

Futility

Anonymous

We stood in bread lines. We slept on "trustee" mattresses, drank "trustee" powdered milk, ate "trustee" canned corn--beef, wore "trustee" shoes and clothing, lived in "trustee" houses, burned "trustee" coal. We existed. We are today's young men and women. We were yesterday's children. We carry the scorch of the depression. Our parents knew what they were fighting. We knew only what we heard in the muted conversations of our parents, the look on our father's face when he came home from tramping the streets all day looking for a job or just sitting on the Court House steps. We knew, too, when our mothers wrote to the "Santa Claus Fund," and the churches had us put our names on the "basket list," but said they couldn't promise anything. We wore large campaign buttons at election times and fought with the Republican "kids" in school about the outcome, but we didn't know why—it just seemed important. Why did some of the "kids" have nice clothing and go home for lunch, while others went to some "Sunshine Mission" (or some such ironically named "soup parlor") . . . just because they were Republicans? We felt like extra burdens. We were unconsciously marked in body, but still more in

spirit and soul in these, the five years of what is supposed to be the happiest time in our lives—the most impressionable years—the carefree years—our childhood.

Was it no wonder we went money crazy when the war brought us prosperity . . . to us who could not afford to buy a pound of pork-chops when they were three pounds for a quarter? We hoarded, we skimped, we saved. Now, we saw a light, a hope, a chance for material security, but that wasn't enough. We were afraid. We are still afraid. What good is materialistic security if we have no mental peace?

All seems futile. We are young. We were brought up in a depression; our first jobs were war jobs; and on the horizon looms another depression. We are young enough to live through another probable war followed by a depression. Morals are corrupt, politics are corrupt, evil is on a rampage. We stir occasionally from our mental depression, but our energies are just quick "flashes in the pan" . . . false hopes. We are like Nomads— always wandering— stopping only now and then at some oasis—then plodding on. We want to belong, to believe; but what is there? We just think and that very thinking dulls our minds.

Purple Patch

Across the river the footbills rose
like a gentle crescendo.

Raymond R. Griffin in THE VIEW.