

and powerful. He felt as if he could conquer the world. There were no fuzzy blurs in his mind now. Death was remote, impossible at such a moment. He had to live and prove himself. His soul shouted brave words to the sea.

"I am not of the slums or castles or dark rooms. I will not be weighed down by squalor or wealth or mediocrity. My soul shall not be veiled and spent, nor shall I sink I will live and reach lofty heights as if some great throbbing swell of music or words were lifting me higher and higher and nearer to my answer. I will not bow my head under yokes of pain or death or hypocrisy. I will not level off

on an even keel of monotony. Ah, Fate will fling me to the moon; I mustn't be thrown back, fumbling in the mist like a boat in a hot swirl of sea vapors, lost and hopeless. I will try, try, try for perfection — a word, a book, a song, a symphony — just one perfect whole thing, Dear God, with the throb and color and grate and loveliness of Life itself. No dreary, endless sea. Let me taste beauty. I must have done one thing perfectly, no matter whether the world knows it or not."

Fritz closed his dark blue eyes, exhausted, and as he pulled his free body up the blown hill he was too weary to hear a low rumble of thunder in the night. It was going to rain tomorrow.

Case Of Claude

BETTY JO FARK

Claude rose easily when he heard the monotonous voice of the judge announcing, "Case of Claude Winters versus the United States." He was surprised when his pulse didn't quicken. He wasn't excited. He walked forward slowly because he walked stiffly, conscious of the filled court room behind him.

Claude felt as if he were moving in a most unrealistic world. The Claude he used to be — the old familiar Claude — seemed to be looking down from somewhere on this Claude — a stranger. His senses were sharpened to the finest point, but his reactions were few and mechanical. Outlines in the courtroom appeared hard and clean-cut as Claude looked at them with cool brown eyes. The judge's bench before him stood out black and massive against the pale cream wall. The murals on the ceiling were painted in

subdued colors and the carved wall panels on the sides of the room added a solemn tone to the whole, which would have appeared majestic except for the simple actions of the people in the elaborate surroundings and for the excess of yellow-gold sunlight filtering through the high windows and filling the room with warmth.

The words of the judge were staccato and sure, but were over-shadowed by the sameness of the tone in which they were spoken. The drone blended with the lazy sunlight and fitted into Claude's dream.

"Take the table on the left," the judge instructed. Claude put his hand on the back of a carved mahogany chair, walked around it, and sat down. His lawyer spread a few papers on the shiny table top and sat opposite Claude. They both faced the judge.

"You will rise and be sworn in," the

judge said.

Claude stood up and raised his right hand.

"Do you swear to tell the truth . . ."
"I do."

"The state will call the first witness," the judge said.

Claude stopped listening. He knew the procedure almost to the minute when he would be sentenced. The state's first witness would be a girl from the draft board who would testify that he had been classified and called up for military service. Next a man from the induction station would testify that Claude had failed to report for service. Then the clerk of the court would testify that his case had been booked three months ago.

The process rarely varied. Occasionally the secretary from the draft board wouldn't be sure of the date on which he was classified as a conscientious objector. Then a second witness would be called. The point was trivial. All the state wanted to do was to prove that he had failed to report for limited service. In some respects his own trial didn't seem much different from the others Claude had attended. Today he was playing the leading roll which had been written long ago. He was moved less now as a participant than he had been as a spectator.

The girl on the witness stand handed the prosecutor a pink carbon copy of Claude's induction orders and several other papers. The prosecutor passed the evidence to the jury, and the bald men and the men with white hair leaned forward in the box to see the pink paper. The prosecutor's gray suit was framed in a carved wall panel. At times Claude couldn't believe he was actually going to prison.

The prosecutor finished his examination of the evidence and the defense had

no cross-questions. The state called the second witness. Claude watched the girl walk back to her seat. She was nervous. She was pretty and she was young—about twenty, Claude guessed.

The thought jarred him. Four years ago he was twenty. For a moment he could think of nothing more.

He looked across the room to the jury. The sunlight passed over their heads, leaving them to fade into the brown panels of the box. Most of the men were leaning back in their chairs. The second man from the right was sitting forward with his elbows resting on the arms of his chair and his hands clasped in front of him. He was a little man with gray hair and glasses. He would be sensitive and very fair in his decision, Claude thought. He would have a son in the service, too. Some of the other men probably had sons in the service, Claude imagined, and then wondered what they thought of his case. Because it didn't matter and because he didn't care, Claude shifted his thoughts once more.

The testimonies soon would be over. The clerk had just closed his book containing the court calendar. The judge cleared his throat and briefly reviewed the evidence. He then began reading his instructions to the jury. Claude knew their content as well as he knew the order of procedure.

"Remember," the judge would say, "You are not to pass on whether or not this man should be called to service, but on the two points: 1. Was he called? and 2. Did he appear for induction?"

The jury filed out of the room and Claude saw that the little, gray-haired man walked with a slight limp. The door leading to the jury chambers closed and Claude was conscious of the crowd behind him. He could feel their eyes burning into his back. He wondered how many

others in his position had gathered strength from those same eyes. Claude needed no bracing. He had chosen his path three years ago, and he would stick to it. He turned toward his lawyer and glanced at the back of the court room. A wave of blue eyes seemed to roll toward him. He was mildly shocked by the strange sensation and looked away. The eyes weren't filled with sympathy, he knew. They were almost icy and glazed with a sparkle from deep inside the witnesses, generated partly by pride and also by the strange religion which held their faith. Again Claude felt that he was on the outside looking in. He wondered if there were any others behind him whose eyes were brown instead of blue.

Marge's eyes were blue. Last night when they had been planning the way in which they would spend the next few years away from each other, Claude had wondered what she would say if he suggested entering the service. The desire to find out had lasted only a second and he was glad he had said nothing. He knew what Marge and the others believed. It was his creed, too.

The chamber door opened and the court room became very still as the jury

filed in. The judge asked, "Gentlemen of the jury, do you find the defendant guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, your honor," the speaker replied.

The judge faced Claude. "You will rise and be sentenced," he said.

Claude stood between his lawyer and the prosecutor as the judge said, "You're a young man, Claude. You're an American. You believe in the democratic way of life. Other young Americans are fighting for their beliefs on battlefronts all over the world. I'm going to give you another chance to fight, too — not at the front, but behind the lines. You may have until 3 o'clock this afternoon to make up your mind. Then, if you decide you still don't want to fight in the army of the United States, I'll read your sentence. Remember, you have five hours to think it over."

"Thank you, your honor," Claude said. Then he turned with his lawyer and walked to the door with sure, easy steps. The trial was over, and he was relieved. He didn't look at the witnesses waiting for another trial to begin. Five more hours... Marge met him at the door. He put his arm around her, and they walked down the hall outside the court room.

That "Exciting Newspaper Life"

JOAN WERNER

If you were to enter the City Room of a morning newspaper, such as the Indianapolis Star, at noon, it would be virtually deserted. That "exciting newspaper life" of which people often speak would seem definitely false. The shiny black and silver typewriters would have ceased their noisy

clatter. The sleek black teletype machines, with their yellow paper tongues curling to the floor, would squat dormant and waiting.

About 1:30 in the afternoon a glimmer of life is injected into the long room known as the City Room. The arrival of the city