

glistening like diamonds, lie on the grass. How wondrously God has given to nature a color scheme unsurpassed by any artists's creation.

But perhaps the chief beauty of Autumn to the farmer lies in the fact that after many months of hard labor, his crops are finally harvested. Golden grain is stacked in storage bins, potatoes lies in the cellar, and the whole storage room is filled with the sweet smell of apples stored in barrels to be preserved for the winter. Wonderful indeed are the works of God, but their real beauty can be judged only by those who love this God from Whom those things came, and who can appreciate His divine works.

— ALICE McCLOSKEY '49

A Fight For Freedom

Lem and Ike were now considered old men. Lem had been around these northern parts for a long time,—as a matter of fact ever since he was born, seventy-five years ago, and his intimate friend, Ike, had seen seventy-eight northern winters come and go.

These two old men had a cabin each. They provided their daily bread by fishing and hunting. In living this life they were extremely happy,—so happy that they gave little consideration to living any other kind of life. But according to custom in these parts when a man became old he was sent to live in the city for the winter season, in a home set aside especially for old men. But Ike and Lem were different than other old men, and for the last number of years had refused the comforts of city life, electing to "see 'er through".

This winter would be different. An officer had called to warn them that they would be expected to go to the city and that they had better make preparations to go. When the officer left Lem and Ike started talking.

"We can git along jest as well this winter as we did last winter and every other winter," said Lem.

"Yes," said Ike. "I can do the hearin' an' you can do the seein'." So the two old men visited each other every day and continued to make plans for the coming winter. One day when Lem went to visit Ike he noticed an odd smell in the cabin. He could see that the cabin was extremely dusty, as was usual, but there was more cause

than that for such an odor. He looked to see what the old fellow was cooking and found that Ike had boiled a mouse in with his beans. Lem scolded him and threatened to tell the officer. This had the effect of making Ike more careful for he would rather die in the freezing winter of the north than live in the comfort of a city home. A home was just for old men.

The officer came again to Lem's cabin but the owner was not home. He followed the trail to Ike's cabin where he found the two old men smoking and chatting. In a kindly manner, so as not to hurt their feelings, he informed them that they both must go to the city for the winter, and that one of the R. C. M. P. Inspectors would call for them in two weeks time. He then left the cabin to continue his rounds, leaving behind him two very downhearted and dejected old men.

They sat there for some time. Then they began to make plans for avoiding the officer on the appointed date. They arrived at a conclusion as to a course of action and Lem went home to prepare to execute it. Two days before the Inspector was to call he again visited Ike taking on his sled enough provisions to last him for two weeks. He met Ike at the door of his cabin, prepared as he was. With light hearts the rejuvenated old men struck up the trail.

The Inspector called around on November fifth, as scheduled, in the thick of an intense blizzard. He expected to hole up for a day or so before moving south with the two men but such was not to be. He found only a deserted cabin and immediately began a search for them. After two days of frantic searching he found the two old trappers. No, they would not have to pass the winter in the home for old men. They were free to stay in the North they loved so much. They were free; dead, but very free.

— CLARENCE ROCHE '49

How to Lose Friends and Antagonize People

Ah! Losing friends and antagonizing people! How worthy a goal! How great the opportunity for success in attaining it. People of every race and creed can, and in many cases do, develop a fair degree of skill in exercising the qualities which make for perfection in L. F. and A. P. Your opportunity is as good as theirs. Just consider an