

## Pictures Of Brown County

ROBERT BRUNER

Nature's springtime awakening in Brown County sends new life and ambition into the heart of the observer. Hills and hollows join hands to make the picture complete. The redbud trees have put on their gowns of deep rose and fuchsia, while the dogwoods are dressed in ivory and white. Leaves are beginning to bud, and trees and bushes are gowned in various, beautiful shades of green. Wild flowers shine out in their striking shades of pink, yellow, and violet, and a faint aroma of perfume fills the air. The little stream resembles a mirror. The feathery blue sky stands out through the bright sunshine like a canopy forming a protection for Mother Earth.

Clothed in her rich autumnal colors, Brown County is a show place indeed. The splendor of the peaceful, majestic beauty instills a sense of security and serenity. Amber and gold dresses of the maple and elm trees form an attractive background for the rusty and red gowns of the oaks. Pale yellow dresses of the redbud trees stand side by side with the velvety and vivid red sumacs. The silvery sheen of the sycamore bark shines through

the great mass of color, and crisp brown leaves flutter lightly to the ground. Some float like little sailboats down the stream. Casting its glimmering rays over the gorgeous picture, the late afternoon sun reflects against the amethyst and blue sky.

Winter's scene in Brown County presents in her picture a challenge to the other seasons. Her beautiful white blanket of snow transforms the countryside into a fantasy resembling fairyland. The gigantic trees are stately with pure sparkling snow piled high on each branch. How their white robes stand out against the background of the deep gray sky! What a picture it makes with their arms stretched toward the heavens! Small trees and bushes, too, make fantastic forms with their white covers. The narrow stream is a ribbon of ice. Everything looks so peaceful; all the world seems to be at rest. The fairy queen waves her wand and the sun breaks through the gray sky, touching each and every snowflake. How dazzling! Millions of tiny, sparkling diamonds glitter all around, making another of nature's beautiful pictures complete.

## A Newspaper Office

DORIS COLLIGAN

The long table down the center of the room which was devoted to the whirlpool of activity attending the publishing of a high school paper seemed to be the center of all this activity.

Paste jars and brushes, sticky to the

end of the handle from the valiant efforts of the cub reporter who was "pasting page" to get that last lump in the corner of the jar, cast an added burden on the already odorous air. The table was further littered with yellow copy paper,



with and without stories; pencils of all descriptions — long and thin, short and fat, yellow, black, chewed — and an array of books, hastily dumped by their owners, who had rushed off after last-minute interviews and check-ups.

The aspiring sports reporter who was furrowing his forehead over a lead, already rewritten three times, performed the seemingly impossible task of wrapping his legs another time around those of the chair and began tugging absent-mindedly at the collar of his stylish plaid shirt — genius was at work.

With a staccato clatter three typewriters in the corner stuttered out sentences which were to make up the front page news, and a note of frivolity somewhat belied the tenseness in the air as another group of journalists “ohed” and “ahed” and giggled over the efforts of the columnist who was reporting the “gossip.”

In the midst of the flurry and confusion, an alien in the hubbub, the editor,

calm and serene, sat at the desk by the window, where late afternoon sunlight haloed her light hair. She edited copy flung carelessly from the typewriters; she gently chided the idlers around the “gossip column” and put them to work writing headlines. With a few words she lifted the sports writer out of his quandry and speeded the other reporters through their stories and on their way home. At last, as the five o’clock bell rang, the office had changed character and become another room. Chairs had been pushed into place at the tables as though they had not held a squirming boy or girl working on a story. The typewriters had ceased their chatter and seemed a little forlorn, shrouded in their black covers. As the editor collected the galley proofs, putting them in order, she pushed the papers off the table into the wastebasket. Then she, too, left.

Alone in the last sunlight slanting through the window, the room seemed to have settled down to rest.

## They Don’t Understand

JOSEPH F. WORKMAN

Drink, my friend, and no longer will you suffer. Drink till you’re drunk; drink till you forget you’re a Navy man; drink the Captain’s commands away from your mind. Drink! Drink! Drink!

Slowly I looked around, and there, to my utter amazement were houses, flowers, and pretty girls smiling in a cute way which, to a sailor, who knew only the sneering lips of the water-front girls, was unfamiliar. On my left was a street. It looked like Main Street back home on Saturday night.

Yes, it is Main Street. I know sev-

eral farmers over there by the Court House steps. Yes, by golly, there’s lights, bright lights. Everywhere people are talking. I wonder what about. There’s the old school teacher, still mumbling to himself. Gee, all of this looks grand. Gosh, I must be home, *Home, HOME!* Look at me; I’m talking to myself. I must be mad, or rather, I’m probably drunk. Yes, that’s it; I’m drunk! Tomorrow I go back to kill. I have to kill. It’s fun. Nothing bloody about it, for we never see them die. We just blow them up and go find more to kill.