



ESTHER GOULD'S TRAVEL CORNER

IN "RED MARRAKESH"

Well, I have been initiated into Morocco. I have been to the Souks, or native bazaars, which constitutes an imitation—or sort of baptism in something less cleansing than fire! We went there on our first morning in Marrakesh. Leaving our motor in an open square we plunged obediently after our guide into a dark little archway which, it seemed at that moment, might well have borne the inscription "Leave hope behind—" It was remarkably like the gateway to Hell.

But once inside, your eyes having become accustomed to the dim light—the streets are only a few feet wide and what light might struggle in is successfully kept out by roofings of palm leaves—and your nose to the anything-but-dim smells, you realize that you have stepped into one of the busiest, most interesting places in the world. Everyone of these dim little cubby holes has its worker, squatting on his heels, his slippers beside him, plying his trade in probably exactly the same fashion that his forefathers plied it a thousand years ago. Shoemaking, tinkering, weaving, silverwork, dyeing, all this goes on while a swaying, leisurely throng ambles by, sometimes stopping to talk or, rarely, to purchase, women veiled to the eyes and peering at you curiously, their voluminous robes stuffed out on all sides with the day's marketing; men, some of them fine tall figures stepping with the dignity which marks this proud old race.

Every moment or two a muleteer joggles along shouting "Valek, valek" which means "giddap" to his beasts or "get out" to us or perhaps both. Anyway we flatten ourselves against the wall while the laden little animals squeeze by. It is their retaliation for the scurry into which our motors put them on the road. Always taken by surprise, it is the only time that an Arab loses his dignity. He leaps from his donkey and begins pushing him, by main force, out of the way. If he has camels he becomes an animated windmill shouting what sounds like the most violent curses meanwhile.

On our way out to the Souks a funeral passed us. A long straggling procession chanting a rather cheerful and therefore all the more uncanny song, to the effect that there is only one God and he is Allah. In the center, walked, two men bearing on their heads on top of what looked like flat loaves of bread, a wide board on which lay the corpse, wrapped in a woolen robe such as he probably wore in life. They are on their way to the cemetery where without further formality the corpse will be placed in a shallow hole, and his troubles will be over.

By about two o'clock the will of work is growing weaker. In the open squares the age-old entertainments are beginning to draw their crowds. Glass-eaters snake-charmers, magicians, storytellers, with here and there a medicine man squatting among his gruesome collection of skins and bones, murmuring confidentially to some poor soul who is going to have to take that little packet of things home and brew tea and drink it. Next to him may be a vendor of one of the national dainties—locusts! He offers us some with a beaming smile. This goes on incessantly and with increasing fervor until well into the night.

To come gratefully back from this to our luxurious hotel—once a sultan's palace—set in beautiful gardens, is to know the meaning of western civilization.

Yet for all this ant-like activity, for all its long history of feuds and turmoils Morocco seems a land of peace. Long barren stretches on which the only living thing is a lonely birdsman, wrapped in his long white robes and no less in the silent thoughts which make him look at you with utter indifference from his inscrutable dark eyes.

Last night from the roof of the hotel we watched the sun go down with beautiful color behind the great Atlas range, and at the moment of the sunset (un the lights come on in the prayer tower of the mosques, the signal for Moslem prayer. You felt suddenly that peace which descends on the land when these thousands of eyes turn eastward, these thousands of hearts are lifted up to Allah in thanksgiving for the day.

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Camp Fire Flames

This week the original poem is again by Mary Morris.

Seeing Things at Night

The tossing swaying trees at night,
Make queer fantastic shapes,
There's dancing girls and crowing
hens and old bedraggled apes.
The lights in buggies passing by,
Make perfect eyes for dragons,
And Oh! How thankful now am I,
There only lit up wagons.

A Hike

The Campfire Girls went on a hike to the Boy Scout cabin three miles from Glencoe, Monday, April 22. We hiked as far as the street car which we took to Glencoe, and as some of them wanted to buy something, went to a store. Then we hiked to the cabin. The little creek was flooded and had washed the bridge away so we had to walk around. We built a fire and cooked our lunch over it. After lunch we went to find the carcass of a dead horse, Mrs. McManus, our guardian had told us about. We played a game in which half stayed in camp to give them about 20 minutes to hide.

In the first group all but one was caught, in the second group all but two were caught. As it was quite marshy, everyone got her feet wet. We took off our stockings and shoes, putting the stockings on trees to dry. Three of the girls shoes burnt so badly that they could not wear them home. We sat around the fire that had nearly gone out, and talked and sang. At three-thirty, Mr. McManus came and took us to Glencoe, four riding on the running-board. When we got to Glencoe, five decided to walk home and the others rode. Every one had a good time and hope to do it again.—Winona, Nellie Calkins.

Our Fireplace

In the store room, next to our room, we discovered a big old imitation fire place. As it was not in use, we asked the Barnets if we could have it for our room. They consented and immediately we took our treasure into the room. Mrs. Barnet having washed off the dirt and seeing that it was a beautiful white fire place we set it up. We are going to have logs

to make it look like a real fireplace. On the front of which we are going to paint our symbols.—Dorothea Himmler.

Some one asks, "Can the Camp Fire program be made a part of the church program?" It certainly can, for the seven points of the law are fundamentals of Christian living and the various crafts emphasize elements of religious education. In addition to this specified honors are given for Bible study, teaching in the church school, and definitely lining ones self up with the church program.—Miss Greenlaw.

A Campfire Meeting

On Friday, May 3, Mrs. McManus our guardian was not able to attend the meeting so Miss Greenlaw took it over. The meeting was held at the church to make baskets for the Mission society but the material was not there. We then decided to take a walk along the beach. In many of the places the water was right up to the bluff, so we had to climb the bluff. We walked to Vine, where some of the girls continued to walk home on the beach, while the others climbed the bluff to Vine. After we had climbed the bluff, we went down Egan-dale road to the beach again and then went home.—Wa-Wa, Jean Barnet.

Future Plans

With May comes Mothers Day. The Lewa-Anahan Camp Fire Girls are planning to celebrate this by having a council fire and party for our mothers. We are hoping to have the "A Room" finished by the party and council fire. The exact date has not been set, but further notices are to be announced.—Ay-an, Marjorie Kendall.

Find Woman Sane Who

Attempted Suicide

Mrs. Elizabeth Martisus of North Chicago, who tried to commit suicide by turning on the gas, Saturday, was found sane by a sanity commission in county court. Excessive drinking of moonshine had induced an abnormal condition in the woman doctors found.



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