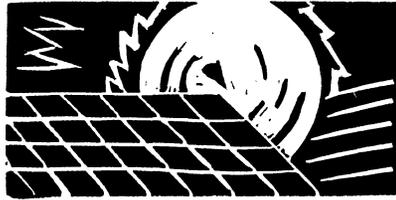


Little Boss

Ralph A. Krass

Arch. E. So.



GUST sure is a foreman. That little gimpty Swede don't take nothing from nobody. And he's a *real* Swede. Every cabinet maker he's hired is a Swede. The big boss hired me and Joe Hrusover. Joe got fired yesterday—I'll get mine someday. Joe was a good man but he had it coming. He's too dumb. Sanding a bakelite top! Just because we sand linoleum, Joe goes to work on this bakelite top. He just don't know no better. Gust don't give a damn who hired him—he fired him.

Gust sure gets away with murder around here. The elevators are supposed to be used to carry loads on, but Gust rides them. He's a regular pest with the elevator. You want to take a bench to third floor and you got to wait till Gust goes down to the first, then you can have it. And when the boss talks to him—Jeez! The other day Mauritz gives him hell and Gust gets red like he does when he's mad—he don't blush, no sir—and tells the boss that Fred is to blame, guddemmit, guddemmit, guddemmit, and the boss says he's blaming Gust. When he walks away, Gust stomps his gimpty leg, picks up a fourteen foot 2x4 and heaves it clean across the mill. Boy, he's got a temper! Then right away he picks a squabble with Fred. The mill foreman always gets hell in the end. You can hear Gust and Fred hollering above the noise of the planer. Fred's plenty stubborn and when the argument breaks up he goes to his desk and stews and Gust hops the elevator and goes to the second floor where he belongs, leaving a string of triple guddemmits behind him.

HE'S a real foreman, though. He can put together a cabinet or table in half the time it takes any of us—even Broer. He's got natural ability, I guess, because he sure doesn't keep in practice. He just walks around all day, bossing and eating sandwiches. He don't have any lunch left to eat at twelve. When the whistle blows he takes the elevator downstairs and goes

in the boss' office and reads the paper. He sure looks out of place with his dirty pants in the swivel chair and a flat-top cap on his head.

He looks funnier yet when he's at the wheel of his Model T. He didn't drive it last winter. He had a heart attack and the doc said he'd be paralyzed and in bed for the rest of his life. Hell—that tough little Swede had his nose in everyone's business in two months. He'll probably die in an elevator shaft.

❖

The Other Bread

Clyde Zimmerman

Ag. Jl. '39

On other afternoons I had gone by,
Content to look and pass and think
That glass and stone and wood were beautiful.

It was just an afternoon like others,
Except somehow the April sky . . . the trees . . . the birds
Filled me and yet were not enough.

Before I thought I had gone up the steps.
Then the door was gently open,
And I was alone in radiant silence.

I knelt down. And a prayer,
Which had no particular beginning,
Came into my throat and was over.

And when I stood up before the golden windows
A light not quite of the sun was there,
And something of me sped upward through stainless space—
And then was back again.

I went down the steps into the spring sunlight,
And it flowed into me:
I lifted my face and was filled.