

## LITERARY SOCIETIES

I refer you to any set of encyclopedias. Take down a volume stamped in red letters: "lin to mon." Turn then to "literary societies." The article will be long. It will cite by nation an imposing list. The dates of organization will begin with 1789. They may well end with a new society founded yesterday in Kiev, Russia, or Albuquerque, New Mexico.

In purpose and mien they vary from the formality of a Royal Archeological Society to the intimacy of an afternoon tea. Everything and anything has been discussed: the sixth city of Troy, English balladry, next month's election.

From a table in an English coffee house one man, Shakespeare, piqued by apparently aimless discussion into creative art withdrew his own from the meshed entanglements of many words, to write a drama. In Stuart England, politics, rebellion, and reform were conceived at the same table.

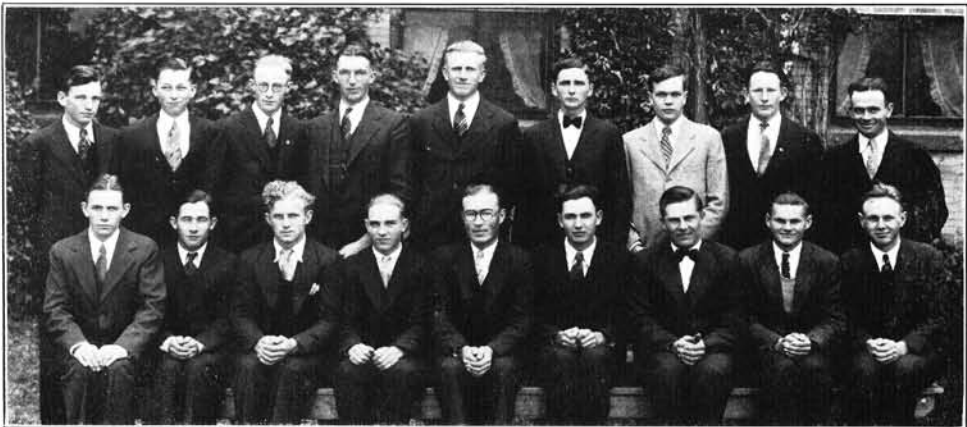
That greatness ever came from these discussions was accident and not intention. Intention then was no more ulterior than an interesting exchange of words, phrases, ideas.

In our literary societies, there is little hope for drama, little threat of revolution, and less future for the essay. Yet some one of us may coin a phrase again to use in more important matters.

So let the chairman strike his gavel. Let us take our allotted places. Let someone read a paper, or make a report, or ask a question. We shall say things of import to no one. We shall say things vital to us all. Many things, at any rate, we shall say. Let the meeting be called to order.

DENIS C. MCGENTY.

## Agrarian Literary Society



Top Row—Johnson, Lerud, Lunsetter, Nakken, Pearson, Donley, Tangen, Burk, Paulson,  
Bottom Row—Nelson, Swanson, Radniecki, Toomey, Mr. Wight, Abbott, Sorenson, Anderson, Boman.