EXCERPTS...

On Being Nineteen

Betty Davenport

At eighteen, you are like a person who has been watching a parade from his window. You have carefully noticed those who walk below you in the street, and have seen people of varying types—successful, pathetic, ignorant, cruel, gracious, gasping, degenerate, and a few who are really fine and inspiring. You know that you are to cast your lot among them, and you start down the steps into the street, sometimes lagging as you recall the pleasant, irresponsible time you are leaving; sometimes taking two steps at a jump in your haste to get down among them and into the full swing of that parade.

Smart Fish

Nelson Collins

Had I tried this on a pickerel or wall-eyed pike, I am certain that these two species of fish would have eaten both dead and live minnows, but not so with the black bass. While I have never cared for still fishing, I have discovered that the bass desire something fresh from the larder when they feast, so in the event I ever do fish for bass with a minnow, the bait must be well enough to wiggle and do a "Sally Rand" dance with its caudal fin.

Artistic Indianapolis

Jane Colsher

The past meets the future on equal terms, and representations from every nation grace its walls. Indianapolis, wandering through its galleries, enjoys a metropolitan feeling of possession. It's only a cultured, wealthy city that can boast an Art Museum.