

to pray. It was later learned that he belonged to the Greek Orthodox church and was following its ritual. Of course, his appearance at church was the topic of conversation at all church meetings and gatherings for weeks thereafter.

The mill has since been dismantled and the workers have gone to other mills over the country. Sam had to follow the work he knew and he left my home town. I often wonder what his wardrobe now contains.

A Nobody

ROSALIE ELKIN

The little flag hanging in the window had turned dirty with age. Now it didn't stick out like a sore thumb as it had when it was new. The white field surrounding the gold star was a dingy gray, almost black, matching the color of the house to which it belonged. The house was like most of the houses in the Negro district of the city. It didn't have more than three rooms — two bedrooms and a kitchen that served both as a living and dining room. There was no wall-paper covering the walls and no carpet covering the floor, but the people living there didn't mind that. This was the best house they had ever lived in — so far. All they had to do was glance at the flag, and they'd forget about the dirty rooms and the scarcity of furniture.

That flag stood for their own Jed. John George Washington was his real name, but everyone called him Jed. He was the oldest of the five Washington children. His childhood was spent in the south, but later the family moved north. Jed remembered only two things about the south. He remembered the school that he attended. He loved reading and studying. He wanted to be "somebody," someday — maybe another George Washington Carver. Jed also remembered the day that he met some

white boys coming home from school. They started throwing stones at him, and Jed, not to be outdone, threw some back. Then they began to yell, "Ya dirty nigger — ya dirty nigger — ya dirty nigger" Jed was bewildered. He wasn't dirty! He was always clean when he went to school and today he had been especially careful because he had on the new shirt his mother had made for him. He stopped throwing stones, so they shoved him into a nearby alley. Someone knocked him down, and they shouted, "Stay where ya b'long, ya dirty nigger!" Jed ran home, hid under the porch, and tried to figure out why the boys had called him dirty and why they had told him to stay in the alley. He had as much right on the street as they!

Jed never forgot this. He remembered it again when they hanged his father. They said he had killed a man, but he hadn't. Jed knew this. He told them about it. He was taking a walk with his father when they saw two men fighting. One man was being beaten badly when Jed's father tried to separate them. Jed saw the real murderer slip the knife into his father's pocket. He ran away, leaving the murdered man in his father's arms. Jed told them this, but they wouldn't believe him. He heard someone

say that you couldn't expect anything but lies from a "dirty nigger."

The young boy had to stop school after his father had gone. He had to support the family now. Jed often felt sick when he realized that he wouldn't be "somebody" — ever. His first job was as a clerk in a grocery. It was a short-lived one, because the owner discovered that some money was missing. Jed and his son were the only ones in the store — and a man just doesn't accuse his own son of stealing.

After a succession of jobs, Jed began to think that maybe the people were right. Perhaps he was only fit to dig ditches. It was while he was working at the

cemetery that war was declared and he was drafted. He wasn't any good as a civilian, so why would they want him as a soldier? There were a lot of things that Jed couldn't explain to himself, and this was one of them. So Jed went overseas, and when it came time for one of the men to sacrifice his life for the others, Jed didn't hesitate. He wasn't good for anything else, was he?

Yes, the Washingtons are proud of the dingy, gray flag with the gold star. They're even prouder of the Distinguished Service Cross lying in the bottom of their dilapidated bureau. You see, John George Washington became "somebody," after all.

Athletics' Place In Education

ROBERT R. MUNDELL

The question asked by college students, college athletes, college faculty members, and the world at large is, "What is the place athletics should hold in our present day educational system, or do athletics belong at all in the college program?" The question is a natural one because there exist arguments pro and con. I believe the arguments for athletics far outweigh those listed against them.

Everyone will admit that athletics do round out the personalities of college students but everyone will not admit that the student needs this rounding out of personality. Such people are apt to say, "Athletics are just one of the many side shows to detract from the main event; we should take sports out of our college program." Still these people will state that a pre-medic student definitely must have courses in literature. Yes, I agree

that the pre-medic student should have a literary background and athletics as well. Simply, athletics make the individual appreciate the necessity for good health.

That keen competitive spirit which is every American's heredity has been ground to its present sharp edge greatly through sports. Athletics gives the students a pride in his school because of the natural enthusiasm taken by sports fans not enrolled in school. Higher school spirit can easily be created through athletics. Schools with good athletic programs find their other school functions strongly backed. This ends the old argument on the fact that "some individuals attend college just because of athletics." This does occur in a few cases, but it does help the school by creating winning teams and raising the spirit of the student body; and why should we evict something we