

indeed insist upon an acknowledgment that Towser or Pipsy — however scrofulous or wormy the beast may be — is a booful, booful animal, no nuisance at all, and “doesn’t smell the least *bit* doggy, does he?” It would, of course, be intolerable to admit that the canine whose slavish devotion props one’s ego was but a bundle of servility, smell and stupidity.

The late Albert Payson Terhune made a fortune by glorification of the dog. I daresay that the piece

of lush rhetoric called, I believe, “Tribute to a Dog,” by a Senator-somebody, has been reprinted at least as often as The Lord’s Prayer. It is to be feared that the present article will be less widely esteemed. But it is possible, so large is this country, that these words may reach a few citizens of congenial opinion: a few who may agree with me that man’s hysterical devotion to the dog is as grotesque a perversion as, for example, the devotion in India to sacred cattle.



## WIND IN THE TREES

BY ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

WIND in the trees denies their will  
 And bends them toward some little hill  
 Mindless of how they stretch and labor  
 To make the sky their nearest neighbor.  
 And through the boughs his words are dinned:  
 Trees were once seeds but wind is wind  
 And ever was and so will be  
 Blowing unchanged when earth’s last tree  
 Goes down to earth with one last roar  
 And one last silence, nothing more —  
 And, holding power of start and end,  
 May break the things that do not bend . . .

## THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

### Geology

#### OIL FROM ROCKS

By JAMES AND ALICE WILSON

NOR since the days of early Cripple Creek and Leadville has there been as much excitement in the Colorado Rockies as there is today. A new strike has been made that postpones indefinitely the dread day of "no more gasoline" of which the public has been hearing. Since large-scale gasoline production from this new source cannot be realized overnight, we shall have to continue strict rationing at least until the war is won, but we need no longer face the prospect of gas famine within a few years *after* the war.

At the normal rate of consumption, our known reserves of liquid petroleum are good for only about fourteen years. Because we cannot drain it out of the ground that fast, actual consumption of this oil will be spread out over thirty years or

so — and spread out thin. The rate of discovery of new reserves has declined from 2392 million barrels in 1936 to 507 million barrels in 1942, and we are now using up liquid petroleum almost five times as fast as we are discovering it. Thus the end seems in sight for oil from wells.

However, Colorado contains the richest deposits of oil shale in the world. Up toward the tops of the hills, plateaus and mesas of the Grand Valley region of Colorado — Moffat, Rio Blanco, Garfield and Mesa counties — are shale beds ranging from a few inches to 500 feet thick, which contain the equivalent of enough recoverable oil to supply all this country's needs for thirty-five to forty years. Deposits in Utah, Wyoming, California, Montana, Kentucky, Illinois and other states are believed sufficient to swell our known reserves of oil

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