

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.