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Trology In Hysteria

Janet Jarrett

Part I

She took out the jar of cold cream and set it on the dressing table before her and looked in the mirror. She had looked good tonight. She had meant to look good. It was her husband's first night home. Not her husband . . . Not her husband. She wished she would look old. She took the shades off the lamps. That was better. She looked worse.

A hunting trip, even post cards from Canada. It had not been a hunting trip, and they were not to be married any longer. She would look old. She unhooked her dress, but her fingers caught in it and she tore it and then tore it more and flung it across the room with her bracelet and her rings.

This was not right. She sat down again slowly. There was a clock ticking and a little noise in the radiator. If she were to kill herself . . . He would be sorry, but if she killed herself, she would not know that he would be sorry. And if she did not kill herself, he would not be sorry. But if she did . . .

She turned her head to see if there were really shadows under her eyes. She brushed her hair back tightly from her face. She did look older. She would make him sorry. But if he were, she would not know it.

But this happened every day. This always happened. You said to your friends, "Oh yes, I thought you knew. I believe he's married again." You did not look old because it hadn't mattered. You were gay and clever. It did not matter at all. It happened to everyone. It always happened. It didn't make any difference. She brushed her hair down again and smoothed cold cream over her face.

Part II

She felt very strong and full of power as she looked at the people across the table from her. Strong leaders must feel this way before the weight of too many problems broke the pride and made them afraid. It must be the same thing only safer this way because hers was a smaller sphere. This power over people and the knowledge of what they would say and do.

The place was crowded, and at one end of the room a woman played the piano and sang. Her songs were low and husky and almost without words. She watched the people across from her. A man and a woman, friends of hers. She smiled as she saw how driven they were. It was the urge to create; not the usual one, but the urge to create tangible things with their hands and minds. She had felt it once. That was before she learned that it is more satisfactory to use the energy in knowing people and anticipating their actions This painting of a picture or the writing of a book gave you only a momentary hold on people. Of course, you held people you did not even known, but was it important to hold them? It was better to have this steady power over the ones you knew, to make them a little afraid of you because they felt the power.

She listened to their talk. The man was saying, "But we do not want a complete picture. It is the duty of the artist only to suggest. Take Whistler's etchings. The early ones are full of lines — so full that you are lost in the details and never
see the whole. The Venetian ones — how different they are — only a few lines and great white spaces. He gave the greatest meaning to the empty spaces. The whole of the thing is clear and absolute.”

The woman answered. “Of course, that’s right. I’m only saying that the extreme of either is bad. Don’t you see? Too many empty spaces will mean nothing as well as too many lines. I’m only saying that there must be a middle ground.”

She smiled at their talk. The talk of driven people who had not learned to be powerful. The place was very hot and she was tired of the music. These people were tired of it, too. She knew they were. But they would not suggest going. She would suggest that they leave. That was part of the power, putting other people’s thoughts into words.

“But no.” The woman looked up quickly. “We haven’t nearly finished our discussion. We just got here. I would much rather stay here.”

“So would I,” said the man. “It’s early yet. I don’t want to leave at all.”

Part III

The hard wood of her chair was good. She leaned her head back against the tall back of it. They were outdoors, and the sun was hot and the grass was freshly cut. Little waves of the smell of the grass came sharply against her nostrils.

She stretched against the sun, and the wood of the chair pushed her up into the sky. There were drifts of white clouds scattered against the blue of it. She pressed her arms against the chair, and she was in the clouds and above them. She could see the whiteness of the top of them as the sun shone against it. She was so high that it was hard to get her breath, and she fought gloriously to catch the thin hard air in her lungs. It was cold, but there was also the warmth of the sun.

She had almost left the earth. It was a spinning, blue-green ball beneath her, and she could see it through the thinness of the clouds. She pulled hard to break the cord that held her to it. She fought through the cold air, and she could feel the cord growing taut about her body. Another moment now, another breath, and she would break it forever. She would leave the blue-green bauble and be free forever in the clear spaces beyond the clouds. One more moment now. She moved her head as she tried to free her body.

“I’ll get you a pillow to put behind your head. That wood must be hard.”

The cord slackened and she lost the clouds and came back to the smell of freshly cut grass. She looked at the woman sitting beside her, and she knew that she could never break the cord.
The Storm

ROBERT CORNETT

Thunderstorms hold a peculiar fascination for me. The dark clouds arising suddenly out of the west; a strange stillness in the air as if the world had stopped in anticipation of some portentous event; the pale, eerie light in the atmosphere which gradually turns into darkness as the clouds draw near; the rumble of distant thunder and intermittent flashes of lightning across the horizon and the consequent climax in wind, rain, and bright, sharp streaks of lightning with crackling thunder, gives to me, instead of fear, a reeling of loneliness, a depressed, awful feeling.

The storm on that day was having the usual effect. It had arisen suddenly out of the west. There had been a yellowish tint to the clouds, which, my grandmother said, was a forewarning of hail. I had marked with wonderment the rolling, mixing motion of the upper part of the cloud as it approached, and the swaying of the treetops in the rising wind.

"I hope John gets here before long," I heard my mother say. She was somewhat fearful on such occasions. So was the rest of the family, except my father, who seemed to be not only unafraid, but even somewhat amused by thunderstorms, and viewed their development with interest and a speculative attention. This amused interest was due in part, I dare say, to the fact that an opportunity was afforded him to come in from the fields and spend the remainder of the day about the house. I heard him come in just before the rain started. He said something about its looking like a bad storm.

The rain soon came. I stood looking out the window watching the wind-driven sheets of rain and the few hailstones bouncing on the grass. I wondered if they would hurt if they should hit anyone.

From my position in the window, I had a good view up the valley to where the Wilsons and the Daltons lived. Not long after a particularly bright flash of lightning and the almost simultaneous crash of thunder when Grandmother remarked, "That must have struck somewhere close," I saw a red glow about the location of the Wilson farm.

I called my father, "Come here! Come here quick! Look!" I said as he came up beside me.

"Yes sir," he said. "That's Cap Wilson's barn on fire. That lightning must have struck there."

Soon the whole family had gathered around the window. Someone said, "His barn was full of hay. That probably accounts for its burning even in the rain." We could almost distinguish the flames now through the storm. "I wonder what old Cap would think about this if he were alive," my father remarked. No one said anything in answer to his question. For a moment we were silent, listening to the sounds of the storm outside. Then he added, "I suppose he would think it was another vengeful act of God, sent upon him because of his wicked ways."

He turned and walked towards the big chair in the center of the room. "You know," he said, "That was an unusual element in the character of Cap Wilson. He believed firmly in God and in almost anything in the realm of the supernatural,"
but he obstinately refused to submit to
the demands made by such a belief.”

My mother, grandmother and my sis-
ter had turned from the window and
assumed comfortable positions about the
room. I remained standing by the win-
dow, watching the storm as well as listen-
ing to the conversation of those in the
room.

“There’s no doubt that he was one
of the most temperamental and impulsive
men that we ever had for a neighbor,”
my mother said.

“And about the meanest, too,” Grand-
mother added. “There has never been
anyone who could curse like that man.
I’ve heard him say such things that I
wouldn’t have been surprised if the earth
had opened under him and swallowed
him up.”

“He killed a man, too, didn’t he,
John?” I turned from the window when
my mother said that.

“Yes, but he might have been justi-
ﬁed in doing it. He killed John Powers
with a shotgun one day when they were
rabbit hunting together. They quar-
rrelled about something and Powers start-
ed for Cap, swinging his gun by the
barrel. That was when he made his mis-
take because Cap used his gun as it was
intended to be used. He served two years
for it, I think.”

I turned back to the window. The
storm, I thought, must be near its climax.
The hall had stopped, but the rain was
falling faster, now. The thunder and
lightning were nearly constant, and the
wind was whipping the tree-tops like
blades of grass.

“Yes,” my father’s voice rose above
the storm, “Cap was a tempestuous char-
acter. He died about the same way that
he had lived. He was kicked by a mule,
you know, but I was thinking of the way
he actually died rather than what caused
his death. After the mule had kicked
him and he had been in bed for a few
days, he told his wife and friends that he
knew he was going to die. He possessed
some uncanny sense of foreknowledge
which he used on a number of occasions
... and, everytime he was right. People
respected Cap Wilson’s judgment about
happenings and the course of events.

“I believe he said it this way a few
days before he died. “The Lord isn’t
going to let me live much longer’.”

My mother said, “But, what do you
mean, John, about the way he actually
died?”

I turned from the window again. There
was an exceedingly bright flash of light-
ning, and the thunder with it rattled the
windows. Father continued. “Well, they
had to tie him in bed. He died scream-
ing. His wife says, of course, she may
have been a victim of over-wrought
nerves, but she says that shortly after he
died that night, a hand of fire moved
through the window and stood over his
body, and then disappeared. However
it may be, old Cap never gave up, even
when he saw he was done.”

I looked out the window again. The
worst of the storm had passed. The ﬁre
was no longer visible, probably having
burned itself out. My father came back
to the window, put his hand on my
shoulder, and said, “Well, son, I believe
it’s about over. The skies are clearing
up a little in the west. I’m worried about
Mrs. Wilson. I wonder if the livestock
was burned with the barn.”

I didn’t say anything. I was think-
ing about the little hailstones. They had
all melted and were gone.
Of Purely Social Significance

LUCY KAUFMAN

It was generally considered a privilege to be among Mrs. Howard Wonderly, Junior’s guests on any occasion. Her social gatherings were frequented by only those who moved in the most elite circles, and each affair shone as a sterling example of infallible taste and unsurpassed propriety. With magnificence the smooth black limousines would draw up before the heavy door, and immaculate chauffeurs would leap from their vehicles and commit the ennobled visitors to polished doormen. With faultless execution, the pompous dinners would be served to the assembled group of gourmets. With carefully voiced thanks, spoken in exactly the proper phrases, and at precisely the prudent moment, the guests would depart, and the heavy door would be closed gently behind them.

However, today, it was a more cosmopolitan group of guests, who wandered through Mrs. Howard Wonderly Junior’s gardens. They had arrived for the presentation of the annual Pageant, which Mrs. Wonderly, with infinite generosity, had offered to hold upon her estate.

It was early afternoon of a warm cloudless day. If one stood at the west side of the house, one could look down across the valley and see the ploughmen busy at their yellow fields. Far to the right, where the city lay, rose the black smokestacks of the factories. And down to the left, the river seemed only a small brown streak, as it twisted through the green foliage of woods. The blue sky was veiled by a haze of light gold, as it often is in summer.

The gardeners had been up since dawn, mowing the lawns and spading the gardens. Each flower, from the purple irises that leaned against the house to the white water-lilies that floated on the pond, seemed to have been shown special attention.

It was decided that the Pageant should be enacted on the lawns at the back of the house, and chairs of every variety, deck chairs, gilt chairs, armchairs, and garden seats had been placed in rows to seat the audience. On tables, distributed throughout the grounds, iced punch swam in gleaming silver bowls, and butlers bearing trays, laden with intricately designed sandwiches, skillfully maneuvered themselves and their charges through the crowd. Miss Florence Parker, who, it was rumored, had enjoyed some experience with the drama, (the extent of which was uncertain) had been chosen to write the script and to direct the actors, who volunteered from the local community.

Now the audience was assembling. They came streaming around the sides of the house, pouring across the gardens, emerging from among the trees. There were farmers; there were factory workers; there were those whose identities were unknown, and as Mrs. Wonderly might have noticed, some of the best families were represented. Even a reporter from the local newspaper was present.

In the bush-screened glade, intended for backstage, Miss Parker stood. One hand held an object possibly suitable for a costume, could she have found the person on whom it belonged. The other hand tapped nervously on the bark of a maple tree. Clothes were strewn about
the ground. Hats, hurried by the breeze, scooted along the soft moss. Dresses, colored by dyes which attracted insects, flies in particular, lay in disordered heaps. From the bushes came laughter, the result of attempts to dress for the Pageant amid brambles.

Miss Parker began to pace. Was the audience becoming restless? She peeped through a barren spot in the bushes and saw that it was.

"Where is the phonograph?" she demanded of an unsympathetic figure, wearing a green and pink cape. In a flash of vivid color, the individual swept off to search.

"Quiet!" she exclaimed, as the noise in the bushes verged on hysteria. The laughter ceased, and Miss Parker leaned against a tree and sighed.

"We are ready to start now," cried a voice from behind her. Glancing over her shoulder, she saw Mrs. Wonderly flouncing toward her. "Good God, that woman," she thought. "But we aren't," said Miss Parker. At that moment, the figure in the cape reappeared with the phonograph.

"Now we are, I guess." Miss Parker made the statement wondering whether or not to feel relieved.

"Very good," approved Mrs. Wonderly, and turned in the direction of the audience, as one who is expected, waited upon, and comes.

Again Miss Parker leaned against the tree, hating Mrs. Wonderly. Oh, the torture of that woman, she thought. Why am I wasting my talent here? And she signalled for the music to began. Miss Parker had no respect for the socially elite.

Mrs. Wonderly reached her friends, in spite of the bourgeoisie, whose assembly near the house was to her, the pre-
dered whether her drawing-room should be redone in green or rose. Mrs. Van-
Sickle smiled, as she contemplated her new sable wrap. The audience smiled, as they watched the performers. There was a vast chasm, which would never be bridged, between the Pageant and a few of the spectators.

Oscar Greer looked at his watch. Then he observed his program. At the rate they were moving now, the damn Pageant would last until midnight. He should have closed that deal with the New York firm before leaving the office. He would get in touch with his secretary after the performance. He moved restlessly in his chair, and wished that he had a drink.

A group of middle-aged people appeared before the crowd. Apparently, they were members of a choir. In a key somewhat flatter than that of the accompanying phonograph, they sang

"Bring them in
Bring them in
from the fields of sin."

A plump lady in a costume, intended for a slimmer figure, could be heard above the others. Adults cleared their throats. Children giggled.

Howard Wonderly drew the stock market reports closer to his face. He noticed that Transcontinental & Western Airlines had gone up five-eighths of a point.

Vera VanSickle was eagerly awaiting the entrance of her family in the representation of the community. She leaned toward Mrs. Wonderly and whispered,

"I wonder who will play the members of our family."

"What vanity!" said Mrs. Wonderly to herself, as she turned and smiled intimately to her left. She was interested in only the representation of the Wonderlys.

"Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true"
vociferated the cast.

"Louder," barked Miss Parker from her bushes. The hopelessness of these amateurs!

Cyril Carver sat bitterly witnessing the Pageant. How could he have been roped into a thing like this? He noticed the faces of the audience, earnest, intent. What fools these people were! He'd loved to have them see a play on Broadway — one of his plays.

Sally Tompkins and June Sprague simultaneously stifled yawns.

Mrs. Wonderly observed a dirty little boy two rows in front of her. He was munching a candy bar. How ill-bred he was! It was a shame that all children could not

There was a roll of drums followed by a blare of trumpets. It was "The Star Spangled Banner." Chairs were pushed back, several crashing to the ground, as the audience rose.

"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The music died away.

"But it couldn't be over," a voice protested. "Where were we?" The voice belonged to Vera VanSickle. But Mrs. Howard Wonderly Junior was pondering the same question. Could it be that the Wonderlys and the VanSickles had been overlooked?

Miss Parker was watching from the bushes. She had heard the voice. The voice had understood. In her glory, she stubbed her toe against a root. Someone paused to congratulate her.

"How gay, how lovely!"

Miss Parker beamed. The Pageant had been a success.
Education In A Democracy

LEO A. WOODRUFF

Education is of vital important in any form of government. We have seen by the example of dictatorship countries that the right kind of education is an absolute necessity. They had to have their ideas, no matter how twisted they might be, forced upon their people, before they could come as far as they have. The type of education a dictatorship should have is usually decided by the dictator, and is used to accomplish his individual desires. Education is of no less importance in a democracy. The educational system should be determined by the people, and the goal should be to produce intelligent individuals.

We shall see whether this is the mode and aim of the educational systems in our democracy today. We are not primarily concerned with the dissemination of the truth. There is no discrimination between truth and falsehood. This is very well illustrated by our theory of advertising. The character of the advertisement is not determined by trueness or falseness, but whether it will be advantageous to the maker of the product. We are not even allowed to read the truth in our newspapers, because someone will profit by our ignorance. In our schools and universities, truth is pushed into the background. New ways and new means are sought to make more money or to become more powerful.

Our doctrine of free enterprise, formerly called, rugged individualism, has caused us to become interested in ourselves as individuals. We are not concerned with the generation that will follow, but we are taught to get all we can, while we can and any way we can, as long as we stay within the boundaries of all the loopholes of the law.

The educational systems of our democracy are controlled by practical business men. It may even be that some of our schools have become profit making organizations. These men who control our systems of education are not concerned with the truth. They are concerned with producing efficiency experts. If anyone should try to open the minds of his students to new truths, they will in one way or another relieve him of his duties. Our universities have degenerated into vocational schools. In a recent catalogue of courses offered in one of our universities, I noticed that they were offering a course in lubrication; and that in an institution of higher learning. This is just one example out of hundreds. The conclusion that we must draw from these facts is that the goal of education seems to be in producing efficient craftsmen, and not in producing intelligent individuals.

We shall next consider what education in a democracy must be. Our education should be a sincere seeking for knowledge and truth. The greatest teacher of all times, once said that a knowledge of the truth would make us free. We claim to be a free people but we cannot be free unless we know the truth. True education is more important in a democracy than in other form of government. This is true because democracy is a rule by the people. And since we the people are the government, we the people cannot rule intelligently unless we the people are intelligent. Napoleon once said, "Public instruction should be
the first object of government." It is the duty of every person in a democracy to seek earnestly for the truth and the ultimate reality of things. Today, the majority of our people are not concerned with the grave problems that confront them. Their minds are kept so confused by false propaganda, that they could not understand these problems even if they tried. They have come to the place when they throw up their hands in disgust and say, "Let's just make a 'livin'." When this is the case we no longer have a democracy, but a government controlled by greedy, ignorant, politicians. These are the grave dangers of the educational system in our democracy. And conditions will get progressively worse until our theory and system of education are revis-ed. Democracy cannot exist when the people are uneducated.

In closing, I would like to quote from Robert Charles Winthrop. This quotation needs no further comment. Although this is from an oration given around 1881, it is still applicable to our day.

"Slavery is but half abolished, emancipation is but half completed, while millions of free men with votes in their hands are left without education. Justice to them, the welfare of the states in which they live, the safety of the whole republic, the dignity of the elective franchise; — all alike demand that the still remaining bonds of ignorance shall be unloosed and broken and the minds as well as the bodies of the emancipated go free."

There Are Men

JANET JARRETT

There are men who can see beauty
In dandelion leaves
Frost-tipped—
Who understand the meaning
Of worms in the earth
That burrow deep.
And the thing they are searching for
In the damp, moist particles
Beneath white roots.

Granted, there are these men.
But how can they pretend
To understand
The me.
Which is neither worms, nor leaves, nor earth,
Yet is all these things, but placed differently
By time.

(11)
"The stew is delicious, Miss Prand," he said, and the tight bodice of her dress seemed suddenly to pinch with the expansion of her pleasure. She knotted her fingers together in her lap under the edge of the table cloth.

"You really like stew, Mr. Crawley?" she asked. She had made it very carefully but she had been afraid it was too ordinary.

"Very much."

He was such a tall and handsome man and with such a voice. She hadn't had anyone like him rent her front room for a long time. Of course she didn't give any of the other lodgers' meals, but he had seemed so anxious and he looked kind of thin. Besides, what did one matter. And just cooking for herself and fixing Aunt Ann's tray she was getting kind of rusty.

Aunt Ann didn't wholly approve. She'd even said "Humph." But she didn't approve of anything now she had arthritis. She'd never approved of much before.

But her mouth was really sour that way because she was in pain. Only it was irritating to see that sour mouth and false front of curls all the time. It was wicked to be irritated, but you couldn't help it if something like that bothered you, any more than you could help being amused by something.

And her voice seemed to be getting more querulous every day. She probably suffered more than she let people know. But when she saw her supper she hadn't had to say "Humph," in quite that way and pull her eyebrows down. And she hadn't even praised the apple pie or the stew. And they were good. She might have said something.

"I — I like stew too," Miss Prand said. "And it's easy to make. These days you've got to use your left-over's too."

"I should say so," he said and she watched him chew for a moment, a muscle in his temple moving in and out. It had a fascinating rhythm. She looked down at the table with her best blue china and the silver sugar-bowl Aunt Ann was so proud of.

"What is your business, Mr. Crawley? I don't believe you told me."

"Oh, I'm in shoes, Miss Prand. Shrift's Company."

"How interesting."

"Well — Some people might disagree with me, but it is interesting. And I figure I'm doing a real service to people. Cheap shoes are a necessity to poor people and I get a kick out of making it so they can have them."

"I think that's wonderful. And you'd meet so many types. I'd think it would be very interesting."

"Yes, it really is. The other day a woman with a little girl came in and the soles of the kid's sandals were flopping clear open. She was walking around on her bare feet, almost. The mother said to me, "How much could I get her shoes for?" And when I told her only a dollar, she almost cried. It's things like that that make it a swell job. You really feel like you're doing something."

His voice was so deep and nice. It was quite cultured, too. He must have come from a good family and gone to a good school. And it was wonderful of him.
to give such a really dull business a kind of glamour. He didn't just go along accepting life, he made something more of it. That's what everyone should do. Her grandmother was like that. She could make even a common old piece of walnut like the side-board behind him seem pretty just by saying she got it at an antique shop and that maybe it belonged to President Taft or someone.

Good heavens, the daisy drawing over the side-board was crooked. If she got up and straightened it now that would be so obvious and if she didn't he'd think her an untidy housekeeper. If he thought that he might move out. Of course, now he had his back to it and maybe when he shoved back from the table he'd go right on into the living room. She'd told him he could use the living room to read in and if he liked it, maybe he'd even bring his slippers down. She'd like him really to feel at home. And she could sit and sew and he'd read and maybe someday she could even play for him on the organ. Of course, it was a little flat but she could have Mr. Landen come in and fix it up maybe. She hoped he liked the salad. He wasn't eating it very rapidly, but the stew was almost gone. And there was the apple pie for dessert. Perhaps if she were very careful she could slip around behind him, when she got up for the pie, and straighten the picture so he wouldn't notice. She could say she wanted a knife. That would be the thing to do.

"I hope you like apple pie, Mr. Crawley," she said.

"Apple pie? My, this is a haven. Home-made apple pie?"

"Oh, yes. My grand-mother's recipe."

"It's unbelievable. Some special god must have sent me here, Miss Prand."

She smiled. "How about some more stew?"

"Not if there's apple pie. I want plenty of room."

"All right," she said, "I'll clear the table."

She was very careful as she moved the dishes to the kitchen because Aunt Ann would be furious if she broke anything. And she'd draw her eyebrows down and scold dreadfully and make her feel like a child. Of course, it was a little juvenile to sneak out the best china and the silver sugar bowl. But the poor man needed something nice to look at. Most boarding houses were so dreadful. And when Grandma died and there wasn't any money, she'd decided to rent rooms, but always to be clean and gentle about it and if any one ate there to treat him like a guest. And she'd always done it. Even if she had had a hard time when Aunt Ann got arthritis.

She stacked the dishes carefully on the sink and the ones that wouldn't go there, on the kitchen cabinet. Then she took the napkin off the pie. It did look good. Grandma's recipe was the best she'd ever found. Everything Grandma did she did well. Even just thinking about her sometimes made you feel a little inadequate. Even her quilts were perfect.

The one on Mr. Crawley's bed was a little worn. But the blue flying star one was still unused. She'd put it on his bed directly after supper.

As she dug the knife down into the center of the pie and sectioned off a quarter, she remembered the picture. It wouldn't be a bad lie to go for another knife, though. She went back through the swinging door and he smiled at her.

"I'll just slip behind here and get a knife for the pie," she said. He pulled his chair up for her to go by, though
there was plenty of room. That was very nice. He had quite beautiful manners for a shoe salesman. He must be a man who thought, too, or he wouldn't feel as he did about children who needed shoes.

She opened the drawer and picked out a knife, and as she reached in the drawer, tried to lean forward and touch the corner of the picture. But she couldn't quite reach it. She'd forgotten the sideboard was so wide. This was too exasperating. She closed the drawer then, and drawing her lips, reached with the knife-end.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Oh —" she looked at the knife a little foolishly. "This picture was a little crooked. I can't abide crooked pictures, so I was trying to straighten it," she said then.

He stood up. "Here let me," he said. His long arms reached in front of her and he pushed up the hanging corner just the proper shade. "There," he said, and smiled down at her.

"Thank you," she said, but her heart felt very large and almost sad inside her.

He didn't mind, and he had such a kind face. He liked her and he didn't mind about the picture.

"I'll get the pie," she said breathlessly after a moment and almost fled toward the kitchen. But in the door she had to look at him once more, at his calm and friendly smile. Perhaps he'd like some cheese.

She turned, smiling a little timidly, with her hand on the frame. "Would you like a bit of cheese?" she asked, but her words faded a little at the end. His face was very odd. He was staring at her, with an expression of pity that was almost scornful about his mouth and eyes. Though the look was a fleeting one and he blinked and smiled at her, she had seen it and when he said "I'd love it!" heartily, she frowned.

She went on into the kitchen a little slowly and she stood a moment looking at the pie. Somehow it didn't look as good as it had, and a quarter seemed very large. She touched her hair vaguely, looking down at it. And then she got the cheese.

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**Song Without Music**

**Lucy Kaufman**

A song in the night
lingering among the lilacs, in the dew
reflecting moonlight,
returns again the old lost love, the you
I never could forget.
How strange it is that music I once knew
becomes so alien when listened to alone!

Was it long
ago that our swift moment's singing died?
And now the song
unsung is heard, remembered but denied.
The Americans

JOE SULLIVAN

THE WESTERNER

The cowboy is as traditional and as colorfully American as is Thanksgiving. Today, however, he is too often falsely represented by those overworked mediums — the cinema and radio. In spite of this, the modern cattle man, the name he prefers to cowboy, remains as distinctive and picturesque as ever, for the vast West has changed but a little since the days of Kit Carson.

Traditional among the traditional is one man with whom the West is well acquainted. His name is superfluous, but he held the title of “Champion Cowboy of the World” for many years. I remember seeing him a number of times at rodeos. He was of medium height but had a stocky appearance because of his square build. He was also remarkably strong and agile and few people knew that he was held together by countless wires, braces and caps — trophies of his wrong encounters with fear crazed steers. His clothing had a monotonous uniformity about it. Always he wore blue jeans and a bright blue shirt. No one could remember having seen him dressed otherwise, or without his black ten gallon hat. This trademark was dusty and battered and had sweat stains above the band. It was creased round on top, in a sort of college boy fashion and was scarred from the time it had spent on ground in the center of a rodeo arena. His shirt sleeves were perpetually rolled up almost to the elbow, exposing the blue veins in his long, dark, muscular arms. The top button of the shirt was open and the collar a little frayed. A cheap tobacco label hung from a little yellow string protruding from the bulging shirt pocket. His jeans were faded and worn about the pockets and in back, and the cuffs were rolled up a little. The black high heeled boots that he wore were well worn on one side and a little scratched across the outside, torn by tall sage and cactus. They were spattered with dried red clay and covered with range dust.

His face was red and leathery, toughened by cutting winds and darkened by the dusty sun of the plains. His nose was straight and his chin sound but firm. The eyes were dark and small beneath the heavy brows and folds of skin. His hair was dark and wavy and cut square in the back, exposing a strangely white nape of neck.

Here is a real man of the west, hard as stone in appearance, but soft as cotton at heart. Here is the real vanishing American.

* * * *

THE MUSICIAN

In the short years of my life I have come in contact with many strange and fascinating people. I often wonder what story lies behind the outward appearance of such persons, the hidden adventures, joys and sorrow of their lives. Such a man was the proprietor of a small music shop. I had taken to him my violin, which I had long since abandoned, in hopes of selling it. I had supposed of course that he knew much about musical instruments, but to hear him play my humble fiddle was a wonderful surprise.

He was at least in his seventies, but his eyes were young still. I can only vaguely remember how he was dressed, for all of my attention was given to his
stunning head and hands as he played. His hair was long and bushy in the back, traditional among the older musicians, and thinned out on top. His forehead was high and gave an appearance of intelligence and wisdom. His eyes were deep set and terminated the many small wrinkles at the sides. They were young, as I have said, and sparkled when he played. The nose was long and sloping. The most attractive of all was his long, graceful beard which flowed down in streaks of white, silver and gray. It almost hid the mouth completely and at last it rested gracefully on the chin-rest of my violin. His hands were old and wrinkled and bent, but the fingers were unmistakably those of an artist. They were wonderfully nimble and they danced over the strings, never missing a note and always moving with a masterful vibrato.

The song he played was a little European dance which I did not recognize. It was beautiful, and I wondered then why he was here in this secluded shop. He should be among the immortals of music, for this ancient person was an artist to be envied. I know that to this day I envy the way he played my violin.

* * * * *

THE FLYER

He wanted to be a criminal lawyer, but war caught him, as it did thousands like him, in the middle of his education. Now he has given up all notions of becoming a lawyer and flying has become his forced profession. Although he will never admit it, I am inclined to believe that he enjoys flying more than anything he has ever done.

He is tall and built well with broad shoulders, noticeable even though he walks with a little hunch in his back. He is always dressed with military impeccability and the silver of his lieutenant's bars and pilot's wings stands out on his jacket. No ribbons are above his pockets, for he is an instructor, fighting, as he has often said, "The Battle of Missouri," where he is stationed.

His hair is dark and stubby, cut in a sort of semi-even fashion with a small wave in front. The ears are large and stand out just a little, but enough to make them noticeable. I remember that they earned him the nickname "Donk" when he was in school. His nose is long and has a little ridge near the top, a family inheritance plus an accident when he was a child were the causes. The eyes are a light blue and are a bright contrast to the redness running through his cheeks. His mouth is small and holds a perpetual smile. When he laughs, his eyebrows rise and his whole expression changes — a very pleasing laugh it is.

Such is the appearance of the flyer, the typical of thousands of American youth, just as the musician and the westerner are typically American. All of them different, yet bound together by the knowledge of a profession, each is an artist in his own field, each a master of his interest.
Outside, the rain pounded steadily on the roof of the house; the flashes of lightning darted boldly across the sky; at intervals, the thunder roared as a lion caught in the hunter's trap. Inside, the flickering light of the fireplace cast huge and distorted shadows upon the walls; the radio poured forth words made meaningless by the ever-returning thunder; the clock on the mantle above the fireplace ticked nervously.

That morning mother had said, "Your father and I are going to Aunt Mary's tonight, and we shall be late getting home. Will you be right by yourself?" I had laughed and replied haughtily, "Certainly not, I'm no baby."

Numerous thoughts kept running through my mind, each tumbling over the other. Why am I frightened? I'm not frightened! They will be home soon. It's childish to be frightened of sounds. I'm alone in the house! I'm alone in the house? Of course, I'm alone in the house.

The telephone rang, and I jumped as if I had been struck. The relief that followed the incident left me weak, but I managed a determined "hello." The cheerful voice of Margaret, who was famous for her lengthy telephone conversations, chirped gaily, and I responded with the expected "Yes's" and "No's". Margaret always bored me, but tonight, the sound of the human voice — any human voice — soothed me. When she finally ended the conversation with, "Well, s'long," I did not feel the relief I had previously felt when the click of the telephone receiver ended her talking.

I hurried back to my place before the fire, and continued to shudder at each new sound, both imaginary and actual. When the familiar sounds of a car stopping and a key turning in the lock brought to me the realization that my parents were returning, my fears left me, and the room seemed suddenly to glow with cheerfulness. The shadows no longer seemed ghostly; the radio no longer played jerkily; the clock ticked ever so methodically.

Outside it stormed; inside it stormed. Outside the rain poured down steadily, the wind blew mightily, the thunder clashed repeatedly. Inside the fire smouldered sleepily, the radio played softly, but the family rushed about frantically, and the noise of their hurry equalled that of the storm.

Only a few hours ago, we were a happy and contented family, but the telephone rang, and shortly thereafter began this rush, which increased with every passing minute. The order to race to the grocery which closed at six, (it was five minutes till six) and purchase a list of groceries was given me. I ran hastily for the closet, and a sun umbrella, snatched at the money mother had placed on the table, and scurried out the front door.

I reached the store one minute and one half before six, strangely clad in my dad's old slicker, and one heeled galosh (I was wearing saddle shoes). Through my multi-colored sun-umbrella the rain spattered incessantly. Mr. Hadwick, us-
ually a pleasant gentleman, scowled deeply, but patiently made up my order. At intervals Mr. Hadwick would glance at me inquiringly, and he finally asked, "Are you going to a masquerade party, Miss?" I was breathing heavily because of my dash to the store, so I briefly explained that I had been in a hurry when I left the house. My answer seemed to relieve him, for he began to total the cost of my purchases.

"That will be five dollars and fifty cents and sixty points," he declared.

Have you ever had one foot completely dry and the other soaking wet? Have you ever felt water trickling down your neck, and your hair plastered to your head? Have you ever been under these trying conditions, and then had another human being calmly ask you for sixty points which you last saw glaring at you from the dining room table? Well I have.

I was very thankful when Mr. Hadwick, upon discovering my predicament, offered to wait while I returned home for the necessary points. I learned later that his kindness was due mostly to the various colors I turned when he made that simple statement. When I returned the second time, he was in a very bad humor, so I paid him quickly, and struggled home with my load.

At 7:45 the doorbell rang, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones and their son Billy greeted us. The evening went beautifully until Mrs. Jones suggested that Bill and I run up to the corner drugstore and get her a toothbrush which she had neglected to bring. She added that she knew young people did not mind a bit of rain. Outside it continued; inside me the storm raged.

III WITH THE FAMILY

Outside it was evident that the fat little rainmakers in heaven were working over-zealously. The rain fell with a thud on the roof, and splashed noisily to the ground. Thunder sounded each time one of the expert archers pierced a brimming full cloud. Inside the logs in the fireplace burned brightly, casting dancing shadows upon the wall. From the radio the voice of the Hermit, who was in the middle of a mystery filled with ghosts and murders, hoarsely warned any listener with a weak heart to turn off his radio immediately. We sat there, as near to the fire as possible, thankful for a warm fire and shelter from the storm.

My main object was to find something to do, so I began an almost endless barrage of "may I" pleadings upon mother. A few were rather vehemently vetoed, some were granted reluctantly, and others were encouraged. I chose to make candy. Mother cautioned me that we must do without hot chocolate for a few weeks should I make fudge, but, very innocently, I ignored the fact that all would suffer from my folly, and started using the precious sugar. Mother and Dad seemed content to sit before the fire, relaxing, as they called it, but sitting quietly was beyond me, and so I banged pots and pans, and generally caused great disorder in the kitchen.

When at last I had finished my disastrous undertaking, disastrous as far as the kitchen was concerned, the family breathed more freely, and even complimented my skill, while munching on the fudge contentedly. All admitted that giving up their hot chocolate for a while would not be unbearable, and the evening ended happily.

Outside the rain still fell; the wind still blew; the thunder still crashed. Inside the fire still blazed; the radio still played; the home was peaceful.
Dreaming

INGEBORG WECK

The constant rocking, from starboard to port, and from stem to stern; those furious, lashing waves towering high above the proud towers; the rolling deck, a perfect test for an acrobat; the dank smell of foul air and sick humans; the sea and sky covered with a heavy grey veiling: a perfect picture of an Atlantic storm at its furious height.

Human fears electrified the air, frantic mothers called straying children, thunderous voices issued calm commands, able-bodied men obeying hurried orders, and all others waiting to man the lifeboats if necessary. But wait, a shore in sight, safety at last, ruffled nerves calmed, peace — quite forgotten — again returned.

Hopes, fears, and courage stood the test of time. Souls were strong, souls believed, and souls trusted; thus the goal was reached in safety.

Yes, not so long ago that picture was real, alive, being lived; now, it's just a dream, a memory hidden from view, a part of a never-to-be-forgotten time.

To Roz

BETTY HAWKINS

You would be startled if I stood before you and stated curtly, "Thanks." You might think it a game and carol flippantly, "Oh, that's all right. Just anytime—," or "Whoops! The girl's mad!" And yet all the time you would know why I was thanking you — for being you; gay, funny, all-mixed-up, the embodiment of all that is young; intense, dramatic, casual, carefree, glowingly alive.

For what you have been to me, thank you. You were the cry for help making me strong; the agitation making me calm; the question making me think; the ambition making me strive.

We were never bound by the usual ties; those of similar habits and mutual friends. Our ties went deep to our hearts, ties not of circumstance but of intellect, ties that made words superfluous.

Thank you for laughing with me at Keats, for liking twinkies dunked in coke, for writing crazy clever letters when the phone was at your elbow, for enduring my puns and inevitably topping them. Thanks for liking double park swings, for wearing pig-tails, for always getting stagefright, for wearing pink sweaters and not wearing mirror earrings.

Thanks for being you, Roz. Thanks for past memories and for future dreams.
States Of Learning

Kay Smith

I SCHOOL IN VIRGINIA

School is a very important factor in a person's life. There are innumerable public schools all over America; each there for the same purpose. It is interesting to note that each state has an almost entirely different curriculum. The schools in Virginia stress culture. It is put far above the three "R's". The particular school I have in mind is the Jeb Stuart Grade School in Richmond. This two story building surrounded by spacious grounds in a clean residential section makes a pleasant place to start to school. Life in a Virginia grade school is leisurely. To be sure, one learns the fundamental things, but learning to live nicely with other people is the more outstanding feature of Southern schools. To do this, games of all types are played. Children are taught to spell and to do arithmetic by games. This teaches them to be unselfish.

A child is taught first of all politeness. He must at all times remember to say "Mam" and "Sir." Secondly he is taught about other countries, their customs, mannerisms, and cultural aspects. The children then make little scenes representing the various countries they are studying. This gives them constructive and artistic training. Responsibility is taught through the organization of each class. Officers and committees are chosen for each class from the kindergarten on up. Punishment isn't severe. For talking excessively or noisy conduct the child is asked to stand outside the door for a period of time. Every morning before lessons begins, the children are given a chance to get up in front of the class and tell of some incident that happened after school the day before. Flowers and animals are revered by the children of this school. Each class has a small plot of land where the children raise a number of flowers. Virginia has an early spring and a late fall. This leaves plenty of time for the cultivation of flowers. Just about every class has a pet like a bird or fish, and the children are taught how to care for them.

The historical background of Virginia and the South is always prominent. At least once a month classes make trips to museums, art galleries, and historical homes and places. Southern statesmen and military leaders are lauded at every turn. In fact, most schools are named after these famous Southern men. The Virginians are proud of their Old Dominion. They want their children to know the history. Hospitable, mild mannered people, they instill these traits in their children through the schools.

II SCHOOLS IN PENNSYLVANIA

A small town school in Pennsylvania doesn't represent the state system of education; it does present a contrast to schools of other states. The school I have in mind is a well disciplined grade school in a central Pennsylvania town. It is an attractive and friendly school where every day many little children get their fundamental schooling. The rudiments of mathematics and English grammar are stressed in this school more than any other subjects; although spelling, too, is important. When a child leaves for high school he has a good basic knowledge of these subjects. Children from
the first grade to the fourth stay in one room for the day's work; fifth and sixth grade pupils move from one room to another for their classes just as high school students do. The State of Pennsylvania furnishes pencils, paper, ink, and all books. The student needs to buy only a notebook binder. The hours of this school are from 8:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. Everyone is given an hour at noon for lunch.

Every Friday there is an auditorium program. Each week a different room is in charge. Everyone looks forward to and likes these programs. Many times the Junior Band, composed of fifth and sixth grade students, gives the program. This band is an important part of the school. The Mothers of the band have projects in order to earn money for the music and uniforms.

Once a year a hobby fair is given and children eagerly exhibit their collections and handiwork. This affair is always anticipated with enthusiasm. Other entertaining activities include annual parties on holidays such as Christmas, Valentine's day and Easter. The students make their own decorations for these parties and this is, many times, as much fun as the party itself.

The halls of the schools are where special work of children is exhibited. The school rooms also have drawings on the bulletin boards. Every room is a sunny, airy place with flowers in the windows and attractive pictures on the walls. Teachers are agreeable and children are fond of them. Good behavior is maintained at all times. All in all this is a very enjoyable school.

III SCHOOL IN NEW YORK CITY

A New York grade school is a gloomy, brick building set in between numerous other hard, cold, unfriendly buildings. P. S. 182, Manhattan, is an excellent example of this description. It is a four story building situated in the middle of the block of 146th Street right off Broadway. The building looks more like an office than a school. It extends from 145th Street to 148th Street. The first floor is a rather dark place. There are no offices or class rooms on this floor. This is where the children line up to go to their class rooms. The boys enter from the door of one street and the girls from the entrance of the other street. If one is unfortunate to have classes on the fourth floor, there are three long flights of steps to climb each day.

One finds all creeds, sects, nationalities, and colors represented in each class. In order to maintain order the teacher rules with an iron hand. In every subject, discussion, or auditorium Americanism is stressed. In English the patriotic speeches, poems, and essays are dwelt on. One learns the ordinary things which are taught in every other school. Girls are taught cooking, and sewing; boys are given training in shop. An unusual thing is to find all colors and races of teachers teaching in the same school. New York, I imagine, would be the only place in America where you would find such a system. Since Columbia University is in New York and they prepare many I. Q. tests, New York children are given these tests before they send them out to other schools. Never a week goes by without one of these tests.

Although the surroundings of this school aren't as cheerful as those other schools and the playground is a dark city one with no grass or trees, the New York City children have many places for pleasure. Every week, or at least every
other week, classes take trips to the numerous museums, historical sites, and other places of interest there. A class may be seen boarding a subway train or a double-decker bus, which is itself a pleasure, going to the Museum of Natural History, the American Museum, Grant's Tomb, or the Aquarium. Every school has its pleasures and drawbacks, but going to school in New York City is a definite adventure which gives an unusual kind of education.

Peter Pan's Paradise

Carol Fall

The European Rooms in Miniature, by Mrs. James Ward Thorne, exhibited at John Herron Art Institute contain the depth of reality and the realm of fantasy. The realization that the objects in these rooms are perfect miniature replicas of exemplary period furnishings catches one's imagination.

"Our Lady Queen of Angels" is an appropriate title for the enchanting model of a Roman style Catholic church. It is the largest and most awe-inspiring of the rooms. An atmosphere of peace and sanctity seems to be prevalent in this scene. Streams of light that pierce the stained glass windows and break into prisms of color, inshroud the altar and seem to say, "Quiet and peace reign here."

The attitudes, the customs, and the history of a people are reflected by the interior decorating in this dwelling. The Great Hall of the late Tudor period with its romantic suits of armor and its robust furniture is a sharp contrast to the fanciful Italian Baraque and Callalilitis of the Stuart period. One can easily tell by looking into these rooms the great effect that world events have upon architecture. The discovery of Pompeii brought the classical period to Europe in which the architecture of Ancient Greece reigned. The anteroom during the period of Napoleon's empire was highly decorated with Egyptian motifs and color schemes. These rooms, in my estimation, hold the key to the revolt of the common and middle class people of Europe against the aristocracy. One can realize how indignant he would be to see such splendor amid dire poverty.

Being an ardent admirer of modernistic architecture, I liked the contemporary rooms most of all. These rooms seem to be made for comfort and beauty, not the artificial beauty of the straight high backed chair or the coldly formalized pillars and rigid design.

If I were Peter Pan or Tom Thumb, the modern English room is where I would like to stay. I would visit the modern French library or foyer and stroll into the garden beneath the sun, but I would always return to the English room. I like the soft lightning effect, the tiny crystal horses in the dining room, and the thick carpet in front of the fireplace. This room would be decorative, yet simple in comparison to most of the other types of rooms in this exhibition. Being tiny like Peter Pan would have its advantages for this English model is the most beautifully simple, "livable," room I have ever seen.
Madam Marquet

IDA MARIE LUCK

Madame Marquet chatted gaily to the little squirrel that sat watching her from the porch steps while she waited for her neighbor to come to the door.

"Caesar, you're a leel rascal, that's what," she teased softly, "but if you come over after while, Mama will geeve you something to eat."

The squirrel cocked his head to one side as though he were puzzled by her French flavored language; then he scampered quickly away as the front door opened. Madame Marquet giggled at his antics, wrinkling her nose in the manner of a high school girl.

Accepting Mrs. Thompson's invitation, she entered the living room and gracefully seated herself in the overstuffed chair near the door.

"I brought you something for your supper."

The neighbor graciously accepted the dish thrust at her. It was probably another French dish or a new, fiery-hot Mexican mixture that Madame Marquet had recently discovered, neither of which the family would eat.

Her hands free of the dish, Madame Marquet began to talk about her latest trip, the Mexican bracelets on her arm jingling faintly with each gesture. Her high soprano voice carried upstairs and soon brought Mrs. Thompson's father hurrying down to hear the interesting and humorous stories that her presence promised were in the offing. Madame loved to tell about her adventures in Mexico just as much as her neighbors and lecture audiences loved to listen to them. That dynamic and vivacious personality was as a magnet to excitement and humorous incidents. Mexicans, just like Americans, were attracted by her charm and her delightful mixture of French, English, and Spanish to fit her needs. Both men and women were drawn to her, although the latter enjoyed her presence more when their husbands were not with them to be caught in her spell. She had an abundance of friends, so many that she often forgot their names, but no one seemed to mind. Such a youthful spirit and ability to entertain were not common in middle-aged women, and made her a desirable member of any group, from the exclusive families in Indianapolis whom she had met lecturing and singing for clubs to her husband's associates in educational circles. In Mexico her friends ranged from the higher families of Indian blood to the great musicians and political leaders of the land. Her only desire was to penetrate the exclusive circle of French people living there, so that she might someday be one of them when her husband would retire and they could move to the warmer land.

Madame Marquet's eyes sparkled with the mischievous glint of a six-year-old as she told of one dinner she had attended during her last Mexican visit.

"A verree famous general was there . . . . General Castillo. While we were at dinner, he heard me say that something was cozy, and he said, 'Martita,' that was his pet name for me. They always make love to their guests as part of their hospitality. 'What eez zees word, cozee?' Well, I tried to explain that if he were sitting here and I were sitting here and we were having a nice chat, we
would be cozy.

"After dinner he sat down by the fireplace and wanted to talk to me, so he called, 'Martita! Come heere and be cozee with me.' She giggled and wrinkled her nose, then suddenly opened her eyes in a wide, serious, expression, "It's a good thing Papa wasn't there."

Mrs. Thompson thought back to her first impression of Madame Marquet. The gay chatter and charming manner had not impressed her then as it did most people, for she recognized it as an artificial front. She had seen her neighbor cast it aside to scold the milkman or to argue with someone who had used her clothesline. It wasn't until she learned of the tragedy responsible for her temperamental disposition and superficial manners that she really began to like the woman. She knew Madame Marquet for what she really was, a lonely woman who was trying to fill her life with substitutes for the child that she had lost many years before. She was able to overlook occasional temperamental outbursts, for she knew that her friend did not mean to be unkind, but was a victim of a great emptiness in her life. Her friend was the real woman underneath that so few people really knew, not the gay, rather naive but charming person most people saw.

"Well, I must go home now and feex supper for Papa. Poor man, he's been working so hard," and with that she patted Mrs. Thompson's father on the cheek, squeezed her hostess's hand affectionately, and the tall straight figure left the room.

Life Is What You Make It

BARBARA JEAN FARK

Having neither enough years on my beginning to see the advent of the horseless carriage or enough years on the other end (as yet) to witness the helicopter age, I am not in a desirable position to discuss, with nostalgia or anything else, treasured objects that are gone forever or are passing from American life. The only thing at the present date I'll never see again is the age of ten, or for that matter any part of my childhood—happy, happy days when nobody minded if I had a smudge on my face because he had two, when all I or my sister had on our minds was digging a cave from our backyard straight to China.

The first event I can remember in my history is a little dancing school program directed by a neighborhood girl. Arrayed in blue and pink crepe paper feathers and slightly, ever so slightly, resembling a bluebird I hopped out of a clothes basket nest at the wrong time and bowed to the applause and cheers of the neighborhood. My life has been, since then, one continual flit.

Life began to pick up for me in the Year I of my education. Having missed school for two weeks due to a perennial childhood phenomenon known as measles, I returned to find the students engrossed in a little brown book with yes and no questions. If the question were correct "yes" was circled; otherwise one drew a
ring around "no." The only remark in the book I remember is "yes, no, Chickens can talk." Using logic I proved to myself that chickens do talk. Don't they say, "cluck, cluck," and surely that is hen conversation. However, the teacher did not reason as I did; fixing me with her cold, hard eye she exclaimed, "I am surprised at you." I gulped weakly a few times, then retired to my chair resolving never to reason again. (Recently I saw that teacher; and you know, she still doesn't see hens as I do.)

During my second year in the public school system, our school sponsored a world's fair just like the one in Chicago. The second graders were studying the beautiful cherry blossom land, and so for their part in the fair constructed a Japanese paper house and prepared an exhibit of "made in Japan." As a reward for faithfully coloring ten shingles orange-red for the roof of the house, I was elected to preside over the exhibit, which covered two tables, and to explain the combs, dolls, chinaware, and other trinkets of Japanese origin begged from reluctant homes. The first table proved such a drawing card that I was ordered to say, "I will be at the other table in just a minute to explain that exhibit." (I never made it.) So for two ecstatic weeks I reigned supreme (Mother says) at the fair, wearing a most gorgeous red silk dress, since passed on to some cousins. (The "red and yeller catch of a feller" hadn't hit me yet.) It was also in this room that I was given a check in deportment for slapping a little boy who ran afoul of my temper. To this day I can't recall this incident; but, oh, how I wish I felt free to do it again.

During the next years I kept busy performing on the piano and on the stage. The most eventful occurrence of my ivory tickling days happened during a rendition of "Stars and Stripes Forever" in three parts. My sister, I, and a fat redhead, who always shoved us off the bench, were performing beautifully without a mishap until the last eight measures whereupon the music slid off the rack. I wasn't bothered at all and nonchalantly retrieved the score from under the piano, but my sister was mortified to tears. Another such disaster struck as I slipped on a slick stage and did a beautiful "birdie" to the amusement of the audience. My happiest hours were spent in the occasional appearances I made at the Civic theater — dining at Sam's Subway with the cast; eating props (the best brown bread was used in "Aladdin and the Lamp" although it was slightly moldy); experimenting with stage makeup; and blithely treading on a sleeping Jack of beanstalk fame. For two glamorous packed weeks during one winter I and nine other boys and girls waltzed and twirled in a "Punch and Judy Show." The loveliest step in the dance was executed with the boy standing behind his partner, step sliding to the left (glicesdae, pardon my French), the girl gracefully raising her left leg and right arm (arabesque), and the boy lifting her skyward — exhilarating to say the least. However, in the final performance my partner sprained his arm — no doubt all those hamburgers, malteds, and sodas we consumed after every show helped. It was fun for such hard work.

Meanwhile, I proceeded slowly on through grade school until I chanced to have a falling out with a substitute gym teacher. She loved exercises and hated games, so we exercised and exercised and exercised. I displayed my opinion of the knee-bends, etc., quite freely; and one day on arriving at class early the sub-
The substitute asked my name. Undoubtedly I was in a blue mood so shaking my head I mumbled a few words. The teacher tried again with the same results. She asked; I mumbled and shook my head. Then I was hauled ingloriously to the principal's office where I heard again, "I am surprised at you!" After being worked on a day and a half, I apologized because the rose red drapes and the green, wavy-lined carpet in her office made me seasick. I laughed at the time. This same principal criticized me once for monopolising oral conversation in English class to which denouncement I, with an austere look, quoted her, "Keep the conversational ball rolling." I had not yet learned about dignity, authority, and a few other things.

Childhood —sublimity —tootsie rolls, a dirty face, straight hair, races, head stands, suckers, shorts and halters, skinned knees, hose showers, Perkins' twin stories, Santa Claus.

My life will never be as carefree and as fearless as it was then. Now I'm getting sentimental, and I hadn't meant to at all. Since discovering that there are creatures in the world besides women, P. G. Wodehouse, baseball, and other such delightful objects, I felt like turning handsprings — which, (as someone has so aptly said before) come to think about it, is not unlike the Elysian fields of my childhood.

What I Like To Read

MARJORIE YELVINGTON

The analysis of character, whether it be reality or fiction, has always appealed to me. As far as my individual character is concerned, I am not quick to make friends for the simple reason that I am slow in forming opinions of a personality. Character study in literature is a valuable aid in teaching one the art (not the science) of psychology.

Gone With the Wind is as fine an example of character study in modern writing as one would find. The story is based on Scarlett O'Hara. Although she is the principal character, there are other personalities dealt with in like manner, except for the omission of minute details.

I enjoy literature in which the narration could easily happen in my own life or that of an acquaintance, a book in which I can imagine myself as being the heroine or the villainess. For this reason I have never developed a love for historical poems, ballads, and some other types of literature.

Along with the serious side of character study, I love the genuine humor of Christopher Morley as displayed in Kitty Foyle. The sincerity, warmth, and the "home-sweet-home" quality of it are typical of human nature in every respect.

The best classical character studies I have ever read are in Shakespeare's plays. Of all his works I have read, Macbeth is the greatest and most complete.

Like many people I am a cartoon and comics fan. I like to read of the utterly impossible adventures of the supernatural world and the simple antics of Nancy or the Bumsteads. These are a source of relaxation at the end of a long day.
Constructive Thinking

MARY GRACE FRENCH

The student of today is not allowed to think for himself. Instead he is told what to think and criticised if he does not do so. As a result he goes through grade school, high school, and even college without using his mind to its fullest capacity. Classes are usually too large for much individual attention, and time is often considered too important a factor. To take advantage of every minute, the teacher does not let each person express his views but deals out facts that the student must accept.

In a social science course, for example, he is told that our government is based on the theory of social contract. The teacher may define the term and then move on to something else instead of asking questions which will arouse the student's curiosity and induce him to go back and see just how long ago the theory was accepted, and why the American people were so convinced of its practical use.

In literature it is often the same. A student is given the assignment of reading a certain book. He skims through it, getting the characters and plot well in mind, but does not connect the experiences of the characters with anything that is happening today. He does not try to analyse their thoughts and actions and relate them to universal problems.

Science, above all other subjects, should develop the student's reasoning power. To understand fully the complexities of the human mechanism, for instance, it is necessary to start with the lowest form of animal life and work up to man, noting carefully the changes which take place and why they do take place. I must admit that this is attempted, but not enough time is taken in doing it so that the student can thoroughly understand it. The laboratory should be a place where the student can study first hand specimens which illustrate the application of nature's laws. If a question comes to his mind concerning the formation in a certain organism he should note by actual observation its development and structure. Instead, the instructor usually quotes from a book stating why it is formed and the student accepts the fact whether he really understands it or not.

This state of things has been creeping up on the American for many years. In our desire to know a little of everything we have not let our minds concentrate on one problem and think it out completely. From the time we started in grade school we have had our thoughts dictated to us and our studies planned for us. The average person's thoughts are those of generations before him.

Can anything be done about this situation? Certainly, if the school and student will cooperate. There should be fewer people enrolled in each class so that the teacher can give each student the help he may need in constructing his own ideas. More time should be spent acquainting the student with the basic principles of everyday living and application of those principles. Last, but most important, the student must be made to believe that he is capable of thinking and reasoning for himself, and that he can contribute to his own understanding of the subject by using these powers. The essential need of the student of today is to think for himself.
Interview With Victor Kolar

PEGGY EILEEN ROSE

“Praise is just as important as rebuke,” was the sentiment expressed by Victor Kolar, former conductor of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, in a recent interview. Mr. Kolar, although still a resident of Detroit, spends one day a week in Indianapolis teaching violin and conducting the Arthur Jordan Symphony Orchestra.

I was fortunate enough to be able to talk with him a few minutes before the orchestra rehearsal at the Jordan Conservatory Monday night. Ordinarily a person would feel timid in approaching such a famous conductor, but kindness and friendliness dominate his character. While some conductors are rather domineering, impatient, and bitterly sarcastic in their treatment of the orchestra personnel, Mr. Kolar has a delightful sense of humor and an enormous amount of patience which endears him to every one of us in the orchestra. He practices his philosophy of praise being just as important as rebuke, and in so doing, he gets whole-hearted cooperation from the orchestra.

I learned that he was born in Budapest, Hungary, of poor parents. His father was a drum major in the Austrian regiment in Transylvania and also played the oboe. Wishing him to be a musician, his parents started his musical education at the age of six when he began studying violin. He showed such remarkable talent that Kubelik became interested in him and later paid his tuition to Prague University where he studied violin under Severk and composition under Dvorsk from 1900 to 1904.

I asked Mr. Kolar his reason for emigrating to America and he replied, “I came to America for the same reason all refugees come, because it is a land of opportunity and freedom. I am just one of the crowd.” This last expression is evidence of his humility, in spite of his international reputation.

His manner of conducting is very modest, for he believes that the conductor should be as inconspicuous as possible and that the music should be of paramount interest. During rehearsals, Mr. Kolar sits on a very high stool with his music in front of him, baton in one hand, and a pencil nearby. He makes no attempt at impressing people with his importance for he is always dressed very informally in a white wool sweater.

When a section of the orchestra does not play the proper “rhythm” (rhythm), he bursts into wordless song to illustrate the correct rhythm. If someone plays a sour note or some absent-minded player forgets to come in at the right time, he laughingly asks, “And who do you expect to play that part, a ghost?” He has a very interesting accent, but he has a marvelous use of the English language and he delights in using some of our latest slang expressions.

“One of the things I am most grateful for is that God gave me a sense of humor, for it is so needed in the world today,” said Mr. Kolar. He concluded the interview by saying, “My greatest happiness has been gained from teaching young people the difference between good and ugly music.” Perhaps his association with young people has kept the spirit of youth so alive in him.
Joe

RUSSELL MILLER

No one knows his last name, but that does not matter. He is one of those cosmopolitans, the type found all over the world, that are of no particular nationality. His most striking feature is his sparkling brown eyes, set in a face that has been tanned and hardened through years of sea-faring. Although he must be at least sixty-five, his jet black hair and vigorous energy give him the appearance of a man of fifty. He is invariably clad in blue denim pants, a black jacket, and an old tweed cap. He is a carpenter, plumber, painter, electrician, a gardener, and jack-of-all-trades.

For fifteen years Joe has earned his living by doing all sorts of odd jobs for the tenants of the homes in the Castor Highland vicinity of Philadelphia. He is a sort of glorified circuit rider, whose mission is to repair gadgets, paint furniture, repair leaky plumbing, and perform other incidental jobs. Ample warning of Joe's approach is usually given by the shouts of the neighborhood kids and the yelping of the dogs; as they congregate around him. He always has some pennies stowed away in his venerable tool-box, which he distributes to the smaller children.

The tool-box he carries contains a list of objects that defy the most vivid imagination. Houdini could not have stuffed more things into the confines of the small chest. The process of unpacking, preparatory to a repair job, resembles the prestidigitation of a magician. The box is always so full of odds and ends that to get what he is after, Joe has to remove everything. This, in itself, is no small undertaking. Items to be found in the conglomeration are nails, screws, all kinds of tools, electric wire, light bulbs, paint, paint brushes, cord, putty, door knobs — but the list is endless. Joe always manages to have some shoe strings with him, too, just in case.

A trace of the sea is still evident in Joe's speech. Elaborate tatoos upon his hands and arms, and an amusing seaman's roll in his walk, are evidences of his days as a youth aboard sailing vessels. As a boy of fourteen he ran away from his father's upstate farm, to sail from Philadelphia to Hong Kong on the frigate "American Eagle." Until he was twenty-six years of age, he roamed the sea lanes of the world on vessels of all nationalities and home ports. Of these voyages he has many yarns to tell. It is not unusual to have him spend a whole day in a house, perhaps installing new washers on the faucets, at the same time telling some of his stories. While narrating one of his adventures, he has the habit of winking his eye at certain places, to emphasize a point. The yarns are always humorous, and told with such vivid gesticulations and seasoned with so many colloquial phrases and philosophies, that even the most reserved listener has to laugh.

One of his most amusing stories deals with an adventure he and four sailor comrades had in the hinterlands of Peru. His ship, the "Merlin," had come to Peru to take a cargo of lead aboard. The loading facilities of the dock were very poor, and as a result it took a week to load the cargo. The captain gave five of the sailors, including Joe, a shore leave of six days. It was decided that a trip into the mountains by burro would pro-
vide an excellent change from the vessel. Five burros were rented and the services of an old Peruvian, who understood a smattering of English, were acquired. After two days of constant traveling, they arrived in the interior sections of the mountains. It was decided that the next village would be the stopping-over point of the journey, before they turned back towards the sea. The entrance of five men from the outside world, all wearing white uniforms, was a matter of great interest to the natives. Since the natives of the region used any and every excuse to stage a feast, it was only natural that the chiefs declared a village holiday in honor of the guests.

The five sailors sat at the great central bonfire, with the chief and the other important dignitaries. Great piles of fruit, vegetables, and nuts were heaped in front of them. After eating what they wanted of this assortment, the guests were given to understand that the main course was to come. Amid great ceremony, huge chunks of sizzling meat were brought forward on wooden platters. The procedure in eating the meat was simple: two men would both take hold of one of the chunks and tug until it was reduced to smaller pieces, which were eaten with the fingers, with much smacking of the lips. Fresh meat was a delicacy to the sailors, who had been living on salt pork and fish for almost a month; they stuffed themselves until it was an effort to breathe. The seamen asked what kind of animal the flesh came from. Not understanding the natives, they asked to see it. The chief stood up and beckoned the guests to follow him. They were led to a pit, covered by a grating of branches, and were motioned to look down. Because of the stygian darkness nothing could be seen, until one of the natives ignited a flaming branch and threw it into the pit. The light revealed three huge gila monsters, slithering around the bottom of the hole. When the sailors realized the import of this, they became five of the sickest men any Peruvian in that village had ever seen, and only because they had eaten of the local delicacy "El Negro Cabazo" (the black head).

With the completion of the tale and the accomplishment of his job, Joe would give a final wink and leave, to return again some day to tell another "bit of a tale."
Advice To A Freshman

RICHARD G. FINLEY

So you're a freshman! So you're coming to college for the first time! Well, heed this dying sigh of a scarred veteran of the battle of Jelly Hall.

First, my freshman, live each day as though it were the last before a final exam. Procrastination is a device of the devil, and thy soul goes down the River Styx with it.

Second, dream ye not during lecture. Thy nights and days will be filled with the struggle of a man walking up three steps and slipping back two. Think ye of the prof who has spent long hours working on his lecture for you; give him not an inferiority complex.

Third, stagger not into thy eight o'clock class at eight-fifteen. Thy instructor feels the same as thee. Thou art only making him feel worse.

Fourth, forget not thy English theme for Tuesday, or any of the other fifty days out of thy forty-two day grade period. Think ye not that thy teacher is asking too much. Sit thyself down at thy writing table, and with steady work, complete thy theme in thirty-six hours or less.

Fifth, cut not thy classes, for Butler is a small school and hiding places scarce. If thou seest thy teacher, hurry not. Walk calmly past and speak pleasantly. Hope ye at the same instant that he did not notice thy absence from his course.

Sixth, worry ye forever about final exams, and tell ye thy friends to go to — ah, a show during week nights.

Seventh, stir ye not from thy abode Monday night, nor Tuesday night, nor any of the nights until the Sabbath. On the night of the seventh day of the week, ye may step outside thy portal and smell the night air. Proceed ye then directly to thy books.

Eighth, look ye boys not at girls, and ye girls not at the men for it is of such that procrastination is born.

Ninth, drop ye not sodium in a flask of nitric acid. Know ye not that others must in time use these same laboratories again?

Tenth, begin not to study the night before a final exam, for as it was once said, "What doth it avail a man who secureth his stable portal, after his favorite stallion hath been lifted."
A Canine Soliliquy

ELLEN KING

Cuddled in the soft warmth of my own bed with my best friend scratching my ear, I died. It was a peaceful death, and I am very glad that my life slipped away in the still flow of air. These are my comments upon a dog's life. (Of course, now that I'm in Dog Heaven, it will be upon life here instead of my earthly life.)

It was just past noon when I took leave of my earthly pals and started on my way. What a wonderful feeling it was to leave my limited body and to soar deep into the unknown. I knew not what my destination was, nor did I care. Imagine my surprise when I was greeted with a fanfare of trumpets, and having left my super-sensitive ears on earth, I could fully enjoy the noise. The necessary questions were asked as to my behavior and my faith in the great Dog, and since I had been a well-trained dog my admittance into paradise was quickly granted. You realize though, that while on earth I was not a saint. Quite the contrary, I had my share of fights and may I mention my lady-friends. But to get on with my journey into paradise, and dog paradise at that, the preliminaries were passed and I was allowed to roam the streets. There are no noisy vehicles of any kind here and it is wonderful to be able to stroll calmly down the middle of a street without being scared to death by a blaring and the screeching of brakes.

When I arrived here, they gave me a book enumerating the many things which visiting dogs are supposed to see. Small trees, (bone trees), grew in abundance and the meat flowers leave nothing to be desired. Fresh flowing water trickles down the gutters of the streets. These gutters are, as you know, favorite drinking places of ours. Being a visitor I had the privilege of wandering into the houses and examining the beds. I've got my home picked out now. The best bed in heaven is right inside the door, a nice soft bed, with a wonderful odor and it is warm, just as it was under the kitchen stove on earth. Now that I had finished my excursion, I started to report back to the gate. On my way there I met a few of my friends and stopped to growl with them. Finally the gate came into view. It is a beautiful gate carved in fresh bone with juicy red meat framing the words "Canine Paradise."