

vale, a drab, lonesome and grim town, the last of California. But only for breath. Then double-engined, we gripped and rose above the earth, above the hills all black and white—above the clouds, above the sky—Siskiyou, Siskiyou, sang the train as sweating and gasping, we climbed into Oregon.

THE CABMAN OF FRESNO

I HAVE forgotten his name. He was tall and lean, beautifully black, with a frank, half-bashful laugh. "I'll get you there," he said simply. And everybody echoed, "He'll get you there." How simple! I had to catch a 6:05 train in the cold, gray morning. He would get me there. I could depend upon him; I could sleep calmly. I need not fret and worry. Here was a young man on whom everyone depended. He was just a cabman with an ancient Buick. But you could depend upon him. In one simple detail of life he was perfect. In that one attribute he stood among the masters of the world. He was a god! Shakespeare could write Hamlet; Harriman could build railroads; he could start a cab on time.

THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY

S CARRED, naked mountains, with brush and furrows, sand and boulders, rising in superimposed triangles, with now and then a gracious swelling curve and crumbling crag above a sky—a sky so clear, so limpid and so blue, it seemed a dream of utter space and infinite beauty—a sea without shore, ship or shoal, and deep without end. Definitely almost curtly the mountains withdrew from the level desert of cacti, weeds and white alkali. Then turning, we faced the surly mountains and climbed them—4000 feet at Tehachapi, a brown, silent,

cynical land of faded sage. We stormed the sullen heights in great curved swoops like a bird, and the cold mountains softened at our approach—became almost beautiful, in their naked, inhospitable way, beneath the pale sunshine. Little bleak pines begin to squat about us and rotten rocks melt into dust and sand. All is dry and parched and gasping, and the sky is blue and slightly fleeced. A road following us sliced into the hillside precariously. And then over the hill and down, the green came stealing in over the meadows and we were back to the world again. It was as though we had gasped for breath and recovered—the world had gasped for water and got at last a long, slow drink.

We wound through a rough and quarrelsome valley, with iron rocks and towering hills, a tiny stream below. As we sank lower, we knotted ourselves grotesquely about a cone-like hill, twisting above, below, in circles—with space-defying antics dropped 2000 feet.

Crickets crying a high-noon, grass and crag-tipped mountains, eager green and sunlit valley. The tang of Spring. I'm going backwards from Summer to June from June to April and ahead is December. Lovely vistas of mountain, hill and dale stretching away in the glorious sunshine, rolling in a savage, poignant beauty with a village nestling afar. Ten miles we go to drop that little mile springing and whirling, diving beneath the earth and skirting the grim precipice and diving again.

The valley is one of the world's rare hits at painting beauty whether one leaps from fertile meadow to grey and snow-gripped mountain tops, or falls from a grey and barren heaven to the beautiful bosom of earth—from Tehachapi to Calienti is a ride for singing Valkyrs on iron horses wild with wings—*a-hoyia-ho! ha-ha!*

FROM THE ANGELS TO SAN DIEGO

A ND then the Sea—the fierce old sea—the ancient and everlasting sea spread us its wares, its silken sheen of infinite hues in blues and green—its delicately laced camisoles resting on the pale, gold bosom of the land; ghost islands and the shadow of the shades of hills—the indistinct thought of yellows, purples and browns. Silent was the sea beneath the thunder of the moving sun and sand, no word nor murmur, lying like a dream on the edge of the earth.

Then the land, the slow and mighty land, stretching from the lace-edged mountains, swept with snow, stepped down to the eyes of the sea—the land rose and stood erect toward Heaven—the brown and velvet of its skirts torn and bedraggled and yet magnificent—above the sea it loomed and frowned. O beautiful, too beautiful world, soft La Jolla sleeping in the sun beneath Indian blankets! But still the sea—the grim old sea, the ancient and eternal sea—spread us its wares.

Silks, impalpable, imponderable, diaphanous, sheer as shine, gay as the laughter of God; velvets luscious, deep and rustling. Great sheets of beaten gold with little innocent hammer-marks, wide quilts of shimmering silver, blankets of flowing fleece and films of fire. Then—San Diego: hedges of gerania, fields of callas—star-eyed palms—dark fingers of land pointing seaward and the clustered, smoking city. The flash of white and angry teeth upon the sand gnashing, gnashing, gnashing—a slim dark finger of God beyond La Jolla touching the sea and saying: "Peace be still".

Roses and lilies, marigolds, gold mustard, yellow poppies and crimson gerania. Lead purple and grey are earth and sky and sea—save the roll and tumble of blue and silver tipped hills.

Beneath the bosom of the Peaceful Ocean, lies the Wrath of God, and underneath this wrath, the bones of the sleeping dead; white bones, and grey and black, shredded flesh and eyes that see not—bones and bones and ships and stones, layer and layer and century on century and crime on sorrow and sigh.

GRADUATES

T HE July CRISIS, which is published June 20th, will contain, as usual, a review of Negro education for the year. It is always difficult to get these returns in time for publication, and many persons are annually disappointed. We are asking all persons who are to receive the Bachelor's degree or any higher degree in arts or any professional degree to write us stating the facts and sending a good clear photograph. We cannot promise to return the photographs and we cannot promise to publish every picture that comes to us, but we shall publish as large a number as possible. May we ask heads of schools to send in data concerning their college graduates at the earliest possible moment. Unfortunately we cannot publish much concerning high school graduates.

"PRINCE" CHALLOUHL CZILCZISE

"P RINCE" CHALLOUHL CZILCZISE, who has operated in Oklahoma, Illinois and Canada, is now giving his attention to Colorado. This makes it our duty to say in plain words that the "Prince" is a fraud and a liar, and the public is hereby warned against him. We have already a long list of his victims, and would be glad to have more in case we are reluctantly compelled to soil our pages with the details of his career.