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Pastorale

MARY ALICE KESSLER

CHORUS:
We chant of an age
A trim, nervous Time
Squared into precise line,
Sheer mathematics, a flawless steel claw.
This is the time of soaring monuments
This is the time of formulae pyramids
This is the time of shining mechanism
This age is dwarfing its sire.

THE MAN:
a b=a square, but what equals the cold stars freezing a blanket of silver, tight upon the hills? We have forgotten, forgotten the night and the joy of stopping and watching the rich, velvety, heavy, sensuous, glorious field of darkness, and crystal goblets of stars.

CHORUS:
Venus is sixty-seven million miles away from the sun, the light from a distance constellation is seen by man 125,000 light years after it was shed. We have proof, scientific calculations and expensive telescopes. We have proof that the moon is like the earth. We have proof that fire is chemical reaction. We have proof that a line has one dimension-length. We have proof . . .

THE MAN:
Have you proved why the sun lies down like a tired old man at night and goes to sleep, or why the trembling, bright birch leaves rattle a soft song in the cold dawn, or why the hills blaze up into bonfires in the autumnal clearness, or the stars look pink and orange and blue all at the same time? Oh, no, don't speak your rock and bone words to me. I ask—where has the beauty gone? You could not see it as blind, deaf men. The smoke of your engines is a terrible fog. Why may I not see the charm of the dance, the jewel notes of song, the matched wings of oil paint, the little things that took great care and hours?

CHORUS:
Oh, listen to our song. Ha, we're proud of our toothpaste ads, boogie woogie, raw liver art, synthetics, neon signs, automatic gears, cannibal dances, uninhibited poetry. There's no time to worry about your beauty. We've got our own words for it. “Hot steel and throbbing cornets, smoke-crowned bolts of trains, low-slung blues voices, a symphony of grating, panting horns. Bravo!”

THE MAN:
I am of an age of tubercular, frightened poetry, an age built on toothpaste and cold cream and hard, brittle rocks. I am on the back of a ranting age that paints portraits in fifteen minutes and pours lumps of blaring notes and rackety drumbeats down the throats of the parched listeners. A sharp, pointed, gigantic corporation of cross-fire melody and rush.

CHORUS:
Well, we like it. Go back to the good ole days. You're in the way. We're progressing — going ahead — pressing buttons.

THE MAN:
Press a button and there's a skyscraper — a swaying line of silver in the early morning mist? Press a
button and the roar of the man-sea crashes in a frothy tide over the soft, lost land? Throw a switch and the face of the moustains and full-throat-
ed rivers disintegrates, crumbles? Stack the pyramids so high that the clouds are strangled, dazzle the sun with shimmering rockets, claw at the entrails of the hills—soar, soar, soar? The age is a jungle. The jungle is filled with them. "Visionaries!" Yes, I suppose . . . . but I can see them lost in the web of this jungle. They can't wait. They're afraid of a new Time; and it is coming. By the infinite hours and seconds — it is coming. A great, frightened quiet is coming to outswell the smashed notes and lacerated canvas and grotesque figures. The slam of the age's door will fade away. Then I can set and watch a moon-blue evening and the ice fingers of the tree limbs. Perhaps I'll even hear a fur-lined quatrain or a soft brush stroke. I might have time to walk in the snow.

Rhyme For A Volume Of W. H. Hudson

ALLYN WOOD

The speckled adder was his friend
(World, unbend! World, unbend!)
He loved the pampas-without-end,
His purple land; the Orinoco;
The Amazonian Matto Grosso—
Which are rather far from Soho.
Yet Gulf Stream turns to pekos-blend
And London had him in the end.
Sea Song

JAN SKINNER

The boy should have been hurrying home from school. The sky was dark with that peculiar greyness that foretells a storm, but the boy, tall and lank, was ambling along the sidewalk, looking up at the moody skies eagerly, expectantly, as if he was about to see a friend.

He stumbled, looked down at the cracked sidewalk for a moment, and his face lost the look of expectancy. He remembered Miss Thompson. Her face stood out in his memory, red and angry, saying again that she should dismiss him from her geometry class.

For a moment he conquered his teacher's image by whistling the mating song of a cardinal, then he broke off, at a loss for the missing notes and Miss Thompson returned to repeat snatches of the lecture she had given him that morning. "A person," she said again in his mind, "must discipline himself—geometry is an excellent mental disciplinarian. That is why I teach it—we are living in a world of doers, not dreamers—you must apply yourself—hereafter when I speak to you you will give me your attention, your full attention, or I shall dismiss you from this class. Do you understand?"

He understood. He understood the miles between the sooty streets of the factory town and the wind washed beaches of the coast. He understood the difference in the pay his father was making as an unskilled mechanic and the uneven amount he had brought home as a longshoreman. And he understood the difference the change made for him.

He was a stranger among the inland men, their loud women and shouting children. There was no common ground on which he could meet these men who spent their days beneath an iron sky fashioning their gods of steel or the boys, his own age, who never lifted their eyes above the grey path on which their feet had been set.

In an effort to lift the mood, he shook his head, looked up at the sky again, and walked a little faster. Now he passed the smoke stained clapboard houses that lined the sidewalk without looking at them, without pausing to pity a marigold here, or a rosebush there, that was trying to thrust its roots into the sterile earth. Nor was he consciously thinking, yet he could feel in his heels the unyielding pavement, on which he walked, that should have been shell studded sand.

As he was passing the corner of Horne and Thirteenth Streets, he heard something. It had the sound of the wind sighing through sea grass. There was all the magic and mystery of a dark night and a high tide woven into the tune which had crept down Horne Street to meet him.

Without thinking, he followed it. Walking on sand and sea grass, he followed it to the side of a grey clapboard house. There he leaned and listened to the violin that spoke to him.

It whispered of a nettle gliding through dark waters in the path of the moon. More urgent now, it played of the shadowy shape of a hungry ray swimming behind and beneath the mass of jelly floating near the surface. It brought they ray up, nearer, too near the nettle, and then broke off because there wasn't more to tell.

Now it unfolded a beach, darkened...
by shadows and lighted by a rising moon. A cardinal sang from the branches of a sand pine, softly — and yes, there was the rest of the crested bird's song he had forgotten. A white sail drifted out on the bay where the whitecaps were rising. The strong smell of the little death that always floats beside the sea was mixed with the heavy odor of mimosa and blown to him on the wind. Night deepened and the moon rose high while the tide crept up the beach.

Suddenly the wind began to beat its wings over the bay leaving the seething foam of its own fury, dashed to shore to lash the grasses. A cloud crept across the moon and far out the sail dipped and fell in the wake of the waves. A streak of light tore at the night. The sky opened and rain fell, while out on the bay a sound like the rending of a soul came back to shore.

Abruptly as it began, the storm stopped. With a whisper the moon cast off its cloud and bathed the beach in light. The wind fell to murmuring with the waves again, and in answer they flung a piece of broken mast upon the beach and gently laid a white rag of a sail beside it. Far up and out of reach, a star fell, leaving its trail, for a moment, glowing in the sky.

The music faded. The beach, the sky, the falling star blended into the growing dusk and disappeared. The boy looked at the lighted window. He could step to it, stand on tiptoe, and see who had created a sea storm on the strings of a violin. Instead he smiled to himself, shoved his hands deeper into his pockets, and turned toward the coming storm.

Behind him, inside the grey clapboard house, Miss Thompson laid her violin gently in its case and turned, with a lost look in her eyes, to grade the day's geometry papers.

The Woman And The Working Girl

JEAN FARSON

Brynn hurried along the shadowy sidewalk. She could hardly see her way through the slippery, foggy air that enveloped East Barnes Street. A fine rain still came down in a slow monotone, and nothing in the city of Wellington seemed to be dry at all. Brynn cast a glance at her watch, and quickened her steps, her green transparent raincoat crackling, as she hurried to catch the eleven o'clock bus. Mr. Dwyer shouldn't have kept her working so late on a night like this — the six blocks from the main office of Dwyer and Company, General Contractors, to the bus stop that went out to her home were long and poorly lit, and it was cold. Mr. Dwyer thought a good bit about the Carmenson contract, though, and he and Hank had still been working on it when she left.

Two blocks ahead, through the rain, Brynn could barely see the street light at Bovard Avenue, by the bus stop. She was walking through a crowded residential district, where the houses were big and old and close to the sidewalk. The population seemed to be mostly in bed. There were few cars parked along the sidewalk. This didn't seem like Barnes Street at all. "I wish I'd taken Dwyer
up on his offer to take me to the bus stop,” she thought. “But he was so tired and had so much more to do, I hated to bother him.”

She came to the last street to cross before Bovard, and waited, back from the curb, for a car to slosh its way through the water in the street. But instead of going on, it stopped in front of her, and Brynn stood still, waiting cautiously for whatever was about to happen.

A feminine voice came from the big car. “Could you please tell me where Kenway Drive is? It’s really very important that I find it quickly—”

“Why, surely,” Brynn interrupted. “I live close to there . . . it’s just straight ahead about three miles, and there’s a drugstore on the corner — Ward’s Pharmacy. You can’t miss it.”

“Are you going there, Miss?” the woman asked.

“Why — y—yes,” Brynn said, “but really—”

“Well, I’m going that way, and I’ll be glad to take you — you say you live right by Kenway Drive. Do let me take you. It’s terribly dark and cold.”

Brynn climbed into the car and told her unknown companion to go straight ahead. She noticed that she was dressed in an expensive fur coat, and her hair was swept up in a sophisticated style. “I’m awfully glad you came with me,” said the woman, and Brynn reflected that it was rather unusual for such a woman to be driving a limousine alone, at that hour, in that neighborhood. “I was really quite frightened for fear I would not be able to find the place I’m looking for quickly.”

“Where about on Kenway is this place?” asked Brynn. “Maybe I can help you find it.”

“Oh, it’s not on Kenway, really, my dear. And —” she hesitated, “well, to tell the truth, I don’t know exactly where it is. But I’ll find it, don’t worry. I’ll get him. I know he’s there.” The woman was beginning to sound quite frantic, and Brynn was beginning to wish more than ever that she had been in the safe companionship of Mr. Dwyer when the woman had stopped the car. There was nothing she could do now, however, but sit back and wait.

They drove on silently for some time, and then Brynn said, “There it is — see that neon sign just ahead? That’s Ward’s. Now where is it you want to go? . . . You can let me out on this corner right here, if you please. And thanks so much for the lift . . . ”

“Oh no, please don’t go yet. I’ve got to get my directions straight, and you can tell me if I’m on the right street — now let’s see, two blocks west, and half a block north of the filling station; that’s right here, across from the drugstore . . . ”

The woman was mumbling to herself in an obsessed manner.

“WHERE?” ejaculated Brynn. “You don’t mean on Bovard?”

“Yes! That’s it! I had forgotten the name of the street. Bovard. Yes, that’s the one. Bovard.”

“W—well, where are you going? That’s where I live, I think, just about,” Brynn stammered. “W—what’s the name?” This person in whose car she was sitting was beginning to worry her more than a little. Who was she after, anyway? She sounded even violent.

“It is?” the woman seemed amazed. “Well,” she hesitated. “Maybe you do know her. My husband’s there. He says he works late at the office there, and I know he doesn’t really work late every night. She’s his secretary, and someone just tipped me off where he goes.
And I'm going to stop it. It's gone far enough." She faltered. "Oh, but I shouldn't really be telling you this. It's none of your business, anyway. But—it's gone far enough."

They had reached Bovard Avenue, and Brynn saw the car slow up in front of her home. "There! That's it! The third house from the corner!" The woman screamed triumphantly. "No lights on!"

"I beg your pardon, but just exactly who are you looking for?" asked Brynn, quite indignant by this time.

"Young lady, I am looking for a Miss Brynn Roberts, who works for the Dwyer construction firm. I am Mrs. J. Conrad Dwyer, and I expect to find my husband there."

The Spoon

MARY ALICE KESSLER

Mary closed the big wooden door carefully and waited for the click that locked it. She walked slowly across the gravel schoolyard, kicking the largest rocks with her foot. She counted each step... one... two... three... four. On fifty, she climbed over the low iron fence surrounding the yard and stood quietly as if she were listening for something. Suddenly a shrill whistle cut the spring air and Mary tucked her arithmetic book under her arm, tossed a long, black pig-tail over her shoulder and walked slowly down the buggy wheel-scarred dirt street. Mary always waited for the factory whistle to blow before she started home. She knew that her mother would be leaving the box factory then; she would meet her at the big spotted sycamore tree at the corner of Kenny Street; they would walk home together. That was the best part of the day for Mary, even better than waiting in line with Katie at Brogan’s Pharmacy to buy a penny’s worth of red hots after eating an egg sandwich in the cold, gray basement lunchroom. This was the beautiful part of the day. The chalky blackboard and columns of figures and hard spelling-words like “believe” and “receive,” the frozen-faced nun were the dull, gray part of the day. But walking home with her mother was Mary’s special waited for part of living at nine.

Mary cut across Dugan’s junk yard, picking up an old coffee pot without a lid because they might be able to use it at home, and sat down on a gib, flat rock that was near the sycamore tree. Her mother would be late today. She got paid on Tuesdays and Mary knew she would stop in at the Dry Goods store to buy something for her. It was a little ritual the way Mary’s mother always bought her a penny’s worth of pencils or a piece of bright-colored ribbon for a hair bow on pay-day.

Mary listened to the sounds about her. A horse whinied and she could hear the old horse-pulled trolley weave along on South Street toward town. She shivered a little as the raw spring air blew hard through her faded, gingham dress, and then she looked up and saw her mother coming down the darkening street. She seemed so small as she hurried along, side-stepping the deeper wheel ruts, clutching a small tan paper sack in one
hand. Mary stood up and ran to meet her. She caught hold of her hand and squeezed it as they turned down Kenny Street towards home.

“How was everything at school today, Mary?”

“Oh, it was fine. Sister said I played my scales better than anybody and Sara fell down during recess and broke her arm.”

“Oh.”

“Isn’t it pretty out tonight, Mama? I don’t mind going to school when it’s warm and we get to go out for recess.”

“Yes, the seasons are come and gone. White or green we keep going and the little ones are happy like the new buds.”

They walked a long way in the dusk before Mary gathered enough courage to speak again.

“Mama, Cecelia Doherty asked me to her birthday party and everybody’s supposed to bring a present and what will I take?”

Nora Dunn kept walking fast.

“Never mind, Mary. I’ll find you something and you’ll be having it fixed nice.”

That night after Mary and her mother had dried the dishes they sat down together on the back porch steps. The night was so quiet and dark that the two spoke little. A gentle rain had begun to fall and a cool breeze was stirring those spring smells that are so delicate and nostalgic. The earth smelled clean, the wet crocus buds, the silver splashes of rain on the bottom wooden step, the sound of the drip, drip, drip of the cold, steady rain on the tin eaves — all these sounds and smells swelled to a beautiful feeling in Mary and she sighed heavily as she thought of Cecelia’s birthday party.

“I know what you can take to the party, Mary. The spoon Aunt Margaret gave me when I was married. It’s pure silver and it won’t be as if you’re not giving something new-bought. Silver is better when it’s aged.”

Nora Dunn got up slowly and went into the kitchen. Without lighting the gas lamp, she opened the china closet door and felt along the top shelf for a velvet box. When she had found it, she brought it out onto the porch with her and went to the far end of the porch. The McMullen’s next door had their lights turned up, and Nora opened the box carefully. There lay the spoon brown with age and lack of use, lying on a dark velvet mounting.

“I’ll have to clean it up, Mary,” she said, after turning it over several times in her rough hand. “We’ve got nothing in the house.”

She pulled her woolen shawl tight about her shoulders and walked down the steps to a small mound of sand near the back of the large wooden second hand store that hid the Dunn house from the street, and scooped up a handful of the soggy brown sand.

“Mr. Shaughnessy won’t be minding if I borrow some of his sand. It’ll clean the spoon up fine and make it shine like it used to.”

Mary watched her mother clean the spoon. The dark-shawled figure bent low over the tiny silver piece, scouring the sand through the gummy brown of years with the edge of her apron. At last she rose and even in the dark, Mary could see a glint of light from the “new” spoon.

The next Saturday, Mary spent the whole morning in getting ready for the party after she had gone over to Mr. Dohme’s grocery store to tell him she couldn’t help with sacking the vegetables because she had to help at home. Her
mother told her she shouldn't say anything about the party because Mr. Dohme wouldn't understand and it wasn't really a lie because she would be helping at home. When she got home from the grocery, she tied her long black hair up in rags, washed and ironed her white dimity party dress, carefully ruffling the edges with the big flat-iron. The iron felt so warm and good when she picked it up off the wood stove with a holder, and it felt good to take a sudsy bath in the big wash tub and look in the kitchen mirror and see a face shiny with soap and happiness.

When she had put on everything but her dress, Mary threw her mother's blue wrapper about her shoulders and went out into the back yard to pick a few flowers for her hair. Mary thought that the back yard was prettier than usual. The red brick walk was clean from the spring rains and two neat rows of yellow and red tulips made it a fairy path. A small bed of pink and yellow and blue crocus danced in the afternoon breeze, and the big pink splotch of japonica near the wooden store was so bright that it blinded Mary. Small clumps of grape hyacinths and daffodils were laced into the tall grass and Mary stood solemnly beneath a cloud of apricot blossoms that etched their powdery white over the yard listening to the murmur of flowers and wind and birds. At last she bent to pick a stalk of tiny blue hyacinths, one yellow daffodil bloom and a hard, red tulip bud. Inside the house, she tied them together with a piece of string and laid the bouquet by the spoon that her mother had wrapped in tissue paper. She put on her white dimity dress very carefully, smoothing the pleats gently, and put a drop of lavender water behind each ear. She untied the rags from her hair and brushed the blue-black curls into place, pinning the cool, damp flowers at her left temple. Then she walked slowly to the mirror. She looked very pretty and clean, and Mary made a little curtsy as she smiled and said, "I'm very glad that I was able to come, Mrs. Doherty."

Mary picked up the spoon carefully, locked the kitchen door and the front door after her as she heard Katie call from across the street. The two clasped hands as they met and began to walk down the green-coated street toward the better section on Irish Hill.

"Mary, what are you taking to the party?"

"I'm taking a pure silver spoon." And Mary felt sure it would be fitting.
Truth And Dare

BARBARA GENE LUCAS

The June sun beat steadily down upon the gravel school yard as the children ran out to play for the last time before vacation. The little girls with their hair flying dashed helter-skelter over the playground, and the boys brought out their baseballs. On one side of the yard in the shade of the library building stood a row of ten-year-old girls. They were members of “The Gang,” an elite club composed of Republicans only and those who could stand to have their thumb bent backwards without flinching. In front of this rank stood the leader with her hands on her hips. She adopted this position in an effort to compensate for her short stature. “Tenshen!” she snapped, and the wash dress army stiffened.

“Truth or dare?” she asked of the first little girl in the row.

At the far end of the line Martha quivered and wondered whether she should risk it. All term she had taken “truth,” but today she couldn’t. Over and over the leader had drawn her deepest secrets out into the daylight. She trembled and rubbed her hands together.

“Martha,” called the leader. “Stand still, or I’ll expell you from the gang.”

Again Martha came to attention. Down the row she could hear the girls deciding either for “truth” or “dare.” Soon it would be her turn. What if she took a dare? What would she have to do? She could hear the “truth” question over and over in her mind. “What did Harry say on your birthday card?” She could say that he only wrote his name, but that wouldn’t be the truth.

The little girl next to Martha had just said, “truth,” and the leader pointed her finger at Martha.

With faltering voice Martha said, “Dare,” and then uttered a long sigh.

“No, Martha, you want ‘truth,’” the leader yelled.

“Dare,” repeated Martha.

“You can’t.”

“Dare,” Martha cried as she tightened her hands into fists.

“All right. You’ll be sorry ‘fore we get done with you, Martha.”

The leader walked to the far end of the line and began to ask questions or issue dares. With each dare Martha blinked her eyes and wiped her damp hands on the skirt of her print dress. The eyes of the leader grew blacker and more threatening each time she looked at Martha.

With stiff legs the leader marched over to Martha and glared into her eyes. “Martha Benson, I dare you to tell what Harry said on your birthday card.” The leader stepped back, put her hands on her hips, and a smirk spread over her face. Martha looked straight ahead, and with her fists clenched at her side she scowled at the leader.

The clang of the bell broke the deadlock. With all the energy of her ten-year-old legs, Martha ran toward the school building and breathlessly stumbled up the steps ahead of the rest of her playmates.
A Half-Spread Wing

ALLYN WOOD

Sunday. Breakfast and lunch eaten; a magazine read; the apartment tidied, as a man alone does it, with deliberate delicacy. There is something exotic in his movement, and about the room, which is produced by the placing of ordinary things; and everywhere is evidence of a long and careful striving for homeliness as a spiritual ideal. Where eyes have met the lonely space of walls, pictures hang — but do not look at them: he seldom does. Squares and rectangles become companionable, and being so familiar, are scarcely seen, their purpose forgotten. So that when he desires space, with an intensity too large for the apartment, he never takes them down. The window is another rectangle, a picture of space.

Dust-cloth in hand, he pauses at the window reflectively — tall and thin, a Pierrot in a business suit — watching from that high vantage the lights going on over the city, the arches of foggy globes, banding a hidden river, illumine hesitantly as if regretting to dispel the color of silence. He thinks — does not one always think, then? His face is uninterpretable; in his eyes alone is a constant flickering of shade and sharpness.

Since it is only the beginning of the long purple-wash of evening in spring, he decides to go for a walk by the river. Putting on his coat and scarf before the mirror, he takes the elevator and descends into the evening. For a while the river is out of sight. Breeze and silk ripple about his neck; an exciting passivity enthralls him. The earth heaves and breathes beside the pavement — odors climb the air with curling tendrils. He would like a spaniel to accompany him, but nothing alive is allowed in the apartment; and the honey-colored spaniel that he had kept in the basement a while, disappeared, depriving him — as it caused such need — of a confidant.

His steps lengthen as he approaches the river, appreciatively sniffing. Crowds of shining globules rush over the bridges and fan out into the boulevards; below, the river reflects, but keeps its secrets submerged. He follows a path, studying that strip of bank below the concrete where a primordial domesticity continues unconscious of its restrictions; his eyes invade the burrows like ferrets and linger curiously, softening, until they part with the suggestion of a comradely nod.

A ripple advances downstreamward. "Quack-quack! Quack-quack!" he calls eagerly, and the ripple swerves toward the bank; the ducks approach, dribbling their bills. But night rises from the river. Downstream a single quack summons the flock; effortlessly they swerve outward. He watches their quicksilver wake, a long furrowed V whose edges roll inward to make the river whole, and he thinks,

"There are no foxes here, no predators."

Smiling, his mind tucks in the ducks with grass and reeds; his ears pick up the muted fluster of others gathering to rest; yet his scouting eyes stare sharply below him, toward a half-spread wing and little heap of feathers. In the night breeze the wing rocks and shivers as if a lonely life were in it. Still the ducks downstream are gathering. He remains a moment, his long length rocking gently in unison, only his eyes pained — then turns toward home.
Daisy Wings

JAMES L. ADAMS

Five white tiny wings
Around the bright sun beat,
Fluttering constantly, constantly
Yet never leaving
The parent heart of gold
Till torn away by storm.

Whither have they gone,
Who knows where they lie?
Their bright sun yet remains,
But withered, withered —
And remembering still
Five white tiny wings.
It was a typical college reunion. The class of '31 was packed into alcoholic layers around the smoke crowned bar. The smell of good bourbon was filtered with laughter and blended with those odors women buy at from two to twenty dollars a dram. Typical.

And a pretty good brawl, Paul thought, just coming into the home stretch. Paul was sitting at a corner table alone, playing a game with himself. He was trying to pick out faces in the crowd and match them with faces, bearing the same name, in his memory. There was a lapse of fifteen years separating each of the two faces that made the pair. As a playwright, with a couple of hits on Broadway, Paul was interested in his comparisons as future working material.

Take the woman in brown, for instance, drinking a coke. She used to be Susie Somebody-or-other, the femme fatal on campus. If he knew what had made her switch from boilermakers to cokes, from sequins to brown wool, he could maybe work her into a play.

“Well, Paul, you old sonofagun,” Paul looked up at a stocky and vaguely familiar man in grey pinstriped and scratched the surface of his mind for the name. George — that was it, George — played varsity football. “Hello George.”

The man pulled up a chair, “Well, Paul, didn't expect to see you here. Haven't changed a bit.”

“You have, George,” Paul was in no mood to rehash schooldays — the dear dead days, the lovely, lost days. “Put on a little weight, haven't you?”

George patted his stomach affectionately, “Yep, but most of us change, don't we? How come you're not up with the crowd, boy? We miss that baritone of yours.”

Paul was tempted to tell him he'd always sung tenor, but then —. In the opposite corner he could hear a crowd of alums drowning out the piano,

“Gentlemen songsters off on a spree, Damned from here to eternity, God have mercy on such as we.”

Evidently George couldn't stand a silence. “Well, well, I can't get over how good you're looking,” he eyed Paul's thick, dark hair with what might have been envy. “You must take good care of yourself, boy. Let me buy you a drink— Waiter, a couple of Scotch — You like Scotch, Paul? New York must agree with you. Bet you miss the good old South, though. Seen all the old frat?”

“At a distance, George.”

Is Glady here? I always thought you two would wind up saying I dos. Married a man from Chicago, didn't she? Raving beauty, Glady. Is she down for the reunion?”

“Glady's dead,” Paul said. “She died in Chicago.”

George looked appropriately sad for a moment, then rose to the occasion and lifted his glass, “Then here's to Glady. I didn't know about it — Waiter, make it a double round next time — she was a beauty, cute, full of pep. Quite a girl.”

Paul reached across the table and traded his empty glass for George's half-full one. “You didn't know her, George. She wasn't cute. Lord, what a word to describe her. And she wasn't full of pep. She was burning inside. That was Glady. She didn't have time to stay still. There
was too much living to be done."

Paul reached for the drink the waiter had brought. "I'll tell you about her, George. You won't understand any of it, but I'll tell you.

"Glady was lost. She was looking for something, George. You saw that red-gold hair of hers and a pair of long legs. That wasn't all of her. She was looking for the beginning of things."

"I remember one morning — we cut a class and walked out to the point. The sun was shining. It was spring and the wind was kicking up waves. We sat down on a ledge over the water. There was honeysuckle blooming near me and I picked some for Glady's hair. I had the feeling that I was the First Man and Glady the Only Woman. All the world was mine, a fresh world, no cities, no sin, no substitutes. A shining world, still damp from creation. I think Glady felt it too, she put her head on my shoulder and sat still."

George was embarrassed. "Wasn't that from your last play?"

Paul drained his glass, "No, my last play was from that."

"So Glady's dead. Well, it's been nice seeing you. I ought to go."

"Why don't you?" Paul asked. After George had gone, Paul began drinking methodically — as methodically as he had written his morbid, gripping plays. Why had he come anyway? A long drive to a class reunion, for what? With a hope of seeing a ghost of Glady? No, that couldn't be it, he didn't live with nostalgia, he wrote with it. Maybe he'd come to show 'em what a big boy he'd become, important — Paul Bennet, playwright, the guy doors were trained to open for. So far he'd just shown 'em how well he could drink Scotch alone. He'd have one more drink, then he'd get up, walk out to the car and drive, drive all night till he passed the Mason and Dixon line, till he saw the light of N.Y.

"Paul," it was George, laughing this time, "You were wrong. Look who I found and dragged away from her husband."

"Georgie exhumed me for you, darling. Glady's come back to haunt you. Oh, Paul, it's good to see you. It's been two years, hasn't it — in Chicago? What's this business about me being dead?"

Paul looked at the woman with George — red-gold hair pulled back in a chignon, bright lips, thin nervous hands beneath nuturica cuffs.

He took a deep breath. "Glady died in Chicago," he said, then he picked up his hat and left.

The woman turned to George, "For-heaven's sake, George. He was drunk, wasn't he?"
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. The deadline for contest entries is April 1. 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.
"Ya'd goods on the fo'th floor please. 'ello? No, I'm sorry, we 'aven't any ging-
ham today." On learning that L. S. Ayres' has no gingham, you put the receiver down, but your curiosity still is not quite satisfied. For that melodious, half exotic voice on the telephone leaves you wondering and puzzled as to its origin, and you resolve to satisfy your curiosity the next time you visit the yard goods department. There, answering the telephone and working in the inspection desk, you will find Annie Crich.

After thirty-three years in the United States, Annie Crich is still as English as the Tower of London. Her English speech, sometimes interspersed with American slang expressions, and her whimsical manner at first made her an object of amusement to the clerks in yard goods. But it was not long before the whole department, in fact, most of the fourth floor, became Annie-conscious. It seemed that when Annie left Ilkeston in Derbyshire, England, she not only brought to the United States her native speech, but also her inherited English adherence to accuracy.

On Annie's arrival, errors in selling, wrapping, and sending yard goods almost ceased to exist. From her vantage point in the inspection desk Annie can and usually manages to oversee the entire department. In her slow, deliberate, but deadly accurate, manner she keeps a self-appointed watch on inspectors and clerks alike. The head buyer himself falls under her jurisdiction. Much as she dislikes to admit it, even the head of the inspection desk, Annie's boss, relies on Annie to remember who sent what package, containing whose merchandise, to whom on what day. If a daydreaming inspector makes a mistake, she is sure to be reminded quietly by Annie, who somehow was there to notice, "That's a delivery you're a'doin'. Be careful, or we'll be a'havin' a 'cataracth'."

Accurate and painstaking though she may be, even Annie sometimes slips, and she readily admits, "I hadn't ought to, didn't I?" One morning when she appeared without her usual neat apron tied about her waist, she modestly confided, "I just feel like I'm undressed." Scrupulously clean, Annie makes sure that the desk is duly dusted and scrubbed every morning before the store opens. Every box is in place before a customer appears on the floor. When there is work to be done, Annie does her full share, usually more, and does it uncomplainingly.

More often than would seem respectful, perhaps, Annie falls the victim of the pranks of the younger inspectors in the desk. Frequently the back of her apron is adorned with huge, waving tissue paper butterflies and angel wings, placed there with Scotch tape by one of the girls who administered a supposed friendly embrace. On discovering the joke, Annie always exclaims, "Oh, you young folks! I just can't keep up with you." But it is with the younger girls that Annie likes to be most, and she often tells them fascinating stories of her childhood and courting days in merry old England. Norlin, Annie's small grandchild, is her grandmother's favorite subject, though.

A tea drinker by nationality, Annie Americanized her palate somewhat when she adopted a few American dishes as
her favorites. Among these, she has a zealous taste for hot chile, and day after day, if it appears to be well-cooked, little Annie feasts on chile for luncheon. When her lunch hour is over, Annie appears at the desk punctually, never a minute late. It is this promptness that makes everyone say, "You can always count on Annie."

Near closing time, when everyone begins to watch the clock, Annie is often asked for the time. With Annie it is never "twenty five to five," but always "twenty and five to five." Her ride home from work is unusual, too, for instead of being "packed like sardines in a can," the passengers on Annie's bus are "packed like 'errings in a 'boax'." "—an' it's pitch black dark where I get off near the 'droogstore'."

Annie, with her lovable ways and speech, has won the hearts of everyone in the department. Her friends are many; her enemies, few or none. Her determination to "get things done right," deliberately and uncomplainingly, and her slow smile as she replies, "Oh, I'm pretty good, considerin' my old age," has lent a delightful charm to "ya'd goods on the fo'th floor."

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My Most Enlightening Teacher

R. W. Conerty

My profound apologies go to all my academic teachers of the past, because of all the men and women who have earnestly endeavored to help enrich my meagre store of knowledge, none could I classify as enlightening as when I first went away from home and met the wisest teacher of all I'd met, namely, life. It was she who taught me that English was an instrument of communicating one's wishes and thoughts to another, that mathematics was the mental tonic to keep one alert, and that history was a study of what our ancestors had done, for the purpose of helping us to avoid the pitfalls which hindered their progress.

Most of all, life was my most enlightening source of knowledge because it was her teachings which enabled me to place a truer value on life and what one could accomplish if only the incentive was there.

She was enlightening because all the abstract algebraic formulas, innumerable historical dates, meaningless grammatical constructions took on new form when she showed me why they were necessary to have in our modern everyday contacts. It was out of this maze of knowledge that she sifted, arranged, and emphasized what was necessary, what was important, and what was superfluous to attain success and happiness. Not only did she teach me this, she taught me just what happiness and success are and mean. High school and grade school were part of life, but to meet the lady herself was most revealing. Though I have apologized for what may have appeared a slight to my other teachers, I have learned to be grateful to them for providing me with the proper credentials for meeting the master of them all — life.
Are We Worthy Leaders?

WILLIAM T. SHARP

Today as never before America stands as the champion of democracy. Again we have successfully defended our democratic ideals against the forces of oppression. Not only have we protected them for ourselves, but it is now our aim to spread this freedom to the less fortunate people of the world who have never enjoyed it before. Our ancestors drenched this land of ours with their own blood in order that we might be a free nation. Now it is our noble purpose to make this freedom universal.

Before we set ourselves up as an example, let us look over our record and make sure that we are really worthy of leadership. If we carefully examine some of our very recent history, we might detect certain distasteful elements which other nations would not want to adopt.

We Americans were extremely devoted to the undertaking of our country during this war. Production records were shattered, recruiting quotas were easily filled, people bought War Bonds, and many fathers left their families to answer the call to arms. Finally, after many months of hard fighting, the victory was won. It came upon us suddenly — much sooner than most people had anticipated.

The ink on our victory newspapers was no more than dry until our extremist attitude appeared. Now that the immediate danger was over the demand for rapid demobilization arose like a great storm. With no thought for the need of protection of the principles which we had won at such a tremendous cost, the public demanded immediate return of the boys. Although such action was vigorously protested by our Army and Navy officials, the people of America demanded their democratic right, and upon their insistence our armed forces have disintegrated rapidly. Our Navy officials state that our fleet is completely incapable of battle today. Conditions of our once mighty Air Corps are so bad that its officials say that few of the planes are really safe in the air. The discipline of the men has undergone even greater disorganization. Our soldiers are now attempting to take the situation into their own hands and make demands with threats of mob violence. This is something unprecedented in American militarism. Our enemies have been watching and waiting for such a break in the morale and discipline in our occupation forces. This is the cue for their subversive forces to swing into action and take advantage of our weakness. Our victory does not appear complete now that we are failing to follow through.

This deplorable condition is not the fault of our Army and Navy officials, nor is it the fault of the enlisted men of the armed forces. The root of this evil is right here in the United States. It is the outgrowth of internal friction. We demand the immediate return of the veteran, but what do we offer him upon his arrival? He comes home expecting great prosperity and enjoyment, but what does he find? He cannot buy the things that he has dreamed of during those long months he was away because there is nothing being produced. He returns to his job only to find that the doors have been closed in his face through the unreasonable demands of his countrymen whom he has fought to protect. The men who
held the good jobs during the war are now creating a situation which will cause prices to soar even higher. This is a condition which was carefully guarded against during the war. These ungrateful citizens will be able to pay these prices for a while because they have had an opportunity to save from their good salaries. On the other hand, the veteran's income has been so meager that he has no savings to rely upon. His greedy countrymen have blocked any chance he might have of getting a new start in life. We express our gratitude for a job well done by refusing to manufacture the commodities which are so vitally needed, but most unforgivable of all, we close his source of employment and leave him without any means of bettering his situation except charity. This is our thanks to the veteran.

Is this the true principle of democracy? If that is the case, I doubt that many other nations will desire to follow our example. History has some great lessons for us. Men remain free to govern themselves only as long as they are willing to remain progressive and united within themselves.

A Trap

C. W. Bockstahler

Just after I was discharged from the Army, my parents and other people often asked me what I disliked most about the Army. Was it the regimentation, the food, the officers, — what was my pet peeve? My reply has been very consistent: the pockets on Army fatigue pants.

I always managed to carry the essentials of life in my pockets, which included: a handkerchief, a candy bar, cigarettes, matches, some money, and a deck of cards. The pockets are very easily made. The manufacturer discovered after completing the M 2 A 3 fatigue pants that he had forgotten to include pockets. This problem was solved by sewing a rectangular piece of scrap material six inches by nine inches on the front side of the pants about two inches below the belt line. For the sake of beauty a pleat was included down the center of the newly born pocket. These pockets being rectangular had square corners. We all know how the dirt in a house always converges to the corners, and so it was with these pockets. I’ve spent up to ten minutes trying to locate some small object that has snuggled innocently in a pocket corner. When we were children, all of us have gone to the pantry to snitch some cookies. Reaching inside the jar and grabbing as many cookies as possible, we attempted to withdraw our clenched hand only to find the neck of the jar was too small to emit our hand. The similarity between the cookie jar and pockets on fatigue pants is astounding. Slipping your hand into the pocket and pulling out some article is practically impossible. Anything placed in fatigue pants pockets is trapped until the pants can be removed and a through search with a flashlight can be made.
My most unforgettable character is a
Polish forced laborer that my platoon
picked up near Leipzig, Germany. I was
not long in finding out that we had quite
a character on our hands.

First of all, I had better tell you how
we acquired "Buddy," as our friend came
to be known. Who gave him the name,
I don't know, but he seemed to respond
to it so well, we let it stick.

Our company was on a reconnaissance
mission in the factory towns of Wolfen
and Griippen when our platoon ran into
some Wermacht and Volksgrenadiers.
They proceeded to make things hot for
us, but during the ensuing battle, Buddy,
freshly liberated and nursing a hatred
for the Germans, attached himself to one
of our armored cars.

Buddy couldn't speak English, but
because of his many years in the Reich,
as a forced laborer, he could speak "Der
Deutch." Paul Homer, a Chicago Jewish
lad, could speak a little "school book
German," so he and Buddy became
friends. This is where I became involved
in the triangle.

Homer was trying to learn more Ger-
man by talking to Buddy and at the same
time learn some of his experiences with
the Germans and Russians. Buddy would
tell Homer something in German and then
Homer would tell me what he said, in
English. I soon learned a few words and
phrases myself, but the one I heard him
repeat so much and became so indelible
in my mind, was "Gross ankst," or "great
fear."

Buddy, we found out, was a Partisan
in Warsaw before being sent to Germany
as a slave laborer for "The Reich."

In Warsaw, Buddy had many harrow-
ing experiences. Once he was the only
one chosen out of ten to be spared from
the firing squad, but oddly enough, he
thought that he was chosen to be shot.
To avert this, he argued and pleaded with
the officer to let him stay with his friends.
Luckily, he lost his argument, or caught
on, just in time. We all laughed at this
story, and so did Buddy when he told it,
but I could tell by the unsteadiness of
his voice, his expression, and the hollow
look on his face, that this was the truth.
I could tell by such means that when he
told us of some of these horrible tales
that he was momentarily reliving those
moments.

Buddy was very courageous, and a
splendid soldier. After our first mission
with him, it didn't take long to make a
G. I. out of him, that is, if clothes make
the man. One of us donated combat
boots, another a field jacket, someone else
a pair of pants and a shirt, and there he
was, completely outfitted—a G. I.

He looked as G. I. as any of us did.
Homer and I used to laugh at the thought
of a General coming up to Buddy, alone,
and asking him a question when Buddy
couldn't speak English, or even a reason-
able fascimile. This is one reason Homer
would have Buddy stay close to him.
Some G. I. might shoot him for a Nazi.

When we went into combat as in-
fantry, Buddy and Homer were right be-
hind me as I was leading my section. We
had trouble in keeping Buddy from going
out of line and looking for those "Nix
Sute Nazis" all by himself. He was un-
afraid almost to the point of being stupid.
I've seen snipers bullets come close to his
head and he wouldn't flinch. Many is the time I've wondered what we would do if he were wounded or killed.

Buddy had a well founded hate for the Germans, so whenever I got the chance I'd let him turn loose his wrath against them. In house-to-house fighting, I'd let him break in doors and window panes whenever necessary. This he would do with great glee. Now, at last, he was a man, a free man, a man with a gun, and a man who knew only too well for what he was fighting. He was out for revenge—and blood.

All of this came to an end at the close of the war, or soon after. Buddy lived with us as a conquering hero for a few weeks, but when we had to move back to Frankfurt, he was told that we could no longer keep him. Tears filled his large brown eyes and he choked up inside. We all hated this as badly as he did, but before he left we showered him with gifts and secured him a good job with the military government in Nordhausen.

Buddy was more than a Polack, a forced laborer, a soldier. He was a legend! To me, the words courage, bravery, loyalty, valor, friendship and Buddy are synonymous. He was all this and more. There will never be another Buddy.

Home Again

(Impromptu)

JOSEPH ZIMMER

The times are too numerous to mention when my thoughts turned to home during my long three years overseas. Home and the general situation there was often discussed by us, and many letters contained information concerning changes came to me from home. Most everyone there was concerned with what he called radical changes and how they would affect the service man upon his return. Biggest changes were cost of living and lack of young men present in social and worldly activities. Then, too, women in industry were wearing slacks in winter and summer, changing our town and giving it the resort town appearance. New unity and cooperation of all was noticeable and agreeable to all.

Upon arriving in the States, I found that no place looked very similar to when I left three years before. The telephones were much busier, and, of course, transportation was crowded almost beyond description.

Even if I had been gone ten years instead of three, the changes I see now are minor, and the joy of seeing my parents and friends (who have not changed and never will for me, thanks to their charming outlook on life) is so wonderful that these minor changes around me go unheeded like the March winds we so notice when they blow, but that we so rapidly forget with their going. Home is home, and it can never change.
Maggie And Jiggs

Marilyn Mitchell

Every daily and weekly newspaper has a section devoted to "comic strip operas." Some people are extremely attached to certain comic strip characters. They refuse to buy a newspaper which omits a blow by blow description of the daily lives of their particular favorites. Of all the famous comic strip characters now living on inside pages of our great newspapers, two of the best-known and best-loved are Jiggs and his nagging, fault-finding wife, Maggie.

After the first world war, Mr. Jiggs suddenly became very wealthy. He and his family climbed from a place in the lower middle class to a rather insecure position in the upper strata of society. They moved to a luxurious hotel suite and began in earnest the roles that they thought would lead them to a permanent niche in the society world. By this I mean that Maggie eagerly accepted her role in the new routine. Jiggs did not relish the thought of leaving his old friends and old pleasures to climb a very unstable social ladder. He just wasn't that kind of person.

Maggie, however, wanted very much to become a social leader. She wanted to forget all her previous acquaintances and experiences and tried very hard to 'keep up with' the Canne U. Dances and the R. U. Thaires. Maggie liked the feeling of importance she had when these people were around, so they became the ones she wanted for friends.

Maggie continually nagged at Jiggs, because she wanted him to make a good appearance before their wealthy neighbors. Her nagging, however, did not affect him when he decided he wanted to see his old gang. The only way Maggie could keep him in the house was to tie him down or lock him in his room. She was extremely expert at doing either, but Jiggs persisted in his old ways and never did adapt himself to fashionable living.

Jiggs and Maggie seldom agreed about anything. Sixty per cent of their disputes circled about Jiggs' conduct, but almost as many involved the relatives on both sides of the family. Mrs. Jiggs thought that her husband's relatives were insufferable and he thought his wife's brother and cousins couldn't be more worthless or more disgusting than they already were. It may have embarrassed Maggie to have her in-laws visit her, but Jiggs' emotions were much more violent than mere embarrassment each time his wife's lazy, good-for-nothing brother moved into the house.

Another point of friction was Maggie's voice lessons. Her teacher was a long-haired individual who couldn't have antagonized Jiggs more if he had tried. Jiggs may have had nothing against classical music in general, but he could not bear Maggie's irritating, ear-splitting singing.

Today Jiggs still has the same friends he had twenty-five years ago before he became wealthy. His favorite pastime is to sit in Dinty Moore's with several of them and reminisce about old times. Dinty serves them corned beef and cabbage and after a while they begin a card game, all of which Maggie would frown upon. Jiggs is always the only one who isn't dressed in the clothes of a streetworker, a builder, or a second-rate plumber. None of them, however, notice any change from the Jiggs they have always known.

After all these years, Jiggs still gets out of line quite often, and then Maggie
has to use drastic measures to put him back in his place. She used to use the rolling pin frequently, but lately nothing has been as effective as an antique vase or a few pieces of Haviland china.

Once in a great while Jiggs and Maggie have a few congenial moments. These usually follow a scene in which Maggie has almost killed Jiggs because of some slight misdemeanor. At infrequent intervals, Maggie is reasonably pleasant if Jiggs remembers to call her “Me dear” often enough. Jiggs, on the whole, gets away with a lot more than Maggie thinks he does.

How I Learned To Ride A Horse

LEE M. HONTS

My first day in the corral at Ft. Riley, Kansas, “World’s Largest Cavalry Post,” was one filled with apprehension and dread. Learning to ride a horse was the objective of each rookie in the troop that day. The animal I was assigned to ride appeared like an elephant in size, with a reverse hump in his back. But that, the drill sergeant informed me, was the saddle!

In a deep booming voice that made each rookie shake in his individual boots and caused several horses to rear, the sergeant gave us instructions. “All that, and the horse, too.” I mused to myself.

The thunder rolled again, “Mount up!”

Being on the left side of the horse, I reasoned: use the left leg first and throw it over the horse. Your body will follow. I found myself looking at the “gas tank” instead of the “engine.” Once more the thunder broke and a gentle hand was laid on my quivering knee to inform me that I was sitting backwards in the saddle. I bet that horse was laughing to himself. I dismounted and climbed “way back up there” again. Taking the reins in my left hand, divided between fingers, as per instructions.

I gave the starting order, “Giddap!” I moved not an inch. “Where’s the starter on this Thing, Sarg?”

“In your boots,” came back a laconic reply. “Squeeze his sides with your legs and give a slight tug on the reins.”

I squeezed and I felt the movement of the machine. “It’s alive, after all,” thought I, and I began thinking about a far-off land. I absent-mindedly wondered what a slight kick with my heels would do for my ride. A minute later a galloping animal with a scared rider jumped the fence of the corral. The sargeant retrieved the horse down the road the corporal retrieved bruised rider by the fence. My lesson was learned, and in it lies the wisdom of any experienced driver: Don’t shift gears unless you want to change speed.
Birth

JOHN E. JOYCE

In James T. Farrell's memorable novel, *A World I Never Made*, there is a scene in which Jim O'Neill's wife tells him that she is pregnant. They already have five children and are so poor that they have been forced to ask a relative to raise one of the boys. Jim realizes that this new child will probably know nothing save the misery of poverty and yet he cannot help but feel a certain pride in the fact that he is to be a parent once more. This is typical of fatherhood.

All of us are proud of what we create ourselves. The gardener shows off his plants, the tailor, his garments, the child, his crude drawings. And we can well imagine the glow of satisfaction that must have come over William Shakespeare when the last line of *King Lear* had been penned.

The parent, by the same token, beams proudly, not just because a new life has been created, but because he has helped in that creation. It gives the parent — be he rich or poor, learned or ignorant, wed or unwed — a wonderful feeling of self-importance. And were we not allowed to feel important occasionally, we should all very likely die of ennui.

There is something awesome about the birth of a baby. Science has uncovered almost everything there is to be known about childbirth down to a point where it may be able to foretell sex; still one can never quite believe it. When I am shown a newborn babe, I am overcome. I can't think of anything to say. There is the baby. So tiny, so helpless and yet so alive. All I can do is stand and gape. Could I ever have been that small? Will those wee little fingers ever be as large as my own? Was this squalling bundle of humanity once just two infinitesimal germ cell? Impossible! The stork theory seems more plausible.

My remembrance of *Gone With The Wind* is largely one vast blurb of gaudy color, but the childbirth scene remains as vivid as if I had read it yesterday. This is hardly surprising, for birth is the most fascinating and impressive event of human life. It has all the elements of great drama — infinite mystery, overwhelming suspense, almost unbearable pain, inexpressible joy. Even more important it has reality. It is so immediate to the experience of every one of us and is such a vital factor in human existence that it never fails to move us. Our entire Christian philosophy turns on a single phrase, “... and the Word was made flesh ...”
The Average American Student

MARTHA CHEVALIER

The average American student is too little concerned with the academic phase of his education. I believe that most American students continue their higher education for one of several reasons: to respect their parent's desire that they go to school; to continue in that pursuit of hedonism which graduation from high school has temporarily terminated; or in the case of some, to further their knowledge and stimulate their minds.

Too many students feel that college is a refuge, a sanctuary, where they will be sheltered for several more years from the realities of the world. Their outlook is immature when they enter college, and little better when they graduate. The amazing fact is that they do graduate. Every June thousands of "mentally underprivileged" students are graduated into a world which they are unprepared to cope with.

Perhaps it is the educational system itself which is at fault. I believe that the average student has limitless amounts of intellectual resources which are lying in a stagmented condition. He has fallen easy prey to the democratic school system, namely the elective system. At one time it may have been concerned with fostering initiative; however it has become nothing more than an effective aid for the lazy imagination and intellect. Ambition, when not fortified with determination and will power, was quickly dominated by the American educational system. The elective system has greatly outlived its usefulness. The welfare of a nation as a whole must be considered; not merely the backsliding many who consider college nothing more than a pleasant interlude.

Our nation can be greatly weakened by an ineffective educational system such as now exists. The students in America have become dabblers in many subjects which are entirely unrelated to the careers which they have in mind. Many students are aimless and without ambition, and the elective system is the degenerate crutch upon which they lean.

I think that American students are inclined to frustrate their intellectual capacities with a variety of activities, sports, and too much concentrated effort on extra-curricular events is robbing them of their intellectual heritage.

If we are justified to take our place in training the world to accept democracy, we must first take drastic measures in a method of American re-education. Compulsory courses should be instituted and taught effectively. The result would be a citizenry with broader mental outlooks and discipline.
Love and hate are the two most violent, turbulent emotions known to mankind. Although at first it seems that the two emotions are poles apart, after careful analyzation many outstanding similarities can be found.

The lengths to which each of these emotions have at times moved individuals is astounding. Both love and hate have prodded people into doing wild unpredictable things, often with dire and tragic results.

These two emotions are extremes in sensation. Love is the culmination of all feeling centering around devotion and affection, and hate is the culmination of all feeling centering around dislike and repulsion. Where hate is usually violent, love is gentle, but each is a true emotional experience.

These emotions are often the favorite subjects of dramatists, authors, and poets, because each can be expounded into an intricate and delicate pattern. Each has many channels and paths into which the literary mind may delve for inspiration and solace.

During one's lifetime one often meets sorrow, unhappiness, conflict, and a number of things which appear to be insurmountable barriers. It is during a period such as this, when nervous strain is heavy, that one's emotions become muddled and hazy. At this time love and hate take on a new kinship. The senses can become so intermingled that love is undefinable from hate. We turn savagely upon those we love merely because we, ourselves, are no longer capable of distinguishing one tendency from the other.

Many times love and hate have played parts of major importance in shaping the history of the world. It is sometimes ludicrous, but true, to visualize the perils a whole nation and its people have been forced to face because of a single emotion.

Also, a certain type of blindness is induced by these two emotions. At times a prevailing sense of love or hate has a suffocating effect on the intellectual ability of an individual, or an effect on the alertness of his mind. He might be placed in great danger because he is controlled by one or the other of these states in mind; however, he refuses to open his eyes and look about him. By this refusal he eliminates all chance of escape.

The realization that these two emotions and their results are parallel is provocative. It incites one to look deeper into one's inner being and analyze the findings therein.
Home Again

(Impromptu)

LAVERNE PRICE

My brother and his close friend came back in January after serving four years in the Marines. Since Jim, my brother's friend, has no home he has always made his home with us. When we heard that they were arriving in the afternoon, we anxiously began to prepare for them. Our first idea was to hang a sign above our front door saying "Welcome Home, Francis and Jim," and "Hiya, Leathernecks!" We also decided to have a special dinner in their honor. After much planning, the long-awaited hour had arrived. They surprised us by not coming home until evening, due to the change in train schedule. They saw none of our prepared signs! They told us that they were glad that we had made no "fuss" over them, that our quiet welcoming-home program was exactly what they wanted. They sat around the radio that evening and listened to their favorite programs. They retired early, not knowing that our carefully painted greetings hung directly under their bedroom, or will they ever know, because my father removed them early the next morning.

Compulsory Military Training

(Impromptu)

JOHN L. WALTON

Although the war is over, a state of national emergency still exists. Since this emergency is external as well as internal, it has become necessary to maintain a larger peacetime army than ever before. At the present army wages are not high enough to attract enough volunteers, so the question of compulsory military training has arisen. The need is apparent, but the way in which to meet that need is our nation's most pressing problem.

From experience I say that the nation's youth should not be drafted. The reason for this opinion is that I feel the need for education above that of military training. If we are to have no more wars, then education is decidedly more important. Why can't we have both? Well, I said this was the voice of experience and I meant it. To go back to school after having been in the army is by no means easy. They talk about the army being broadening. Just wait until the tests are given and see how much that helps the ex-G. I. on an English test!

So, for my part, and for the reasons above mentioned, I believe in increasing the size of the army by offering higher salaries. In that way men who liked the army would feel more like making a career of it, and the persons who desire an education would not have that desire frustrated.

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Compulsory Military Training

(Imromptu)

ROBERT HAYS

I am not in favor of compulsory military training. There are many things to be said for it, I will admit, but it is my opinion that for one very good reason, which I shall attempt to give you, we should study this question very thoroughly before enforcing such a matter upon ourselves.

When a young man comes from school, out into the grown-up world, he is at the age where his mind is like a sponge, a sponge that has been little more than dampened in the pool of knowledge and experience, softened barely enough that it is just becoming really ready to use.

It is at this age we are considering sending this boy into one of our armed forces. We will force a young man to live with older men, some of whom have been in the service for years, who are not capable of teaching this boy anything but their specialties.

I feel that this would retard the development of the minds of our young men in this country.

Ascent Into The Blue

CLARIS DAKE

Up, up, up we glided. The take-off was so smooth I did not realize we had even left the ground until I could see treetops down below. This memorable occasion, my first airplane ride, occurred when I was about five years old.

The view below was like a picture from a fairy tale book. The people looked like dolls, the houses like doll houses, just right to play with. The most interesting sight, however, was the checkerboard pattern of the fields. From such a height the small imperfections of the lines of division were not obvious so that it seemed as though someone had used a ruler to draw them. One field dark-green, the next light green and still another earth brown truly gave the appearance of a picture from a farm journal. The perfection and multi-color of these fields made such an impression on me that now when I think of looking down from an airplane I can still plainly see them.

At the time this experience did not seem as important to me as it does now. Then it was just another of the interesting and exciting things the world holds for an individual of five years. Now I realize that that panorama of peaceful rural towns with fertile, well laid out fields, is my symbol of America. If it is ever necessary for me to live away from America, the thought of home will always bring this picture to my mind.
How Important Are Grades?

SAM NEWLUND

There is no accurate, concrete method of measuring academic achievement. It certainly cannot be done by issuing grades at certain intervals throughout the course of our formal education. This practice, it seems to me, has certain limited values, but its importance is greatly overemphasized by students, and even by instructors.

It has been suggested that grades should be of two degrees only, — passing or failing. Whether this is the solution or not, the suggestion is based on the idea which I consider important; we have achieved in a particular course only in proportion to the good we have derived from that course. The letter grade means absolutely nothing unless the course has added to the vast store of knowledge and experience which go into the making of an educated person, and into the making of a secure existence. After all, the whole issue centers on one question: What are we in school for? We are not in school for grades. A "B" average will not necessarily make us certain of a good job. Neither is a "B" average proof that we are educated.

It seems to me that letter grades have but three minor functions to perform. Aside from these functions they could be dispensed with altogether. In the first place they tell that we are either passing or failing. Secondly, they provide a goal to work for. Were all students mature enough to work only for personal achievement, this function would be unnecessary, but such is not the case. Lastly, grades provide a permanent record of our scholastic achievement which can be referred to by schools and by prospective employers.

One thing could be done under the present system. Instructors could actually conduct "campaigns" to decrease the importance of grades. They could minimize the significance of an A, B, C, or a D and emphasize personal achievement as the prime goal of education.

The Attack

WILLIAM E. LAYCOCK

A slight salt spray came over the bow and dampened my face. There was a fresh breeze and I could see whitecaps on the rolling blue sea. It was the Pacific ocean and I was standing on the bridge of the U. S. S. Bashaw, a submarine of the United States Navy. The mighty ship pitched a little, then a slight roll. I looked over to the Officer of the Deck. He, like I, was slightly tense. The radio message had said a Jap tanker was coming through — right here where we were! I scanned the horizon again for the seemingly thousandth time looking for that tell tale trace of smoke from her stack. No sign. Above me on the "A
frames" the lookouts strained their eyes, but still no sign of our prey. Overhead the soft blue sky was dotted with fluffy, fleecy tufts of white clouds which stretched as far as the eye could see. The silence was interrupted only by the bow of the ship piercing its way through the sea. Suddenly, "smoke bearing 030." We immediately changed course towards the smoke. As if from nowhere the Captain appeared on the bridge. At last we had found what we were seeking — the tanker. What next? We closed the target. When we were in danger of being spotted, we submerged. Like a coiling snake preparing to strike we tracked the target. Soon we were within range, and soon we would know if our training had been in vain.

"Make ready the bow tubes," ordered the Captain. We did.
"Stand by one!"
"Fire one!"
"Stand by two!"
"Fire two!"

This continued until six torpedoes were off towards their mark. Will they miss? Then as if in answer to a prayer came a thunderous boom. Then another. We could relax now, we had two hits and the tanker, unescorted, was on her way to Davy Jones's locker. Another day, another ship. Now for the grand finale — the victory feast. This is where the cooks really shine. Later I went to bed, wondering — how long before the next? Will we be depth charged then? Will we be the victors again?

A Typical Little Boy

ANNE SELLERS

Tumbling from a bright school bus, a tousled-headed boy shoots imaginary bandits as he gallops up the driveway and into the house. He illustrates the typical school boy of eight or nine returning from a day in school.

His pent up exuberance pours forth when he relates to his mother the events of the school world. He shyly describes an argument with a school mate, but enlarges upon the account if a flicker of interest is noted in the listener's eye. A coveted trinket is proudly withdrawn from a bulging pocket for exhibition. As he spys the ice-box, a growing hunger assails his stomach, and giving a slam to the door, he appears bearing the rudiments of a sandwich and a bottle of milk. After choking down the light lunch, he struggles through the detested change of clothing.

An ear splitting shout marks his charge through the door in search of new adventure. He charts unknown seas on his apple tree deck sailing far beyond ordinary horizons.

When the maternal voice summons him to dinner, he becomes an ape swinging from limb to limb. His fondness for water is in the same category as that of a cat. He dabbles his grimy fingers in a few drops of water and emerges with a gray ring about his face; although, he is reprimanded when he runs the gauntlet of inspection. At dinner, his plate is amply filled with meat but leaving a small section for vegetables. These are swallowed intact. Teasing presents an amusing past-time at the dinner table; therefore, he reverts to facial
contortions to the annoyance of a brother or sister. If caught, he stoutly declares in a torrent of slang and bad grammar, "Aw, she's nuts, Mom, I ain't doin' nothin'."

He is inquisitive desiring a reason for every action; however, by those questions, he formulates his ideas and thoughts.

The typical little boy is a mixture of laughter and tears, being thoughtless, and curiosity, but he is a loveable individual for all of his faults.

**Vignettes**

The night was a tight black cap fitting over the earth.

*from Revere on the Streetcar by Janice Kiser.*

After five years of basic training at home, I entered kindergarten, where I selected my life's vocation at a very early age.

*from Just Me by Catherine Morris.*

In the long run, Marlee is just a typical teen-ager; cokes, sloppy sweaters, Van Johnson, comics, Kilroy was here, hot fudge sundaes, snowball fights, plaid shirts, and pigtails.

*from Beloved Possession by Virginia Eileen Rodman.*

Their clothing ranged from something to nothing.

*from Fijian Hospitality by J. L. Bennett.*

Words are so inadequate in capturing the dream that was childhood.

*from My Life—So Far by Helen Drees.*

Among other horrors of snow are temporary blindness, frozen portions of the anatomy, and other parts of oneself bruised from attempting the fairly simple task of walking. Yes, nature laid a heavy hand on the brow of man when forming winter rain into grotesque, six-sided figures, which pile up en masse and complicate the lives of all who have contact with them.

*from Snow is For The Penguins by Debbie McDougall.*

My attendance at school was never very good; I would miss as many days as I would attend. If I had not been a good student, and father a good friend of the city school superintendent, I would still be in grade school.

*from School Days by Timothy W. Jones.*

The empty mail box confronted her when she entered the apartment house. Slowly, wearily she climbed the stairs. A cheerless apartment greeted her as she swung open the door. It looked so unlived in, so cold and artificial! Quickly she went about turning on soft, shaded lamps and plumping up pillows, then pressing them flat to look as though someone had sat there just a moment ago.

*from One Among Many by Janice Kiser.*