

only by a minority of the committee's members. This put him on his guard; he adjourned the meeting of the committee and immediately initiated such energetic measures against the communist defeatists that the Pétainist defeatists were frightened and abandoned their plan.

Eight months later, when Paul Reynaud called upon Marshal Pétain and General Weygand in order to restore public confidence after the collapse of Gamelin, the Marshal brought with him his glorious past, his suspicious present and his deep-seated pessimism. The "constitutional defeatism" which had been so irritating to Clemen-

ceau asserted itself on June 13, 1940, at the council of Ministers in the Château de Nitray, when Pétain blamed the soldiers for the failure of their chiefs, and read a memorandum declaring that an armistice was the only solution:

The military situation is such that if the French government does not request an armistice, it is to be feared that the troops, no longer obeying their leaders, may become prey to a panic which would prevent the army from carrying out the smallest operation.

The legend of Verdun had been consummated in the reality of Sedan. It need only be added that Marshal Henri Philippe Pétain will be 86 years old next April 26.

SNUBBED

Freedom hurried down the street,
Edging through the crowd.
Former lovers, passing by,
Neither spoke nor bowed.

Having known the lady well,
Men forsook her arms —
Beauty, overlong possessed,
Loses all its charms.

— CHARLES G. CRELLIN

SETTLERS' GRUB

BY DELLA T. LUTES

THE EARLY American settler rarely suffered from hunger, even if he did from lack of variety. Fish, meat and fowl were abundant in almost every inhabitable neck of woods. But in the dead of winter the wildfowl found pleasanter quarters, and the snow was often too deep for game to roam abroad. Then it behooved the frontier family to have on hand a supply of preserved foods — salted, smoked, dried or “jerked.”

In preparation, then, for the hazardous venture of emigration to the new home, the huge covered wagon stood at the door of the older one sometimes for weeks before the day of departure. With the precision of a steamer's loading, its contents were chosen and fitted into the allotted space. Grain for grinding and grain for seed; meat — smoked, salted and dried; plenty of salt; a few bushels of potatoes and quantities of beans. Dried apples, though bulky, were light and kept well, so they were tucked away by the bagful. Twenty or thirty loaves of bread were often

baked and left to dry until they were light and hard. Rum and whisky, in jugs or kegs, were considered essentials. Sometimes a coop of hens bounced on the tail-board of the wagon, and a cow plodded behind.

But there was little room for “luxuries,” such as sugar, coffee and tea. The settler had not only to provide for the long and uncertain journey, but also to sustain his family after their arrival. It was impossible to depend upon the occasional makeshift stores or the hostelrys along the main routes leading from the East to the Middle West — many of them mere shanties thrown together beside the trail and utterly lacking in comforts. Nor could he hope for hospitality from the few settlers ahead of him. It was essential that each emigrant stand on his own feet.

The settler aimed to arrive at his particular location before the planting season was past. Then the first thing he did, even before