

the strain. Although the pavements have been made constantly thicker, the loads of the trucks have increased as steadily so that the ratio remains unchanged. If there could be anything like consistent enforcement of the rules as to the weight trucks are permitted to carry on the highways, much of the damage done by these heavily loaded machines could be prevented. But except for a few places, no attempt is made to regulate the loads carried by the trucks. Tests seem to make it certain that the practice of overloading is all too common.

If we would protect the pavements we must stop the breaking of the costly roads by heavy trucks.

A. C. HERHSEY.

San Francisco, Aug. 20, 1928.

### WHOLE SHOW NOT ON THE BILLBOARDS

Editor The Chronicle—Sir: The show in Oakland spoken of by F. Conway was given in the Oakland Auditorium, a building owned by the people of Oakland. At the very least the shows there should be all right and it should not be necessary to read billboards to learn what is to take place there. I never have time myself to go to shows except on rare occasions, then I have always gone to a theater of reputation, regardless of the billboard.

CATHERINE BURDECK.

Marsh Creek, Cal., Aug. 17, 1928.

### AS INEXPLICABLE AS SOME POLITICAL SPEECHES

Editor The Chronicle—Sir: I suppose Safety Valvers get innocent amusement out of finding fault with the Hoover and Moses speeches, as to grammar and pronunciation, but I feel that people living in glass houses should not throw stones, especially not in public at eminent public men. Also, at the stadium no one was troubled by the radio announcer, and the speeches sounded excellent there.

Why not discuss some weighty subject, as, for example, dreams? No one has as yet explained dreams satisfactorily. Could some Safety Valver tell me the cause and meaning of the following (This is a real dream and not something I have made up in fancy):

Several days ago, early in the morning, I awoke to consciousness at the center of the earth and by some mysterious power of vision could see through the earth's opaque mass circumspherously 4000 miles to the very surface, and beheld where in the surface layer of the earth's scummy crust there there were many hollow spaces. I noticed particularly one large con-

cavity on the top of which over-arching crust the sun was then shining brightly, and thereupon I heard an ineffably sad female voice say: "Oh, brother, the earth is hollow in many places." There followed a blank interval and then I awoke to consciousness in my physical body.

I am neither a drunk nor an over-feeder, neither addicted to drugs nor sick, so should be pleased to be enlightened on this subject.

OLE J. SNEIDE.

San Francisco, Aug. 16, 1928.

### ALAS, WE CAN'T ALL MAKE LOW SCORES

Editor The Chronicle—Sir: I quite agree with P. E. Otey Jr. that golf is a fine game. It is especially good for women and one-lung top side office men with an embossed enbonpoint. But it is a game that will make mollicoddies out of young men. You can't get hurt at it.

Rowing, swimming, boxing, football and baseball, skiing, mountain climbing brings out the fortitude in a boy and makes him better able to face the world.

CHAS. ELLIOTT.

Oakland, Aug. 20, 1928.

### BOTH APPEAR TO HAVE THEIR CHAMPIONS

Editor The Chronicle—Sir: This enlightening controversy going on in your columns concerning Shakespeare and Shaw would be more interesting if we could learn something regarding the qualities of the two dramatists, that is, which has more social significance? It seems to me that Shaw is far ahead of his rival in this, and truly "stands on Shakespeare's shoulders." It would be difficult to find any social message whatever in the latter's works; he simply seems to have been nothing but a rather talented butcher bent on getting up to London in order to slap the back of Queen Elizabeth and the courtiers in true Rotarian fashion.

While one would hardly go so far as to say that his policy was to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift would follow fawning" yet there was a pronounced diathesis in his makeup. Nothing of the kind could be said of Shaw. He has, from his first book to the last, deliberately challenged and combated the spurious nobility of England; something that Shakespeare didn't even see.

When one subtracts the philosophy (stolen from Montaigne), the plots of the plays (stolen from the Italians), the blank verse (stolen from Marlowe), there only remains a little poetry. Nothing to

## MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

By James J. Montague



### ON THE BROAD HIGHWAY

The farmer in the days of old,  
I've heard my father say,  
The simplest forms of produce sold,  
Like corn and oats and hay;  
And sometimes cabbages and kale,  
And sometimes cows and hogs,  
But never bottled ginger all  
And pretzels and hot dogs.

The farmer used to till the land,  
He plowed and raked and hoed,  
He did not keep a little stand  
Beside the country road,  
From which he vended chewing gum  
And fine five-cent cigars  
To city folks who chance might come  
Along in motor cars.

Though you may journey far and wide.

As well as all around,  
Upon the busy highway side  
The farmer will be found;  
Not on the hot and dusty stile,  
But sitting in the shade  
Beneath a canopy the while  
He drives a thriving trade.

No longer horny are his fists  
From stacking wheat and hops;  
The passing throng of motorists  
Supply his biggest crops—  
These rustic dog and soda bars  
Awaken vague alarms.  
For with a few more million cars  
There won't be any farms.