

Riding a firebug — driving with one
rear tire on dual wheels flat, causing
fire hazard

Rubber bands — under-sized tires

Shaking down the ashes — cranking a
truck

Sleeper — truck with sleeping com-
partment

Smoker — cigarette haul

Spook report — spotter's report

Stem winder — hand-crank starter

The Men — police

Thumb buster — spinning steering
wheel

Yodeling gear — overdrive that makes
high, singing noise

This does not exhaust the idio-
matic esoterica of the highway
jockeys, but I could not get them
all down. As it is, I may never be
the same again. Just yesterday I
accused my husband, who crashes
his gears, of being a cog stripper,
and when I drove into the gas
station this morning I told the at-
tendant, quite nonchalantly, "Fill
'er up with push water. And check
the bolognas!"



CONCERT

By TOM BOGGS

THE bell makes a globe
Upon the hollow air,
A fruit no less profound
For being briefly there —
Now in the woodwinds' stirring,
In gold of brasses' waking,
The May of man's devising,
The heaven of man's making!

Now to rhythm each
Dull blood cell blooms to speech —
From dissonance resolving
The blaze of man's evolving —
Bird and Eve in the flute's clear note,
Eden in the oboe's throat.

Ecstasy's accomplice,
The listener is borne
Out of the prison dark of self:
The grave walls part like corn.

FEAR SWEEPS THE SOUTH SEAS

BY ERNEST O. HAUSER

THEY were holding an emergency meeting at the Circle Bougainville and everybody was there: the French businessmen with their black mustaches, a few officials, and the half-castes who had risen from the ranks. Everybody who was anybody in Tahiti was there, and they forgot about coconuts and phosphate, and even about their *apéritifs*. For the news that had come in over the short-wave radio was disturbing indeed: France had been conquered by Germany.

Looking down from the balcony of the "Circle," which occupies the second floor of the only three-story building in town, the much disturbed gentlemen could see the peaceful waterfront where old French cannon were the tying posts, with native craft unloading pineapples and pearl shell and squealing pigs. They could see the filigree of red-blooming trees against a flawless sky, and the emerald ocean beyond. And they asked one momentous question: What would be the fate of this tiny French colony, this insignificant speck in the

vast and warm Pacific — their precious home? Down by the pineapples and the pigs, the *Dumont d'Urville* swung at anchor; she was a sloop of war — the only metal ship the French were keeping in these tranquil waters. Now for the first time they raised their eyebrows as they looked her over. Would her five-inch guns be able to protect these enchanting shores? And how long?

Suddenly someone bent over the railing of the balcony and yelled, "'Allo, George! Are you there?" "Yeah," came a voice from the front porch of the next building, which was the American Consulate. Single file, they marched over, and one of them, a tall half-caste, brandished a document signed with many names. Tears were in his eyes as he bowed to George and explained the extraordinary ceremony: Please America, Take Over, said the document, and all the best people of the Society Islands had signed it. Tears were in the spokesman's eyes as George handed it back to him. Consular representa-