

had been the order of the day.

Remizov was aware of Emory's heart condition. He remarked that at the rate the conference was progressing, it would soon end. Then the American would be able to return to his home. Emory replied that he should like very much to be in Nebraska with his family. He wondered what his brother was doing now that he was out of college. Walter had been vague in his letter.

Walter did not disclose the exact nature of his work in the letter he had sent Gilbert. He could only say that he was engaged in experimental work for the government. More specifically, he was helping to install the largest cyclotron ever built, in a huge plant capable of producing atomic bombs at a phenomenal

rate.

Emory asked Remizov if he would not like to return home also. Remizov smiled wistfully. Then he began describing the beauty of his homeland. He told of the broad, unbroken fields which were to the west of his father's home. Now a new airplane factory broke the horizon. The jet planes made there were able to fly non-stop as far as Nebraska.

To Gilbert Emory and Georgi Remizov, the future looked bright. Settling differences by open conferences, as the differences were settled today, was the way to peace. Mistrust was not evident as it had been previously. If the world situation kept progressing at the present rate, the peace conference might soon be over.

What A Measley Shame!

David Craig

I was five years old and my brother Bob was seven when the measles came to our house. I went to bed one night feeling puny and woke up the next morning with a countenance as disfigured as a painting by Picasso. Bob came in my room before I had seen myself and burst into sadistic laughter.

"Oh Mother, come look!" he yelled between gruesome giggles. "David's ruined his face!"

Scared within an inch of my life, I jumped out of bed and looked in the mirror. My face was indeed ruined, but I hadn't done it. I was a mass of foul, red

bumps and I felt awful. Mother came in and comforted me.

"Your face isn't ruined," she said, "You have the measles."

Whenever we were sick, Mother would stay home from the office until noon to make us comfortable. She would fix up the bed with clean sheets and put on the blue pillow cases. We loved the blue pillow cases because they meant that we were going to have a lot of extra attention and we knew she'd come home early at night and bring us presents. On this occasion I couldn't enjoy my ill health as much as usual because Bob had to stay home too, and he kept making fun of my bumps. I felt as revolting as a leper whom healthy citizens avoid with

cries of "Unclean, unclean!" Bob didn't express himself in any such mild language. What he brutally said was, "You stink."

By the next morning Bob's face was ruined too. He broke out with bumps even larger, redder and more repulsive than mine, which were already beginning to fade. When I saw his Picasso puss, I felt a flood of joy the like of which I never before had experienced and haven't since. I fell back on my bed convulsed with insane laughter. Great hearty guffaws shook me from head to toe. Even the Marx brothers never have moved me to such mirth. I couldn't stop. I only could point to Bob and gasp, "He's ruined his face. He stinks."

I guess Mother thought that Bob deserved it, for she didn't rebuke me although she was awfully nice to him and gave him some blue pillow cases. Then she rigged up the electric train so that it ran up and down the hall from bed to bed and we could load the cars and while away the time by delivering small toys to each other.

When we began to get better she darkened the room and let us play in the same bed. The measles had reached the "itchy koo" stage and it was very helpful for us to be near enough to scratch each other. There was a crawly point between the shoulder blades in back which we simply couldn't reach by ourselves, and we were very courteous to each other in our attempts to scratch the right spot.

"Up a little, over a little, down a little, there-re-re!" Our behavior at this point resembled the behavior of pigs in a sty. When you scratch their backs with a rail, they roll over and grunt.

When Mother came home at night, she tried to alleviate the itching by putting us in the bath tub tandem fashion

and bathing us with something soothing and deodorizing. Bob sat in front and I in back with my legs around him. He still had ugly red splotches on his back, considerably irritated by the efficiency of my scratching. I felt relieved that I was nearer recovery than he and heaved a mighty sigh, unintentionally blowing a strong breeze on his sore back.

"Oh!" he shrieked, "You blew on my measles!" Whereupon he turned around and blew violently in my face. This was known as the raspberry, and, naturally, I resented the insult. We started a "gosh-awful" fight, in which the bath tub became a mass of flying arms and legs and churning water. Mother tried to separate us, but our soapy bodies were so slippery she couldn't hold on to us. In the emergency her reflexes worked without conscious direction, and she cracked Bob on the behind.

In some households a crack on the behind is a fairly usual event that attracts no undue attention, but in ours it was an unheard of catastrophe. Mother never struck us for anything. She even bragged about it and often said violence wasn't necessary in the discipline of children. Naturally Bob was terribly surprised and painfully grieved. He let out the dying yell of the mortally wounded.

"Oh!" he caterwauled, "Mother has hit me!" He fell back against me in a dramatic stage faint which knocked me out. Mother fished me out of the suds and pulled the tub stopper. Bob was flat on his back with only his nose out of water, and his hair floated out around his face like seaweed.

"I am drowning," he moaned as the water gurgled down the tap leaving his nude body stranded on the porcelain. Mother dried off the corpse, pulled on its pajamas and carried its staggering weight

to bed. Her dress was soaked and she looked pretty frazzled. As she started to leave the room the corpse opened one eye and looked at her accusingly. "Are you sorry?" it said weakly.

"Quite sorry."

"Then I'll forgive you. I'll even kiss you."

As the pestilence subsided we were allowed to go out of doors to play for a while in the afternoon. The sign was still on the house and we were told to stay on the premises, which we did. It was rather chilly so we took our toys into the garage for protection from the wind. After about an hour we were still chilly but it never occurred to us to go in the house to get warm. Instead we decided to build a fire in the garage. There was a box of sawdust sitting there which looked as if it might burn easily, so we mixed some paper with it and struck a match. Soon we had a nice warm fire and would have been quite comfortable, except that the back wall of the garage caught on fire too. We were frightened but didn't know what to do about it. The neighbors saw the blaze and decided for us. They called the fire department.

Soon the sirens were screaming in our street and the fire wagons rolled up. Firemen rushed about dragging a heavy hose and put the fire out in short order. A crowd formed around our house in no time at all. It would have been a lot of fun, if it hadn't been our garage. Then the neighbors told us what bad boys we were and one woman said she was going to call our Mother. It was then that we finally decided we needed privacy and went in the house. When we got inside we craved still more privacy, and we both

crawled under my bed to wait for Mother.

It wasn't very long until we heard her car in the drive. When she came in, we heard the maid telling her what had happened and blasting our characters emphatically. Mother didn't make any comment. She just asked, "Where are the boys?"

Nobody seemed to know. We were as still as mice and held our breath. We felt dreadfully besmirched and guilty. The maid was scared that we had run away from home, but Mother said she had an idea where to look for us. She came upstairs and lifted up the edge of the bedspread and saw us cowering in our hide-out.

We knew that all was lost and that we might as well come out from under the bed and face the music. Bob, being the older, scrambled out first with each of his several cowlicks standing on end. That guy had guts. He walked right up to our parent and said earnestly, "Mother, we will eat turnips. We even will eat them for breakfast."

There may be some people along Tobacco Road who can't see anything punitive in eating turnips, but to us it was as low as we could sink and Mother knew it well. She thought for a little while and said, "Very well. I'll go down to the corner and buy some."

That night we had turnips for dinner, and the next morning we meekly munched a little dishful for breakfast, washing it down with cocoa to keep from gagging. Neither of us ever has sunk a tooth in a turnip since, but, at the time, the odious root washed our sins away and eased our "measley" shame.