

mast. Dad called for his, "Keepers of the Saw and Axe," and we both respectfully submitted the tools to his custody.

As he sawed the trunk, a pungent, pitchy odor filled the air. Finally the tree fell, and Sarge and I got into a quarrel about which one was to carry the tree home with Dad's help. Sarge won, as usual. I started to cry, which action immediately snatched Sarge's short victory from him. I

was now carrying the tree, although most of the weight fell to Dad. I still remember my two short legs getting tangled as I tried to keep up with Dad's strides, the feel of soft fir needles brushing my face and the sticky, oozing pitch covering my hands. The discomfort really didn't matter, however, because I experienced the first thrill of a hard won personal possession.

Frustrated Genius

ARTHUR GRAHAM

He sits down at the desk, tears a sheet of paper out of a tablet, picks up a pencil, and commences. After commencing for some twenty minutes he decides that he should un-commence long enough to decide upon a subject upon which he can commence. Another twenty minutes pass during which he systemazically breaks the lead of his pencil, sharpens his pencil, turns the radio on, turns the radio off, takes his shoes off, puts his shoes on, musses up his hair, combs his hair, loosens his necktie, takes his necktie off, takes off his glasses, twirls his glasses around his finger, walks across the room and picks up his glasses from the floor, cleans his glasses, puts on his glasses, sneezes, takes out his handkerchief, cleans his glasses again, files his finger nails, doodles away three sheets of paper, and groans. In fact he does everything except decide upon a subject.

Then it happens! He's been struck! Feverishly he scribbles, and scribbles, and scribbles. As the words flow from his pencil he smiles, feels important, and subconsciously plays with the idea that per-

haps he is a budding genius. He crosses a "T" with too much enthusiasm and the lead of the pencil breaks. Praying that the spontaneous outbursts of his inner self are not stopped by this abominable quirk of fate he fumbles for his knife, opens it, and cuts himself. Consoled with the knowledge that all geniuses have to surmount insurmountable obstacles he runs to the medicine cabinet. There is no antiseptic, no gauze, no cotton, no sympathetic friend, nothing but a cruel cold world and blood; blood on his shirt, blood on his trousers, blood on the guest towels.

Regaining his composure he wraps his handkerchief about his wound and returns to the desk. He finds that writing hurts his finger, but, gritting his teeth, he carries on. The pencil first runs, then walks, then crawls, then stumbles, then stops. He stares despairingly at the paper, mechanically turns it over and re-reads it, and then wads it up and throws it on the floor.

Tearing a sheet of paper out of the tablet he commences.