talent than that of his friends. It is quite possible that there are others equally gifted in the tribe.

A French editor has just published in a limited edition a folio of Kiowa Indian art with an introduction by Professor Jacobson and thirty-one colored plates showing the work of Tsa-to-ke, Mopope, Asah, Hokcah and Smokey. These plates made by a process recently perfected in France are without any doubt the most perfect colored reproductions ever made. The volume now sells at thirty-two dollars. This publication is a monument to Indian art and to Oklahoma.

Venezuelan journey
A Sooner geologist goes where arrows sprinkle

By ROLF ENGLEMAN

NOTE.—The name "Motilon" is applied both to the range of mountains which forms the boundary between Venezuela and Colombia west of Lake Maracaibo, and to the various tribes of Indians which inhabit it. The separate tribes are further distinguished by the names of the rivers to the banks of which each one confines itself. These Indians were found to be tractable by the early explorers, and frequently traded baskets, hammocks and other handiwork with the outlying Colombian villages. In an outburst of apostolic and patriotic zeal, however, the Colombian government, in 1865, decided to "convert" the heathen, sending for this purpose an expedition of soldiers and priests. Bullets and tracts failed to persuade the illogical aborigines, and they retaliated by a series of raids over a period of decades, the last one relatively recent. At present all the tribes north of the Rio de Oro on the Venezuelan side are peaceful, and do a thriving business in ferocious-looking arrows which they sell to lunatic pale-face millionaires employed by the oil companies. The tribes of the Rio de Oro (River of Gold) are warlike and are feared by their more peaceful brothers to the north, who do not speak their language. The language barrier was probably responsible for various unfortunate incidents in which Venezuelans, in a panic, shot prematurely and inspired the enmity of this tribe. The territory they occupy is so remote and so little needed at present that they would have been undisputed masters of their lush jungled hills had it not been for the oil companies. By the middle of 1923 they were in the habit of sending out little scouting parties of four or five, to watch and occasionally to ambush and fire a few arrows at the mysterious engineers and their helpers cutting through the jungle; up to this time they had wounded a few Venezuelans but had killed no one. Then a small railroad was built and a wildcat well drilled, and their fortunes mounted; several gruesome deaths of Venezuelans and even outlanders, unrevealed (for who can challenge a cunning wraith peering, flitting, writhing through tangled vines and great screen-like low-hung palms?), fed their bravado. The wildcat was unsuccessful and deserted; and who was to tell the naked ones that their prowess alone had not dispossessed the "Spaniards"? Only a hundred miles southwest of Maracaibo is this tribe of undefeated unapproachables. Their villages, seen from the air, each large round communal palm structures surrounded by smaller huts, festoon like brown beads the silvery serpentine of the streams in the green wilderness.

T 1 A. M. (July, 1923) we sidled out of the impromptu party which as usual involved most of the foreign population of Maracaibo. Our car, sleek and expensive and so long that it had to back around the narrower, chug-gier, muddier of the narrow corners, took us expertly to the docks, and shortly slid away to look for other owls. My companions picked the stern of our launch from the many sterns neatly lined up and gently undulating along the wharf and we stepped aboard. The mechanician cast off the shoreline and picked his way swiftly up to the bow, where he hauled in the tiny anchor chain hand over hand and pulled us lakeward. A jingle, and the anchor was aboard; a strangled whir, and then a series of barks, easily picked out, unblurred, which were to be our unnoted metronome for days. We chuffed through the black water, around the dark fishing schooners, past the brilliantly lighted steamers further out, past the bight of the harbor and into the restless choppy waters of the open lake, rapidly widening as we turned southward.
The next morning we were awakened at dawn in the admirable Venezuelan manner—by a tiny cup of delicious black coffee. The west shore of the lake was a clean dark green line not so far away; but the clean-cut appearance of the bank was purely illusory, for we had left the semi-desert of the Maracaibo district and were off the swampy shore of Perijá. Here boats can not travel, and man can neither swim nor walk on good earth; but, if so unfortunate as to be condemned to it, must cut his way and wade through bottomless muck trusting to the tangled roots of the trees for footing. All morning we talked and read in our changeless world; at noon, lunch, probably of canned beans and crackers and coffee; always that good coffee. At 2 p.m. we reached Laguneta, at the mouth of the River Santa Ana. It is a fishing village of palm shacks set up on posts above the water; the people live on the water, for the tangled swamp offers little but ravenous insects and hard work. It was a village such as this of the Indians that suggested the name Venezuela (from Venice) to the Spaniards. Here we found the Bicicleta at anchor, sails furled, laden with the forty men and the supplies. We tied a rope to them and started off up the placid river.

During the afternoon the river commenced to come up, and further slowed down the struggling launch, inching along with its heavy tow. All night we moved slowly through the inky water, with the black walls of jungle shutting us in. During the next day the river became a little narrower, the current swifter, and occasionally we saw solid ground on the banks. The muddy river foamed now, and occasionally carried driftwood, and we were barely able to pull the Bicicleta, grown enormous now by comparison with the narrowing river, to Camp 1 by eight o'clock in the evening. Camp 1 is a mere unloading camp, used to cache supplies when the river is too low to permit its transport upstream to Camp 2. It is a small one-room building with a palm roof, and here we unfold our cots to enjoy a rest on land. Next morning, amid bustle and shouting, we transferred men and material from the cumbersome Bicicleta to several smaller boats: a giant bulbous canoe or bonga, two or three long slender cayucos (canoes dug out of a single tree), and one handsome Canadian canoe. All day the motor-boat hauls its canoe-cade against the swollen stream; the men poling to guide their charges among the hair-pin curves, fending them from the tree-tangled banks, breaking tow ropes and repairing them. Saturn is rather pleased than otherwise that the river is up, for, says he, we will be able to take the launch right into camp instead of resorting to canoes for transshipment. He does not become enthusiastic, knowing too well what disasters a long siege of rain and high waters might bring. He has satisfied my curiosity about Africa during the long hours; he spent three hectic years leading a large party of negroes up the rivers in search of diamonds. Of more immediate interest is his Stetson, with the three-cornered hole in the brim, which he still wears; partly because of grim affection, mostly because it is still a good hat and good hats are rare. He and a companion, early in the exploration, had made an expedition up one of the rivers to treat with the Indians. Around one of the bends they came upon a village, and tied up to reconnoitre, leaving two armed natives with the boats. The Indians had all scurried to the bush (as they always do) when the strangers arrived; the great communal house was deserted, very little of anything in it, for furniture is unknown. While the party was inside, as they had ostentatiously left calico, salt, and knives as presents outside, a few of the Indians returned cautiously. They approached the boats, and the two guards, in a panic of unreason, fired at them. They disappeared, the party, startled and knowing that their pacific purpose was defeated, rushed to the boats and put off. The river here was a series of S-curves, and

THE BICICLETA

The lake is an astonishingly shallow saucer 100 miles long, sixty miles from west to east; a model of it one mile long would be only a little over a foot deep in the deepest part. It is rarely smooth, often very rough. Fed by the great rivers which drain the mountains surrounding it, it is itself a great river, fifteen feet higher at the south end than at the seaward end, and carrying a tremendous load of silt into the sea. But to us now it was only the inevitable unchanging setting for the stars, and these were mostly cut off from us by the side curtains of canvas which the spray made necessary. We found space to stretch out on the continuous benches which rimmed the crowded interior of the launch, and settled ourselves to talk and accustom ourselves to the vibration. Saturn, tall, lean, black-haired, brown-eyed, with that unshakable air of quiet self-confidence which some Europeans tell me is the most unusual trait of the American, product of pioneering; Lou, homesick recent graduate of Chicago; these two had invited me to visit their work in southern Perijá. As this fitted in with my general plan I jumped at the chance to traverse the difficult and inaccessible part of the basin under such auspicious circumstances. The Indians had recently become a little more daring, and the last raid, though fruitless, had so frightened the native crew that they had quit in a body. There was nothing for it but to take them to Maracaibo; there, by raising wages, doubling the number of men, and by special arrangement with the government securing rifles for all of them, they raised another crew. These men, with their food, hammocks, rifles and bulky general supplies, had already started for Laguneta in a schooner. There we were to pick them up.
at the first bend arrows swished among them from the cliff above. At the next outside bend on that side of the river the Indians, having walked a hundred yards or so, directed across were waiting for them again, and so on for several desperate bends. One of the Venezuelan crew was wounded in the leg, and Saturn narrowly escaped death when one of the long-barbed arrows discharged from almost directly above drove through his hat-brim. Even if I had had any desire for such mementos I should have preferred the puncture nearer to the edge than the crown, which it wasn't.

After a good deal of trouble we reached Caño del Norte, a major tributary, at three in the morning. Here we left the men in their canoes to pole and haul themselves up against the boiling current, and struggled on alone with the empty Canadian canoe trailing the launch. Various familiar difficulties and the unfamiliar one of a tree fallen across the stream which the swollen waters approached so closely as to throw some doubt on the possibility of our getting through at all. But at last we covered the few miles and hove in sight of Camp 2 at 7 a.m.

As is often the case when one has reason to be very tired, I was not at all. The coincidence of stimulating novelty and familiar comforts (such as the fragrance of frying bacon from the messhouse and the nearby bathhouse) which was Camp 2, affected me as a night's sleep is expected to. The incongruous foreign oil derrick with its native palm-thatched belthouse, the typical row of bunkhouses with walls of screen wire and pine and indigenous roofs, the ruddy Americans and the pallid Venezuelans—all this was a commonplace to me, but not at the end of so long a road as we had come, in the midst of a wilderness so isolated. We washed up and joined Avery and Fred and Jorgensen at breakfast. There was plenty to talk about. Avery and Fred, impatient at the long delay of the reinforcements, had started out the previous morning (when we started from Camp 1), with the few helpers remaining, along the main trail that had been cut to the mountains in the west which signal the rising of the Buena Esperanza anticline. They were on mules, riding close ahead of the natives laden with guns, food, camp equipment, and transits. In the van were two frollicking little dogs entrusted with "scouting." About 7 kilometers west of camp a flurry of arrows swept them from a hillock ahead. The party broke and ran back along the trail, leaving one of the little dogs wounded. One of the arrows had struck and stuck in Fred's stirrup-guard (of heavy leather as commonly furnished on army McClellan saddles), and had wrenched out as the mule wheeled. Fred believed only five or six arrows had been fired, and that the ambushing party was of that number. In the evening the Indians, evidently heartened by their victory, came to the edge of the clearing and shot many arrows into the camp buildings. Since dawn the whole outlilt had been searching for these souvenirs, and had found many. The plan was now to take a heavily armed party without incumbrances to the scene of the ambush.

It's a trite saying that college is the best part of one's life, but I honestly believe it. Spent at an impressionable period when the individual may be made into a fine citizen or a cheap scoff-law, when one's capacity for the high thrill of living is the keenest, these four or five years should certainly be of utmost importance.

If the individual during this period is shuttled through a machine like a bundle of straw, if he is handed bromides and platitudes instead of clear-cut thinking, if he is turned out of the institution a dogmatic note-taker, then he has been cheated. And I think that in these respects I have been cheated.

I hold no grudge against my university. It has done the best it could, and in a few cases, better. The fault lies with the whole modern American educational system; that system has been changed is due largely to general apathy. And to be frank with ourselves, nothing practical can be done about it immediately. To make the drastic changes which are needed will require a gradual process, an educating both of the public mind and the public pocketbook. But at least one can dream of what college might be; one can visualize the kind of school to which one would like to send his grandchildren. I have mine complete in every detail except the grand-children.

Let us assume primarily—and necessarily—that my ideal college has plenty of money to run on. The first thing I would do is to abolish all large classes, which should have gone out long ago, but have been continued, I believe, because of lack of funds with which to hire enough instructors. In my opinion there should not be more than fifteen students to one teacher. In a class of this size, it is possible for pupils and teachers to know each other personally. (I, who have gone through many a course in which I did not learn the instructor's name for half a semester, and in which I remained to him number 108, could appreciate this!)

Small classes would also make possible the discussion method rather than the lecture. The classroom in my ideal college would be a place where an informal group could gather to thrash a problem out. The decisions they reached would perhaps not be very important; the thing is that they would actually use their minds, would have some practice in tackling a proposition and thinking it through to a logical conclusion. Facts are forgotten soon after one leaves college; the best one can hope for is to acquire the ability to think. The best chance the student has to acquire this ability is in small classes, where teacher and student are as intimate as possible; where discussion, "Holding no grudge"

A Sooner analyzes her education

From "The Students Speak Out" By Virginia Nelson, '29

EDITOR'S NOTE - An essay written by Miss Virginia Nelson, '29, now a reporter for the Oklahoma City Times, submitted in a national contest held by The New Republic, is included in a volume just published, The Students Speak Out (The New Republic Dollar Series, New York, 1929, $1). The essay was an outgrowth of a stimulating class in journalism conducted by Miss May Frank of the journalism faculty, in which independent discussion was promoted and students encouraged "to speak out." The article is reprinted by kind permission of the editors of The New Republic.

I am just trailing around the last lap of a four-year college course. The college in question is extremely typical; a big, growing mid-west university, possessed of all the usual evils, the usual advantages of its hundreds of replicas. I have been a part of this school in these four years; I have yelped loudly and waved chrysanthemums at football games; I have worn white robes and been stirred to tears at sorority initiations; I have sat bored to a fish-eyed coma through interminable hours of lectures. In short, I have been an orthodox student.

But as the end draws near, I find an unorthodox attitude insinuating itself into my smugness. I am assailed by doubts. Was this stress on athletics a gesture coldly unfashionable; I have worn white robes and been stirred to tears at sorority initiations; I have sat bored to a fish-eyed coma through interminable hours of lectures. In short, I have been an orthodox student.

But as the end draws near, I find an unorthodox attitude insinuating itself into my smugness. I am assailed by doubts. Was this stress on athletics a gesture coldly unfashionable; was it an attempt to make us into good citizens or a cheap scoff-law, when one's capacity for the high thrill of living is the keenest, these four or five years should certainly be of utmost importance.

If the individual during this period is shuttled through a machine like a bundle of straw, if he is handed bromides and platitudes instead of clear-cut thinking, if he is turned out of the institution a dogmatic note-taker, then he has been cheated. And I think that in these respects I have been cheated.

It's a trite saying that college is the best part of one's life, but I honestly believe it. Spent at an impressionable period when the individual may be made into a fine citizen or a cheap scoff-law, when one's capacity for the high thrill of living is the keenest, these four or five years should certainly be of utmost importance.

If the individual during this period is shuttled through a machine like a bundle of straw, if he is handed bromides and platitudes instead of clear-cut thinking, if he is turned out of the institution a dogmatic note-taker, then he has been cheated. And I think that in these respects I have been cheated.

It's a trite saying that college is the best part of one's life, but I honestly believe it. Spent at an impressionable period when the individual may be made into a fine citizen or a cheap scoff-law, when one's capacity for the high thrill of living is the keenest, these four or five years should certainly be of utmost importance.

If the individual during this period is shuttled through a machine like a bundle of straw, if he is handed bromides and platitudes instead of clear-cut thinking, if he is turned out of the institution a dogmatic note-taker, then he has been cheated. And I think that in these respects I have been cheated.

It's a trite saying that college is the best part of one's life, but I honestly believe it. Spent at an impressionable period when the individual may be made into a fine citizen or a cheap scoff-law, when one's capacity for the high thrill of living is the keenest, these four or five years should certainly be of utmost importance.

If the individual during this period is shuttled through a machine like a bundle of straw, if he is handed bromides and platitudes instead of clear-cut thinking, if he is turned out of the institution a dogmatic note-taker, then he has been cheated. And I think that in these respects I have been cheated.

It's a trite saying that college is the best part of one's life, but I honestly believe it. Spent at an impressionable period when the individual may be made into a fine citizen or a cheap scoff-law, when one's capacity for the high thrill of living is the keenest, these four or five years should certainly be of utmost importance.

If the individual during this period is shuttled through a machine like a bundle of straw, if he is handed bromides and platitudes instead of clear-cut thinking, if he is turned out of the institution a dogmatic note-taker, then he has been cheated. And I think that in these respects I have been cheated.