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 type-
writers in the corner stuttered out sen-
tences which were to make up the front
page news, and a note of frivolity some-
what 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 con-
fusion, 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
snarling 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! To-
morrow 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.