

cut him in two was Hippy, and in the worse place a man could be. His head and arms was under the horse's chest, and his legs was dragging on the ground while it looked like that ornery pony was reaching under with his hind legs and kicking that cowboy to pieces.

I sort of wanted to close my eyes for a second for I thought sure Hippy was going to be kicked and dragged into scattered remains, but my eyes didn't close none at all. Instead, and in less time than it takes to tell it I was off my horse, had my knife out, and luck being with me for once I got a holt of the rope. . . . I never seen such a hard rope to cut as that one seemed to be right then. I whittled at it and was jerked around a trying to keep a holt of it till I thought my eye teeth would jar loose, but finally she came apart, the two thousand pounds of earth tearing critter and horse-flesh was separated and the coils that'd wrapped around Hippy's waist let go.

The cowboy slipped to the ground and the wild pounding hoofs of the bucking horse barely missing him went on over leaving him, clothes half tore off, his body all twisted, and looking like dead.

I straightened him out quick as I could and to looking like human again, and I was sure some surprised to find after tallying up on where and how bad he was hurt that with all the rope marks around his waist, a few bruises and a busted ankle there was nothing about him that wouldn't heal up again.

It was a couple of days later when passing by where Hippy was laying in the shade of the chuck-wagon and recuperating that that cowboy hollered at me and says:

"Say Bill, I thought you knowed better than cut a good rope in the centre and spoil it like you did mine, you could of just as well cut it by the hondoo and saved it, couldn't you?"

## May Day

BY LAWRENCE LEE

At early cockcrow you will rise  
To take the morning by surprise.

Two green silk ribbon ends will float  
About the rose-cleft of your throat;

And you will be a blossomy sight,  
Wearing a blowy skirt of white.

On you will smile, across the lea,  
A world reborn from sea to sea.

The whole young earth will beckon so  
You'll wonder which green way to go.

One way your eager feet might pass  
Through wavy meadows deep with grass;

Through dappled thickets, dank and still,  
Another way leads up a hill,

Where, in the distance, one can see  
Small houses clustered silently;

Through roads and fields with you will run  
Your shadow in the golden sun;

Far over all that you pass through  
Will stretch untrodden fields of blue,

And with you follow everywhere  
The clean, sweet smell of country air.

Through green fields you will walk alone,  
While I still wander paths of stone;

And, oh, while you are roving out,  
The May Days I shall dream about!



by  
Edward Shenton  
Author of "All the Boats to Build"

ILLUSTRATIONS  
(FRONTISPIECE) BY THE  
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## I VERA CRUZ



DAWN startled the night, and you could feel the heat coming. There was no morning in the east, only peaks of fire on the sea rim. The lifeless water shrank to the heat and the lank wind drooped under the burden. The shore lay inert

awaiting the hot impact of the day. Sky and water were pig-iron gray and the town grayed silver. The wan light on the pharos dwindled.

Mexico . . .

Thin towers of pale stone; domes of lilac tiles; red shanks of rusted cranes. . . . The west was shallow blue, spotless. Except for the hump of Orizaba rising white and frozen out of the dim valley.

A wave of heat submerged the reef of the morning, spattered the shore, waking

the three dirty buzzards limp on the gilt cross of the cathedral. The air was dead and hot. The silence was hot. Nothing moved but the heat.

The towers were lovely in the colorless light. Red balconies on white house fronts. Blue balconies on pale-yellow house fronts. Green balconies on pale-blue house fronts. The windows were black and empty. Bill said: "I don't know why . . . This place makes me think of Richard Harding Davis." It did. That was curious. . . . The town looked adventurous and not quite real. Dark women began unfurling great white sheets on the balconies to hide the interiors from the direct beat of the sun. It was as though the whole place were getting under sail; an expedition of clumsy ships bound for the low tangle of the foot-hills. The day broke in a tumult of light and color. A column of soldiers in assorted uniforms came abruptly around the custom-house. Two buglers and four drummers played a pagan march of three descending and three rising notes. It was like a dance. We half