the same enthusiasm which he displayed in flaying Mr. Jeneson in this meeting. Nor was Mr. Beard alone in his critical ability, as witness the manner in which the hide was removed from one Mr. Little by a Miss J. H. Allen, who on April 11th of 1882 was one of the first young women admitted to Phi Sigma.

"We then heard from Mr. Little. The subject was "Paul Revere's Ride", some parts being recited by that gentleman and other parts read by another gentleman and repeated by Mr. Little, and the whole put together and called a Declamation by Mr. Little. If the latter gentleman intends to employ an assistant to help him over the hard places in his literary work, we would suggest that in the future the assistant receive the notice due him, and that the chairman announce from the program -- An article by Mr. Little & Co. Doubtless the very short length of time given the gentleman for preparation and the newness of the situation were the causes of his errors, and we entertain no apprehension that when he is as experienced as some of the Phi Sigmities, he will be quite as competent to fill his position."

Ever since reading these documents, I have been led into thoughtful reveries on the comments which present meetings would receive if the societies' original critics were still on the job. This same Gerald Beard, more familiarly known to his contemporaries as "Monkey Beard, and later to become a minister, gives us an insight once again into the motives which actuated the members, the atmosphere of the meetings, and the minor trials which beset the infant, and nameless, class in its twelfth meeting. You will note that Mr. Jeneson, who

was so severely criticized before, again enters the picture. I have requested one of our newer members, Ruth McCarter, to read the critic's report of the 12th meeting of Phi Sigma. By now, you must all realize that, in an attempt to perpetuate traditions, your editor is deliberately doing violence to one of Phi Sigma's oldest traditions, namely, that the Voice itself is always originally written. Your Voice this year has unhesitatingly and without scruple borrowed, stolen and purloined from not only critic's reports, but has gone even farther, and called upon Voices of the more recent past.

Divers historians in passing upon the history of Phi Sigma have pointed out that the admission of women to the membership indicated both an advanced line of thinking on behalf of the masculine members and a degree of tolerance of feminine opinion which was not then general, and have also pointed out that the feminine element was probably the glue which cemented the organizations in its middle years. I can not say as to that, but I can attest that the issue of the Voice which bore the cleverest title was edited by three of our good feminine members and was entitled the "Soprano Voice".

The Voice, you see, originally was published every two weeks, which is to say at every meeting, and gave opportunity to those members who didn't listen so good, but looked well in print to gain a parity with the other members. Subsequently, it was published less and less frequently and in the middle years of Phi Sigma's life, it became an annual issue. Amazing things reveal themselves to earnest students of the lives gone by. Phi Sigma has had more than its share of scholars, has been a political forum, and has fostered and nurtured poets and philosophers. The records of the society are replete with the products of pleasant cultured minds. We have them today. We had them years ago. In the

memory of present Phi Sigmites, one of the best loved of these kindly philosophers was Samuel Shaw Parks, who was the father of Jessie Grace Bonson,<sup>and who</sup> contributed by popular demand to the voices of Phi Sigma over a period of years under the caption, "Idle Thoughts of Another Fellow".

Your editor has taken the liberty of being a true editor by culling here and there from the works of Sam Parks, those gleanings I will now ask Earl Meyer to read.

~~"Why, in fact,~~ Some years ago I was a member of another Society in which the head of the program committee was a near relative of our Toast-master. She sent me a letter one day asking me to write a paper on my personal recollections of Warren Hastings. Without going back so far as that my memory does bring before me an incident of some 15 years ago. One day I had occasion to wait for a down elevator on one of the upper floors of a loop office building. A lady, a stranger to me, was waiting on the same floor. She stepped into the elevator and was greeted very cordially by a gentleman who was also a passenger. They spoke as though they were old friends who had not met for a long while. Presently he said: "Why I have not seen you since we used to meet at Phi Sigma". She said:- "I wonder who is president of Phi Sigma now." I said:- "Beg your pardon, but I am." The three of us disembarked on the ground floor and chatted for a few minutes about Phi Sigma. I neglected to take down their names and Like Ships that pass in the night, we have never met since.

and then

I like our name, and the translation of the Greek words for which the letters stand:- "Lovers of Wisdom". If, after my experience through these years, I were asked

to propose an appropriate motto to write beneath our name, I think I would suggest one that is placed in the Consistory program, on the page devoted to the 15th Degree: "Life without friends is worthless".

The 1934 Voice contributed to this program the following "Idle Thought of Another Fellow":

(the other fellow,)  
"For no particular reason he recalled the well known old story about the organist in a Baptist Church who lost his position because he played Pull For the Shore during a baptism. And this led his thoughts along to a remembering of different church programs he had seen. For instance: One Sunday he was making search for a dollar to put on the collection plate, when he looked at the program to see what the organist was playing. The program said "Moderato", so he put in fifty cents instead of the contemplated dollar. At another time the program said: Bach. He thought of the faithful Collie who is accustomed to bark warnings, so he again pulled up in time. In another church, the offertory number was put down as "Meditation". Now the Other Fellow asks you, in all fairness, what would be the effect of meditation on a dollar minded man who had even one Scotch ancestor? Why, some one would lose and it wouldn't be the man, would it? In another church, the organ selection was entitled, "Pastoral". Of course, that made one think of the Little Brown Church in the Willwood, where large contributions would not be expected. A few Sundays ago the music was called a "Seranade". Now the Other Fellow points out that that word might call up visions of singing to a girl and afterwards taking her to an ice cream parlor, but hardly a vision of a generous donor filling a contribution box. And one Sunday, believe it or not, while the plates were being passed, a quartette

sang a number entitled:- "Thou holdest me up." So, if any of you know any Ministers or church music selectors, just tell them to "watch out".

By way of a contrast, the Other Fellow reports that at Dr. Morgan's Church, a week ago Sunday, the offertory selection was entitled "Album Leaf". Now the word "album" immediately suggests a picture, and a picture in connection with an offertory cannot refer to anything less than a dollar bill. Following this number on the program, was a service for children with the subject "Two Half Dollars". Do you catch the hidden meaning? Do we hear some one murmur, "Children half price?" The Other Fellow regards this as a work of genius in program building and compliments Dr. Morgan.

We will conclude our excerpts from the humorous work of this gentle man with the following excerpt from the 1933 Voice:

Of course, when a New Englander starts to think, historically, he begins with the Pilgrim Fathers, or their compatriots, the Puritans. Now the latter never could have produced a movie because their imagination only ran along lines of thinking up dire things which a merciful God ought to be induced to do to the wicked, the latter being almost everybody except themselves. Their lack of imagination is particularly shown by their complete incompetence when they set out to name their towns. In a recent list of Post offices in Massachusetts, there were sixty-six which were named North Something-or-other and sixty named South Something-or-other. For examples: Amherst, North Amherst and South Amherst; Hadley, North Hadley and South Hadley. Why they might even now much better change the name of this last one to honor some distinguished Alumna of the College, and call it, for instance, Mrs. Joslynville, or Clare Allentown.

I think the Voice will regret that some one like our Editor, to night, did not live in those days. If he had filled an office, which we might call Commissioner of Township Nomenclature he would have supplied those defects of the unimaginative Puritans.

As that night wore on towards morning, the Other Fellow meditated on the qualities that were necessary in the Production of acceptable plots and scenarios for Talkies and Movies.

He decided that not only was Imagination indispensable but the dramatic touch must be supplied with intense feeling which might be described as fervor. But care must be taken that fervor shall not degenerate into hysteria. And then the Other Fellow reflected that the dividing line between fervor and hysteria is drawn with a faint mark and all too easily may excess of emotion lend incoherency to fervor.

The Other Fellow ventures to illustrate this point by relating how a poor and humble lad was oppressed with a yearning to see his name enrolled with Myron, Phidias, Praxitiles et al. He had been impressed by reading that poem in the 3rd Reader which begins: "Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy with his marble block before him." But he had no marble block nor any tools save a blunt knife.

But he had heard of trunks of Oak trees being found buried in swamps in England which were so hard that skillful artists had been able to carve beautiful figures on their hard, ungracious surface, and some one had told him of the marvelous work of that sort that ornaments the chancel of the great memorial church in Fairhaven, Massachusetts. So he looked around for petrified oak. The nearest he came to it was an old railroad tie that he found beside the tracks down back of his home. He appropriated this and plied the blunt knife vigorously, and naturally produced a most atrocious result. He called it a statue of Aphrodite, though he pronounced it A-phröd-ite. He showed it to his

mother. She was overcome with emotion. She realized that this boy of hers saw, with his mind's eye, a finished figure concealed in that old railroad tie, as it lay abandoned by the right of way. She looked up at him and attempted to quote those beautiful lines:

"What the Hellenic Phidias saw  
In marble or in stone  
Was hidden from the vulgar herd  
Revealed to him alone."

But when she looked again at the hideous thing her son had created, she was overcome and could go no further than the first three syllables: "What the Hel--" and then she burst into tears.

All of which shows how easily fervor can grow into hysteria."

Your editor has found much of value in the 1918 Voice. If any one here has any lingering doubt as to not only history, but humor repeating itself, may I assert that the 1918 Voice carried in full the story recently told at Phi Sigma, carrying the gag line, "Field Marshall? That is no beesness, Marshall Field, that is a beesness." And that the story of the Jewish lad who did not get a commission in the Army, but instead worked on a straight salary, is also there in all of its glory. I was about to say its original or pristine glory, but I see no reason, having traced the story back 25 years to assume that it could not be traced further.

We have not heard recently from one of our good and loyal members, and some of us may have come to the conclusion that silence during meetings is his life long habit. Lest Mr. Crandell should be forever so branded, we have this poem lifted bodily from the 1918 Voice which certainly could have been written with very minor changes for the Voice of 1943.

"Hoover! A great man is he;  
Just as busy as can be  
Planning, scheming, all the time,  
We laud his virtues in this rhyme.

Food conservation is his plea,  
This entreaty do not flee;  
Incidentally cutting expenses,  
That food may reach the trenches.

Meatless, wheatless, porkless days,  
Observe them all, it really pays;  
No bread or sugar cards to date,  
But who can prophesy our fate?

"Substitution" is his cry;  
Use the broiler, do not fry.  
Save the sugar, fats and wheat,  
Serve fish and game, instead of meat.

Very considerate up to date  
Is the censor of your plate.  
Me thinks were I the Big Food Boss,  
I'd tighten the reins, so as little loss  
In substantial eats for our allied friends,  
Will keep their strength unto the end.

I'd issue a card with limitations,  
And maybe, inject a few privations;  
For who'd miss a bun, if to beat the Hun  
And keep on the run, the sons of a gun?"

C. B. Crandell

In all fairness, I must say that it took Mrs. Crandell, in the role of editor, to bring forth the contribution. We do not have to reach back too far in memory to recall the spirited, witty, sparkling debate between Lathrop Arnold, who has now gone to fight the wars and our late beloved member, George Masslich. At that time George had, but recently, lost his wife, Helen Masslich, and was himself suffering from a most painful malady, which ultimately caused his death. No one but a man, great in every sense of the word, could have looked life in the eye as George Masslich did then and found it not only good, but amusing. It is with an humble attitude therefore, that your editor presents the final paper which the present has borrowed from the past. As this paper is read by Jim Burnett, those of us who had not known George will enjoy the



pleasure of meeting him, and those of us who knew him will smile once more with him.

#### RIP VAN WINKLE, JUNIOR

When I say I had an interview with Rip Van Winkle, Junior, the son and heir of the hero of Washington Irving's tale, I expect to be believed. Unlike Charlie McCarthy, I have no Edgar Bergen to question my statements and break down my story. Rather, like Baron Munchausen I ask "Vos you dere Sharlie?"

And so I did interview Rip, Junior.

Irving tells us that when Rip Van Winkle returned to the Village after his twenty years in the Catskills he inquired,

"Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain, apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged.

This is the young man from whom I obtained the exclusive interview recorded as follows:

Just at the moment when old Rip beheld him I happened to catch Junior's eye and winked my thumb knowingly in the direction of the tavern a few paces distant. He was quick to respond and a moment later was filling his storage battery or wetting his whistle, I don't recall which. At my suggestion that we find a spot more conducive to a private talk, he took down his gun from the pegs on the wall and led the way along a narrow path into the deep woods. It was, as I remembered from Washington Irving, "a fine autumnal day" where on "a green knoll" at "the foot of these fairy mountains" "clothed in blue and purple" Rip, Junior, and I could see "the lordly Hudson far below" and "the

deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged." Each of us sat with his back against an old oak tree and I was about to remark the History does repeat itself when I noticed on Junior's misshapen hat a button not unlike the union button worn by street car conductors and likewise observed that his shot gun was surely not the traditional firelock.

"How do you like my gun?" he asked, perfectly at his ease. "It's a Siemen Martin steel barrelled, French walnut pistol grip, top lever frame with automatic ejector, Greiner concealed crossbolt, Purdney fore-end with double underbolt; the last word in shot guns."

Not being well enough versed in firearms to make a sensible comment, I mutely wagged my head in a vertical plane. Thinking that if Rip, Junior, were willing to assume an acquaintance without insisting on the usual bromidic trivialities, I remarked, casually, "The button's new, too, isn't it?"

"Yes, I've joined the union."

"Union!" What union?"

"well, at first I joined the A. F. of L."

"Not the American Federation of Labor?"

"Oh, no; the Associated Friends of Leisure." "But I was persuaded to go into the other union. And I feel that it may have been a mistake. This gun, by the way, is the outcome of our united action. I don't think I'd care to go back to the old flint and steel."

"Then why call it a mistake? Oh, What is that other union?"

"The C. I. O."

"What is that?"

"Contented Idlers Organization. Being a stranger you wouldn't appreciate the differences. For instance, one is a vertical and the other a horizontal union. I much prefer to be horizontal unless there's a tree or house to lean against- though in that case I'm apt to be

mistaken for a member of the W. P. A. - you know, the Why Perspire At-all.

"But just why is belonging to a union a mistake?"

"It's just this" said Junior, lowering his voice and glancing around apprehensively. "I'm not free any more. You know it's the policy of unions to limit the output. A bricklayer, for example, isn't allowed to lay more than a certain number of bricks a day. They're applying that rule to my union and it hits me pretty hard, you see."

"No, I don't see," said I, "you never cared to work hard, did you?"

"Work! Who said anything about work? I belong to the Loafers' Union. My union won't let me loaf more than eight hours a day, and half a day Saturday. Think of never loafing on a Saturday afternoon! And if I loaf too much I get laid off from loafing for a month. Do you realize what that means? And I'm not allowed to help anyone else loaf. If I were to go out hunting some day and come across a friend fishing, I wouldn't dare sit down with him and cast a friendly line, no matter how well the trout were leaping. Fishing belongs to a different local. Even hunting is restricted. Why only last week, I went squirrel hunting, but having no great luck raised my gun to fire among a covey of partridges. Just at that moment I caught sight of the business agent of our local peeking out from behind a tree. Thinking to throw him off the scent, I shifted my aim and fired blindly. As luck would have it I winged a skunk. He didn't wait to get any more scent-and neither did I. But I escaped a fine."

Rip, in his very recital of these manifest injustices had decided the matter of union membership. He unpinned the union button and sent it spinning among the fallen leaves down the glen.

"I see your point," I said in a moment. If you went out on a strike, you'd have to stop loafing and work. Am I right?"

"Just so," replied Junior. "It's pleasant enough for a worker to strike and stop work. He can then take life easy with a clear conscience. But me! How would you like for your wife--you have a wife?"

"I have," I faltered, in the tone of a bridegroom saying "I do."

"Then you'll understand. How would you like for your wife to gloat over you as she set you to work minding the baby while the house was picketed with union men bearing placards reading "The man in this house is unfriendly to loafing." I'd never hear the last of it at the village tavern.

We sat for a moment, silent and thoughtful. I glanced at my watch.

"Well", I said, "this is all very interesting, but I'm afraid I'm keeping you. It's getting late.

"Not at all", said Junior, and then abruptly, "See this?", holding up his left arm.

A circular spot on his wrist seemed less tanned and weather beaten than the rest of his arm.

"A while ago, I got a wrist watch" he said with some feeling, "an invention of the devil." "It's down in the glen now with the union button." I waited for him to continue.

"There are two kinds of time" he began.

"Yes, I know", I returned trying to think up something snappy to say on daylight saving. Junior continued:

"One kind of time is on watches and clocks. I've had my fill of that. It's in every third sentence my wife uses. "Rip, it's high time you were out of bed." "Rip, it's about time I had a new dress." or "Rip, this is a nice time for you to be gettin home."

"Then you hate the word 'time'?"

"Oh, no! I rather like it in such phrases as 'once upon a time', 'all in good time', 'some time or other', 'in the course of time', or 'take your time'. That's using the word in the true sense."

"But watches and clocks are necessary." I interposed.

"Necessary evils possibly. It's bad enough to consult a watch that you keep hidden in your pocket, but a wrist watch is an open shame, and a clock is worse. Whenever I see a clock on a mantel piece I fancy it is hinting to the guests to go home and to the family to go to bed. I don't care for that kind of time."

"But I don't know any other kind."

"Well, Shakespeare did. He speaks of the lazy foot of Time and the swift foot of Time. He says Time ambles, trots, gallops and stands still. Haven't you, yourself, ever said, 'this has been a long day' or 'what a short evening'!"

"Yes, but I meant that it just seemed long or short. The day is a certain length. If you're having a good time it seems short and if you're having a sorry time it seems long.

"You might as well say," returned Junior, "that these two paths before us are the same length because they come together down at the Hudson. As a matter of fact one is a mile longer than the other. You might as well say that there are as many things for you to see in the Catskills as for my dog, Wolf, Junior, to see. You know, I really spend a long time on the 'pestilent piece of ground' at home and a relatively short time abroad with my gun. I don't know why my wife can't see it."

As if by common consent we both rose to go. Junior shouldered his musket and turned toward the glen while I started toward the public road. As an afterthought I called out,

"Oh, by the way, Junior, how was your father received after his twenty years sleep in the mountains?"

"You didn't believe that sill tale, I hope," he said. "Pop wasn't gone more than a night or two. The local tourist bureau hatched up that story to get the Sunday motorists to stop over in the village. It wasn't a bad idea for it gives me credit at the tavern; and I'm due there for a pick-me-up at four o'clock. What time do you judge it is?"

I consulted my watch, but said nothing. He came toward me.

"You aren't interested in the kind of time my watch tells, I believe." I said teasingly.

"Oh, phooey, there are times, you know--- I think I'll go with you toward the village."

And we walked on to continue the interview.

George Masslich