A Recipe for a Short Autobiography:

1. 2 parts paternal ancestry
2. 2 parts maternal ancestry
3. 3 parts your own personal characteristics
4. 3 parts predictions regarding the future
5. 4 parts candor
6. Seasoning of clever phrases, punctuation, capitalization, and fresh ideas to taste.

Combine the first two ingredients with one part of candor and a pinch of seasoning, and mix in "the melting pot of the world." Skim the third ingredient from this, and mix with remaining ingredients to form a smooth salve. Season to taste, spread thinly on paper, and blot.

PAN I

Hmmm—looks interesting. Never have much luck with recipes, though. Last time I mixed two of them and "my ode turned into a sonnet." Well—guess I'll have to see what can be done with this.

"2 parts paternal ancestry
2 parts maternal ancestry"

Well, that seems sensible. I guess they're in this drawer over here. Ah, yes—German paternal and Scotch maternal ancestries. I think I'll get my money's worth.

"Combine the first two ingredients with one part of candor and a pinch of seasoning and mix in "the melting pot of the world."

Hmmm—those are rather elusive ingredients. I'll just have to do the best I can with them. Those first two ingredients seem the most important so far. Let's see—oh yes, the Scotch and Germans are both important modern peoples. I guess they both seem to be fairly frugal and industrious. Both seem to be important in science and literature and molding the world we live in. Well—I guess a combination of the two ought to be fairly successful. Don't see why not.

Whoa there—"the melting pot" is boiling over. Heck, I'm losing that scum of personal characteristics. Guess I'll just have to pick it up around the edges. Seems to have lost all its frugality, though—it won't hold money more than a second. Guess the industriousness is gone too—darn stuff won't boil any more. Anyway I think I've salvaged a strong standard of morals and thinking. Although part of it boiled away I'll expose it to the air, and maybe it'll be better rounded out eventually.

"Skim the third ingredient from this—"

Guess I'll have to use another pan to skim it into.

PAN II

"3 parts your own personal characteristics."

This skimming's a tedious job. I wonder how this scum of characteristics was formed—what chemical actions in the original material caused it? There seems to be a trace of backwardness in it—an inability to meet others easily. Probably owing to that unappetizing streak of "yellow" which caused a lack of friends and subsequent inability to mix. Hmmm—that's rather straight and narrow scum when it comes to moral standards—such as smoking, drinking, religion, etc. Looks are deceiving though, I guess—I can push the scum into any shape the pan will allow—certainly is influenced a lot by environment—seems to be too lazy to change its shape.

There is an artistic side to this skimming business, evidently—seems to be a love of good music present. I guess when you bring a music-loving ancestry and a music-conscious community together something's bound to happen. That something seems to be a compound called love
of good music.

What's that black spot? Oh, I see—it's a dislike of participation in athletics. Kinda' spoils things, but nothing to do about it. Aha—I see what caused that. Too much bossiness and unpleasantness when everybody else was learning baseball, football, etc. Enjoyment demands skill, and you can't teach an old dog new tricks. The only reason this doesn't spoil things is that there seems to be a liking for spectator sports present.

Seems like I've hit the main points—backwardness, certain moral standards, a love of music, and a dislike of sports seem to be the bases of this scum of personal characteristics.

This pan's rather messed up—better try another, I guess.

PAN III

"3 parts predictions regarding the future
4 parts candor
Seasoning of clever phrases, punctuation, capitalization, and fresh ideas to taste."

"—and mix with remaining ingredients to form a smooth salve. Season to taste, spread thinly on paper, and blot."

Such intangible ingredients! First we seem to need some predictions. Well, I can stick in the fact that the whole world seems destined for a new economic order. That ought to bring about a reaction of some kind. Add to this the fact that the present generation cannot be trained for the changed order—and you have something. I can stick in the personal prediction that I'll probably get along best (in business) in a job that supplies, rather than requires, leadership. The thing I'd most like to stick in would be a future as a musician, an organist. But these ingredients are more or less formed after being added.

Well—at last that recipe's carried out. Let's hope the cake doesn't fall in the oven.

Moving Into College

RICHARD JOYCE

I'm here, so what? All the tears, and all the letters of "wish you were back," all the homesick hopes, and all the train fare can never bring me home again. College is my story and I'm stuck with it. My last hope died when the little brown hand bag was carried into the house. On its sleek suede sides I pinned the last vestige of home and order. When it was unpacked my heart sank lower than Death Valley. Such a state is unusual for me, because I can usually find something to laugh at, even if it's only myself.

I used to be a pretty happy sort of a fellow. I used to sit in the drug store by the corner and tell how I thought the school should be run, and how glad I'd be to get out of it into college. I used to go to bed at a decent hour and grumble because I didn't have anything to do. I even used to sleep as late as eight o'clock. I liked Court Street when it rained. It made the church across the street look like a castle with a shining moat all around it. It made the trees glisten and the tires hiss when they hit the wet pavement. I liked the warm smell of pastry and the clinking of dishes when mother set the table. In spite of my occasional grumbling I knew when I was well off.

But now all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put me together again. I run around with buttons off and pants unpressed. I don't go to bed late. When I go to bed it's very early indeed. I leave my book in one place and my pen in another. I put the dirty clothes in the furnace and the garbage in the dirty clothes basket. I have never known what it is to know absolutely nothing about everything.