

# MSS

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# Susie And The Red Devil

MARY ANN MOFFETT

An odd shade of dingy red is reminiscent of summer to me, recalling the Red Devil and Susie.

Susie was my Moth, and her red sail flamed against the sky when it was new, but months of hot sun and salt water dimmed it to the faded, ugly color I remember still. Susie's hull gleamed white and clean in the muddy river, but she wore the old sail for luck and continued to win a cup in the regatta as long as it could be patched together. She was like a fourteen-year-old girl, learning to be a lady. Her lines were trim and tidy and she was usually well-behaved, but there was no escaping the wide streak of hoydenish, temperamental misbehavior, evidenced by that blatant sail like the first smear of lipstick.

Built for one person, Susie cheerfully accommodated four or five on her deck if they ducked the boom. She submitted with perfect equanimity to being capsized in the middle of the river in order to be scientifically righted, and occasionally she would start the game of her own accord. She hated the oars shipped alongside her mast, and she would search out any faint stirring or breath of breeze and sail gaily before it, spurning the help of the oars when everything else on the river lay becalmed.

I paid for these virtues with several heart-breaking and back-breaking hours. With her mast unstepped and removed, Susie had been beached one night to be scrubbed and scoured. In the night she grew restless alone on the beach and started off by herself down the river to the Chesapeake Bay. We discovered the loss in the morning and followed her

down the river in a canoe, anxiously inquiring for her in every cove. Someone had taken her in at Sherwood Forest and we fell upon her there, tied her to the canoe, and paddled six miles back up the river, against the wind and coping with the additional burden of her hull dragging dead weight behind us, with difficulty and mounting wrath. Susie's barnacles were scraped off with vicious energy and never again did she fall so far from grace.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Red Devil's original color never was defined clearly. When he came into our hands for thirty-five dollars, he was streaked and faded, a little too orange to match Susie's sail, but much too pink to be pumpkin-colored. Viewed impersonally, he was worse than abominable and little better than a booby-trap—a model A Ford with no fenders, no bumpers, one running board, a rumble seat, and no top at all—but he ran. He ran constantly and everywhere, although he never was hitting on all his cylinders. A four-passengers-at-the-most model, he was customarily loaded with fifteen precariously perched, whooping and howling adolescents, whose activity contributed materially to his disintegration. The Red Devil was a rattletrap, but he ran an incredible number of miles on fifteen cents' worth of gas and survived ordeals to make a Cadillac blanch.

His day started early. About four-thirty his own grumblings were lost in the clatter of dozens of milk cans until he coughed his way around to the last stop on the milk route. Free of the cans, awake and warmed up, he clanked home contentedly, and by nine o'clock was ready



for the grueling routine of the day. Loaded with the whole gang, he roared down the asphalt road, screamed around the last curve, and hurled himself and all his crew at top speed onto the "double Z," a terrifying, one-lane, viciously rutted old cow path which served as a road through the cabbage patch to the club. Every day as we hurtled along we unconcernedly risked our necks, throwing our weight against every curve, scarcely avoiding decapitation by low-hanging branches, and crashing to a stop at exactly the same crazy forty-five degree angle.

After days of carrying milk-cans, fishing tackle — and fish, bathing suits, tennis racquets and sneakers, sweat shirts, wet towels, paint, glue, and all the paraphernalia necessary to a summer day, the Red Devil's rumble reeked, at first with a small, inoffensive, rather companionable smell, but gradually with a smell which grew to the proportions of a stench. As

we procrastinated about washing him, we were often spared the job. Parked as usual while we read and played cards in the clubhouse, the Red Devil would get caught in the rain. Without a top, he was at the mercy of the sudden squalls which came without warning and with blinding force and gallons of water. The Red Devil filled up to the top and ran over like a bathtub more than once. After the storm it was a simple matter to turn him over and dump the water out, set him back on his wheels, mop up a little, and go on our way. We delighted in his comparative cleanliness and always made excursions to civilization then to exhibit him.

The Red Devil hated Sundays, because we were constant companions except — and here our parents drew the line — at church. He always looked lonesome when we left him on Sunday mornings.

## Grace

MARGARET BYRAM

*I stood upstretched upon a mountain peak  
And flung my being toward the rising sun,  
And with a loud voice cried, "That which I seek  
Is found! My soul is lost in Universal One."  
—"What a lovely pose." A small voice spoke.*

*The night flowed darkly in a velvet stream,  
Wrapping my soul in the soft velour of sleep,  
When through my tear-drenched heart there stabbed a dream  
Of light revealing the mysterious Deep.  
—But someone slammed a door and I awoke.*

*And so, my dear, in endless search I strove  
For that which others said would make me free,  
But when I lost my all in that great love,  
Demanding neither joy, nor light, nor anything but thee,  
My soul had peace, because I wore thy yoke.*



## "Respecttfully, Thaddeus"

MARY ALICE KESSLER

Thad is a good man. He is old and gnarled like some dying oak tree, and about as hard to uproot and argue with as an oak tree, but Thad is a good man. The last time I saw Thad was in the fall of 1939. He stood at the end of the gravel road that leads into our hunting lodge, one bowed leg stuck up on the birch fence railing, and looked after our car. He must have been at least seventy then, for his thinning hair was white and his red beard was streaked with snow. Those b'ue, deep-set eyes were old, and they always crackled with fire when he was happy. Thad was mostly happy about the trees changing color, or the snow lying heavy on the lodge roof. He was happy when he saw a blue heron coming in low over the tips of the pines, the sun intensifying the lovely blue of its arched wings. He was happy when his tame red fox, Jimmy, came up to his door for a hand-out, or when the black skies were covered with waves of milky stars. These wonderful, little things made Thad happy, and his eyes were almost never without that blue fire of joy.

He was always full of stories about his woods when we sat in front of the blazing birch logs after a long day of hunting or fishing. It was at this time of night, when the crickets were tuning for their evening concert, and the cold winds blew in from the lake in an easy moan, that Thad, stretched out at our feet before the fire, drowsy from a hot flapjack or fried fish supper, opened his wealth of wood lore for us to examine. He always whittled as he told his tale, slowly, allowing it to creep into our sleepy minds and lull us to the wilderness.

For Thad was a good story teller.

He told us about the porcupines feeding the deer in the dead of winter.

"Ya know, them little prickly fellas scale a big pine trunk, an' they hang on at the top fer dear life, eatin' the bark an' the needles. An' every once in a while they drop sumpin' on the snow for the deer. The deer all herd in one spot like people when they're scart er bewildert, an' after they tramp that thick snow down fer a hour er so, they get caught in their own trap. They sink down in a circle a' ice, an' they kint git out, 'cause a' the snow drifts. When they're standin' there shiverin' and starvin', them porcupines throw 'em twigs an' bark to eat an' they're saved. Yep, they help eachuther in the bad times.

"And you should see them deer when they're after salt in the winter. They love salt. Nothin' in the world can attract 'em like salt stumps. So in the fall er late summer when you folks go back home, I put a lot-a' salt licks on the dead stumps out there in the clearin'. Sometimes eight er ten pretty little does and their baby fawns sidle up to the licks, an' they stand there on their stiff little legs an' lick the trunks down ta the ground. They lick the wood away with the salt. An' then, in the cold season, they come back for the roots. You've seen them holes when ya come in the spring, ain't ya? Well the deer go into the ground fer salt. Yep, they love salt."

On and on he would go with that fire in his eyes, his thin knees brought up to his chin, filling us with the strange history of "his wild creatures," until the old English clock on the mantle would strike



twelve and we would rise stiffly to go to an icy bed.

We haven't seen Thad now for five years. He writes to us in an awkward, childish scrawl about the lodge. He always

says the same thing, but it's good to see his funny scratching on yellowed paper.

And he never fails to end the letters with

"Respecttfully, Thaddeus."

## Boy On A Bike

BETTY JO FARK

Clouds of heat were sitting on the highway. There was no breeze to stir them perceptibly. The boy was hot. He wanted to keep his feet high, away from the burning sun fused in the pavement, but the motion of the bicycle pedals kept drawing them down monotonously. His hands on the rubber grips of the handlebars were sweaty and uncomfortable. Streaks down both legs of his salt and pepper wash trousers showed where he had tried to wipe away the stickiness.

He tried riding "no-handed." The trial was unsuccessful. Having to slide the least bit from side to side because his legs were short was rather tricky, and, besides, riding "no-handed" decreased his speed. He sighed and resignedly gripped the handlebars again. His mother had told him to come straight home after working at the store because they were having company for supper. In spite of her instructions, he had stopped for a few minutes to take a swim with the gang in the old gravel pit a mile back on the highway. Now he had to hurry to make up for his stolen time.

He pedaled faster. He was sure glad he had saved his money to get his new, red bike. He could really travel fast on it.

A car honked in back of the boy. Promptly he coasted off the highway onto

the shoulder of the road, leaving a miniature whirlwind of dust in his wake. If he had a horn, he would honk right back at the car. His bike was just as good as any car. It could go almost as fast as a car; it wasn't as expensive; it could go places a car couldn't go, and his bike was twice — no ten times — as shiny as any old car. Gee, he was proud of his bike.

He turned to watch the car go by. His eyes met the cold stare of a boy about his own size in the back seat of the car. He squared his narrow shoulders and began to pedal fast again. Riding fast created a cooling breeze around his face and the open neck of his blue sport shirt. He wondered if the boy in the car had a bike.

\* \* \* \* \*

"How much longer before we get home and I can get out of this hot car?" Ted asked his mother.

"About two more hours, dear," his mother answered. "We're more than half way there. We'll stop and rest for a while at the next town if you're tired."

"I'm tired, too," Sue added from the back seat.

"All right," her mother said. "We'll get a soda or something and then you'll both feel better."

"I don't like sodas. I want a malt," Ted said.



"You can get a malt then," Mrs. Brown answered, and changed her position in the front seat to ease her tired back. A vacation was hardly worth such a long, hot car trip. The children were so impatient.

"I don't think Ted should have a malt. They cost five cents more than a soda," Sue was saying. "And besides if he gets one, I get one, too."

"All right, you have one, too," Mrs. Brown said. "Just stop arguing now."

The children lapsed into a pouting silence until Mr. Brown honked the horn of the car and said, "Look at that boy on a bike. He is wearing a sport shirt almost like yours, Ted."

"Aw, everybody has a sport shirt like mine," Ted grumbled. "And I wouldn't be as hot if I were riding a bike now. Look, he can hardly reach the pedals. My legs are a lot longer than his. If he's big enough to have a bike, I don't see why I can't have one."

"Gimme, gimme, gimme — you always want everything you see, Ted Brown," Sue said. "Why don't you sit still and stop shaking the seat. You're making me get hotter and hotter."

"I don't care how hot you get," Ted retorted. "I should get a bike. Jim has a bike, and Tom has one, and Jack and Bob are getting new ones this summer."

"Mother, make Ted be quiet," Sue said. "He's always talking about a bike."

"All right, Sue, don't say any more. I'll take care of Ted," Mrs. Brown said, and turning to Ted, she continued, "You know what we decided about a bicycle, Ted. You will get one when you start to high school, so there's no need to argue about it now."

"But mother, I won't start to high school for two more years. And all the other fellows have bikes. It wouldn't

cost you and Dad much, and just think of all the places I could go on a bike. I bet I could use one a lot more than that boy back there," Ted said.

"There's no use talking about it. You can't have a bike now," Mrs. Brown said and turned around in her seat with finality.

"Dad, can't I get a bike now?" Ted coaxed. "The fellows will call me a sissy if I don't have one."

"You heard what your mother said. Now be still or you won't ever get one," Mr. Brown replied.

Ted accepted the ultimatum sullenly and leaned back in his seat.

"Ha, ha, ha, Teddy is a sissy. Teddy is jealous," Sue began to sing.

"Am not," Ted countered as he made a face at Sue.

"Children, for goodness sake, be quiet. I'm tired, too," Mrs. Brown said.

\* \* \* \* \*

My, today was a hot day, Mrs. Jenkins thought as she glanced at the thermometer on the front porch. Ninety-nine degrees, she read. It must be still hotter on the highway where there were no shade trees. And there was no breeze today. The heavy air seemed to settle all around her as she stood on the porch. It seemed to press against her gently, but insistently, as though it were trying to melt her away into nothing.

Why pretend to worry about the heat, she thought. Actually, she had come out on the porch to look for Dick. He should have been home almost an hour ago. He had promised to come straight home after he finished working at his uncle's store at two o'clock. It was three o'clock now, and it didn't take more than fifteen minutes to get home on his bike.

Riding the bike was faster than walking, Mrs. Jenkins thought, but it was



a bigger worry. So many things could happen to a small boy of nine on a bike. Dick had probably forgotten he promised to come home early and had stopped to play with some other boys, but then, again, he might try to ride too fast and fall off the bike. His feet barely reached the pedals, and he rode like the wind.

Mrs. Jenkins folded her arms and squinted at a small dot down the highway. It wasn't Dick. It was a car. There wasn't much traffic today, but, still, it would take only one car to crush a boy on a bike. All this worry was unnecessary, she decided. She had cautioned Dick about getting off the highway when cars approached, and he would heed her warning, if for no other reason than to keep his bike safe.

He was proud of that bike. He had worked hard to get it, saving every penny he earned at the store and all the gift money he received. She hadn't wanted him to have a bike until she realized how much he wanted one.

She sighted another dot down the highway. This time it was Dick. He had felt so important when the two of them had gone into town last week to pick out the bike, she thought as she turned away from the highway and walked toward the house. Dick would be home any minute, and she didn't want him to know she was anxious about the bike. Riding a bike was probably as safe as walking. She supposed she would outgrow her anxieties eventually.

## Eternal Cycle

MARY CORY

TODAY . . . She walks alone among the ruins of  
a shattered state. She thieves, she lies,  
she kills, corrupts and hates.

YESTERDAY . . . She laughed and sang, she gave  
away with joy what she needed not. She loved  
all things, but most of all, her own mirth.

TOMORROW . . . She will profess to strive, but  
enjoy her weakness more. One will cross  
her in her way and she will not forgive.

Then she will kill and hate, partially mend  
the wrong, laugh and sing, falsely strive,  
be crossed and not forgive.

Would that she would truly love, and although  
crossed, forgive and truly love again.



# Rhythm At Twilight

MARY ALICE KESSLER

Manhattan's pulse throbs in the twilight.  
As her light-studded avenues glow in the cool blue of dusk  
She pulsates with noise.  
Good sounds pour from her throat,  
The cough of motors,  
The gurgle of laughing women,  
The shout of brakes and sellers of news.  
Mists rise from her teeming mobs and veil her sun-warmed buildings.  
And a strange lullaby creeps over her tired face.  
Her bridges sway with rumbling feet and wheels  
And a kind of waiting descends.  
Manhattan is waiting for her night to begin  
    She is waiting in front of gaudy drug stores  
    And in restaurants, flooded with the tinkle of glasses and weary voices,  
    And in train stations.  
    She waits, and the thrill of what is to come is veiled with waves of  
        chatter . . . rising . . . then falling back into a new wave.  
And then the waiting ends.  
    The Waldorf, Leon and Eddies, Shrafft's, the Automat, Joe's Place, and  
        Walgreen's  
    Have fed the waiters  
    And Manhattan's maze of crosstown arteries and avenues  
    And nerve centers of squares and intersections  
    Again throb with those who no longer wait.  
Green and red and yellow bulbs flash on,  
Fabulous names course the Broadway marquees,  
The generation's fame is gaudily spread for the waiter to stare upon and judge.  
And the rhythm begins.  
    Shiny, black hands rock over oblong, ivory keys in a fashionable uptown  
        club,  
    And rows of snowy teeth gleam from creased black faces  
    As the sallow-faced men and their woman of the evening  
    Huddle in a smoke-filled booth, not feeling the rhythm,  
    Trying for a cheap passion that possesses none of the beauty  
    Of the black rhythm.  
And there is a long, slender grand piano on the stage at Carnegie—  
An ugly little man in black and white leans and hovers over the keyboard



Pressing lovely sounds into the stillness:  
The rhythm here is delicate, fanciful, intricate  
Obscure as the sea and the wind and the clouds.  
Here is the fury of storms, the throttled choking of a sullen sea, the  
    splash of water, falling from great heights,  
Yet rhythm as strange and thrilling as the tom-tom beat of the uptown  
club,  
The rhythm of the theater foyer.  
A new musical is born, and a million throats whistle a song  
On the following day.  
And the song is heard in the streets.  
The heretics cackle—  
The prostitutes laugh—  
The soldier whistles a strange little tune  
As he hurries, hands in pockets, to a rendezvous.  
The song swells in the whispers of lovers  
Standing in each other's arms in the shadows of Central Park,  
The hoof click of the hansom horse, waiting for the lights to change  
    at Seventieth Street,  
The music of a Negro's laugh,  
The gurgle of the infant,  
And the oily East River, latent and deep as it lies at the side of a moon-  
cooled city.

Oh, the rhythm of this city—  
The symphony of hours, the perfection of her lines  
Her steel bridges, her cloud-crowned buildings  
Her tapestry of dark, cavernous streets  
Her dirty lines of clothes, tying tenements together  
Her cases of jewels, bars of dust in Pennsylvania Station  
Her smudged, rainy skyline. like an etching that has been dropped in the rain,  
Or her sparkling, riotous skyline all silver and shimmering  
With bands of color pinned to her horizon at twilight.  
And the sea, washing onto the city's hot breast in easy waves of sound and  
    loveliness,  
Casting bright shells onto her naked, gray sands,  
Its blue foam pulsating at the base of her greatness,  
The sea that encases New York is a piece of dishevelled indigo velvet  
Gently placed about a gleaming jewel.  
And the beat and eternal wash of the sea is the rhythm of the city's heart  
And its people sway in that rhythm.



## "All Men Are Created Equal"

JOE HOWETT

One hundred sixty-nine years ago, on July 4, 1776, a group of men drew up the document which is known today as the Declaration of Independence. These men did not meet with that end in mind. Their primary purpose in having that historical meeting was to evolve a plan whereby they might, in some way, overthrow the severe restrictions they were suffering at the hands of the British Crown. Foremost in the minds of them all was a feeling that had motivated the colonization of this hemisphere; the feeling that had instilled within them a vivid will to perpetuate a free world for all men, a world founded upon the proposition that, "All men are created equal."

In expressing the beliefs and theories held by the American people they wrote, and shouted to the world, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal."

Eighty-seven years later, in ten sentences, containing only a few hundred words spoken under the inspiration of a great and solemn assembly, Abraham Lincoln gave to the ages America's noblest example of oratory. The occasion was the dedication of the National Cemetery on the site of the Battle of Gettysburg. The address was a masterpiece of logic, faultless in sentence structure, forceful in its choice of words. Above all, it breathed the purest patriotism — the kind which grips mens hearts and stamps immortal truths upon their minds. In the first sentence Lincoln said, "... dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

Now it is for us to arrive at a conclusion as to the present validity of this

proposition. To do this we must recall the situations which first produced this statement, and the ideals which induced Lincoln to reiterate it in his memorial address. "All men are created equal;" these words struck few men in those days as novel or absurd. It remained for men of later times to ridicule the assumption of natural equality. Doubtless, they did not intend to assert that each man was as strong, virtuous, and competent as every other; nor were they desirous of announcing social, economic, or political equality. There were, however, certain great rights which man had in a state of nature — before there was government to which he must be obedient; of these rights, certain ones were not surrendered and could not be surrendered to any government. But this is not by any means the whole of the matter, for the main thesis is that governmental power is derived from the consent of the governed; government has not inherent or intrinsic authority, but only granted or delegated authority.

In a state of nature there was equality; no one had the right to say yea or nay to his neighbors, to bid his neighbor do this or not do that. But government and political order were established by consent, and the system of the original state of nature and of original equality disappeared. Men must continue to be equal in the possession of fundamental natural rights, or they would have not given up equality and freedom to put themselves under absolute, arbitrary, and merciless rule; but, as the result of compact, a superior came into existence. There existed one man or body of men with



authority to command, and those commands should be obeyed so long as government kept itself within the limits which the original compact implied. These men were not bent upon announcing to the people who were then engaged, or were soon to be engaged, in framing constitutions that they must provide for universal suffrage or must grant equality of either political or economic power. They were primarily intent upon presenting a basis for overthrowing the authority of the king. The critical question was how it came about that one man, a monarch, or one set of men had been placed above other men with power to issue orders, laws, and decrees. If governmental power was derived, if men had voluntarily and by consent surrendered their original equality, then, unquestionably, government was authoritative only when acting within the limits of the compact and when guarding the natural rights of life, liberty, and property. Before government was established, men were in a state of equality; after government was established, they were not; they gave up their equality and subjected themselves to a superior, but this superior must rule for the common good. This is the sum and substance of the philosophy of the Declaration of Independence; the essence of the proposition, "All men are created equal."

At the period in our history of the Gettysburg address, our nation was passing through an era of humanitarianism. Anything but complete freedom was a religious sin, incited by the churches. Our nation had been involved in a great war concerning human suffrage, a conflict between two fields of thought. The North was of the belief that it was a moral wrong to adopt slavery; the South was championing the exploitation and domination of the colored race. By sheer

force of arms the Union had been preserved and Lincoln had announced the Emancipation Proclamation which made the Negro equal to the white in this period of humanitarian causes.

We have set forth the basis and the motives which inspired the proposition at hand; however, our discussion has given us only the theoretical point of view. For us to apply this proposition to our environment we must relate it to the prevailing mood of today which is essentially skeptical.

The chief objection to the proposition that, "All men are created equal," lies in its impracticability economically. An artificial semblance of economic equality might conceivably be effected by allowing to each member of society an equal amount of wealth and an equal income. But the genuine equality of freedom would be vastly more difficult to obtain. To have equal freedom, it would be necessary for all men to be given the opportunity of developing their interests and powers to the same extent. Each must feel the same degree of latitude for free action. But men's tastes and powers vary between wide limits. There is no imaginable way in which they could be measured and allowed commensurate freedom for development and expression. A condition of life in which a street-sweeper felt no restraints whatever might be a most hideous bondage for an Einstein. Costly laboratories are necessary to the freedom of the scientist. A brush and canvas bring freedom to the artist. Banks are necessary for the financier. One boy finds freedom through years of leisure which he may devote in college libraries to research; another requires a carpenter shop for the expression of his powers. At most, economic equality could give us an equal amount of food, the same kind of



houses, and the same quality of clothing. But these are superficial things as compared with the opportunity for the equivalent exercise of the varying powers and qualities of soul which constitute our real being. Genuine freedom must extend to this latter realm. Equality of possessions would not establish freedom, however, would probably hinder it.

In conclusion let us then consider freedom other than in the economic category, namely in the world of social relationships; for in the growth of human experience there is no clear line of demarcation between the individual and society, with regard either to interest or to activity, but the two are related in

innumerable ways. The ideal of an isolated atomic individual on the one side, and of society on the other, is a product of abstraction, never discovered in actual experience. Within society, as from birth we find ourselves to be, we discover that we are in a position of equality with others. But a society between equals can exist only if the interests of all be regarded equally and every age sees some advance made toward an extension of this relation of equality to include everyone. In this very real sense the world of man shall forever be implicitly dedicated to the proposition, "All men are created equal."

## Pragmatists And High School Latin

IONE COLLIGAN

One textbook used by first-year Latin students says in an introductory essay to the beginning high school Latinists:

... the chief reason why you are going to study Latin is to get a better knowledge of English. Most of the more difficult words in English are from Latin or Greek. In a few weeks you will know the meaning of *impecunious*, *emigrate*, *mandate*, *predatory*, and many others . . . . Your English spelling will improve.

The study of Latin will make English grammar much easier to understand. Then, again, there are Latin words, phrases, and mottoes . . . . Many abbreviations used in English are Latin, such as *i.e.* for *id est*.<sup>1</sup>

Are Latin teachers and Latin texts justified in telling students that the study of Latin provides sound and practical training for understanding of the English language? Or are those modern educators correct who insist that "transfer value" for the classics is meager, that study of the Latin language has no practical value?

Some basis for the differences between the Latin advocate and the Latin malinger may lie in a confusion of terms. The latter speaks in contemptuous manner of Latin study as "halting, meaningless translations, rather trans-verbalisms," as "tearing literature limb from limb," and asks how such activities can help a student understand anything. Sincere Latin teachers, on the other hand, conceive of "the study of Latin" as a real effort to see the relationships between Latin and English in terms of English derivatives and spelling similarities, syntax, forms. Halting translation and too-often-repeated close grammatical analysis may be stages in the process of achieving the final goal. But what child walks without first creeping? How many great pianists would we

1 B. L. Ullman and Norman E. Henry, *Latin for Americans First Book*, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1943, p. 2.



have if their teachers had cried, "All is lost!" whenever their fingers stumbled on a scale? There is not likely to be confusion concerning definition of the phrase *understanding of English*, however, except in the degree of thoroughness which different persons will accept as constituting real understanding. When the Latinist speaks of *understanding*, he means literally that: a thorough-going, full conception of the English language in all its ramifications. The non-Latinist is too often satisfied with less.

Accepting these terms in their richer significance, then, let us examine the means by which the Latin teacher proposes to lead her students from their daily assignments to this ultimate objective of a fuller appreciation for their own language. Surely no one would deny that the word *impecunious* would be more meaningful to one who recognized in it the root *pecunia* (money). So it is with hundreds of words in the English language, and the individual who is trained to pick out those words and see them in their root meanings, even though he may ultimately do it without conscious effort, cannot but have an advantage over the person who lacks this logical analytical basis for inference of meaning. Even such a lowly activity as reading the daily newspaper can have more meaning for the person who has as a vivid synonym for *devastate*, *to lay waste*, who sees a public office as an *officium*, *a duty*, and who knows the Latin derivation of such other common terms as *resistance*, *hostile*, *jury*. Our preamble to the Constitution, with nearly every key word Latin-derived, is a common example of the predominance of Latin in the vocabulary of our literature.<sup>2</sup> And a significant comment on the understanding of this vocabulary is that of Edward L. Thorndike in his

explanation of a test given to analyze derivative knowledge of some thirty-five hundred Latin and non-Latin students: "In the words of Latin derivation the pupils (of Latin) gain in the year about two and one-half or two and two-thirds times as many words as the non-Latins."<sup>3</sup> Undeniable, too, is the superiority of Latin over non-Latin pupils in understanding phrases and abbreviations that have come into English in the Latin itself: *summun bonum*, *sine die*, *e pluribus unum*, *ibid.*, *i.e.*, and the like. Latin students have a natural advantage here.

Another outcome of Latin study which was promised to the beginning student was an improvement in spelling. Here again derivative study has significance, for the faltering speller will learn that *laboratory* is derived from *labor* and will be taught the form of the Latin original to promote his understanding of the spelling of the English word. There are also certain principles which can be taught to help students spell words of Latin derivation, such as the retention of a double consonant in a Latin-derived word unless the consonant comes at the end of the

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2 Wren Jones Grinstead in "Sources of the English Vocabulary," *Teachers College Record*, vol. 26, p. 46 (September, 1924), says the percentage of English words derived from Latin is "fully half." Both the Ullman and Henry text and Dorrance S. White in his *The Teaching of Latin*, Scott, Foresman and Company, New York, c1941, give the percentage as "more than sixty."

3 Edward L. Thorndike and G. J. Ruger, "The Effect of First-Year Latin upon Knowledge of English Words of Latin Derivation," *School and Society*, vol. 18, p. 417 (October 6, 1923).



English word, and the *ant* suffix for words derived from the first conjugation.

The relationship between the study of Latin and the understanding of the structure of the English language also is growing more important, for since so much teaching of English has become haphazard and careless, Latin teachers are finding that many students come into their classes with only the vaguest notions concerning the structure of their mother tongue. The emphasis on grammar and syntax in early Latin study makes it all but impossible, however, for these students to complete two years, or even one year, of Latin without having clarified these vague conceptions of English grammar and syntax, which are so closely related to the Latin. Thus many students admit that all the English grammar they know was learned in their Latin classes; and English teachers testify that Latin students, having a clearer understanding of the logic of English grammar and of the root meanings of English words, are better masters of the communication tool they constantly use. Other objective evidence verifies this testimony of teachers and students: "It has been found that pupils who have studied Latin for one year show a ten per cent greater ability than non-Latin pupils to use the correct form and state why that form is correct." 4

Thus, if for no other reason than its proved value as a background for our own language, the study of Latin has

earned a basic place in our educational scheme. And certainly there are other exceedingly important reasons for Latin training, such as the relationship of classical to modern literature and the need to train some students in the vocabularies of science and law and medicine. In fact, even the educator who demands that every activity of the student have some "practical" value must admit that Latin students as a group do have better English vocabularies, that Latin students do spell English words more accurately, that Latin students do understand their own language more clearly and that they therefore use it more forcefully than do non-Latin students. Since even the pragmatist must admit, after all, that progress depends upon the conception and communication of ideas, any activity is highly practical in an ultimate sense which facilitates this process of communication by fostering in language the delicate precision of a musician's touch, the accurate power of a B-29 thundering toward its target. High school students should be led to recognize that so long as the English language lives the Latin language cannot die, and that the practical values of Latin thus equal or exceed those of any course in the secondary school curriculum.

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4 From an unpublished study made by Edward L. Thorndike and quoted by Dorrance S. White, *op. cit.*, pp. 17-18.

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### ***Literary Prize Competition***

The Literary Prize Competition affords an opportunity for Butler students to compete for prizes awarded annually in recognition of outstanding work in three fields: short story, poetry, and either drama or essay. Open to any undergraduate in the university, the contest gives interested students, whether or not they are members of writing classes, a chance to test the degree of artistry they have attained. Although the deadline for contest entries has been advanced to April 2, the first day of classes following spring vacation, students who are interested should contact Professor Alice B. Wesenberg, contest adviser, immediately concerning rules of the competition and instructions for entries. The prize-winning selections will be announced at Honor Day services in May and will be featured in this year's final issue of Manuscripts.



# Panorama

GLEND A ROSE VAUGHN

Located in the northern part of Indianapolis, the Indiana State Fairgrounds is now an Army Air Force Depot. During the summer a school of cadets was stationed in the 4H residence building. A high, electrified fence patrolled by armed guards surrounds the military reservation. To facilitate handling of materials to be stored within the grounds, a railroad siding has been run into the northeast corner. Negroes labor day and night with the aid of high-powered searchlights to unload the cars which come from the depot. Row upon row of crated airplane parts and barrels of airplane gasoline appeared almost over night as freight trains poured their contents into the fairgrounds. All civilians were forced out of the fairgrounds as the Army Air Corps took it over. The horse barns have been used as store houses in which small corps of army trucks have succeeded in getting all materials under cover. The administration buildings have been converted into offices where civil service employees carry out the desk work of warfare.

One of the chief amusement spots in Indianapolis is the coliseum, now used as an ice-skating rink and the scene of hockey games. On opening night of the hockey season, the coliseum presents a gala appearance. Taxis and autos discharge beautifully gowned and perfumed ladies, escorted by men in formal attire. The rustle of evening clothes and the gleam of lights on expensive furs glorify a brutal sport.

This picture bears little resemblance to the place of my birth. Yet it is the same area. Between 1926 and 1932, the

Indiana State Fairgrounds was an isolated region except during fair week. The old wooden grandstand stood empty and deserted, the flag hanging limply in the still summer air, or flapping indifferently in the gentle breeze hovering over the race track. The coliseum was boarded up. In the dim interior a few rays of sunshine played upon the tiers of wooden seats, rising from the sawdust arena. The oval dirt track, with a gravel pit yawning in the center, was shrouded all summer with a cloud of dust, stirred by the nimble footed horses drawing sulkies. A few brick administration buildings were used only during fair-time. Empty railroad cars always stood on a siding, which ran in the west entrance.

The only year-round inhabitants of the fairgrounds were employees of the State Board of Agriculture, who occupied the three individual houses, and the men who cared for the horses. In the summer-time, as the rays of the sun beat upon the sweltering city, a haze protected the fairgrounds from the intense heat. The men practically lived out-of-doors, caring for the horses and exercising them on the track. Among the shady maples, they walked the horses around until circular ruts were deeply cut. Horses were tethered in the open spaces to crop the grass, where mushrooms and greens furnished delicacies for the dinner tables of the human residents. By day in the shadows of the barn, the men sat, talking quietly. At night, the moon illuminated the grounds until it was as light as day. The pipes of the men glowed in the dimness in front of the barns.

Winter-time brought the cold winds



which swept the snow into huge drifts. Buildings stood exposed to the forces of nature. The wind gathered momentum as it swept over open fields from the north or across Fall Creek from the east. The men hibernated for the winter, caring for the horses in their charge. Everyone was secure, and spring came early.

The house where I was born still stands inside the north gate, but it is not the home I remember. Five rooms, front porch, and a basement comprised the house. The porch was enormous, with a stone railing around it, a broad flight of steps leading down, and a tangle of morning glory vines racing up strings attached to the eaves. Cool and shaded, this was an ideal spot for a swing and for roller skating. The basement was used as a kitchen in the summer time, but I had my own corner as a playhouse where I spent many hours with my doll family. Luxuriant green grass carpeted the lawn to the front and sides of the house. Three pear trees (on which no pears ever grew) formed a boundary line to the north. A sand-box built by grandpa and my uncle, covered by a piece of canvas to protect it from the rain, stood among the trees. My uncle had erected a trapeze there since the first one that he had built in a grove of trees to the west has been destroyed during fair-week by the stampede of an elephant herd.

At the back of the house was a pump of crystal clear water. A wash tub, in which I often sailed leaf boats, caught water as men came by to get a drink, using their hands for cups. Hollyhocks provided hours of amusement as I made grand ladies with sweeping skirts of pink, white, scarlet, blue, or lavender, and huge sun hats. Around the yard was a fence made of three wires strung between fence posts. This was my boundry line, and

I never left the yard by myself.

For the first six years of my life, I lived with my grandparents and Uncle Curt. Was I spoiled? I knew all the love and tenderness which my grandparents could pour on me, and, in return, I gave them my implicit obedience. As the only child on the fairgrounds, I was constantly receiving little presents from the other residents. I never wanted anything that I did not get. But, not seeing the world outside of my own world, I knew no harmful or foolish things to ask for.

I did not have any playmates. Yet I did. Until I was six years old, the only child that I played with was a little girl named Patty, who came during fair-week. But Grandpa and Curt played with me. My doll family came to life in my imagination, and my head was full of fairy tales. Little fairies and elves kept me company. Gargo, however, was my chief companion. The essence of faithfulness, this ugly mongrel was my guardian angel. Before I was old enough to be left alone in the yard, Mama would put me outside on a blanket, confident that if I crawled too far, Gargo would summon her. In fact, on one occasion, I crawled out into one of the paths where the men exercised horses. Gargo picked me up by my dress tail and brought me back, for he did not like horses. As I grew older, I pulled his hair and stepped on his tail, but when Grandpa bought for me my favorite delicacy — those twisted sticks of candy, yellow, pink, white, green, or peppermint striped, I wanted to share it with Gargo — one lick for Gargo, one lick for me.

My uncle was in his late teens. Being Mother's kid brother, he was often told to watch me for a day or an afternoon. His friends made the fairgrounds their headquarters. Whenever some scheme was in the air and Curt was supposed



to be watching me, he would not be left behind. I went with them after I was about four years old. On the shoulders of first one and then the other of these strong young men, I would ride triumphantly along. Perhaps we would go to Fall Creek, below the dam, and the boys would cross over, jumping from rock to rock. When the distance was too great, whoever had me at the moment would, with a cry of "Catch," toss me to someone else. No, they never dropped me, but Mama sewed up many unexplained rips in my dresses and overalls.

Sometimes they wanted to climb the trees. Curt would tie a rope around my waist, shin up the tree, and pull me up, tying me securely, and then swing off through the branches. In my own little crotch of the tree, I tried to catch the sunbeams and talked to the birds, who sassied me back. Once I was high above the ground, and while attempting to pet an inquisitive squirrel, I lost my balance. When I started to fall, I caught my breath and screwed my eyes tightly shut. With a jerk, I felt the rope around my waist tighten. For one breath-taking moment I swung there, then pulled myself up on the limb. From that time on, with the faith of a child, I knew that Curt would always take care of me, and I was not afraid to do whatever he said.

In spite of having no playmates, I was not selfish. Each year at Christmas, I had to give my old toys to a family of poor people whom my Grandpa knew. I was told that I must remember — no matter how little I had — that there were those who had less than I.

Oh, but Mama was strict. She had two rules which were never broken: I could not leave the yard alone, and in summertime I had to go to bed at dark. I would sit at the kitchen table in my

thin little night-gown, eating my bread and milk. As dusk came, I knew that the sandman was on his way.

I was up early every morning, into my clothes, and outside to play. In the summer-time I helped Grandma hang clothes, picking dandelion bouquets for her. We had a strawberry patch, and how delicious the bowl of ripe, red fruit looked — the berries covered with white mounds of sugar and the juice forming pink streaks in the golden cream.

My life was not all play. In the winter time, Curt would occasionally take me out on my sled. Most of the time, however, I stayed indoors. Mama taught me how to embroider and sew quilt pieces together. Grandpa, who had been a school teacher, taught me lessons. I learned to tell time by his watch, and to add on his fingers. Mama made candy cookies and popcorn balls for me. They read to me in the evenings: Curt, the funny papers, and Mama, fairy tales. Grandma told me stories or played hide-and-seek or ball with me.

When spring came again, the fair-grounds took on new life. Grandpa had purchased a couple of lots, had a garden, and had started to build a house. Every evening after he had finished his work, we went to the garden. I struggled with a hoe, twice as long as I was, hoeing clods of dirt for him. Grandpa built a small three room house there in his free time. That house is my present home, increased to eight rooms, set in a large yard of green grass, with a rock garden, rose bushes, peony bushes, and a tree of heaven surrounding it. Perhaps Grandpa looked at me and knew that one day that home would mean as much to me as it did to him. Or perhaps, with an old man's love of the soil, he craved a bit of land that belonged to him alone,



Whatever his motive, I helped in my obstructing way, calling him to see an earthworm I had cut in two with my hoe, or pulling up the plants in place of the weeds. I was rewarded for my questionable help. On Sundays, Grandpa took me to Fall Creek. I waded in the shallow water where it ran across moss-covered rocks, and I collected the pretty shells which were to be found on the beach.

Curt often took me riding on his motorcycle. Many times Mama settled herself with dignity on the seat of the motorcycle and Curt whizzed off in a cloud of dust. When it was my turn, I straddled the gas tank, which was between the handle-bars. We tore along 42nd Street. The wind slapping my face with stinging hands, my hair beating against my face, I screamed, "Nose-dive! Nose-dive!" Over we would go first on one side and then on the other until the running board, such as it was, dragged the pavement, shooting sparks. Dusk would find Curt taking a very tired little girl home.

Most important to us was fair-week. The first week of September provided enough excitement to last for a year. About a week beforehand, the railroad cars holding the midway equipment started to roll in the west gate. Freight trains unloaded animals to be exhibited. Tents sprang up like giant mushrooms. People came from all over the state to spend a day at the fair. The cars drove past our house in a never-ending stream. Our quiet, peaceful neighborhood was invaded. Day and night we heard the whir of machinery on the midway, the shrieks of boys and girls, the raucous voices of the barkers, and always the rustle and murmur of the crowd. From our yard we could see the sulky races. The sun glinted on the red, yellow, blue, green, orange,

and black silks, although the leading sulky enveloped the others in a cloud of dust. The harness races were always the big events, but the fair had little meaning for me then beyond the merry-go-round, taffy, and cotton candy. An enormous pink ball resembling cotton was the highest reward I could ask for.

One year the trapeze performers erected the training apparatus across from our house and practiced in the morning before the crowds began to gather. Curt and I were watching them trying a fairly simple stunt with which they were having difficulty. In an aside to one of his friends, Curt laughed, "Even Glenda Rose could do that." One of the older members of the troupe heard him and proposed that Curt bring on "Glenda Rose" and show them how it was done. They were used to dealing with youngsters who scoffed at them. When Curt swung me up, the troupe did want to see it and, incidentally, have a little fun. There was no danger of my getting hurt because a net was under the trapeze to prevent injuries during practice. Curt gave me definite orders. I was to swing out on a main bar, at the cry of "Hup," turn a forward flip, and Curt would catch me. As I climbed the narrow rope ladder to that high platform, I know that everyone was watching us. Wally went up with me to get me started. As I looked across the other bar, Curt winked, just as if to say, "It's in the bag." He hung by his knees with the rope twisted around his legs. I swung across that space once. No signal from Curt. Back and across again. This time, I heard the curt "Hup." Every muscle in my body tensed, I went into the forward flip, and as I came out of it, Curt's strong, muscular hands grasped mine. As we swung back, he threw me again and I twisted in the air, grab-



bed desperately for the bar, and when my hands closed over the cold steel, I breathed again. Wally caught me and pulled me down onto the platform. The circus performers began to cheer as Curt dropped into the net, turning gracefully as he fell. Wally dropped me. As I

bounced up from the net, Curt caught me, and we jumped to the ground. The trap-eze performers offered Curt a contract for the two of us to join the act, so I've been told. I have wondered what would have happened to us if Curt had accepted their offer.

## Backstage At English's

ROSEMARY BROWNE

It has been my good fortune to spend many a performance backstage at English's, as well as to watch many performances from out front.

Opening night is the most exciting of all, but there is always a constant buzzing of preparedness before any show. When the play has begun and the actors have left their dressing rooms, backstage seems eerie. This dismal feeling takes me out of my realistic world and places me in a world of imagination too powerful to explain. There is almost a religious silence as the curtain goes up and during the show, until an occasional dim voice or movement from the stage is heard. It seems that all the life and light is out front, leaving the backstage with only a faint remnant of that life that filled it such a short period ago. The dressing room doors are left flung open, and the lights are left burning. Inside, the costumes here and there, spilled powder, add to the confusion. When there is a very large cast, canvas is strung from tall poles, making additional dressing rooms.

There is a tiny music room, which is like the entrance to a cavern down two steps. Sheet music is spread on the

tables, and cigaret ashes cover the floor. Here I have spent many hours reading and waiting for my father, who conducts the orchestra. Between acts or after a performance, I may go shopping or eating. Sometimes I peek out from a tiny door leading directly into the orchestra pit, so that I can sense the reaction of the audience toward the actors. At other times I have watched performances from the pit itself. A hurt arises in me, partly because I am not part of the cast and perhaps partly because a stiff neck is easily obtained from trying to watch a performance from the pit.

After the play, the backstage is again filled with many actors and musicians. Some of them parade around with make-up only half on, singing or calling to their friends. Some go over their lines while dressing. This picture is varied with an occasional seeker of autographs. My brother, a tall blond who looks remarkably like one of the young men in "Junior Miss," was stopped by some of these who asked for his autograph. They were very much disappointed when they discovered that he was merely the orchestra leader's son.

The closing night of a play gives me



the most dejected feeling. Immediately after the show, the actors start to pack their clothes in huge trunks. The "wardrobe mother" helps them. The props are taken down, and in a very short time are

loaded on trucks along with the trunks. And so the theater is ready for the next show, and the actors are off to a different city. I am sad when I see them leave, for I wish I were going with them.

## Brave Fool

IRVING CROSHIER

"The bravest of fools." That is what my grandmother called him. And that is the description which fitted my uncle best.

All the men in my family, including myself, are fools—people who, because of their antics, are laughed both with and at. Van was perhaps the greatest of the entire family at this. He was always spending his time making people laugh from the day of his birth till, probably, the day of his death.

When he was in grade and high school, his work was always average—except when he liked a subject very much or needed it for some reason. Whenever either of these two incentives occurred, his marks were superior. His teachers were constantly sending notes home, the general theme being, "Van is entirely too cocky and boisterous." Yet even his teachers were forced to laugh at his antics, though back of their hands.

To say the least, a class of his was never dull. At times his questions had even the instructors stumped. Yet there was always that feeling in the teacher's mind that Van had not read his lesson as well as he might. Van very seldom played hookey for his absence was as conspicuous as that of the teacher.

When he graduated, he took every honor he could get from a small school.

On the day of graduation everyone sighed in relief, including Van, at his departure. Another year would have been the school's undoing.

His next stop was Western Reserve, in Cleveland, for in his reckless, clowning manner he had decided to be a doctor. The strange thing was that he succeeded. He went on to become later one of the most successful general practitioners in Ohio.

Perhaps the most decisive factor in his life was Millie. She was the kind-hearted, sensible, quiet counter-balance that Van needed. She encouraged him with his work, made him use his art of foolishness as a valuable asset. She believed, and she taught him to believe, that laughter is the sure cure for worry and self-pity, and, that if they are cured, illness is secondary. He now knew that a higher Power had granted his foolishness to him for a reason.

Never before had the hospital echoed with such joyous laughter as it did when Van called on his patients; never before had there been the warmth of the sunny smiles that followed Van as he left a patient.

The man I remember most vividly was the truck driver we shall call Tom, who was turned into a human torch when his gasoline truck exploded, covering him



with fiery gasoline. There were three specialists on the case besides my uncle. That man was in the most incredible agony. He couldn't move a muscle without excruciating pain. He wanted to die. Yet from the day Van walked in the door, Tom's attitude began to change. Van could not make him laugh, for it would have injured the boy. Yet, by his subdued foolishness Van made Tom grin on the inside, if that is possible. Tom told us about it later. He said that the only bright spot was when Doc Van came to see him.

Millie even started to teach Van to economize. He got to the place where he could start the day with ten dollars in his pocket and come home with two. For Van, that was an accomplishment.

On the third day after their fifth wedding anniversary, Millie died from a heart attack. At the funeral, Van was like the sun on a rainy day, trying valiantly to smile on a world overcast by clouds.

After her death, Van put everything he had into his work. He was hurt deep inside, but on the outside he was still the foolish yet reliable doctor. That is what Millie had wanted.

One day in February of 1942 we received a letter from Cleveland saying that Uncle Van was going to New York on business. That was the last time we heard from him in the United States.

The next word we got was from the city, or village, of Vagan in the Philip-

pines. The letter was signed by Lieutenant Van Croshier, U. S. N. R. He was a Navy doctor assigned to the Fifth Marine Battalion.

I also got a letter from the Marine Sergeant who acted as Van's assistant. Pete Sloan (the sergeant) told of how Van was continually keeping the men in stitches, both figuratively and literally. Pete wrote that Van was one of the most respected and well-known medics in that district. Even the Jap prisoners asked about "Doc Crow."

That was the last letter we ever received from either of them. In June of 1942, my grandmother received a letter from the Secretary of the Navy and a Purple Heart medal. "Died in the service of his country," the letter read.

Finally, in 1943, we were visited by Sergeant Sloan. He told us of his escape from the island fortress of Corregidor. Then he told us of the death of "the Doc." It was the night of a Jap attack through the line. "The Doc" was missing. The next day Pete found him hanging from a tree, completely slashed by bayonet and saber. Pete told us that even then there seemed to be a flicker of a smile on his torn face.

I know that there are thousands of men killed every day on the battle field. Perhaps it is a form of egotism that prompts me to write about this one man, my uncle, yet to me he is and always will be the bravest fool in the world.



# Silhouettes

RUTH ANN GEORGE

Bright lights faded into the gloom of a dimmed theater, and the crowd stirred restlessly in their seats. The orchestra's low drone came from behind the curtain, and strains of half forgotten melodies mingled with discord. The orchestra was ready. As the curtain rose, the stage lights flooded, revealing the conductor, famous musician of two continents, who was playing tonight a special concert for war relief. The light from the stage half revealed the first row, a set of faces with inscrutable eyes. The conductor, glancing briefly at this row, wondered fleetingly who these people were, what brought them to this concert, and what they thought as they listened to his music. As fast as the thought came, it disappeared. The conductor turned to the orchestra, raised his baton, and the strains of a familiar Strauss waltz were heard . . .

Late comers straggled down the aisle, and heads turned to see who would cause such a disturbance. "It's Frank Tobin," the whispers went up. "You know, the richest man in Chicago." Disdainful and envious glances followed a large, gray haired man accompanied by a well dressed woman down the aisle to their seats in the front row. The man's face might have been young but for the lines which creased his face and made him old. He twisted and turned in the seat until glances held him still, and then his mind wandered. He longed to be out of the stuffy theater and walking. What could a dutiful husband do but go to the concert with his wife, especially when she enjoyed it so much. He should be out doing something about the new government test, and yet there was nothing for him to do.

So much depended on this one test, and he knew that no one but himself was convinced of the gravity of the situation. If the contract for munitions manufacture were not renewed on the basis of this test, the entire corporation would be forced into bankruptcy. For an instant he could see nothing but his hand across his eyes. He was so tired. Then the music burst on him like pandemonium, blurring his senses and chasing away all thought. The front row noise was deafening, and he couldn't understand his wife's love of Strauss. He was miserable with noise, fatigue, and worries engulfing him. Still his wife should not be worried with these things, and she did enjoy a concert. He glanced down at her and, when she turned questioningly to him, smiled reassuringly. After all, these were a man's worries, and there must be worse things to endure than a symphony. He would think about the contract tomorrow, and until then there was the evening to get through. Resolutely, he turned back to the conductor, and, smiling as though in enjoyment, he listened to Strauss . . .

The girl on the end of the front row was oblivious to her surroundings. She hadn't noticed when the large, grey haired man and his wife had passed in front of her, arriving late. She had saved her money laboriously, and she lost no moment of it in thought about those around her. The music took her out and away from herself. It always did, but tonight it was different. The waltz that was being played reminded her and always would of her childhood in France. Only a work played like this could take her back beyond the horror of a war and



Nazi occupation. Aix-Les-Bain came back to her with the force of reality, and she remembered winters spent at the foot of Mount Blanc. Imagination and memory played tricks on her, and hearing the familiar strains she could imagine the snow, glistening white under the sun, a snow whiter and a sea bluer than anything she had seen since. France to some might mean guns, tramping feet, and starvation, but to her it would always mean beauty. She could look up and see the old cable car that bridged the span between mountain peaks, and hear the shouts of skiers as they came racing down the slope toward the hotel. Trees, sparsely scattered as one ascended the mountain, stood out like silhouettes against unmarred, glistening snow. Inside the hotel the darkness seemed funereal compared to the glare outside, and serenity could be found inside the hotel room as one looked out on the panorama of beauty and life outside. It was sad, thinking of those days and people. The music ended and the audience came to life, spoiling her dream. Perhaps when she went back it would never be the same, and perhaps she would never go back. She applauded loudly with the rest, but hers was applause of thanks, thanks for restoring for an instant a glimpse of the past . . . .

A small, insignificant-looking woman crouched low in her seat and looked from right to left as the distinguished man and his wife arrived late to their seats in the front row. She enjoyed music, as a rule, but the crowd and noise baffled her. Bill loved music, too, and she never heard

symphonic music without being reminded of her son. She had received a telegram a few months before, saying that her son had been wounded. It happened in Italy, the telegram had stated, and it seemed a little worse to her that he should be sick and needing her so far away from home in a foreign land. She knew that other mothers received these telegrams, and she was a little ashamed of the revolt and hate that sprung within her when she knew that Bill, too, had paid his toll. Things could be worse, she knew, but now that he was actually coming home, she was afraid. Would he look the same? How badly had he been hurt? Could he ever be happy again after seeing war and death? War seemed far away as she listened to the waltz, and yet it was a reminder of her Bill and what he had been through. Her face creased into a worried frown as she tried to listen to the music, but she couldn't concentrate. Her thoughts were again on Bill. . . .

The waltz was over and the conductor turned to the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he was saying, "this is for a noble cause." He went on, asking for donations for war relief. The little lady gazed upward and fastened her attention on the speaker. Perhaps he was right. Perhaps she had not given enough. Her worries were small, really, since Bill was now coming home. She could not afford much — her most was not very much — but she would give. She opened her purse and reached for her money.



## Moments

KAROLYN GOULD

Moments in life? — living pictures defying time  
Mellow moments like golden notes of a loved refrain,  
Daring, cruelly stabbing spears, moments of poignant pain,  
Joyous moments like snowflakes melting away, impossible to recall,  
And sorrowful moments, dragging with them their laughter—robbing pall  
Moments without purpose shifting through the pages of the present—aimless yet  
sublime.

I like to see the pale moon on a winter night,  
Its cool luminosity visible through naked branches tufted with snow  
Throwing frosty pools of light on the walks and streets and rooftops,  
Alone, the commander of the universe — it hangs low.

I like to listen to heavy trucks on a paved road,  
Their monotonous rumble deafening as they draw closer.  
In the day the noise, triumphant, is a symbol of a new age,  
At night it is pitifully lonely — a jeer to the modern machine mode.

I like to walk in the fresh snow unblemished and clean,  
Let it squeak dryly beneath my feet and let the wind sting my face.  
I like to walk on a summer evening, feeling the cool, blessed breeze,  
With its fragrance of flowers known but not seen.

I like to listen to my mother's voice — the inflected speech bound  
To a language a little unfamiliar. Its softness is lulling, comforting.  
The words pronounced in a soft, foreign way  
Endow each syllable with new, unique sound.

I like a large crowd—people who can be sad or happy or rude.  
I like to be among friends in the midst of bright lights and festivity.  
Yet at the same time I like to come home,  
I can enjoy its seclusion, and my own solitude.

## A Little Boy's Prayer

KAROLYN GOULD

Hear me now, a little child,  
Who kneels and begs One who is mild;  
If I have sinned at all today,  
I ask forgiveness if I may.

I pulled the cat's tail, that I know,  
And pushed little Betsy in the snow,  
And stole some jam from off the shelf,  
But truly, I couldn't help myself.

And, too, today, I caught a worm,  
Which I cut up to see it squirm,  
And then I said a naughty word  
Which they didn't know I'd overheard.

I'll never say that word, I hope,  
I still can taste that awful soap,  
But, Lord, I wished not to displease,  
And now I hope I may appease.

Bless Mother and Father—and the cat, too,  
And make me learn to always please you.  
The good things you have done for me,  
Let me repay by loving Thee.

O, thank you, Lord, for all you've done,  
And please love me like another son,  
Help me, Father, to see the right,  
And bless me, Father, throughout the night.



## 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.



Come to sea with me, my friend; it's not too bad — I—I guess. I've been here three years. Old salt, you say? No, I reckon I've lots of pepper in me. I got hurt last time. That's why I'm a—drinking. I've got to go on—got—to—g'on.

There are people watching me. They think I'm pretty bad. Maybe I am. I should *not* get this drunk. There are lots of us out there killing, aren't there, mister? You say your son is? Gee, that's tough! What's he on, a transport? Yep, that's tough all right. I—I'm on a heavy cruiser. Heck, mister, we have so many

guns there's not room for all of them. Loud! You bet they are. Deadly, too. We're the best. We blew a ship clear out of the water last battle. But they got a plane from their carrier through our flack. Bombed us, they did. Killed about a hundred of us. But we're getting better each time. The battle before last three or four hundred boys never heard taps.

Well, so long—I'd better shove off—better—shove—off. Oh, yes, and when you see your son, you say to him, "Don't drink, son. The public just don't understand—just—don't understand."

## Sketches

DONALD TAYLOR

### *Miracles*

Gray sky, white snow falling softly, stillness — I sat dreaming in a chair by the window. I had laid aside my book and was gazing into the out-of-doors. Several old, shriveled and dried chrysanthemums were all that remained of the flower bed in our yard. Across the street, two children were playing on the sidewalk. A small boy was giving his little sister a ride in his wagon. Their cheeks were red, kissed by the wind. Their mother came to the door and called them, and together they ran toward the porch. The little girl fell on the steep embankment, and her brother helped her off the ground.

The sky, the snow, the flowers, and the children caused me to recall some lines of Walt Whitman's I had once heard. "... who makes much of a miracle? ... every cubic inch of space is a miracle, ... what stranger miracles are there?"

### *Repeat Performance*

A grey haired old man stopped to wait on me as I entered the second hand store. "Do you have any tables," I asked, "one that I could use for a tool bench?" He had no tables, but he insisted on showing me an old piano. Its varnish was cracked, and the keys were dirty, but when he began to play, all of that was gone. He saw not a dirty store room, but a cozy theatre, dimly lighted by kerosene lamps; not an old piano, but a shining grand piano on the vaudeville stage where he had worked for so many years. He looked at me, but saw instead a smiling, laughing audience applauding for an encore. He saw and felt the past in this repeat performance. And for a moment, I caught the spirit of his music and the heart of his dream.



# Courtesy

ALMA MILLER

*(This selection and the one which follows it are examples of paragraph development by different techniques. They are presented not as complete themes but as examples of a valuable type of writing exercise.)*

One of the most essential qualities one needs to develop for success in any field of endeavor is courtesy. Courtesy wins friends, and with friends to smooth the way, to applaud every effort, to give encouragement when things go wrong, and to lend a helping hand when there is need, the battle for success is only half as hard. True courtesy is not, however, merely a murmured "thank you," "beg your pardon," or any of the similar phrases commonly considered as being mannerly, for these expressions, although

quite necessary as an outward manifestation of good breeding, are far too often accompanied by a look that plainly says, "Why don't you stay out of my way?" and has the effect of adding insult to injury. But the individual who uses outward forms to express an inner consideration for the rights and feelings of others, who does not laugh at another's mistakes, who sees the shortcomings in others only to correct his own, who shields the weak without calling attention to the weakness, who ignores gossip without ignoring the gossip, who respects the opinions of others without losing respect for his own judgment — such an individual practices the art of courtesy in its highest form and has the good wishes of all with whom he comes in contact.

# Memphian

JEANNE LITTERLY

A Memphian knows how to live. I.e. saunters casually down the street at 5:30, stopping to watch a pigeon scold a competitor for a grain of popcorn. If he doesn't reach the department store before it closes at 5:45, he will get there the next evening. Meanwhile, the problem of the two pigeons is an interesting one. The sun, slanting between and over buildings, greets him warmly; passing friends greet him with the same warmth. One of them stops to ask him over for a poker game that night. No time is set for the

game. If, when he reaches his friend's home, they decide to go to the neighborhood movies instead of playing cards, no one is surprised or disconcerted. There will be other evenings for cards. Meanwhile there is a good double feature at the State. In all probability when the Dark Angel interrupts the life of a Memphian, the latter will graciously accompany him, thinking that his own previous plans will some day materialize; meanwhile, the Stranger is a kindly fellow. Yes, a Memphian knows how to live.



## Vignettes

The night was cool and clear, and the moon shone on the earth like a brilliant white torch making light and shadows in the depths of a subterranean cavern. The cool evening breeze whispered softly, and the leaves rustled softly in reply. The crickets and the grasshoppers and the bass drum of the bull frog joined to turn the quiet twilight into a symphony of nature.

From *A Universal Language*  
Donald Taylor

Far above the schoolhouse the flag was gently stretching its silky folds out to caress the first breeze of the morning.

From *The Flag Goes By*  
Betty Ferguson

A cheerless, black sky darkened the streets of Indianapolis as a cold, wet snow, the first of the season, fell confusedly. In sharp contrast with the weather were the gay, vividly colored Christmas decorations in the store windows and the warm glow of the candles of the holly wreaths. The bells of the Salvation Army, ringing clearly through snowy air, and the Mile of Dimes further proclaimed that old Saint Nick would soon journey forth to pay his respects to the people.

From *Wartime Christmas*  
Carmel Cecile

There were the spirea bushes around the once colorful garden. They looked like feathery fingers, all icy and grasping frantically at the sharp winds which whipped furiously through them.

From *The Christmas Spirit*  
Peggy Percy

She had a personality as vibrant as a poppy in full bloom.

From *Personality Plus*  
Harriett Lewis

The shelves of books stood in majestic rows up the paneled walls of the musty smelling room, looking stern and resentful at the ray of sunlight which had slipped through the heavy velvet drapes and which was now dancing carelessly across the sadly faded rug. A vase of yellow and brown chrysanthemums smiled whimsically at the situation and admired its reflection in the mahogany desk...

The flame in the fireplace leaped high and stuck out its tongue at the wind which was desperately seeking an entrance to the cozy room from the wide bay windows. Candles, not yet lit, stood in the shadows of the corners like tall ghosts.

From *Impressions*  
Elsie McCormick

It is a commodious, shaded veranda . . . . A row of old-fashioned rocking chairs invites repose, and ivy creeping along the edge of the railing contributes to its quaint charm. It's paint is neutral cream; it is the people who add the color.

From *My Grandmother's Porch*  
Floy Wilcox

The thick burgundy carpet cascades down the steps beside a river of golden wood. In the dusky cave under the stair, the little love seat stands on long, thin legs with its back reaching up to the rail.

From *The Room*  
Jane Green



The inevitable sky, so blue—the little bunny-tail clouds—the birds darting here and there, and singing, singing, singing. A light breeze suddenly runs across the pool, melting the reflections into shimmering masses of color. The breeze is just as suddenly gone, and the picture again regains its shape. The gentle swaying of the tree tops is all that reminds one of the wind that misted this looking glass.

In winter the pool is icy, but even frozen it may give reflection of the dark, cloudless, gray sky. The few birds which remain do little more than huddle on the bare black branches. The trees, like candles sticking out of the white snow-frosting of a cake, snap and crackle under their coating of ice.

From *Reflections in a Pool*  
Jack Reich

The trees appeared as tall, stoop-shouldered hunters in the darkness.

On the upturned leaves of the trees the dew-drops sparkled like millions of diamonds on soft green velvet, as they caught the first rays of the sun.

From *The Woods*  
Mary Breedlove

Six feet of him strolls back and forth, from room to room, violently attacking the scales or an exercise.

From *A Man To Whom Music Is Sustenance*  
Rosemary Browne

... a long row of young birch trees, all at various heights. The oldest of these trees, however, all leaned into the woods and grew in an arc. They grew like old men with bowed backs, bent by the weight of living...

From *Just Across The Road*  
Norman Miller

He was a pretty dog. His coat was long but neatly kept. He had a collar around his neck, but there was no identification on it. He was not lost; it was much worse than that. He had lost someone. I watched him pace back and forth across the street, dodging cars, with his nose to the street.

From *While Waiting For A Bus*  
Jane Butler

The flak was hanging over Cologne like a bright red comfort, and the fighters were like angry bees swarming from their hives.

From *Mission Accomplished*  
Bill Sennett

Slowly the moon walked up her stairs into the blue of the sky. Enthroned in blue velvet, she surveyed the snow-blanketed world which seemed to shine for her . . . . Jim appreciated the darkness, but the heat of the room rested on his limbs like a blanket, exhausting him.

From *The Silent Night*  
Barbara Wells

Evidence was brought forth revealing conditions that exist throughout our beloved Local Number Ten. Such crimes as dogearing are entirely inexcusable. Many of our noble characters must carry scars . . . as a result of a pencil or pen urged on by a doodler. Others must hide their defaced pages in shame. Several books are on the sick-list suffering from broken backs . . . It was with grief that we attended the funeral of one who had been left unprotected during a soaking rain.

From *Book Lovers, Please Note*  
William Smart