



### *a suit of pajamas*

The magic of the word "college" and the glamor of going away to school seemed to have worn thin, if, indeed, they had not departed altogether, on that wet, black night my little trunk and I started over the route that I was to take many times during the next four and a half years. Scattered a few miles apart along the railroad line between Mason City and Marshalltown were

the towns, some good-sized, some tiny, that I soon would be able to name long before we came to them — Rockwell, Sheffield, Hampton, Geneva, Faulkner, Ackley, Abbott-Crossing, Steamboat Rock, Eldora, Union and Albion. On that first lonely ride, as well as countless times later on, I was entranced by our brakeman, a pink-cheeked, round-faced, plump little man who hustled through the cars carrying a short, hardwood board which he laid across the aisle from one seat arm to the other and upon which he clambered from time to time to adjust the kerosene lamps that hung from the ceiling of the car. As we approached each station he sang out its name to us in a high, penetrating voice that carried the length of the car and seemed to bounce back at him.

There was never any doubt about the name of the town as there is when some brakemen tell you that you are coming to "Blurphsveg" or "Schlemblog." How that brakie loved to roll "Geneva" off his tongue — he could make you feel that surely Switzerland and the Alps must be just ahead. He also was fond of Faulkner, which he announced as "Falconer," as if the word had three syllables; and Abbott-Crossing, which was "Abbott-Kerrossing," but I think his favorite was Steamboat Rock, for he could start the name with a long-drawn, hissing sound as if he was on a direct connection from the locomotive, and when he got through with it you felt that if you only peered hard enough into the night you would certainly see a high, rock-bound landing with the Robert E. Lee nosing in.

In the small hours before dawn we were in Marshalltown, where it was necessary to change to the Northwestern railroad to make the short run to Ames. The rain had stopped at last, and already there were hints along the eastern horizon where the first pink streamers of the coming sunrise were reaching up to scatter the tattered remnants of the rain clouds, that the new day would be clear and fine. In later years I drove many times across the overhead bridge that looked down on the depot where I waited that morning, and each time it was all too easy to feel again a touch of the loneliness and the wondering over what might lie ahead in the different life I was undertaking.

Presently I was aboard the westbound train; State Center, Colo and Nevada clicked by, and we were in Ames. Here there was noise, bustle and what seemed to me utter confusion, caused by the high-spirited arrival of many students back from the summer vacation — there was no summer quarter then — and the excited squeals of reunion as the girls and boys who bounced off the trains discovered acquaintances waiting for them on the station platform. Everybody seemed to know everybody else, and everybody seemed to know just where to go, except me. Finally, after several timid inquiries, I learned the campus was a couple of miles west of town and that it was advisable to take the streetcar to the place and get off at what they told me was "Farm Station." This was reassuring — the name of the station had a friendly sound; I should probably find a place adjacent to a barnyard where cows grazed and where



there were familiar sounds and smells that would help to waft away some of the homesick feeling that was already beginning to take hold.

It didn't turn out quite that way. Farm Station, as I soon saw, was the first stop on the car line at the eastern edge of the campus. There appeared to be no barnyard near by; I couldn't even smell one. Again there was a crowd of students, gathered on the broad cement platform that was sheltered by a shedlike affair with a roof of corrugated iron. As I stepped down from the car with my little satchel in my hand — I had checked my trunk at the railroad station — I caught my first glimpse of the broad, sweeping beauty of the Ames College campus. It was an impressive sight in 1912, and has grown even more beautiful through the years. I had not the slightest idea of what to do next, but presently I summoned courage enough to ask a sunburned young man in a turtle-necked sweater, who lounged casually against one of the posts of the shed, where the new students were supposed to go. He jerked his head in a general westerly direction, indicating a large, gray, stone building some distance away and said, "Go on over to Central where everybody has to register." This, you must remember, was before the name of that building was changed to Beardshear Hall.

I felt that the sweated young man knew what he was talking about so I started out. I didn't know I could have ridden the streetcar to another station much closer to Central Hall. The day had turned extremely warm, and in addition to a coat and vest, I had on a

fairly heavy sweater under my coat. There had not been room for everything in my trunk, so the best solution for transporting extra clothing, I had decided the night before, was to wear it. I began to feel a melting sensation, and by the time I reached the long flight of steps at the east entrance of Central I wondered if a light cloud of steam might not be hovering about me. I hadn't gotten up a sweat like that even on that last day I helped Elmer Hersey thresh.

Inside Central there was bedlam. The great hall you came upon as you passed through the east doors was jammed with young men and women, all apparently talking at once, all intent upon greeting what seemed to be long-lost friends, and wanting to know if each "had a good summer." I felt very much alone, though I need not have, for as a matter of fact, there were over four hundred of us just arriving, as I had, at the College for the first time. There was no way that day of knowing that in the years we would spend around that beautiful campus I would become acquainted with such outstanding personalities as Harold McKinley, "Duke" Arthur, Nile Kinnick, Ed Uhl, James Wallace, Gene Hayward, J. P. Eves, Pat Kerrigan and many others. And I haven't even mentioned the girls, for it would be best, perhaps, that I do not get started telling you of the beauty and brains with which the feminine contingent of this class was endowed.

At one point in the crowded hall that morning a line seemed to have formed which wound its length about the circular rotunda in the center and moved at a

deliberate pace toward one of the large offices at one side. I got into this line for it seemed to be the thing to do, and as we slowly edged forward I fell into conversation with a short, alert, good-looking boy just ahead of me. I was considerably impressed when he told me he had come clear from the state of Alabama to go to school at Ames. After a time we introduced ourselves. His name was Edwin Stillwell, and, as luck would have it, we were to become great friends within a few months when we both became pledges at the same fraternity house. Many were the verbal sparring matches we engaged in then as good friends always do. We developed some lovely names for each other. There was the time "Stilly" started calling me "The Hitless Wonder," after an inter-fraternity baseball game in which I futilely fanned the air during my times at bat, but I retaliated, after seeing him miss several ground balls at shortstop, by christening him "The Human Sieve."

After an hour or so of inching forward in the line I finally reached the inner office where credentials and high school credits were being examined. I handed mine over a bit dubiously, hoping that the College would permit me to stay now that I had gotten this far, and requested that I be allowed to enter upon the course in Agricultural Engineering. This, I was to discover later, was a slight error of judgment on my part, for any engineering course involved a considerable study of mathematics, and you may remember that in high school I had thought abolition of all forms of that subject would have been a desirable move on the part



of the board of education. However, the official who looked over my credits decided, after some pursing of lips, to let me have a go at Ag Engineering, as we called it, provided I enrolled in a special six-day-a-week refresher course in algebra. I was inclined to demur at this, having no love whatsoever for algebra in any of its forms, but as it turned out, this ruling was to be most fortunate for me.

By this time the day was wearing on well into early afternoon, and another pressing problem had to be solved, and quickly, for I had as yet no place to live. But the College had thought of this possibility before I did, and at an information desk in Central Hall I was directed to a rooming and boarding club—to be known as the Mohawk Club—that was just being formed at 218 Welch Avenue. I hurried down there as fast as I could—I've forgotten whether I still had my sweater on—and knocked timidly on the front door. Someone inside bellowed "Come in!" and when I did I found myself in a fairly large, clublike room with a sturdy library table in its center, upon which sat in an easy and relaxed manner a stockily built, red-faced, good-looking young man, dressed in the studiedly careless fashion I was beginning to associate with upper classmen. I asked about a room and whether there was to be a place to eat in the building. He replied that there would be both. After asking me a question or two and looking me over pretty thoroughly without bothering to get off the table, he apparently decided I would do, and led me up two steep flights of stairs to a small

room on the third floor, which, he explained, I could make myself at home in but that I would have to expect to have a roommate as soon as an applicant came along. He left me then, after divulging that his name was Ralph Edwards — not the one of radio fame — and that he was from Belle Plaine, Iowa. He too, was to become one of my good friends as the weeks went by.

I had time then to look about me in the room I was to call home. It was not an enticing place. There was a folding bed against one wall, two battered study tables with a chair for each, a dresser that had definitely seen better days, and a well-worn rug of an indefinite color on the floor. The outer walls sloped sharply in from a point about four feet above the baseboards so that you could stand upright in only a portion of the room. There was a place or two where the wallpaper was well tattered. I began examining the dresser drawers for space to put the few belongings I had in my little satchel, and it was while I was doing this that Ralph Edwards again appeared at the door with a rather sharp-featured boy whom he introduced as Russell Engberg, of Kiron, Iowa, and whom he stated was to be my new roommate.

Ralph withdrew, and the two of us eyed each other speculatively. Engberg spoke one word abruptly and questioningly, "Prep?" I took it he was asking if I was a freshman, for the word, "prep," was new to me. When I answered in the affirmative it seemed to reassure him, and he relaxed somewhat, having found that we were both in the same boat. As he looked about the room and began fumbling with his suitcase to get his things



out, I studied him more closely. My heart sank a little for he was not prepossessing in appearance. He wore his hair in a bristling butch cut, and his eyes were sort of a cold steely gray, which, together with his rather thin face and sharply pointed nose and chin, combined to give him a grimly stern look that scarcely seemed right for one no older than I was myself. To add further to his generally unfavorable first impression, he was then suffering from a severe case of barber's itch, which he was attempting to control with some white salve he had smeared here and there on his jaws.

"This is a hell of a room," my new acquaintance commented upon completing his inspection of it. I was inclined to agree with him, thinking privately that the bureau which had directed me to the place had not done much of a job of it. However, neither of us could do much about the situation as it was getting on toward evening and we had no place else to go. We learned that we had to make our own bed, and the experience of each of us had been extremely sketchy along that line. We went out for supper. I don't remember where, but it was likely to a place we soon learned to call "The Dirty Door-knob," for the Mohawk was not quite ready to begin serving meals.

Russell and I began to find out more about each other as we ate and then walked back to the club-house. He had, it seemed, made as sudden a decision as I had to come to Ames, where he intended to study agronomy. His home town of Kiron was a tiny one. "You'd have a hard time finding the damn thing on the map," he

told me, so that I felt he was almost a country boy like myself. Quite a few more boys had arrived at the house when we got back, many of them from Belle Plaine, and we soon found it was best, as the weeks went by, not to speak slightly of that city. There were just too many defenders of the place.

My roommate and I were not long in climbing up to our place in the garret, as we called it, for neither of us had had much sleep the night before. After considerable tugging and plenty of freehand swearing we found how to get the folding bed down and made it up after a fashion. Russ finished unpacking his suitcase and tossed casually on the bed a garment at which I stole a furtive look when his back was turned. I had never seen a pair of pajamas before. For sleeping purposes I had brought a nightshirt. I considered what I should do. Should I leave my old-fashioned garment in the dresser drawer where I had stowed it before Russ arrived, and sleep in my underwear? Or should I do as one of my friends once put it, "revert to type," and sleep raw? Or would it be better to just brazen it out and pretend that everyone in Cerro Gordo County used nightshirts all the time? I decided on the last named course, carefully avoiding Russell's eyes as I did so. He was kind enough to say nothing.

I lay for a long time that night wondering why I had ever left Hersey's and the threshing crew that pleasant September afternoon only a few short hours before, though it seemed as if I had been gone for many days. The next morning I was not long in getting down town

to see that my trunk was brought out. I had an important errand at Tilden's Store too, where I bought — you guessed it — a suit of pajamas.

As Russ and I became better acquainted and got used to our new surroundings, I began to find him an interesting and pleasant companion. I completely forgot that first unfortunate impression, and though he might have strained my good nature when he asked to borrow my razor once or twice before the barber's itch disappeared, we got along wonderfully well. We even managed after a month or so to get ourselves transferred to a better room on the ground floor by squawking loudly to Ralph Edwards and the other boys who were running the club. My roommate was far more articulate than I in getting something like this done. Eventually Russ and I became members of different fraternities so that we met only occasionally on the campus, but I followed his career with a great deal of interest as we went on to become upper classmen. He was to become an outstanding student, an intercollegiate debater, a member of Alpha Zeta, of the glee club, of the YMCA cabinet, and he eventually won the distinction of becoming editor-in-chief of the college annual, the 1916 *Bomb*. After graduation I lost track of him for a while, but after some years I was to read in the papers that the chief of the Division of Economic and Credit Research, Farm Credit Administration, U. S. Department of Agriculture, was none other than the boy from Kiron.

One of the wonderful things about being young and full of vinegar is, of course, the ability to quickly adapt



oneself to new conditions and situations. I used to think about that old copybook expression we had in our writing books at the country school, "Every beginning is hard." For some reason or other, I suppose mainly to impress it still more upon us, they even had it printed in German in some of the books, and if I remember my German correctly it read, "Aller Anfang ist schwer." Thus it was not long before we who were freshmen at Ames in the fall of 1912 felt quite at home and could hardly wait until the next year arrived so that we could survey the incoming class with that calm and superior detachment that comes to those who know the ropes.

A while back I told you of the six-day-a-week refresher course in algebra I was going to have to take, somewhat to my disgust. There were a good many, I found, who, like myself, needed "refreshing," and about thirty of us gathered each day from Monday until Saturday in a class taught by Miss Agnes Mosher, a splendid teacher who commanded our complete respect and who made algebraic intricacies look easy. Another group similar to ours met at the same time with another teacher, Miss Ann Fleming, who, because of her flaming red hair, was known as "Red Annie." We heard delightful tales about her from some of the students in her classes. How in her enthusiasm over the mysteries of "x" and "y" and such matters she sometimes forgot to put problems on the blackboard to illustrate a point she wanted to make, but instead inscribed them in thin air with a waving forefinger, even going so far as to rub out a mistake in that same air before the blinking

eyes of the class. We used a textbook that had been written by E. W. Stanton, Dean of the Junior College, and Professor of Mathematics. This book was known irreverently to one and all as "Stantie's Jokes."

In my algebra class I soon made many new friends. Many of the boys were from farms so that we had a common background. One of these was a well-dressed, handsome youngster from Clinton County, Iowa. We often fell into step as we walked to and from class and talked about what we did at home and what we hoped to do when we got through college. This was all interesting of course, but perhaps I was influenced somewhat by the fact that this boy, whose name was Frank Harrington, had a good-looking, brown-eyed, curly-haired sister who was also a freshman at that time. When brother and sister happened to meet on the campus, and I just happened to be along, well, there wasn't much to do but introduce me. And if I just happened to ask the sister for a date, and if she just happened not to have one already, well, that's the way college romances start in the story books — and one thing led to another, and the curly-haired girl has been my wife for quite a good many years now.

I think I was just a little disappointed now and then in those first weeks at college when it developed that we were going to have to study not only mathematics but English and chemistry as well. We were getting background for what was to come later but I had sort of expected that we would be immediately put to handling machinery, taking care of livestock and building barns

and silos. The young are always impatient and in a hurry. It was hard for us to see then that if you wanted to figure out the horse-power of a gasoline engine you must know something of mathematics; and that in order to write an intelligent report about what the engine would do you must be able to set it down in concise English; and that if you were going to feed livestock properly you had to have some idea of the intricate and mysterious chemical processes that went on in an animal's digestive apparatus.

The time flew by and soon it was Thanksgiving and our first chance to go home. Now there is something about that first vacation after starting college that you never experience again. You simply can't wait to get back and show the home folks that you are now just a little bit different than you ever were before. You've made the grade, you've learned to live away from home, and you've made a lot of new friends from faraway places. You even dress just a little different. I know I did, but to describe it now makes me shudder. Those were the days of the high button shoes, preferably a brilliant tan in color. I had them on when I arrived in Mason City for that first vacation. I wore also wide, floppy trousers with three-inch cuffs carelessly turned up at the bottom, a sort of a Scotch cap, and a long, flowing, bright-plaid overcoat that came just about to my shoe-tops. Thank goodness there are no photographs in circulation of me in an outfit like that. I wonder if my folks speculated at times as to whether it had been such a good idea to encourage me to go to college.



Christmas vacation in 1912 was a bit different than it is now, in that it lasted for about a month. This was because of the short-course system then in vogue at the college. Hundreds of farmers descended on the institution right after the holidays and attended classes and demonstrations for two or three weeks, taking a good share of the teaching staff's time and using much of the classroom space. We who were taking the regular four-year courses didn't mind the extra vacation time at all, but the fact we stayed around home for so long in mid-winter led to a certain amount of whispering among the neighbors that very likely we had been kicked out of school. When we attempted to explain that the "shorthorns," as we called them, were getting a concentrated bit of college during the month of January, we were not at all sure the neighbors believed us.

In what seemed no time at all spring was crowding on the retreating footsteps of winter, and the campus bloomed under the magic of warm rains and sun-filled days. Though the breath-taking beauty of the place was to reach its climax many years later, we were beginning to love, as all Iowa Staters do, the graceful archways of the stately Campanile from which we heard, "The chime of bells that sinks and swells." And through the long green vistas that lay before us as we stood now and again on the broad eastern steps of Central Hall we caught glimpses of distant halls where the ivy was just beginning to climb over an ancient wall or a newer edifice of dignified Bedford stone. Or we saw an enticing, winding pathway leading to a rustic

bridge where, "Broad shadows spread the glimmering glade, and dark ravines are hid in shade." Even the towering smokestack of the heating plant became, "A tall and stately pillar in the sun." It was pleasant to stroll idly across the brilliant green carpeting of the campus of a balmy May afternoon, especially if a girl you liked was with you, or if classes were over for the week, and there was a baseball game with Missouri, Nebraska or Kansas scheduled to start about three o'clock. Even the thoughts of the twice-a-week military drill, "prep drill," as we called it, and which not many students liked, receded into the background. The tight, scratchy, uncomfortable uniforms we had to wear were forgotten, and even the loud, indignant trumpetings of General J. R. Lincoln, as he rode his beautiful, sorrel horse over the greensward and bawled out a hapless company commander for some inept order, seemed to no longer linger in the treetops.

You have heard of the War of 1812 of course. But you may not know that one hundred years later, on October 3, 1912, to be exact, war very nearly broke out on the Ames campus. In the evening of the preceding day a wild rumor reached the college. It was so wild, indeed, that scarcely any one believed it. The State Board of Education had held a meeting at Cedar Rapids, so the story went, and in a great burst of economy and a highhanded drive for efficiency had recommended to the State Legislature that the engineering courses of both the State University at Iowa City and Iowa State College be combined under one department

at Ames. But that wasn't the worst of it. The Board had gone further and recommended that the Home Economics Department at Ames be discontinued forthwith and moved in its entirety to Iowa City. You can imagine the storm that broke out then. Now there were only about 400 girls at Ames at that time and the boys outnumbered them something like five to one; if you wanted a date you had to arrange for it weeks in advance, but we did not propose to be denied even this pleasure.

Throughout the night of October 2 the news of the State Board's action spread around the college. We still hoped it wasn't true. Long before chapel time at 7:45 the next morning, the girls of the school stood silently at the doors of Morrill Hall waiting for Chaplain O. H. Cessna and President Raymond A. Pearson to appear and either confirm or deny the report. Hundreds of the boys waited hopefully in the background. Worship that morning was especially solemn. When the President finally rose and announced that the Board had indeed recommended moving the women to Iowa City many of the girls wept, while the boys ground their teeth and said things under their breath that were hardly appropriate in a chapel hall.

Things began to happen at once. By nightfall four mass meetings had been arranged, one by the women students, one by the boys in the engineering department, another by the agricultural students, and a fourth by the Commercial Club of the City of Ames. From the three students' meetings a "Keep The Girls At



Ames" committee of thirty persons was formed. The members of the State Board were denounced individually and severally in bursts of heated oratory. A set of resolutions was drawn up demanding that the Board immediately rescind its action. The resolutions were ignored by that body. The committee, a resourceful group, then organized the students by counties, with a chairman for each county, and proceeded to distribute literature incorporating the arguments for keeping the girls at Ames all over the state, and brought pressure to bear on candidates for seats in the State Legislature. The Alumni Association contributed both time and some money to the campaign. A tag day to help with expenses brought in \$200. The boys swore never to shave again until they graduated if the girls were taken away. Not that any of us had much to shave anyway, but still it was a threat.

When tempers had cooled somewhat along in the winter and the State Board came to visit the campus they were treated with great courtesy, and the Home Economics girls even put on a luncheon for them. But the battle was not over. A big fight was brewing over this touchy question on the floor of the House and Senate at the State House. We had some great champions there, and they stood off all attempts to turn what was sometimes called a cow college into a stag college. On April 19, 1913, the Board of Education admitted defeat. The war was over. We turned happily to our date books, certain at last that when our

turns came weeks and weeks ahead the girls would still be there.

The month of June overtook us almost before we were ready for it. We felt like saying, "What, so soon?" It had been a wonderful year and now it was time to go home for the long summer vacation. There was no question now about whether we would be back in the fall; no wondering if the Abbott-Detroit and those moonlight trips to Clear Lake might overshadow life on the campus; no nostalgic yearning even for the autumn threshing crews. The enchantment of the new life that had looked so foreboding one dark and stormy night a few short months ago had now cast its spell and was like a magnet drawing one back from the quiet farm in Cerro Gordo County.

I had left the Mohawk Club by this time and been pledged to and initiated into a local fraternity which later became a chapter in a national organization. This was a great experience for me. Not only did the older men in the fraternity see that we youngsters studied hard and made good grades but they helped us if we got stuck on a knotty problem. They pushed us out and made us take part in other activities, taught us good manners, showed us how to dance, how to dress for dinner if we had company, how to ask for dates and even sometimes got them for us. I have a great respect and admiration for fraternity life. My roommate for a few short weeks in the spring of 1913 was a senior named Everett Watts, from Hedrick, Iowa. He looked

and acted just the way I thought a senior ought to, handsome, relaxed, wonderfully good-natured. The boys said he could have made the Varsity baseball team if he had wanted to, but he couldn't be bothered. We called him "Babe," and if a freshman can be said to have worshipped a senior, then that's how I felt about him, though I was always careful not to show it. I learned just how far I could go with mild insults before he grabbed me and shoved my head under the bureau or whatever other piece of furniture was handy, while he growled dire things about a "dam' fresh prep!" Long after we were both out of college and were scratching for a living I sat one evening in the lobby of a hotel quietly reading a magazine. Someone jostled me roughly as he sat down beside me and shook out his evening paper. I looked up angrily to see my old roommate grinning happily at me. Another time I was driving down a one-way track on a highway in southeastern Iowa following a blizzard when a car approached from the opposite direction. I figured I could bluff the driver into backing up a quarter of a mile or so to a place where we could pass, an idea which also seemed to possess the other driver. We came to a halt with our front bumpers inches apart as we climbed grimly out to argue the right of way. Sure enough, it was the "Babe," and as we joyfully pounded each other on the back it was like the old days again. I've forgotten which one of us backed up.

The summer flew by and we were back again at college, old hands now at riding trains, arguing with



baggage men, registering for classes and taking up fraternity life where we had so blithely left off. It was marvelous being a sophomore, no prep cap to wear, no fear of being "stretched," no shoes to shine or errands to run for upper classmen. But in a month or so a shadow began to appear on my horizon. I was well into my course in Agricultural Engineering, and the mathematics required. Algebra had gone well enough under Miss Mosher's pleasant and able direction. Even trigonometry and analytical geometry had not been too bad, but now calculus reared its ugly head. I struggled with the subject futilely for a while, but it was a losing battle. Other brains might grasp its mysteries, but not mine. Even the older engineers at the fraternity house gave up on me. I became extremely discouraged. I yearned for the smell of the cattle barns, that indescribable combination of the pungent odors of silage, oil meal, alfalfa and good rich manure that every farmer knows so well. The engineer's life, I began to see, was not for me.

The question was, what to do about it? Finally I approached a lady in the registrar's office whom I thought might help me. She was Miss Myra Whitehead — I hope I have set down her name correctly, for it was a long time ago — an understanding person if I ever saw one. She seemed to know at once what was bothering me, and she went into action. Inside of a week I was transferred, to my great delight, to the Animal Husbandry department, and there I knew I belonged. Under men like Pew, Wentworth, Kildee,

Shearer, Vaughn, and others I felt I was learning at last the things I wanted to know about livestock. And in Agronomy there was the great Professor Stevenson to inspire one with the desire to penetrate further the fascinating study of soils. In Farm Crops there was Hughes, famous for his work with seeds and grains and growing things. In Dairying beloved Mortensen told us in his delightful Danish accent that if we wanted to keep a milk product sweet and fresh, "You yus' take it and put it in the rewhierator." There were carpentry, blacksmithing, botany, zoology, horticulture and forestry, each to be savored in its proper turn and delved into further if one wished. It was a pleasant prospect, and I surveyed the future confidently.

There was one complication which arose out of switching courses. I had to study for four and a half years to get a bachelor's degree instead of the usual four years. This has led my wife, upon I don't know how many occasions, to remark slyly that while she was able to graduate in four years it took me half a year longer. She neglects to state the full and complete circumstances surrounding my case, especially if we are with others, and the net effect is that I immediately feel called upon to explain at some length just why it did take me longer. I think my voice gets just a bit shrill at times as I tell everyone present that I am just as god-dam smart as anybody else and that besides I always wanted to graduate with the Seventeens instead of the Sixteens anyway. I used to have a little trouble explaining this to two elderly lady friends of mine in Rock

Falls, Elizabeth and Harriet Perrett, who had been graduated from Ames in 1882 and were extremely proud of it. If they had been able to complete their courses in four years they couldn't quite understand why I had not done likewise. I liked to ask them what year they graduated, pretending I had forgotten it from the time I had visited them previously. They never failed to respond quickly and in unison, "Eighty-two!" Whereupon Lizzie and Hattie, as they were better known, went on to tell me of the great days around "Old Main," as the first Central Building was called, and how the bordering fields crept almost to the walls of the few buildings there were then with their old-fashioned mansard roofs and high-arched windows. Hattie was especially proud, and rightly so, of the fact she had taught in the Mason City High School when Carrie Lane — later famous throughout America as Carrie Chapman Catt, and herself a member of the class of '81 — was the principal there.

As I got fully into the swing of the Animal Husbandry department curriculum and the disagreeable thoughts of calculus faded into the background, I became interested in the course in dairy cattle judging, feeding and management which was taught by Professor H. H. Kildee. The personality of this remarkable man had a good deal to do with this. I never failed to be greatly set up, since our first names were the same, when he sometimes greeted me with "Hello there, namesake." It was fascinating to watch him work a ring of cattle, placing them in what he considered their order



of merit after his classes had struggled through the job in their amateurish way, and his never-failing courtesy and good humor in explaining where some of us had been wrong in our estimates of the cattle left us feeling that next time we would surely do better. He was even courteous to the cows and the bulls. Once when he backed slowly away from a Holstein cow, the better to survey her general appearance, and happened to step on another cow's foot, he turned with a gracious "Oh, pardon me," before he realized what he had run into. The animal did not seem to mind at all, and the class was delighted.

It began to dawn on me as the year went swiftly by that if I was to learn more about dairy cattle in general and Holstein cattle in particular I would have to get some practical experience with a well-known herd. Many Animal Husbandry students did this during their summer vacations, and I had heard them tell interesting tales, slightly exaggerated I sometimes thought, of travelling to the fairs with show herds, feeding for winning milk production records, and taking care of fabulously priced animals in deluxe barns. If I did something like this it would mean being away from the Lime Creek Township farm for at least part of the summer, and I didn't know whether I could manage that.

When June came and college was over until fall I had things lined up. Professor Kildee had gotten me a job at Cedarside Farm, near Waverly, Iowa, and my father and mother had not objected seriously to my taking it. I was to get \$30 a month, and when one of our

neighbors heard of it he said, "Why you could get \$35 right around near home." He didn't know that I was seeing spots before my eyes, and these spots had to be the black and white ones on Holstein cattle.

Cedarside, I must explain, was owned by an extraordinary man named Charlie Nelson. When Charlie was well past 50 years of age, after working extremely hard on his small farm for the best years of his life, he found himself slowly growing deaf — from overwork his doctor told him — and with not too much to show for his labors. Somewhere he read of the success another man had made with purebred Holstein cattle. He told his wife, "If that feller could do it, I can too," and proceeded at once to sell every head of cattle he then owned, all of them being of quite indefinite ancestry. Then he invested in several head of Holsteins. He did not know one pedigree from another at first, but he learned fast. He became a skillful feeder and fitter, not only of show cattle but of cows which made unusual records in milk production. He became almost an evangelist for his breed of cattle when he saw what they could do for him. His neighbors thought he was a bit touched in the head for bringing in those black and white cattle — "skunks" they called them at first. But he went on, in the space of a few short years, to become even nationally famous. Requests came from far and wide for him to speak and to tell the story of the success he had achieved at an age when most men were content to retire. While he was no orator he captivated his audiences by his earnestness and his enthusiasm. He had

no use for the ordinary barnyard run of cattle by that time, especially those which had been bred and developed to produce both meat and milk, and I remember he used to loudly berate a bunch of calves that persisted in going through the wrong gate now and then, telling them right to their black and white faces that they were acting "like a dang lot of dual-purpose calves."

It was at Charlie's farm that I arrived one Sunday afternoon in June of 1915. He had met me at the depot with a huge Cadillac touring car. Naturally I was quite impressed. Farmers, as a general rule, were not driving Cadillacs in those days. There was quite a story back of that car, and Charlie told me some of it on the way out to the farm. There had developed, it seemed, a matter of some two or three years back, a fairly insistent demand on the part of his family that a new car be purchased. Charlie had demurred at first, but finally said, "All right, we'll take one of our best cows and keep track of the milk she produces and the calves she raises, and as soon as we've sold enough from her to pay for a car we'll buy one." Perhaps he had thought he was safe enough on a deal of that kind, but the cow proceeded to perform so sensationally, not only at the milk-pail but in her outstanding offspring, there was soon enough money to pay spot cash for the big car. Charlie, a natural showman, capitalized on this stunt by having a photograph made showing himself seated at ease in the front seat of the Cadillac, holding the halter rope of the cow, which stood placidly by as if to say "Shucks, folks, it was nothing." The picture then was printed on the



Cedarside Farm letterheads, and "the automobile cow" became famous throughout the Midwest.

Professor Kildee had told me a little about Charlie and about kindly Mrs. Nelson before I went there. "You'll have to work hard," he said, "but they'll treat you right." He had overlooked telling me that living with the Nelsons was their daughter, Elizabeth McHenry, a charming, vivacious young woman about my own age, and already a widow. Here, I thought, as I unpacked my suitcase in the hired man's room that had been assigned to me, was a situation that was going to have to be handled with considerable tact. I was pretty sure by this time that I was gaining the inside track with the brown-eyed, curly-haired girl down in Clinton County, though the competition had been tough. It would hardly do to mention, except very casually, in my letters to her, the proximity of young Mrs. McHenry. Nor would it be altogether diplomatic to talk in too glowing terms around Cedarside of the classmate's sister whom I had met at Ames. I was going to have to watch my step.

I soon learned that I was, indeed, going to have to work hard. Our days on the farm began at 4:15 A.M., when Charlie shouted "'Erb, 'Erb!" up the stairway. He was a bit English too, like Grandfather Wilkinson. On account of his deafness, I had some difficulty in making Charlie hear that his call had wakened me, but I found that a high-pitched "Yah!" usually did the trick. We milked those black and white cows three times a day, always by hand, at four in the morning, again at

eleven o'clock, and the third time at seven in the evening, and how they did produce under Charlie's expert handling. "Don't never step in the feed trough," he told me, for he had the not unreasonable notion that cows were just about as particular as human beings when it came to eating. I never forgot this, and even today I cannot bring myself to step in a feed bunk. If I see someone else doing it I cringe slightly and hasten to tell them what Charlie told me thirty-five years ago.

He had some definite ideas about what sort of feed Holsteins liked. For instance there were cowpeas, a sort of giant version of ordinary garden peas. These he had sowed broadcast in several small fields, and by mid-summer they stood from two to three feet high. About seven in the morning we went out with a mower, a rake and a hayrack and picked up a wagon load of freshly-cut peas, pitching the green forage on by hand. As the dew clung to every stem and leaf we were soon soaked almost to our waists. Once in what I thought was a flash of brilliance I asked my boss why we didn't wait and cut the stuff just before noon when the dew was off. "The cows likes it better with the dew on," he said, and we went on doing it the same way all summer.

When we put up alfalfa hay we cocked it by hand into little piles just as I suppose Maud Muller must have done in her day, and then we draped over each haycock a white canvas cover weighted at each corner with a piece of brick so the wind would not blow them off. If you stood at dusk and surveyed a field of curing hay fixed up in this manner it was like looking at a

miniature tent city. The hay did come out in wonderful shape, but I have often thought, while watching our own modern forage harvester pull into a field of alfalfa and eat up the windrows at a speed as fast as a man can walk, and blow the lush, green feed into a ton-and-a-half truck rumbling along side, how we can now produce more and better feed in an hour than we used to in a long day of back-breaking work.

Elizabeth was nice to me. We sometimes played tennis in the evening on a rather rough, gravelly court across the driveway from the wide veranda that extended almost the entire length of the south side of the house. But by that time of day I didn't have much steam left. I felt greatly complimented when she invited me to go with her to the alumni banquet of Waverly High School one pleasant summer evening. We took the Cadillac of course. Elizabeth was toastmistress that night, which meant that I too sat at the head table with the big shots of Waverly High. I could fairly feel the curious stares of the assemblage boring into me. You could almost hear them whispering to each other, "Who's that new man with Elizabeth?" "Somebody from out of town I guess." "College man too, I hear." I tried to look as blasé and as collegiate as I could. On the way home Elizabeth was at the wheel of the big car, but she was afraid to try to drive it in the garage for the building was scarcely large enough and it was easy to scrape a fender getting in and out. Charlie, she said, had warned her not to try it. However, she seemed to be confident that I could manage the machine, so at



her suggestion we started to change places in the seat as the Cadillac rolled along the highway. We both moved at once and managed to get stuck for a few seconds under the steering wheel with her sitting sort of on my lap. This struck Elizabeth as being funny, and she hooted as we got ourselves straightened out and I pulled the veering car back in the road. I coaxed the automobile carefully into the garage with a certain amount of relief. A young widow on one's lap, even accidentally, was upsetting.

The next morning at the breakfast table Elizabeth told Mr. and Mrs. Nelson all about the banquet and went on to explain hilariously how we had changed seats in the Cadillac and "were stuck for a while under the steering wheel." I felt my face turning very warm and very red as I tried to concentrate on my oatmeal, but I could feel my boss peering a bit curiously at me under his heavy eyebrows. I don't believe I reported this incident to the curly-haired girl in Clinton County. Undoubtedly the toastmistress of that alumni banquet has long ago forgotten our evening with the elite of Waverly for she has been Mrs. Ernest F. Cramer, of Galva, Illinois, for many years.

While I am on the subject of summer vacations perhaps I had just as well recount the expedition I undertook in the year following the one at Cedarside. Again Professor Kildee lined up a place for me. I call him "Professor" because that's what he was then — the title of "Dean" was to come later. I still had not had enough of working away from home. I wanted to see new places,

meet new people, find out how things were done in other parts of the country. My father and mother, I am quite sure now, had hoped that one summer away from home would be enough. This time a job developed on a ranch in the extreme northeast corner of North Dakota, near the town of Hamilton, in Pembina County. The manager of the outfit wanted, so his letter said, someone to feed and fit a string of Holstein cattle for the fall shows. The pay was magnificent, \$40 a month, and I felt that my summer with Charlie Nelson had made me just the boy the ranch needed.

Once more my folks agreed to my leaving soon after I arrived home in June after the spring term had ended. My father took me to the train to start the 700-mile trip to Hamilton, and tears stood in his eyes as he shook hands with me and told me good-bye. This was something I couldn't understand at the time, nor was I to understand it until I watched my sons leave for faraway places many years later. Homesickness really overtook me this time as the train rolled on through Minneapolis, Tintah, St. Cloud and Fargo, but there could be no turning back.

I awoke the next morning to peer from the window of my berth at one of the most gorgeous sights I have ever seen, hundreds and hundreds of acres of flax in full bloom, stretching off to the far horizons of the flat lands of the Red River Valley like bright blue lakes stirring under a gentle breeze and catching the full brilliance of the rising sun. It was breath-taking. I didn't know then flax was one of the oldest known plants cultivated by

man, that Egyptian mummies were enveloped in its fibers, and that its use among the ancient Jews was common even in the days of the Old Testament.

I knew it would be mid-afternoon before the train reached Hamilton, and I hoped someone from the ranch would meet me there for I knew not a soul in the whole state of North Dakota and had only two dollars in my pocket. I considered uneasily how long one might exist on such a trifling sum. But I need not have worried. As I stepped down on the wooden platform in front of the tiny station where the Great Northern train halted a moment before steaming on toward the Canadian border and thence to Winnipeg, a tall, rather handsome man with a pipe in his mouth approached me. "You the man from Iowa?" he inquired briefly. I said that I was. He introduced himself as the manager of the ranch where I was to work, but for the life of me I cannot recall his name. Then, indicating a team and surrey which stood at the end of the platform, he said "Sandy'll show you the road to the ranch. I'll be out later." Sandy, I found, was the manager's ten-year-old son, and after tossing my suitcase in the back seat of the rig we started out. It was about six miles to the ranch, the team was slow, and Sandy and I took over an hour making the trip. He was a talkative kid and full of questions — some of the first things he wanted to know were where I was going to spend the Fourth of July, then only about two weeks away, and whether I was going to stay until "freeze-up," meaning until cold weather. I couldn't give him very satisfactory answers.



The ranch was disappointing. As we drove into the dreary, wind-swept yard where odd pieces of machinery were strewn about, and I surveyed the bleakness and the barrenness of the place where not a single tree or line fence broke the monotony of the landscape, I wished fervently that I was back in Cerro Gordo County. Far off to the west hung what appeared to be a low thin line of haze, which Sandy told me was "the Pembina Mountains." They didn't look like mountains to me.

I retrieved my suitcase from the back seat of the surrey and followed Sandy to the house, where I met his mother, Sandy of course forgetting to introduce me. She was a small, blond, friendly woman, and I liked her at once. We talked for a while and presently discovered that some cousins of mine in Cannon Falls, Minnesota, were classmates of hers at school. This was reassuring and I began to feel better. By this time Sandy's brother and two sisters had appeared to stare at me. Their ages ran, I guessed, from about nine to twelve, and there was also a baby only a few months old in the family. This, I thought, is going to be quite different from Cedarside Farm.

I went outside then to have a look around before supper. Some distance from the house a new dairy barn was being built, and I was eager to inspect it. This appeared to be the one redeeming feature of the general layout of ranch buildings, which were, generally speaking, not in good condition. I found the new structure to be a huge thing, one hundred and fourteen feet long and wide enough to allow for two parallel rows of

stanchions with feed alleys for each, and a driveway through the center. This looked encouraging, though the construction of the interior seemed to have come to a halt. Overhead there was a great haymow, where in a few weeks we would hold a barn dance to which people would come from 50 miles around.

As I strolled around the barn I came upon a pleasant-looking young man about my own age busily applying red paint to the outside of the building. We engaged in casual conversation for a few minutes, then introduced ourselves, and I found he was named Jack King and that he was from Red Wing, Minnesota. A half-dozen men were building a long cattle shed some distance away, and Jack told me they were lumberjacks down from the north for the summer. "Pretty tough cookies, too," he said. Jack had arrived at the ranch only a few days before I did.

In a short time a bell clanged noisily from where it hung on a pole near the house, indicating that supper was ready. The manager had come home now, and he nodded curtly to Jack and me as we came in to sit at the long table in the kitchen. The lumberjacks were, indeed, a hard-looking lot, and said nothing at all as they wolfed their food. The wife of the manager had nothing to do with the cooking. This job, I soon saw, was taken care of by one of the most unattractive hired girls I have ever seen, and her training in the preparation of food had been sadly neglected somewhere along the line. At all times of the day she wore an extremely grimy dust-cap on her head. Jack once de-

clared she wore the same cap at night too, though neither of us had the slightest intention of finding out for sure.

Evenings in June in that part of the country are long. It doesn't get really dark until nearly ten o'clock, and by three in the morning the first hint of the sun is appearing in the east. We sat about on the back steps of the house after supper wondering how to put in the time until sundown. The four young children played noisily about us, engaging in sharp, minor quarrels every few minutes. The lumberjacks relaxed as they got their pipes well stoked and drawing easily, and talked profanely of orgies up in the timber country that would turn your stomach. I noticed they seemed to sort of pair off. Jack explained to me that this was common in the ranch country as well as in the northern woods. Most everyone had a "pardner," he said. As bed-time approached and the men rose and stretched and said they guessed they might as well turn in, Jack winked at me to follow him. We went upstairs to a hot, stuffy room, which, it appeared, was the spare room — they didn't call them guest rooms then. "They stuck Sandy in here with me when I first came," said Jack, "but if you're here first he'll have to sleep somewhere else." I glanced at the bed. There were no sheets on it, only a pair of horse blankets. Now if you ever tried sleeping between these in June you will know that they are a bit warmer than most people like. You will know too that they have one side that is extremely rough and scratchy while the other is fairly smooth, but if you are young and tired you will not mind too much and the



smooth side will feel almost like the finest percale. As we crawled into the blankets and adjusted ourselves to the sagging, squeaking springs Jack yawned deeply and said "I think you and me better be pardners while we're here." I agreed that perhaps we had.

The next morning I asked the manager where the Holsteins were that I was to start work on — I had seen none about the place. "They're off in a back pasture somewhere," he told me. "We'll get 'em up after a while, but I'll show you what to do first." I followed him to a small lot beyond the new cattle shed, and here we came upon some livestock that I had not seen the night before, a band of about 200 sheep. "Got to get 'em sheared before the real hot weather comes," said the boss. This was an operation that I had never even watched, and while it did not promise to be as interesting as working on the cattle, still I had wanted to learn new things, hadn't I, and it would be kind of fun to see how the boss did it. Probably all I would have to do would be to sort the sheep and get them ready for him to shear, and I guessed I could stand it for a day or two. Besides with only two dollars in my pocket, I was not in a position to argue.

Sandy and his brother a year or so older were with us, and we worked the sheep into a still smaller lot adjoining a decrepit horse barn which contained the shearing machine. This consisted of a clipping head at the end of a flexible piece of tubing and was similar to the outfits commonly used today, but with one difference — the power had to be furnished by a helper oper-

ating a hand crank. The thing turned hard too, as I soon discovered. The boss grabbed the first sheep out of the runway we had constructed in the barn, set it upon its struggling fanny and proceeded to demonstrate how the clippers should be used. I manned the hand crank. "Now," said he, "you see how it's done. The boys'll crank for you." Before I could gather my wits to set up an indignant protest, I found the clippers in my hand while the manager disappeared through the barn door, not to return that day. I surveyed the band of sheep out in the lot. It looked like there were a thousand of them out there now. I was pretty grim. This was worse than cocking alfalfa by hand at Cedarside. I wondered what Kildee would do in a situation like this. The boys stood silently by, sympathetic but not very helpful. Suddenly I decided that I would learn to shear sheep or bust. Nobody was ever going to say that there was anything an Ames man could not do if he put his mind to it.

It was quite a struggle, for it takes a while to learn how to upend a sheep and balance it on its bottom while you open up its fleece along its belly like a suit of underwear, meanwhile holding the animal's back firmly against your chest, and taking care that you don't get an eye gouged out by a flailing hind foot. I was mindful of the motto of Iowa State, "Science With Practice," and was convinced that I was getting the practice but wondered where in samhill was the science. The two boys, finding the cranking monotonous, had a tendency to slow down the speed of the machine now and then,

which caused the clippers to stick and bind in the wool. The cutting knives dulled rapidly and had to be taken out and sharpened several times a day on a grinding wheel. The oil from the fleeces saturated my clothes, and I must have smelled to high heaven. But I finally got the knack of it and then I wouldn't give up until the whole flock was done. When the boss asked me how I was getting along I told him rather grimly, "Well enough." It was almost the Fourth of July before I finished that band of sheep, so you can see I was not speedy. But I'm pretty sure I could still shear a lively ewe today — if I had to.

Sandy and his brother and their two little sisters had been getting pretty excited as the Fourth of July drew near. They pestered Jack and me constantly with questions about where we would go and what we would do on the holiday. They were even more excited about it than they were the day their dad, the manager, came home with a new Ford car. It soon became clear, however, that there was not much choice of places to go for a celebration.

About 20 miles away to the northwest was the little town of Walhalla, and the news had gotten well around the countryside that this was indeed the place to go on the Fourth. Horse racing, ball games and plenty of lusty entertainment were promised in the posters that appeared well ahead of the great day. Jack and I were to have the day off of course, so we approached the manager with a request to borrow the team and surrey. To reach Walhalla we would drive about 10 miles to



a town called Cavalier, leave the team and surrey at a livery barn, and take a Great Northern train the rest of the way. We figured the boss, his wife and the kids would go in the new Ford. We felt we would have a pleasant early morning trip across the broad, flat prairie lands, where the dark fields that were being summer-fallowed checkerboarded the vast greenness of the growing wheat. The birds would chatter gaily to us as we jogged along, and the long shadows of the morning sun would lead the way far ahead of us. It was our first holiday of the summer, and we meant to enjoy it to the full. By this time we each had a few dollars in our pockets and felt quite independent. It would be nice to fling our hard-earned cash around a bit. We didn't know it, but a slight change in the plans we were contemplating so blithely was in the making.

We had no difficulty in arranging for the use of the horses and the rather battered surrey, and we arose at dawn the morning of the Fourth to get started for Cavalier. The youngsters and the boss were up too. As we hurried through the process of harnessing and hitching up, the manager came over and said that his wife did not feel equal to starting out until later on in the forenoon with the baby and the four older children. Would we mind too much if the two little boys and their two little sisters went along with us? He and his wife would meet us in Walhalla when we arrived, and he handed us train fare for the kids. Again I thought, what would Kildee do in a situation like this?

Well, there wasn't much for Jack or me to say except

to agree with something less than enthusiasm that we guessed it would be all right. Now if you can picture two young men, each around 24 years old, starting out on a bright Independence Day morning with a surrey full of chattering, excited children you can imagine how we looked and felt. Jack and I expressed ourselves vehemently to each other in pig Latin so that the kids would not understand what we were saying as we drove along. The countryside that morning did not look as enticing as we had expected.

In perhaps an hour and a half we came to Cavalier, put our rig in a livery stable, and herded our charges on the train that presently came steaming into the station. The children were frightened by it and almost balked at getting aboard for it was their first ride on one. Jack and I consoled one another by saying that it would not be too long before we would be relieved of our unsolicited responsibilities, and that it certainly would be nice to peer out the car windows and see the boss's Ford waiting at the station in Walhalla.

It was about ten-thirty in the morning when we halted jerkily at the rough board platform that was already jammed with celebrators who had come down to watch the train pull in. My "pardner" and I were interested in just one thing, finding as quickly as possible a certain couple in a certain new Ford. We had had our hands full in keeping the clamoring kids in their seats until the train stopped for they were coming at last to the place they had been dreaming about for weeks. But there was no such car in sight as we de-

mother was to have brought a picnic lunch for everyone. Were we going to have the children on our hands all day? It began to look like a deliberate double cross. We saw that we were going to have to feed the four youngsters pretty soon for it was getting harder and harder to herd them by the refreshment stands where the mouth-watering smells of frying hamburgers and hot dogs gnawed at the emptiness of our stomachs and our dry throats yearned for huge beakers of lemonade and endless bottles of soda pop. Soon after noon we gave up what seemed to be the futile search for the manager and his wife, and lined up the two little boys and their sisters on a plank before one of the refreshment counters and told them they could have two hot dogs apiece and a bottle of pop. We could scarcely afford more, but our charges eyed us with what seemed to be great gratitude and proceeded to absorb the nourishment at astonishing speed. They could, no doubt, have eaten twice as much with no effort at all, and Jack and I observed the disappearance of the food with some alarm. We were in a bad mood anyway, and we wondered how much cash it would take to sustain life in the youngsters until we could get them home.

We had no sooner stepped away from the counter and taken up our hand-in-hand formation again and barked orders to keep in line or else, than we ran smack-dab into the people we had been looking for all morning. We could have kissed them, our relief was so great, but my pardner and I felt that we should at least preserve some appearance of irritation at their late arrival



scended to the platform. The kids wanted to know, a bit tearfully, if their folks weren't coming. Jack and I wanted to know too. Perhaps, though, the boss had decided to stop a while over on the main street of Walhalla, figuring that the train would not be in till later. We determined upon an exploratory expedition about the town, but before setting out we held a coaching session with the four children in which we explained firmly just how they should proceed. They were to join hands, with the two girls in the center, while Jack and I protected the flanks, so to speak, by each taking a boy by the hand. In this manner the six of us would walk abreast along the sidewalks and nobody would get lost. Jack barked "Now, line up, you brats," in the manner of a drill sergeant, and we started out. If we had looked funny in the surrey we looked even funnier now. People stared at us, some grinned, some laughed outright and made remarks which we could not quite catch, being considerably occupied with seeing that the kids didn't let go of each other's hands as they stared openmouthed at the window displays of firecrackers and skyrockets, and at the enticing refreshment stands along the way.

It didn't take long to make the round trip covering the business section of the town, for Walhalla had then a population of perhaps 500 persons. We marched the youngsters hopefully up one side of the main street and down the other four or five times, thinking that surely we must have missed the boss and his wife somewhere in the crowd. Jack and I were getting madder by the minute, and the kids were getting hungry. Their

so we did not greet them with too much effusion. The boss apologized for being so long in getting to the celebration, said he had trouble getting the new car started. "Must have flooded her or something," he explained. We were inclined to accept his explanation and let it go at that. The kids broke formation at once. They had been extremely well behaved, we had to admit, though perhaps we had kept them pretty well cowed by our numerous threats, growled sotto voce at them as we walked the streets of Walhalla. Jack and I were ready to start celebrating at last — and we did.