



### JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

This is more scrap book than was at first intended. The idea has grown far beyond our expectations since we started it, at the suggestion of the provocative Mr. Frank Betz, more than four years ago.

If these scraps seem more scrambled than their antecedents, be it known that we planned it that way. Life is a lot more scrambled than it was in the horse-and-buggy days; and today we are all scrambling to unscramble the things that we scrambled yesterday. The experts are unable to tell us what the recent scramble was all about. That is life; and we desire most of all that the persons and events described in these pages shall be life-like.

Is this history? In point of view, yes. It is the story of a community. The events occurred as reported, the characters described are real folks and truly representative of their day and generation. Even the town loafer, the old soak, the petty thief, the bad boy, the stick-up man, are just as much a part of the local scene as their respected and accomplished fellow citizens, and, as every reporter knows, they make livelier reading. Though we admire the good and would eschew the evil, it is the diabolic in man that intrigues us. Without the sinners, there would be no need for the saints.

And what would have happened to history if the wily Eve hadn't chucked her dotting spouse under the chin and demanded a fall pippin? Or what would have become of the Rome that sat on her seven hills and ruled the world, if the sinuous and seductive Cleopatra hadn't been around to inveigle Julius Caesar, and his nephew, Octavius, and his brother-in-law, Mark Antony, into misbehaving. We might never have heard from Plutarch or Pliny, or Shakespeare or Fletcher, or Jonson, or Gibbons or Green, or Hart or Channing, or that bubbling fountain of information, The Answer Man—and there would have been fewer academic subjects for young men to avoid when preparing for a professional football career!

Be that as it may, history is not conjecture; neither is it opinion—yours or mine. It is not what might have been, but what actually has been. It is the story, objectively told, of a gregarious animal, called man, endowed with the faculty of speech and a dual nature. Through speech, he has developed the power of reasoning and has done many and wonderful things. Through the duality of his nature, he has opposed good with evil, has created and destroyed. There is nothing much that we can do for him or with him except to take him as he is. Throughout the ages, he has remained unchanged—the same inscrutable, paradoxical, contradictory, and, with all, unpredictable human being he was when he emerged from the jungle, some twenty thousand and more years ago.