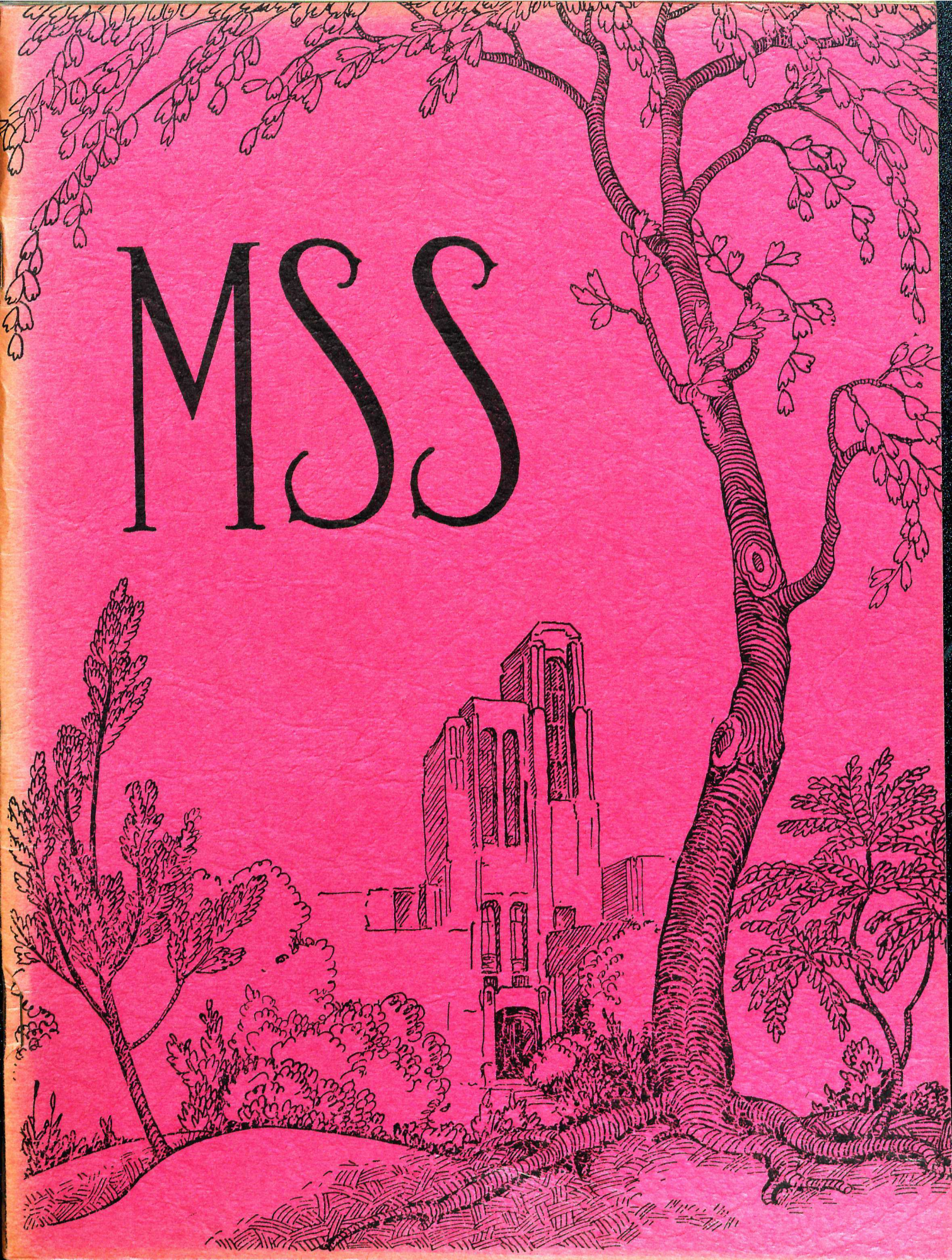


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Cover by Marian Hill

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# Jesu Maria 1690

Allyn Wood

THE massive bell, resting on the rug in their living-room amid its travelling - wrappings, was much larger than they had expected. The girl and her mother felt their cottage grow smaller like a rock surrounded by rising tide. They were not inclined to discuss the bell in its presence, lest their minds turn on them with salty and even rude criticism from the inanimate thing's point of view; but they noticed for the first time how poor was the view from their windows, which did not look to sea. It was a great iron bell, with rust scoured thin to dust of Orient cinnamon; and on the inside, except where the tongue had struck, it was incrustated with salt. Around it a band of raised iron words said, "Jesu Maria 1690," with no comma between. Why no comma? wondered the girl. — "The mainmast is gone! We are sinking Jesu Maria 1690" — Is there comfort in handing down the year? No time for punctuation in the log-book that floats a while with its little mast, the pen. But Jesu Maria was not made in haste. The New England antique dealer from whom they had ordered it knew nothing of its history nor how it came to him.

Her mother returned to the kitchen pensively with a rolling step. The girl turned out the lamp, folded her hands under her head and curled into the couch. In shadow rested the bell. The transparent kettle began to sing thin and high like a sou'wester brewing . . . In New England, men and women are gathering to watch the liquid's motion in their glass

barometers, and to turn their kippered faces toward the sea.

Great waves break over the couch. Where is the beginning? That is not for you to know, to know, to know. Then we cannot begin at the beginning? where must we begin? begin? begin? The air is full of bells, but not yet Jesu Maria. Its ore is underground and flows dissolved in the oceans, flung backward and forward by the moon. Something is cast upon a shore. They have come — the discoverers, like animals invading a new continent; borne on ships as beasts on driftwood, frightened and wet, with sargassum for their banners. They are moving inland to meet men with names of animals, Listening Owl, Father Beaver; who worship gods of rain and corn; whose world moves through the heavens slowly on Great Turtle's mossy back. They demand gold and the other men, pointing westward, tell them about the sun.

They come in waves to live and die, in search of Eldorado, of La Mer del Sur, the Strait of Anian. They die of fever with the bells of Castile in their ears; and icebound while fierce childlike puffins in frosty feathers look down from Baffinland. At night — and it is always night — come ice-bells booming nearer, nearer, overture of spring too late for them; and the wind crying "perish!" through frozen sails.

It is cast.

What matter where? "Jesu Maria!" — a mariner's oath, a mariner's prayer. Swallows have built mud nests with double campanili in the west. White gulls have settled to be New England towns . . .



A cool feeling emanated from the bell, and the girl stirred. She remembered a Magellan scallop's valve that she had held once, how self-possessed it was. The storms of Magellan Strait had been in her, not in the shell. What is a shell, a bell? Something like the **Marie Celeste** that comes amidship mysteriously in the wastes of the sea, with her sails trimmed, her bunk-sheets smoothed, food on the table — and no one aboard. What, then, is the **Marie Celeste**?

But the air is full of bells! sometimes faint tinklings of a past that never goes, chatter of voices, invisible pennants streaming. "One, if by land, and two, if by sea." There was a woman who threw her petticoat out the window to Paul Revere that night, to muffle his oars

across Charles River. What kind of woman was she? One to throw down her best petticoat, or one to rummage for an old one, thinking, This will serve as well? And where is Jesu Maria at eighty-five years old? It is clanging in Sumatra, Madeira, the Isles of Spice; at Derby Wharf in Salem. Sailors darn their socks with a big nutmeg in the toe.

They are a chime of bells . . .

"Supper's ready," called the voice in the next room.

. . . on ships, on trains, in towers; ringing alarm, victory, marriage, death; in a lucent Sunday morning ringing across the river. They are one bell far off, in a night before rain. The girl sat up. What is imagination?

"Coming."



---

### PURPLE PATCH

A book is a swift seducer. It swoops upon you and lifts you away before you are aware that you are captured. It throws a silken sack of thought about you, lulls you with soporific, fragrant dreams and carries you off to a fast stronghold from which there is no escape. From **Guard and Captive** by Earl Murphy



# Sanctuary

Rosemary Ronsheim

HAVING wished for a moment that the pink heat behind the isingless door would warm him instead of burning the soles of his shoes, the boy jumped to his feet. He had pressed hard against the short, iron skirt of the round stove and the burning leather was scorching. At the same time, Mr. Dorthy had called "Sixty." Mr. Dorthy was night operator for the District Telegraph Company, and the boy was "Number 60 of the DTC." The operator instructed him to go to "325" for a message. No time was lost in putting on a coat, since this was an ever-present part of his garb, as necessary inside as outside the large, bare, "DTC" room.

"Sixty" skitted along Main Street close to the buildings toward Fifth Street. How did he know to go to Fifth?—because this was his January beat, two blocks on both sides. It was a short, but very busy beat with messages going out and being answered at all hours of the night.

When a tall man walking with his derby hat bowed to the snowy winds and the beaver collar of his chinchilla great-coat turned up to form blinders collided with him, the boy felt a surge of warmth in the contact. Shortly before his father's death, he had heard him say that "the tall man with the derby is a distant relative of your Mother. God rest her soul."

Before his blood had again chilled, he stepped across the curbstone border between the gas white-lighted downtown district and the "red-lighted" Fifth Street district. Leaping from one large snow footprint to the other he turned to follow the tracks to the porch of "325." In this

protection from the wind, he could look across the street at the window pictures, symbols to the young boy of the warmth he had not known. He liked the rose glow, softened by marquissette, and framed in rich red velvet. Enjoying this shelter he watched a film of snow flakes scurry about the porch and into out of the way corners. He did not hasten to turn from the sight nor to end the pleasure of listening to the familiar voices within — a woman's shrill laughter, a man's hearty guffaw, a broken glass, a friendly chiding. He hesitated, picturing the scene for he had been here many times; there would be women sitting on straight chairs talking to well-dressed men on a davenport. In their hands would be glasses of grape juice like the one he would be drinking as soon as they let him inside. He was sure of this; how secure he felt in his assurance.

He let the knocker drop.

Two men ran fingers through their hair, straightened their ties, and pushed two girls to their feet. As one reached high on a shelf for the grape juice, another, seated in a straight chair, asked Jim "if he had seen the Adamses new horseless carriage."

The boy knew that in a moment the door would open. He could see the lovely smile which would meet his shy one; he could hear a man's voice calling, "Hi, fellow;" he could feel the soft hand touch his as he reached for the grape juice; he could anticipate the luxury of sinking into the deep cushions of the hall chair as he drank it. Revelling in this familiarity, he raised his eyes to ask an unknown "Cause" always to bless him with the January beat.



## "Noon Edition"

Richard J. O. Greene

NANNY Martin sprawled against the corner of the building and stared directly into the brilliance of the street light. He felt like crying — the champagne had made him feel like crying, and the little gold statue in his hand made him feel like crying.

He remembered how bare the room had looked when everyone had gone; how hopelessly alone he had felt when the door closed and interrupted the last peal of drunken laughter. The party was over now — the last after-dinner cigar had long since burned out, and the white-shirted men had all gone home and left him alone.

His eyes were burning and heavy, and the light hurt them, but every time he looked away the buildings began to totter again, so he squinted them shut tight and leaned harder against the wall. He wished he were home — home in bed. He wished he were home and in bed and asleep — fast asleep, so the buildings wouldn't move anymore.

He spit, with a great effort, and watched the spittle fall into the dust in the gutter and blossom into a flower of tiny, dust covered balls. He thought he would spit again, but his mouth was dry and his tongue feelingless, so he decided to go home, and stumbled off into the center-of-the-block darkness.

A brisk October wind whirled up the naked street, sending skirls of rattling leaves, from distant trees, and a deluge of debris scampering about the gutters.

Nanny pulled the lapels of his tuxedo about his throat with his free hand. The other hand became cold and numb, and the little gold statue felt hard and heavy and cold. He gurgled a chuckle and grinned down at the statue; cold gold—boy, that was a good one—cold gold.

The flimsy glow of an all-night saloon in the distance warmed his spirit, and he forgot about home, where a picture of September Morn always hung crooked over the rumpled bed. He forgot about everything, except the gold statue and the white-shirted men. He tried hard, listening intently to the hollow click of his heels on the pavement, and counting, losing track, and counting again, his bouncing steps, but he could not forget them.

An aged derelict shuffled from out of the darkness of a doorway and petitioned in bitter, alcoholic gasps, for "a dime fer a cuppa coffee."

Nanny tucked the statue beneath his arm and extended a handful of coins. The old one scraped them from his palm, and muttered his gratitude. The sour breath of the bum crawled into Nanny's nostrils and made his stomach bubble, and he was glad when it had disappeared into the darkness behind him.

The statue grew colder and heavier with each step. He shifted it from hand to hand, and tried, in vain, to stuff it into his coat pocket. Finally, in disgust, he threw it into the gutter, and staggered on.

The bar, except for a bartender in a greasy apron, was deserted, and Nanny slumped into a booth at the rear. When he had ordered, and had tasted his drink, he lit a cigarette. He felt better now—



much better. After all, this was his big night. It wasn't every night a fella walked off with top honors from the American News Association. He was the best newspaper man in the country. Hadn't they given him a gold statue and applauded when he made a speech? "For discovering, and relating the best news story of the year," that's what the statue said.

He remembered the morning it happened. He had been sitting it out at the police station, waiting for something to break for the noon edition, when the phone rang. The city had been quiet, and the city editor wanted filler for the front page. Well, there was nothing he could do about it, but hope.

Ed Kennedy had come in to check the reports, and kidded him about the lack of activity. He would never forget how mad he had got at Ed.

"Fifty to five a headliner breaks within the next five minutes," he had wagered. And it was a bet. He'd get a story if he had to make one. The thought of creating a story excited him. He had never created anything in his life — God what a joke on Kennedy if he could manufacture a headline. He sprang from his chair and ferreted out the preceding night's reports, all routine reports, but maybe somewhere, somewhere in one of those reports, a peculiarity existed that could be expanded into a story. Twenty, car thirty-five had arrested a holdup man; eleven-twelve, car six had arrested one on a drunken driving charge; one-thirty-three, car five had apprehended a burglar at — that was it!

The noon edition had carried a blazing banner, "Boy Bandit Caught," and beneath the headline, under his by-line,

there unfolded the heart rending tale of how a youthful bandit had attempted to purloin an aged matron's savings. It had been a lot of work, but he had done it. The story told of how the mentally warped man had returned from the service with the din of battle still in his ears; how his lust for excitement, and cruel, sadistic mind had led him to victimize a helpless old lady. Oh, it was a honey! The hours Nanny had spent, digging into the kid's past for records of school trancies and tales of childhood mischief. All of it was in the story.

How was he to know that public resentment would demand the full penalty for the kid's crime? How was he to know that the boy would become frightened and try to escape on the day of his judgement?

He took another drink, and motioned the bartender to bring another full one.

How could he know that a faulty court-house step would cause a policeman who pursued the boy to fall and fracture his skull? Was it his fault that the boy had been charged with manslaughter, and faced the death penalty?

The bartender brought a fresh drink, and Nanny swallowed it. He thought of the statue again, and the lonely feeling came back. It was worse than ever now. It was almost stifling. He wanted to forget the statue, and the whiteshirted men; he wanted to talk to the bartender, but the bartender had gone into the back room. The front door swang open, and he turned to speak to the stranger.

The old bum of the doorway, shuffled up to him.

"Ya musta lost this, buddy," he said, as he pressed the gold statue into Nanny's hands.



# Night Town

Louise Retherford

Bewildered patch of  
lighted shacks,  
mansioned roads and  
streaming tracks  
of moving mechanisms.

Flashing fires of  
neon stars,  
blaring horns and  
shining cars  
of raucous mechanisms.

Fettered lives in  
city sties,  
greenless streets and  
brassy sighs  
in night-club hedonisms.

Cold, night towns with  
endless rounds of  
pleasures, pain and  
ceaseless sounds  
of moving mechanisms.

# Lost Time

Louise Retherford

An instant stepped  
aside  
as time leaped  
from my hand  
and  
shattered on the earth.

A cloud patch crept  
across  
my mind's percept  
of vision field  
and smothered on the earth.

Then drum-drums railed  
against  
my body, frail  
from thorny blows,  
and pressed it to the earth.



# Not Very Much

George W. Coffin

MAGGIE Malone tucked ticket number 1065 into her shabby purse and said goodbye to Dominic. Each evening he gave her a ride home from the department store where she worked as a seamstress in the alterations room. Tonight, Dominic had sold her a quarter chance in a pool sponsored by the Italian churches of the city; he had sold the chances all along his vegetable route. At first Maggie argued that she just couldn't afford it. Why, she was behind on her rent as it was, and if it weren't for the kindness of old Mrs. Ruben, she'd be without a room now. It took a long time to pay doctor bills on her salary, and when a body was old they stayed sick for such a long time that the bills came high. But Dominic said it was all for the Church, and, after all, wouldn't the good Lord and all the saints see to it that she won?

She switched on the light in the drab third-floor room, and while the tea water boiled over the hotplate, she sat at the table and turned the pool ticket over and over on the cracked, washed-out oilcloth. If she won the \$250 top prize, just think of all she could do. Why, the back rent could be paid up, and Dr. Gross would have his \$25 too. And she would pay her rent for six whole months in advance and buy herself a new coat — a fine one of heavy cloth with a bit of fur trim to keep it in style. And once in a while, on Sunday afternoons, she'd have Mrs. Ruben and Agnes Flaherty, and Molly Grady up to high tea — only she'd have to have

Agnes one time and Molly another, because she remembered that there were only three silver spoons left. And she'd buy some tins of meat and some white bread from the grocery; and she'd have a nice little pot of quince jelly, and maybe she'd even manage a cake. It was a long time since she'd had anyone up to tea, so long that she was almost too ashamed to accept their invitations. And now that Christmas was comin' on, she'd buy her nephew, Tim, a nice gift this year, and she'd have a nice crisp bill to drop into the basket by the crib at church, and — but the water boiled over, sputtering on the glowing red metal, and interrupted her thoughts.

She poured her tea and as she carried the cup back to the table, she paused before the little plaster St. Patrick on the shelf and addressed him.

"I know it isn't really right to want all these material things, but couldn't y' sort of speak to Himself about those I-talians at the drawin' on Tuesday?" She smiled hopefully at the figure, but St. Patrick kept a firm grip on his crozier and looked straight ahead into the grey space.

Wednesday evening, in their home on Summit Hills, Mrs. Walters rambled through the day's news to her husband who was too absorbed in his paper to pay much attention. Occasionally he would grunt a response and reach out for his coffee, otherwise she might have talked to an empty chair.

"And Betty's going to marry again, although I don't know she'll manage. Harry won't have a thing to do with her child, and she's no place to leave the poor



little thing. And, Frank, I bought that dress at Cecil's; you know, the one I told you about. Now don't get mad again, you see I won \$250 on a pool ticket that the vegetable man sold me last week — which reminds me that I'll have to see if he can't get watercress for me before the club comes on Saturday. But, as I said, it's really not so expensive now, the dress, I mean, because with the \$250, and he'll bring that tomorrow, the dress will only be \$75 more."

"Holy Christ!" Mr. Walters put down his paper and gave his wife full attention for the first time that evening. "It wasn't just that particular dress I was talking about. It was the money you've been spending on everything lately. This isn't wartime anymore, Sal. Prices are high, labor's a headache, and there aren't any sure contracts or priorities from the government now. And as far as that two-fifty goes, you know you lost more than that at gin-rummy when you went to the coast last month. I suppose now that it's ordered you'll have to have the dress; but, damn it, Sal, take it easy. Two-fifty towards your bills isn't very much—not very much."

That same evening Maggie again sat drinking her evening tea. She looked up at the figure on the shelf where a vigil light had burned since she bought the chance. After a long solemn stare she finally brightened and said, "Well, it's not like the quarter was lost. Five dollars is five dollars these days, and I can be thankful for that much. I should have known that old Maggie would never hit it that lucky. But thank y' and bless y' anyway. I'll pay part of what I owe Mrs. Ruben and at least I'll be sure of my room. It's all right, but when I think of the plans I had, well, it's just not very much — not very much."

And when she looked away, St. Patrick, who had pretended he hadn't noticed, smiled into the dancing flame in the liquid wax depths of the ruby glass. St. Patrick smiled because he knew the three I-talians were shouting in excited and gestured conversation down at Holy Angels' Church.

"This-a old fool, Dominic, he's-a can't read his own writin'. He's-a tell Mrs. Walters she's-a wonna big prize. But the number, she's notta 1056, she's-a 1065. And whatta-ya-know, she's-a only win a five dollars. You lose a good customer, Dominic; that's-a **too bad!**"

Dominic frowned when he thought of what his wife would say. The Walters' bought lots of stuff from him, more than any other customer. And of course he could just go ahead and pay it. He'd already told Maggie, and she wouldn't know the difference.

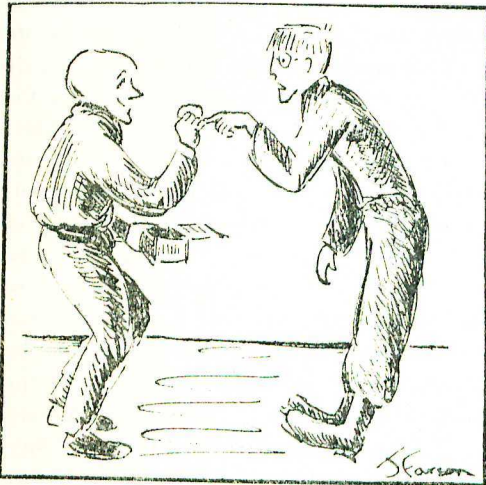
But old St. Patrick smiled because he knew the I-talian would be afraid to cheat, seein' it was church money and all, and sort of holy-like. And somewhere not so far away, Himself smiled and nodded as St. Patrick whispered into the whisp of smoke from the dying flame, "Sure an' it's not very much anyway—not very much."





# Vincent Van Gogh's Personal Possession

Bill DeWitt



I am an amateur artist, so when I was in Arles in southern France, it was natural for me to want to see all the places thereabouts that the famous Dutch painter Vincent van Gogh had been concerned with when he lived there in 1888.

I got out of the jeep and thanked the driver for the ride from Marseilles. He drove on and I was alone in Arles. I wanted to see van Gogh's house, the cafe he frequented, some of the many town scenes he had painted and even the house of *la lorette* to whom, it is said, he gave his ear after cutting it off with his razor. And I wanted to see the old drawbridge he had painted several times.

Going through a maze of narrow, cobblestoned streets, I was at length standing in front of the house I had been looking for. It was not much of a place. Although having two stories it was rather small. The sides were flat and plain. It was van Gogh's house though, and that

made all the difference in the world.

I stood across the street looking at it and thinking. Occasionally I noticed one of the townsfolk look curiously at me, apparently wondering what I was doing just standing there looking at a house. They would then glance at the house and go on their way as if having said to themselves, "Oh yes, van Gogh's house."

I imagined that Vincent was inside in his upstairs studio starting a painting. Then I remembered that in Arles he had done most of his painting outdoors, so I reconstructed the scene in my mind and he was putting the few finishing touches on his canvas. I watched him for a while. Then a voice at my side erased the scene.

He was a short, middle aged Arlesian dressed like the average townsman, and he looked to me as if he might have been a successful, small business man. He asked me if I was interested in van Gogh. Wishing to talk to someone who might have some new information on the painter, I enthusiastically answered yes. We talked about van Gogh for a while; then he asked me if I would like to go with him to his house. He said he had something interesting to show me in connection with the painter.

I was interested and as I walked along with him I wondered what it could be. I asked him but he would not tell me. He chuckled and said he wanted it to be a surprise. I thought at first that maybe it was an original van Gogh painting — but it could hardly be that. After all, van Gogh originals are far too valuable to be found in the possession of a small shopkeeper. Still . . . ? Oh, I thought, it is probably just some thing of



Vincent's personal possessions — a brush, perhaps.

My Arlesian friend stopped at a door, opened it and invited me in. It was a small, stone house built flush with other similar ones on each side. He led me into a modestly furnished room — the living room, apparently. The chairs, one of which he invited me to take, the pictures, none of which could possibly have been done by van Gogh, and the room itself all seemed old and colorless. In a word it simply seemed foreign to me.

I selected the most sturdy looking chair and sat down while my friendly host, all smiles now, was getting a square box from the lower shelf of a bookcase. He opened it as he walked toward me and stopping right in front of me, pulled out a glass jar full of a clear liquid with a small object inside. He thrust it in my face and said, "Voici, Vincent's ear!"

I jumped back in the chair and looked at the thing. My mouth fell open. It was indeed an ear. And as he had said, it was indeed a surprise. He stood there grinning and holding the jar before me. I sat there speechless. Why, he is as crazy as van Gogh, I thought. What does he expect me to say? My next thought concerned getting out of there without delay.

It was apparent, however, that I would have to do something so I decided

to humor him. I said finally, and rather weakly, "Oh . . . it is?" Immediately he began a spirited description of its history and of how he had acquired the ear. He even took it out of the jar and made me touch the . . . the thing, horribly white and dripping with the preservative. I do not remember the details of his story too well because at the time I was more interested in getting away; but I remember that he did say something about his grandfather having been an admirer of the painter and about having obtained the severed ear from the house of **la lorette**. Finally, after he had run down somewhat, I made my escape by saying I was due back in camp. At the door I thanked him insincerely for his hospitality and left without further delay.

I was at least six blocks away before I stopped in a cafe and ordered two cognacs. After they went down I felt better and the experience seemed almost humorous. Yes, thinking of it, it was funny. Boy! I thought, what a story it will make when I get home! I can tell them I touched Vincent van Gogh's ear. But wait a minute. Can I? I just remembered something I had oddly enough not noticed until I had turned my head, as I was leaving, to answer my ex-host's good-bye. Now that I thought of it, I would almost swear **he** had only one ear.

---

I stood on a lava-like outcropping looking over a stretching mass of burnt and torn trees, which threw their warped black fingers into the thin wash of the blind sun. Shell craters, water-filled, reflected the anemic sun's glow and made

a picture of black and dull gold. The sun seemed to wait on the stretching horizon as if it wanted to bring life to this desolation, and, with a quivering beam of encouragement, slid down the earth's curve.

Les Hunt



### THE ARTIST

Mr. Ted Wade, whose etching "Elephant Tower" introduces the source theme in this issue, was born in Germany and came to America with his family when he was eleven. He studied at the School of Fine Arts in San Francisco and at the State Art Academy in Munich, and later taught landscape and life drawing. During the war he served as medical illustrator for the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field, Texas. Now Mr. Wade is a Butler student majoring in art education.

We are grateful to be permitted to reproduce "Elephant Tower," which won second prize in an international exhibit at San Francisco.







# Atlantis, The Lost Continent

Judy Johnston

(We are printing Miss Judy Johnston's complete source theme, **The Lost Island of Atlantis**, not only because of its universal interest, but also because of the aid it may offer to those students who are preparing work along the same lines. We recommend it as interesting, informative reading.)

## THE FACTUAL BASIS FOR THE STORY OF ATLANTIS, THE LOST CONTINENT OUTLINE

Since the Renaissance, when active interest in the 25,000 year old Platonian story of the lost island-continent of Atlantis was revived, archaeological findings and historical and geological knowledge have given support to the existence of Atlantis, while cultural similarities between European and American civilizations have been the basis for locating Atlantis as a continent in the Atlantic Ocean, where both Plato and the romantically interested students place it.

I The story of Atlantis was first told by Plato in his dialogues "Timaeus" and "Critias."

A. Plato had been told the story, which was already eight thousand years old, by his great grandfather who had heard it from Solon, a wise Greek.

1. Large island empire
2. Great in commerce
3. Highly advanced civilization
4. Destroyed by an earthquake in twenty-four hours

B. Although many passages in ancient literature speak of islands which greatly resemble Atlantis, none call it by name, making Plato's account the only documentary evidence of the lost island's existence.

1. Strabo, the geographer, first to mention Atlantis after Plato
2. Scheria, the land of the Phaeacians, described by Homer in the "Odyssey"
3. Diodorus' description of an island located west of Libya in the ocean
4. Theopompus' reference to the outside world
5. Skepticism in regarding story as a myth because of scientific discoveries

II In addition to the historical and archaeological findings of Schliemann in Russia and Crete, the discovery of lava in 1898 near the Canary and Azora Islands offers concrete historical support to the plausibility of the legend of a lost island empire.

A. Papyrus rolls found in the museum of St. Petersburg, Russia, by Dr. Henry Schliemann refer directly to Atlantis.

1. Expedition by Pharaoh Sent

2. Atlantean civilization at start of Egyptian history

B. Some of the treasures of Priam, found in 1873, are engraved with the name of the king of Atlantis.

C. A history of Atlantis on tablets of clay is preserved in a monastery in Central Asia.

1. Accompanied by map
2. Account of the breaking up of the continent

D. In 1898 it was shown that volcanic action had taken place near the Canary Islands.

1. Laying of a cable
2. Lava, cooled on land, found

III Ocean soundings proving that the Canaries and Azores are peaks of submerged mountains and facts regarding the formation of the Great Central Gas Belt make the geological existence of Atlantis "highly probable."

A. The Dolphin Ridge is a submerged mountain range going from northwest Africa and the Iberian Peninsula to Central America.

1. Azores and Canaries
2. Unorganized masses of rocks
3. Structural similarity of European and American mountain ranges

B. Atlantis was submerged when the Great Central Gas Belt was formed under the



Atlantic, according to one Belt was formed under the geologist.

1. Northern and southern divisions
2. Gas chambers
- C. The possibility of a flood, instead of an earthquake, destroying Atlantis has been advanced.
  1. Melted glaciers
  2. Diamond fields support earthquake theory

IV There are eight main theories of location of Atlantis now in existence.

- A. The theories of Tartessos, North Africa, and Nigeria all are lacking evidence.
  1. Depend on archaeological findings
  2. Only suggestive value at present
- B. Three of the theories which

entirely discredit Plato's geography are Atlantis in America, the cosmological idea of Karst, and the theory of land between Ireland and Brittany.

C. The theory which builds on Plato's account most fully is that advanced by Lewis Spence and Ignatius Donnelly that Atlantis was, in reality, an island in the Atlantic Ocean.

1. Spence uses geology for the basis of his conclusion.
2. Donnelly uses the resemblances between the culture of the Americas and Europe and Africa.
3. Theory most popular because of its romantic interest.



A great island-empire, vanishing from the face of the earth in the space of a day and a night

—has ever another story been told to match this one? Twenty-three hundred years ago the story of Atlantis was first told by Plato; today it is still as fascinating and stimulating to the imaginative mind as it then was.

When he was a child, Plato had been told the story, already eight thousand years old, by his great grandfather who had heard it from Solon, one of the wisest of the ancient Greeks. Egyptian priests had related the story of Solon when he was traveling in Egypt.<sup>1</sup> In *Timaeus* Plato describes Atlantis as an island, larger than Asia Minor and Libya combined, lying ten thousand stadia (one thousand miles) beyond the Pillars of Hercules, the ancient name for Gibraltar.

Atlantis was the largest island in the group of islands in the Atlantic Ocean<sup>2</sup> and could be reached by going from one island to another.<sup>3</sup>

When the world was divided between the Olympians, the island of Atlantis and the nearby land went to Poseidon, who became the first Atlantean king and founded the Poseidon Dynasty. After a while, Poseidon divided his land among his five sets of male twins. Atlas, the older one of the first sets, was the head of all the rest, and was the one to whom the island was given. The entire island, the capital city, and the surrounding sea were all named after him — thus, Atlantis.<sup>4</sup>

The island consisted of a large, fertile plain bounded on the north by high mountain ranges. The capital city, also called Atlantis, was connected to the sea by a deep, artificial canal and was surrounded by three large stone walls.<sup>5</sup> The city of Atlantis was famous for three things: two



springs of running water, one hot and one cold, which Poseidon had created; a large harbor with many docks; and a magnificent temple with much gold and silver which was used for the worship of Poseidon.<sup>6</sup> The Atlanteans made their country a great commercial center and built many ships, temples, and canals; their main city resembled Carthage or Tyre at their peak of wealth and prosperity.<sup>7</sup>

For many years the Atlanteans dwelt in this land, living mainly by commerce and agriculture. After a while, however, they became warlike and conquered much of the territory within and around the Mediterranean. When they tried to conquer Greece, the Athenians rallied and managed to defeat the invaders. They were conquered in approximately 9600 B. C.<sup>8</sup> While the Athenian army was still occupying the island of Atlantis, an earthquake came and in a day and a night the entire land, with its temples, cities, civilization, and people, disappeared from the face of the earth. This is the essential material contained in Plato's dialogues, *Timaeus* and *Critias*, "not only the earliest but the sole documentary evidence of the existence of Atlantis."<sup>9</sup>

Strabo, the geographer, who was born in 54 B. C. is the first to mention Atlantis after Plato.<sup>10</sup> Although he did not believe the tale, he tells of a first century Stoic, Poseidonius, who did believe it to be true. There are many passages in ancient literature which are thought to refer to Atlantis although they don't call it by name. Scheria, land of the Phaeacians, told of by Homer in the *Odyssey*, resembles Atlantis in many ways. It, too, is located beyond Gibraltar in the ocean; according to Homer, Scheria was mountainous; and the word 'scheria', itself, comes from the Phoenician language and

means 'a center for commercial exchange.'<sup>11</sup> Before the Phaeacians had lived in Scheria, they had lived in Hypereia near the Cyclopes who are said to have lived in Sicily. They were brought west to Scheria by Nausithons, a son of Poseidon.<sup>12</sup> Because of these resemblances, "it is quite possible that Scheria, the island of the Phaeacians in the *Odyssey*, is connected with Plato's island."<sup>13</sup> "But in spite of the resemblances, the differences are marked enough to exclude the possibility of a direct relation between the *Critias* and the *Odyssey*. It is more likely that both contain elements of the same tradition, or elements of different versions of the same tradition."<sup>14</sup>

A famous passage describing a somewhat similar island located in the ocean west of Libya is contained in the *Historical Library* of Diodorus, a Sicilian historian living in Caesar's time.<sup>15</sup> Another possible literary reference to Atlantis is given by Theopompus of Chios, a contemporary of Plato's. This Greek historian wrote that Europe, Asia, and Libya, the three islands making up the known world, were surrounded by the sea with nothing outside but a huge continent with much gold and silver.<sup>16</sup>

Atlantis was regarded only as an invention of Plato's until recent years.<sup>17</sup> After the Renaissance when interest in the classics was revived, many men such as Voltaire and Buffon seriously debated the possibility of the island's real existence.<sup>18</sup> One reason for considering the story as fiction is that no writer before Plato — even Herodotus who had visited Egypt one hundred years after Solon — ever mentioned it.<sup>19</sup> Another fact which discolors the story is that Plato states the exact measurement of the canals and buildings; this would call for a most re-



markable memory. On the other hand, "if Plato had sought to draw from his imagination a wonderful and pleasing story, we should not have had so plain and reasonable a narrative."<sup>20</sup> Scientists, for centuries, paid no attention to the story, but now because of recent findings, it is admitted that "Atlantis is a possibility."<sup>21</sup>

Dr. Henry Schliemann, excavator and archaeologist, is one of the men who has done much to strengthen the theory of the existence of Atlantis. In the museum in St. Petersburg, Russia, he unearthed a papyrus roll saying that Pharaoh Sent of the Second Egyptian Dynasty had sent an expedition to the west to search for traces of Atlantis. After five years, however, the expedition returned having found nothing. The same papyrus goes on to say that the ancestors of the Egyptians came from this land, i.e. Atlantis.<sup>22</sup> In the same museum there is another papyrus saying that the height of Atlantean civilization coincided with the first beginnings of Egyptian history.<sup>23</sup>

In 1873 when Dr. Schliemann was excavating Troy and found the treasures of Priam, he discovered some engraved in Phoenician hieroglyphics saying, 'From the king Chronos of Atlantis.'<sup>24</sup>

On the Lion Gate, Maycarne, Crete, Schliemann discovered an inscription which read: "The Egyptians descended from Misor. Misor was the child of Thoth, the god of history. Thoth was the emigrated son of a priest of Atlantis, who having fallen in love with the daughter of King Chronos, escaped, and after many wanderings landed in Egypt. He built the first temple at Sais and there taught the wisdom of his native land."<sup>25</sup>

In addition to these significant archaeological findings of Dr. Schliemann, the discovery of a monastery near the head-

waters of the Brahmaputra River in Central Asia which contains tablets of clay giving a long history of Atlantis is important. On these tablets it is written that "Atlantis was joined to both America, Europe, and Africa. A great volcanic convulsion took place and the American end was broken and a number of islands formed. Subsequently another great volcanic convulsion took place on the other side of Atlantis. Land was submerged and a sea formed. Then Atlantis became a great island with water on all sides."<sup>26</sup> These findings would seem to prove that there is a firm basis of fact for regarding Atlantis as a once existent island.

Another purely historical finding to strengthen the plausibility of the story was made at the turn of the century. A cable, being laid from Cape Cod to Brest in 1898, broke when it was about 1700 fathoms deep and 500 miles north of the Azores. In fishing for the broken strand the grappling-irons brought up lava. Further examinations, showing that the lava had cooled in the open air and not in the ocean, proved that the volcanic action had taken place on land.<sup>27</sup> By geological estimation the eruption took place less than 15,000 years ago.

After the lava was discovered, ocean soundings were taken which showed that the ocean bed in this region was very mountainous, with deep valleys and high peaks. The summits of this submerged mountain range going from Northwestern Africa and the Iberian Peninsula to Central America, sometimes called the Dolphin Ridge, are in reality the Canary and Azore Islands.<sup>28</sup> As early as the seventeenth century Father Kircher, a Jesuit, had advanced the theory that the Canaries and Azores were the peaks of the submerged Atlantean mountains.<sup>29</sup> To prove this theory it will only be necessary now



to show that Atlantis was actually located where Plato described it.

Much of the Dolphin Ridge around these two groups of islands is composed of unorganized masses of rocks. "No such confusion and disturbance could be accomplished except by the material falling."<sup>30</sup> Other geological information which has some bearing on the case concerns the Great Central Gas Belt which encircles the world underground.

The Great Central Gas Belt is divided into two lines; the Northern going under the Atlantic beneath the Azores, and the Southern passing below the Canary Islands. Atlantis was held upon the level of the water by isolated gas chambers and was immediately above the route of the Gas Belt which was forming. When the Belt tapped these chambers, they were blown out and the land went down.<sup>31</sup> If there had been no chambers holding up Atlantis, instead of the land going down, mountains would have come up. The formation of the Northern Division of the Belt, which, in itself, is not too deep in the earth, first pulled the land down so that it was awash at low tide. Later, when the Southern division formed, the land sank to its present level.<sup>32</sup> This geological theory agrees with Plato's statement that the Atlantic Ocean was impassable because of mud shoals after the catastrophe. "From a geological standpoint there is no date shown when Atlantis was submerged except that it went down when the Great Central Gas Belt was formed under the North Atlantic Ocean."<sup>33</sup>

Geologically, the disappearance of Atlantis is not impossible. Not only have islands been completely swallowed up by the ocean before, but they have also been thrown up above the surface of the ocean by titanic energy. The two islands of

Santorini and Julia in the Mediterranean were formed in this way.<sup>34</sup> Another related point is that "the geological formation of the diamond fields of Brazil and of Africa can only be accounted for by such a catastrophe as is described in the account of the destruction of Atlantis. Any physicist knows that diamonds are only formed under the intense heat and pressure that such a catastrophe would entail."<sup>35</sup>

It is possible that instead of the continent sinking, the Atlantic Ridge Plateau was exposed by a subsiding sea and left bare and later flooded when the sea arose due to the melted polar ice. One geologist<sup>36</sup> has said that the sea during the glacial period was 12,000 feet below the present sea level.<sup>37</sup> The rising sea could not have been told from a falling land by the people living on the island. Probably the suddenness of the sinking was added by the people who escaped to make the story more dramatic. Geologically speaking it is the rapidity of the submersion, and not the sinking itself, which makes the whole story so unusual.

In 1912 Pierre Termier, a distinguished geologist published a volume supporting the idea that the Atlantis story had many facts for a basis.<sup>38</sup> He said that "the Platonian history of Atlantis is highly probable."<sup>39</sup> On the other hand, however, Schuchert in 1917 wrote that "there are no known geologic data that prove or even help to prove the existence of Plato's Atlantis in historic times."<sup>40</sup>

There have been many efforts to place the island of Atlantis. One of the most fantastic theories was given in 1679 by Olof Rudbeck who tried to prove that Sweden was Atlantis.<sup>41</sup> In the main, however, there are eight theories regarding the location of the island. They are as follows:



"Atlantis in America, in North Africa, and in Nigeria; Atlantis as an island in the Atlantic Ocean; Atlantis as Tartessos; Karst's theory of a two-fold Atlantis; Gidon's theory of the land subsidences between Ireland and Brittany in the Bronze Age; and the theory that Plato's Atlantis represents a memory of the flooding of the Mediterranean basin."<sup>42</sup>

The theories of Tartessos, North Africa, and Nigeria all are lacking evidence. Adolf Schulten was the first one who connected Tartessos<sup>43</sup>, an ancient Bronze Age city located at the mouth of the Guadalquivir and approximately the modern Cadiz, with Plato's island. In Plato's time Tartessos was thought by the Greeks to have disappeared about one hundred years before then in approximately 500 B. C. The city disappeared in this way. In 533 B. C. the Carthaginians sacked Tartessos and became its masters. By 509 B. C., because of a treaty made with Rome, the Carthaginians were the only people who possessed the right to navigate beyond the Pillars of Hercules—thus, this made Tartessos disappear in a sense from the rest of the world.<sup>44</sup> All searches for this ancient city were failures and "in 1926 Schulten had to admit that Tartessos must be buried under the sea, for he could find no trace of it at the mouth of Guadalquivir."<sup>45</sup>

Professor Paul Borchardt of Munich, Germany, advanced the theory that Atlantis was located in North Africa on the Syrtis Minor.<sup>46</sup> His reasoning is based on Atlas, one of the kings of Atlantis. According to mythology Atlas was an ancestor of a great people near the Syrtis Minor. It follows then that the Syrtis Minor and Atlantis are identical. A slightly different African location was proposed by Felix Berlioux, a French archaeologist in 1874. He claimed to have found Atlantis, which he thought was the capital city of large empire and not an

island, in Morocco, opposite the Canary Islands.<sup>47</sup>

The theory that Atlantis was in the Yoruba country, part of Nigeria, was advanced by the African explorer, Leo Frobenius. The Yoruba country has many lagoons and canals along its borders—both on its coast, facing the Gulf of Guinea, and along the banks of the Niger River which separates it from the rest of Nigeria.<sup>48</sup>

It is evident that the theories of these three locations — Tartessos, North Africa, and Morocco—all depend on archaeological evidence. Until this evidence or some other concrete support is discovered they will be nothing more than suggestive theories.

A Spaniard, Francisco Lopez de Gamara, became in 1553 the first to identify Atlantis with America.<sup>49</sup> Francis Bacon was one of the men who accepted this theory. This theory of identification has changed so that now it is thought that the eastern part of America, once a much larger continent, is submerged under the Atlantic.<sup>50</sup>

An entirely different and original theory is that there were two islands of Atlantis, a theory making use of the cosmological thought of a Pillars of Hercules both to the east and west. According to the orientalist Karst, the originator of the idea, there was one island of Atlantis in the Indo-Persian Ocean which disappeared at the beginning of the Ice Age and another in North Africa. The second was destroyed by flood.<sup>51</sup>

Dr. Gidon, the man who thinks that a vague knowledge of the land subsidences between Brittany and Ireland might have begun the Atlantean legend, has a case which is primarily botanical. He doesn't claim that the submergence will fit the entire legend. He does, how-



ever, think that the speed of the disaster is very probable because all of the Zuyder Zee was submerged in 1282 in one day.<sup>52</sup>

Many of the theorists who have attempted to locate Atlantis believe in the details but not the framework which Plato gives. They claim that his dates and geography are wrong, but, in trying to prove their theories, they use his topographical and architectural details. The theory which builds on Plato's account, disregarding none of its aspects, is that Atlantis was really an island in the Atlantic Ocean. Cadet, a Frenchman, was the first to advance this theory in 1787. Ignatius Donnelly's book, "Atlantis: the Antediluvian World," published in 1882 made this theory popular.<sup>53</sup>

Donnelly's entire theory was founded on the similarity between ancient civilization in the old and new world.<sup>54</sup> A great deal of his book dwells on the supposition that because of all the resemblances between the two worlds, a contact between the two was necessary. He states that the customs, manners of living, ceremonies, painting, agriculture, and various building materials of these two civilizations were all so similar that "it is absurd to pretend that all these similarities could have been the result of accidental coincidences."<sup>55</sup>

Although another of Donnelly's claims is that Atlantis was the land where civilization began, Lewis Spence, who has published three books on the subject of Atlantis,<sup>56</sup> says that this is both fantastic and unscientific. Spence, who was more accurate and less prejudiced in his views, uses geology as the basis of his theory that Atlantis was an island in the Atlantic. He quotes many geologists to show that there was at one time a bridge of land between the old world and the new. He then states that this land bridge, or

continent, broke up, until, in 25,000 B. C., all that was left was two continental islands: Atlantis, near Gibraltar, and Antilia, now the islands of Antilles, off the coast of America. The breaking up process continued until, in approximately 10,000 B. C., Atlantis was submerged, except for the summits of her mountains.<sup>57</sup>

The last theory, that of Atlantis as an island in the Atlantic, gains the support of all people interested in the story from the romantic view. To them "either Atlantis is an island in the Atlantic Ocean, or it is not 'Atlantis' at all."<sup>58</sup> Human interest is aroused by the idea of a civilization existing on a large continent struck by disaster from the face of the earth.

Thus the case of Atlantis rests. If the Platonian story is ever to be completely proved, "a great array of substantial evidence"<sup>59</sup> will have to be presented. Almost every branch of science will have to be represented and a great deal of research will need to be done. But whether or not the story of the lost continent can ever be proved, it will no doubt continue to live, "for it was chiefly to the ideal imagination — the portion of the mind which prefers to believe the impossible just because it is impossible — that the dream of Atlantis appealed."<sup>60</sup>



#### FOOTNOTES

1. Clavering. "In Quest of the Lost Atlantis." *Current History*. vol. 39. p. 439. January, 1934.
2. *ibid.*
3. Bertarelli. "Atlantis Questions." *Living Age*. vol. 332. p. 170. January 15, 1927.
4. Bjorkman, Edwin. *The Search for*



- Atlantis.** A. A. Knopf. New York. 1927. p. 26.
5. *ibid.* p. 29.
  6. *ibid.* p. 30.
  7. *ibid.*
  8. Clavering. *op.cit.* p. 440.
  9. Bramwell, James. **Lost Atlantis.** Cobden-Sanderson. London. 1937. p. 59.
  10. *ibid.* p. 64.
  11. Bjorkman. *op. cit.* pp. 39-42.
  12. *ibid.* p. 45.
  13. Bramwell. *op.cit.* p. 68.
  14. *ibid.* p. 70.
  15. *ibid.* p. 65.
  16. *ibid.* p. 66.
  17. Aristotle was one of the foremost men who considered the story as fiction.
  18. Hopkins, A. A. "Legendary Islands of the North Atlantic." **Scientific American Monthly.** vol. 4. p. 14. July, 1921.
  19. Bramwell. *op.cit.* p. 67.
  20. Donnelly, Ignatius. **Atlantis: the Antediluvian World.** Harper and Brothers. New York. 1910. p. 23.
  21. Bramwell. *op.cit.* p. 187.
  22. Churchward, James. **The Children of Mu.** Washburn. New York, 1931, p. 106
  23. *ibid.*
  24. *ibid.* p. 107.
  25. *ibid.*
  26. *ibid.* p. 110.
  27. Bertarelli, *loc. cit.*
  28. *ibid.*
  29. *ibid.*
  30. Churchward. *op.cit.* p. 111.
  31. *ibid.* p. 113.
  32. *ibid.* pp. 112-113.
  33. *ibid.* p. 113.
  34. "Atlantis, the Lost Continent." **Review of Reviews.** vol. 72. p. 216. August, 1925.
  35. Hall, L. G. "Legendary Islands of the North Atlantic." **Scientific American Monthly.** vol. 4. p. 362. October, 1921.
  36. A. C. Veatch.
  37. Ingalls, A. G. "Myth? Part Truth? Lost Atlantis Tradition and a Hypothesis of Sea Level Changes." **Scientific American.** vol. 163. p. 179. October, 1940.
  38. Bertarelli, *loc. cit.*
  39. "How Recent Geology Confirms the Legend of the Lost Atlantis." **Current Opinion.** vol. 61. p. 182. September, 1916.
  40. Schuchert. "Atlantis and the Permanency of the North Atlantic Ocean Bottom." **Scientific American Supplement.** vol. 83. p. 259. April 28, 1917.
  41. Bjorkman. *op.cit.* pp. 32-33.
  42. Bramwell. *op.cit.* p. 107.
  43. Tartessos is the Biblical Tarshish.
  44. Bramwell. *op.cit.* p. 124.
  45. *ibid.*
  46. "Atlantis and Troy." **Living Age.** vol. 334. p. 839. May 1, 1928.
  47. Bramwell. *op. cit.* p. 110,
  48. *ibid.* p. 120,
  49. Bjorkman. *op.cit.* pp. 31-32.
  50. Bramwell. *op.cit.* pp. 107-109.
  51. *ibid.* p. 132.
  52. *ibid.* pp. 130-131.
  53. *ibid.* p. 137.
  54. *ibid.* p. 138.
  55. Donnelly. *op.cit.* p. 163.
  56. **Problem of Atlantis, 1924; Atlantis in America, 1925; The History of Atlantis, 1928.**
  57. Spence. "In Quest of the Lost Continent; Review of the Problem of Atlantis." **Travel.** vol. 45. p. 32. July, 1925.
  58. Bramwell, *op.cit.* p. 137.
  59. "Unlearned Lesson of the Titanic." **Atlantic Monthly.** vol. 112. p. 184. August, 1913.
  60. "Proving Atlantis." **Nation.** vol. 120. p. 536. May 13, 1925.

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#### TO A HOUSE THAT IS LOVED

##### Verse Forms Class

It stands alone, deserted now and stark,  
The house where hearthfires blazed with living light  
To warm the little children's hands, make bright  
A wrinkled face for four decades. The spark  
Of fireside talk has burned a lasting mark  
Upon the minds of visitors who might  
Absorb the love and peace of friendly night  
And warmth of sunlit day. That house is dark.

Whatever alien feet may climb that stair,  
Or strange new laughter echo through the halls,  
That house for those to whom it was so dear  
Remains engraved upon their minds, as clear  
As when they lived so richly in its walls;  
Not empty and not dark to those who care.



# Autobiography of the Late J. Harrison Peabody

Richard H. Jowett

WHY I am walking today I do not know and the sun bleached rain stained stones are rough against my feet but I am calling on a friend he sits in a tower and to him come men with questions come the people yes to ask him what he says what he can tell them why the people come with the questions because the people say he can tell them nothing because he sits in a tower without the world and yet the men come and ask him questions the last time I saw him there were five people with him I remember so well the last time I saw him and how the little boy with the dirty face and the corduroy jacket with a bridge in his hand asked my friend why is the bell in the church why is the bell in the steeple ringing last week and my friend told him simply "everyone is you plural" and the little boy went out and told it to the crowd gathered about the fire fed with green diamonds and they with the red feathers

in their hair repeated the marvelous incantation and did a snake dance under the window around the fire and told their children it was in the folkways but there was a gleam in the tow-head's eye and he only watched them dance and then there was the very short fat man with the red mustache and was smoking a corn-cob pipe and was eating a cake of yeast and when the fat man heard my friend tell the little boy he went out and had seventeen children by his second wife and is today the president of the anti birth control league of greater long island and the woman who was with him at the time was his first wife of the red moustache had on cigarettes and babushkas and a room full of smoke and faces that could not be discerned in the haze she divorced her husband and mixed five kinds of baking powder together invented a new dentifrice her chiuahauhau's picture was in the roto last sunday I am almost knocking the door down he must be out to lunch.

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—and they built it quickly,  
and quickly did it fall.  
So with all who move too fast and sure.  
For man is but a builder;  
it is for the strength of time to shape  
that which will endure.

Carol St. Clair



# Free Enterprise

Jim Sullivan

THE Veterans Administration had given me an unusually fast job. It had only taken them eleven days short of a year to get around to giving me the dental examination I had requested. I seated myself in a chair in the dentist's reception room and picked up a magazine.

This dentist must be a beginner. The magazine was only a week old. I thumbed through it, found an article on Finland—a country whose chamber of commerce does not ordinarily seem very publicity-minded—and was promptly interrupted by the nurse.

"Mr. Higgs?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Follow me, please."

I followed her. I would have followed her to the end of the world. She was terrific. But, at the same time, there was something vaguely familiar about her. She stepped aside at the door and motioned me into the inner office where a smiling figure awaited me.

I jumped, turned, and started to take off, but the nurse had been too fast for me. Before I could get in motion, she had stepped in front of me and my avenue of escape was closed.

"You're not afraid, are you?" she asked, laughingly.

"No," I replied. "I just remembered an important appointment."

I wasn't afraid. I was scared stiff. That was old "Yank" Clarke, the terror of the ETO, in there. Of all the dentists in town, the VA had chosen the roughest man discharged from the infamous Army

Dental Corps to work on me. And that nurse was Jane, his girl friend and adviser, who believed that teeth were made to be pulled and any one who took a local anaesthetic was a sissy and a kill-joy. No, I wasn't afraid. Not much.

A funny thing was happening to his face, now. He was smiling! Old Cap'n Yank, the sourest field grade officer in the Army, was smiling! Evidently, he didn't recognize me, as he had heard me take a solemn oath that, if ever we met in civilian life, he would never smile again. A little of my fear ebbed away. If he didn't recognize me, it wouldn't be too bad. After all, this was only an examination.

"My wife will take your hat and coat."

I drank in the ingratiating smile which accompanied this statement but I remained wary. It was all a trick—that I knew. So they were married now. That was a shame because married people sometimes have children and I blanched at the thought of the offspring of Cap'n Yank and Jane.

I sat down in the chair, tensed to jump up and fight if necessary. He couldn't court-martial me now if I refused to let him work on me.

"Open your mouth, please."

In France, it had been, "Open your mouth if ya want me to work on ya . . . Well, open it, anyway, or I'll court-martial ya." This was nice.

"Just a little bit wider."

My jaw dropped at the gentleness of his tone and he found this aperture satisfactory. He began to pry around inside my mouth and I quietly doubled my fist.



Here's where he would get rough.

I was wrong, though. He didn't get rough and I gradually began to see the reason. This was free enterprise, where you went to the dentist of your choice and he, with an eye on his fee, treated you as gently as possible. He **wanted** you to come back. I unclenched my fist.

"Now for the X-rays." He took a small square of something and poked it way to the rear of my mouth. This was my chance, but my nerve failed me. He got his hand back out.

"Did you have that tooth pulled in the Army?" he asked.

"Yeah, and the guy almost killed me when he pulled it."

"Was he rough?"

"Well, it would have been easier on me if he'd used a charge of dynamite."

He thought this one over and I thought for a moment that he had remembered pulling the tooth. If he did, it didn't show on his face, though.

"Yes," he said as he put his hand back into my mouth. "Some of the fellows did get a little rough. I never could see it, though. I felt it was my duty to treat the men as well as I would my patients back home."

That was too much. I choked and closed my mouth. He screamed with pain. I'll admit that it was partly intentional but then dentists shouldn't say such things while they have a hand in a veteran's

mouth.

I opened my mouth, allowing him to withdraw his hand and sprang to my feet, assuming a defensive posture. Now it would come. The terrible temper of Cap'n Yank would never stand having his fingers bitten. I'd be lucky to get out of there alive.

So it was with considerable amazement that I heard him say, with deep concern, "Did I make you choke? I'm awfully sorry."

"Don't mention it," I mumbled as I sank back into the chair.

As I was leaving, Jane smiled sweetly at me and Cap'n Yank told me that I would receive a notice from VA telling me when and where to report for the actual dental work. I could, he assured me, request any dentist I wanted. I didn't say anything. I merely resolved that he would be the last person on my request list.

But, as I stepped outside, I changed my mind. I caught a bus, went downtown, and headed straight for the local VA office. There I cornered one of the former majors who has seen fit to continue his service under General Bradley and demanded that, when my dental appointment came up, I be sent to Cap'n Yank Clarke.

Then I went home to memorize the symptoms of lockjaw. I want to have them perfect.



## Great Books Discussion

(We are pleased to present a transcript of a recent Great Books meeting conducted by Dr. Clide Aldrich and Dr. Clarence Efroymson. Betty Cramer, Sue Higginbotham and Nancy Dye, members of the Advanced Shorthand Class, took the transcript. The contents of the discussion on Aristotle's **Politics** have been condensed.)



L2: Do you believe that some people are born to be slaves?

A: No, I don't. I think that a human being is born with a soul. He is, therefore, his own master. He isn't a natural slave. I don't think there is such a thing.

L1: Are there not some people who are able to do only manual labor, who have no ability to use their heads or exercise judgment?

A: Yes, there are I think among men people with relatively less ability than others, and in that condition you will find people who are not very reasonable and who cannot do much more than manual labor.

L2: Would they be better off if they were slaves?

A: No, I don't think so. It could be, but the race as a whole would only suffer.

L2: Why?

A: I think that slavery is a moral issue, and it is wrong not only for the slaves but also for the master.

L1: Maybe it is just a matter of words. Let's eliminate the word "slave" and put some other word in. Do you think that some people are born with a capacity to obey without any capacity to rule?

A: I think there are people that can rule and rule wisely, but I don't think there is anyone, unless he

is in the lowest levels of intelligence where it is a matter of being abnormal. I think it is only there that you would find people who are slaves and I don't think they should be slaves.

L2: What should they be?

A: I think they should be cared for.

L2: How can they best be cared for, and should society help them take care of themselves?

A: I am a northern abolitionist and do not believe in slavery in any case. I believe each person should be given an opportunity to gain an education.

L2: How about people, not just the lowest classes, but are there any other people who aren't capable of gaining an education?

A: There are some, they claim, who are not born with the mind to be educated and are mentally diseased. However, I believe people given some education can help themselves.

L1: What is a slave?

A: One who is bossed around. He has a master to tell him what to do.

L1: Are there any people whom you must tell what to do?

A: There are people in our society who are incapable of doing for themselves although when you tell them what to do, you must pay



- them for it.
- L2: Do you know any slaves?
- A: Yes, some truck drivers are really slaves.
- L2: You mean the truck driver is a natural born slave?
- A: No, he is only capable of taking orders.
- L1: Then it is really the name "slave" that you don't agree with?
- A: It is the fact that the slave has continually to live under that master and he cannot go from one to another while the laborer of the present day can go from one to another.
- L1: You mean that there is a slave class by nature, but who can choose its master?
- A: I was just thinking that we might say that there are people who are best fit to obey, but I don't know if there are people fit to rule.
- L1: What, according to Aristotle, makes some people suited to rule and others suited only to obey?
- A: The superiority of the soul seems to him to be the basis for the fitness to rule.
- L2: Did he think all those who can lift a 500-pound weight should be slaves?
- A: No. The one with the ability to bring foresight into something concrete is the one to become a master. A slave differs from a master in not possessing reason and not being able to understand it.
- L1: There is a passage where it talks of having foresight or the lack of foresight. Do you think it is true that there are some people who are born incapable of reason?
- A: Yes, I do.
- L1: Do you think those people should be limited in society to a status that requires them only to obey?
- A: Politically, I believe, everyone should be free to vote, but not to rule.
- L2: Not in the sense that Aristotle expressed.
- L1: I have always heard in this country that the ballot box was one of the ways of controlling the destinies of the American people.
- L2: Supposing these people of whom you speak were in the majority?
- A: If there were a chance that they would be in a majority and could get themselves elected, it would be a different matter.
- A: If they were in the majority I don't think it would matter because if they couldn't reason they would probably be making wrong decisions and everyone would be unhappy.
- L2: Wouldn't that matter at all?
- A: Yes—very highly. Some people can't reason to any great degree.
- L2: How are we going to distinguish between these two groups of peoples?
- A: It is quite a natural thing for the person who is, shall we say, the laborer, not just to belong to one master, and no matter where he tries to rise he will continually end up in his own category.
- L2: Is the laboring man a slave?
- A: The word "slave" is a little harsh with us, but in the days of Aristotle it was a natural thing.
- L2: What do you mean by natural?
- A: I mean that the person had no ability to reason but by his own mentality and abilities and he fell into



- this category.
- L1: If it was natural then, would it be natural now?
- A: Yes, we do naturally have slaves to a great degree. Several men may be benefiting by the reasoning of one man and the rest of the people carrying out his reason.
- L1: The plan is to leave this question of whether or not there are natural slaves and raise the question of politics. Why do you suppose that Aristotle attached so much importance to this question of politics?
- A: Because the slaves numbered such a large percent that they had to be dealt with.
- L1: Do you think it was just a practical problem to decide what they were going to do with the slaves which Plato sometimes called cattle or was he trying to disengage a theory about the nature of government? How should one go about studying governments?
- A: You should break the large thing that you are studying into its smaller elements and attack each individually and understand it better.
- L1: Did he mean to conclude that once we got down to the slave-master element, you have the fundamental principle for all governments?
- A: No, I don't believe so. He decided that the differences in government were not those of numbers but those of kinds.
- L1: What is the simplest kind of government?
- A: The man and wife.
- L1: Was that the same kind of relationship that you find between master and servant?
- A: Off hand I wouldn't want to say.
- L1: Didn't he say anything about wives?
- A: He mentioned that barbarians made no distinction between slaves and women, but apparently Aristotle did.
- L2: I wonder if the slaves have no aggression?
- A: I would like to take the other side. There is no difference between sex and aggression. There are some people born with a certain aggressiveness and others who are not. Aggressiveness usually follows the male.
- L1: Why do you suppose Aristotle picked out the family unit as the most elementary basis by which to study the nature of government? What makes a family a unit?
- A: It is a unit because there is the master and the slave. It is the husband who is the head of the household.
- A: There will be a time, if the race is going to go on, when a woman can't protect herself. She won't be capable of it because she is pregnant. She is going to have a child and it would be the man's place to take care of her. The woman couldn't rule all the time so in the beginning the man found he could.
- L1: What is the particular thing that nature has given to man that might determine his political organization as different from other animals?
- A: Reasoning, isn't it? I think that a person who has the ability to reason would be more apt to be a ruler than one who does it strictly by force.



L1: How does Aristotle get on the subject of economics?

A: I don't think you can separate economics and politics. Which would come first economics or politics? One is based on the other.

L2: Could you tell how Aristotle considers legitimate ways of getting wealth?

A: He doesn't want people to acquire too much wealth but wants everyone to have what he needs.

L1: In conclusion it might be profitable to keep in mind that throughout this course there is a progression in the list of readings that you are to study and there is an attitude that existed in the fourth century and down through many intervening steps; it is the development of changing attitudes that should be one of the important things to be gained from a reading course of this kind.

## Poem

Jane Pettijohn

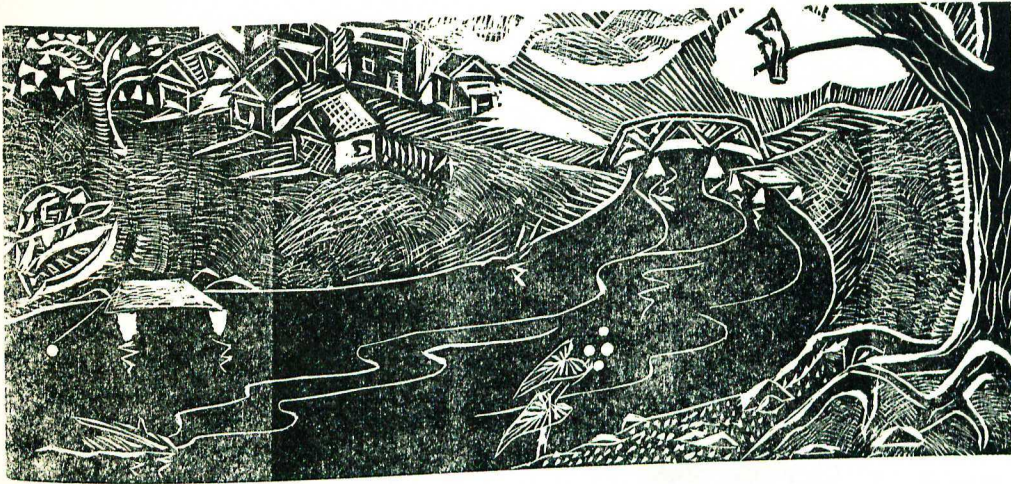
Walk on the land.  
Kiss them,  
They will crush you.

Walk on the land.  
Favor them,  
They will plague you.

Walk on the land.  
Deceive them,  
They will follow you.



## Poetry Corner



Twilight  
Descending fast  
In canopy of peace,  
That touches earth like dove's soft wing,  
Passes.

—Carol Wilson

---

A tiny  
Green leaf, set  
Within the binding walls  
Of pottery cannot become  
A tree

—Edna Hinton

---

Of things  
Which slip away  
When just within the hand,  
The swiftest fluttering bird is one  
Glad hour.

—Verse Forms Class



## Freshman Section



# The Dark Curtain

William T. Edwards

It was dark and cold. He didn't mind the cold so much; he was nearly accustomed to that. But the darkness was something else. The darkness concealed things, and there was the danger. It was odd, he was thinking, that the artillery didn't throw in a few flares to light it up a bit out front. Maybe Intelligence didn't think it necessary, but sometimes they were wrong. Remember the Bulge? The 106th never knew what hit it. The darkness was oppressive and suffocating. It occurred to him that he would like to cut out a handful of this darkness and put it in his pocket. He could have a good look at it in the daylight — might even find some way to weigh it. He knew it was heavy. The darkness was protective and dangerous in the same instant. They couldn't see you, but then you couldn't see them. They might be creeping up the hill now, or, as far as they knew, you might be creeping down it. If someone wanted to move a pin forward on a map, you might be on another hill tomorrow night, and then again, you might not. Well, let them come up the hill; in fact, he sometimes wanted them to try it. Two hours on, two hours off, two hours on, two hours off — trade over with your buddy, but keep a man on guard at all times. A little of that and he wanted them to try something.

He had to stay awake. He wondered if Palmer, a few yards away on the light machine-gun, was awake. Now and then a man went to sleep, but there was little said about it. The Old Man knew everyone was doing his best. He wondered if Sgt. Cary could find his way through the barbed wire in order to check the posi-

tion. It was so very dark.

He marveled at his being here. What forces had brought him to a wooded hill top in southern France? He knew the Germans had to be beaten. Hadn't he seen the movies in basic training? Hadn't he listened to the radio and read the papers back in the States? Yet, the Germans had never harmed him, or anybody he knew, before the war. Americans are a practical people — this was something a little too abstract for a doughfoot. One had to stop to think it over. The English had their bombed cities; that was a more concrete reason. You could put your finger on that. But why wait until America was bombed before you did anything? This was the best way. Fight the thing out over here — spare America. Good enough? No, something still went against the grain. You wanted to spare America, of course, and you were willing enough to be here, but there was something that just didn't click. You didn't like the French phrase, "C'est la guerre." You hadn't been raised to pass a war off so lightly. Europe had always been one big intrigue with its plots and counter-plots, and now they had America in it again. There was a madness in the whole scheme that infuriated you. You thought about the little people who were giving their all in this struggle. You were shocked to realize that this was the net result of thousands of years of civilization. In what respect was today different from the day of the Neanderthal man? It was different in many ways: the people were out of the caves, they knew a lot more about life and the universe, they were able to kill greater numbers of one



another. It was plain that quite a bit of progress had been made. It was the madness in the whole scheme that infuriated you. But they sacked Poland and France, took the low countries, and look what Goering did to Coventry. Sure, this fight is justified. Oh, well, "Mine is not to reason why; mine is but to do or . . ." Who was it who said that? It didn't matter. It was a poor philosophy. Give a soldier something to fight for, and you get more than you bargained for. Those Krauts were fighting for something; they certainly would come at you. What was it? What was their almighty reason? Possibly they were fighting for their homes now.

He knew that they weren't going to get him, but he wondered about the others. Someone had to go. What about those who were already gone? Could a merciful God let this continue? Millions of people wanted peace. All the good, sound, ordinary people back home wanted peace. Didn't the all-powerful God want it too? Thoughts like that could drive off sleep for awhile.

The sergeant made his way through the barbed wire, gave the pass-word, and received the counter-sign — words that stressed w's, which the average German would stumble over. The two men talked awhile in undertones. The sergeant always stopped to talk. It helped to pass away the time; it was good for the morale; it helped them to stay awake. The conversation didn't involve the war. You have heard similar conversations many times: a trip to Florida, the girl, a good prize fight or football game, a good poker hand, but especially the girl. Then the sergeant was on his way to check the next position and to talk awhile there—about

the same things.

Thirty more minutes and he could crawl into the hole for two hours of sleep. Sleep had a new meaning now. He had never put much value on sleep in civilian life. Why, he could remember not even wanting to sleep on different occasions. Now he could scarcely stay awake for his two hour shift of guard. Yes, sleep was a blessing anymore.

There was artillery going over now—big stuff. It was his artillery, and it gave him a feeling of security. He could imagine "Alabam" saying, "Hitler, count your men!" "Alabam" always said that when the American artillery went over. When shells were coming in, he would shout, "Where's the next one going to land?" "Alabam" was some boy; he was good in the pinches.

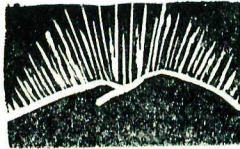
A moment or two later he heard the distant explosions of the shells. He couldn't see the flashes; he knew that they were over the hills out front. The Krauts would reply to those in a few minutes. He snuggled a little farther down in the position. What a big game this was. It reminded him of Handy-high-Over: toss a ball over a shed to someone on the other side, and then wait for it to come back. You know it will, but you don't know when or from what angle. You just wait.

He stuck his head and shoulders into the hole where his buddy was sleeping, lit a cigaret, straightened up, and kept the cigaret shielded. A flare of light would be suicide. Just a few more minutes of guard. He would help "Alabam" on with their one heavy overcoat, and his job would be over for two hours. Then he could sleep. Sleep would descend, he was thinking, like a soft curtain, shutting

out everything, protecting him in his blessed slumber. He liked that curtain. Hadn't he seen something about a curtain in a verse of poetry once? "— And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each

purple curtain — " What was that? Poe? **The Raven?** Funny time to think of poetry.

He didn't hear the shell come in, but it awakened his buddy.



## God's Will

Alan Markun

Infamous entity of the earth  
Indifference of matter and existence both  
Mankind in penance would cry unto the  
    skies  
Babbling prayers of supplication to non-  
    existent gods  
To that insensible Power that rules the  
    universe  
Revealed through the mute, unbiased  
    hand of fate  
Omnipotent force underneath all life  
Atoms, construction stones of the universe  
Filtering and transmuting in lofty accord  
Deep hidden in their constituency of  
    electricity  
The semblance of Supreme motive or  
    Deity  
Moving the momentous tide of nature's  
    will  
Contentedly altering in subtle, mysterious  
    way  
For their enormous colossus of constitu-  
    ency  
Until the unfathomable, far-flung goal is  
    reached.



# The Sea

Roger Chittick

A silent yearning for the sea lies deep within me. Sometimes it even seems that I can hear the surf foaming in my ears; and that joyful, lilting freedom that comes with the sea seems to permeate my whole being. It is then, in a strange reverie, that I find myself once more on the deck of a good ship, heading for open water. I see the flying fish leap clear of the prow; I stand on the fantail to watch the wake as it boils up below me and forms a clear straight line to the distant line of horizon. I feel the mystic power of the night at sea, when the black water below and the myriad stars above seem so near that I can almost touch them. I know the fury of a storm at sea when the ship lurches and strains in mortal conflict with the elements. I know the peace of mind that accompanies the great arc of sun as it sinks into the western waters.

There is an everlasting power in the

sea — a sort of undefinable, irresistible drive that has forced those “who go down to the sea in ships, who do business in great waters,” to come to the sea. A great part of the power of the sea over the minds and bodies of men lies in the release it offers from the petty conformities, the duties and customs that are imposed upon men by society. The sea sets the spirit of men free; it flings nature in his face. It gives peace to frustrated minds, beauty to those who would search for it. The sea challenges those who have drifted for such a long time in an established pattern.

So, men, too tired for tears, too defeated for thought, too encumbered with the pettiness of other men to reach out for the greater things, forget the cities, the smoke-filled air, and go down again, if only in dreams, into the arms of the everlasting, serene, immutable sea.

# The Night Scrubwoman

Joann-Lee Johnson

Night

Takes the old day

And washes it with dew.

She scrubs and scours

The faded hours

Until that day is new.







### THE ARTIST

Joseph Hopper, a young artist at Butler University who sketched "The Native," was born in Indianapolis on January 31, 1924. He graduated from Arsenal Technical High School and has taken work at John Herron Art Institute. Most of his sketches were made while he was serving in the Army Air Transport Command in Casablanca and French Morocco. He is an engineering major at Butler, with a flair for well-defined pencil drawings. His latest sketches will be exhibited at the Leiber Art Galleries this month.

# Interlude At Dawn

Rex Van Trees

Joey, Minnie Wilson's little black rooster, ended his raucous greeting to the new day and began to strut proudly about the back yard, pausing only to preen the glossy feathers of his neck or to peck at some nearly invisible object on the ground.

Minnie, awakened from a deep slumber, appeared at the back door of her dilapidated cottage, squinted in the direction of the rising sun and yawned, exposing a few, widely spaced, dirty yellow teeth. Her grimy night dress hung loosely to her knees, the material a mass of deep, horizontal wrinkles, ironed in during the sleep of many nights. Grunting softly, she scratched at her fat bell shaped body. The night dress rose and fell, its wrinkles expanding and contracting like loosely wound springs.

While Minnie occupied herself in this manner, Esta Gage emerged from her own frail dwelling next door. Walking briskly into her back yard, Esta emptied the dishpan she was carrying, pouring the dirty-grey water forcibly out upon the ground. Some of the water splashed through the holes in the rotten board fence, striking Joey. Leaping high into the air, he came down, a frightened flurry of feathers. Screaming chicken language, and with his tail feathers dancing as he ran, he fled to the rear of the broken down wood-shed behind Minnie's cottage.

Jerked from her reverie, Minnie clucked sympathetically. Shaking her finger in mock anger, she called, "Now lookie there, Esty, honey. You near scared my pore little baby to death!"

Esta grinned broadly. "That little ole rooster can really run up a storm

when he gets to goin'."

"He's jus' awful nervous, my baby is. He sure is a comfort to me though, pore ole lady living all alone."

Both women stood for a moment, gazing in the direction of Joey's retreat.

Minnie was the first to break the silence. "Whatcha doin' up so early, Esty? goin' somewheres?"

The furrows in Esta's forehead deepened and her eyes flashed. "Wasn't to bed whole night long. That man o' mine didn't come home when he got off from work las' night."

Minnie's small blue eyes widened, almost imperceptibly. Her felt house slippers, from which all ten toes protruded, made a soft padding sound as she made her way to the fence which separated her from Esta. She leaned forward and whispered, "Bill ain't chasin' agin is he?"

"Don't know. Now if he is, he better never leave me catch him. I told him last time I wasn't gonna have no more of that dang foolishness. He jus worry me to death." Esta paused, awaiting Minnie's sympathy.

Minnie did not disappoint her. "Sure is a shame, you been a awful good wife to that man. Can't see why he acks the way he does to you."

Her object gained, Esta hastened to change the topic of conversation. "I sat in the front window most all of the night, watchin' out for Bill to come home." Esta lowered her voice, half-closed her eyes. "Wait'll I tell you what I saw!"

Minnie and Esta drew nearer to one another, their faces nearly touching above the fence.



"Whadja see?" Minnie prompted, with ill concealed impatience.

"Well," Esta continued, "like I said, I was a lookin' out the window and watchin' for Bill when that Brady woman across the street come home about ten o'clock. She sure thought she was sumpin' fine, got out of a big car with some guy on her arm, an laughin' that silly giggle of hers. Walked him right into the house with her too, just as big as you please."

"What happened then?" Minnie's interest was fully aroused.

Esta stepped back half a step. "Well, now, I can't for sure say what did happen, but they sure was in that house together for a long time. That fella didn't leave 'til nearly 'leven o'clock."

Minnie was plainly disappointed, the tenseness that had been in her body, as she listened, visibly relaxed.

Esta, however, had no intention of relinquishing her position in the lime-light. "But wait, let me tell you something else I found out about that shameless hussy yesterday."

Minnie's face brightened and once more she became attentive.

"Her little girl, Edith, was over here yesterday in the afternoon, playin' with my Ethel." Esta explained. "Course now, I don't approve of my Ethel playin' with such as that, but you know how kids is, an' anyway, you know what Edith told

my Ethel?" Esta paused dramatically, allowing the suspense to grasp Minnie.

"Well," she continued, "Edith told my Ethel that her mother never washed her face in soap and water at all!"

Minnie gasped and stood, wide mouthed. "You don't mean it?"

"Yessir, just what she said. Said her mother never washed her face in soap and water at all. Said she used this cleansing cream stuff all the time to clean her face with. Can you imagine?"

Esta withdrew a step and watched carefully to note the impression she had made. At this moment, the front door of her house slammed shut. Not waiting, she dashed back into the house.

Minnie stood, mouth still agape, unseeing. Finally, she turned, walking as one in a trance. Shaking her head slowly from side to side, she made her way back to the door of her cottage. As she did so, she muttered softly to herself. "Cleansing cream — will I never — cleansing cream. Hmm." She smiled craftily.

Minnie's broad form was fading into the doorway as Joey's head peeked cautiously from behind the wood-shed. Seeing no immediate threat to his safety, he strolled leisurely back into the yard, clucking softly, pausing only to preen the glossy feathers on his neck or to peck at some nearly invisible object on the ground.

## PURPLE PATCH

The night descends, casting weird shadows, engulfing the city, hiding the evil, dispelling the good. It opens the gateway to uncontrolled imagination, and is the symbol of iniquity in all its fury.

— Jack Averitt.



# Analysis Of "R.U.R."

Robert Bowles

(The analysis of **RUR** by Robert Bowles is printed as an example of what is being done in Freshman Composition classes in the form of analysis. We believe that this is a superior illustration of a review of the important work by Capek.)

R. U. R. is a drama of ideas, and it contains a great amount of symbolism together with the conflicts between its ideas.

To begin with, there is a conflict between Domin, who believed in progress despite its effects on the individual, and Helena, who believed that the rights of human personality are more important than progress. I do not believe that Helena symbolizes the social worker who is interested in correcting something without knowing exactly what she wants to do. Helena, in my opinion, symbolizes the individual personality. Everything connected with this idea is vague and uncertain. No one knows what to do, even today, to protect the individual. It is a complicated process which has no clear-cut path. What is good for one man is bad for another. No wonder that Helena was confused. She agreed, as do we, that technological progress in its pure sense is desirable and beneficial to man. And yet she questioned progress when it crushed the individual to meet its ends, just as thinkers today question the exploitation of labor by business while agreeing that this exploitation benefits, in one sense, the human race as a whole. Helena was merely trying to weigh in her mind the effects of Domin's ideas, and to put across to him why she considered them wrong. She could not deny that his robots would reduce labor or make it agree that violating the human personality was wrong. Hence she was confused.

Domin symbolized progress. He was an idealist in that his belief in progress never wavered. However, I do not believe that Domin symbolized progress in the true sense of the word, and I do not believe that Capek was against the true idea of progress when he wrote this play. True progress is not only the subjugation of the material world so that all of man's physical wants are supplied. It is also a step forward or the improvement in man's moral and cultural outlook so that his mental wants are supplied. And of the two, mental happiness and satisfaction is much more important in my opinion than the mere satisfaction of material wants.

Domin was interested only in materialistic or technological progress and the extension of its benefits to all of society. While this was a very noble ambition, it still left unsolved progress in man's moral and cultured outlook. This never occurred to Domin as he evidently thought that man could and would be happy once he had satisfied all of his material wants. He thought that man could then spend all his time on improving his moral and cultural outlook.

From this idea comes the conflict between Domin, who wanted to remove man from the degradation of work, and Alquist, who believed in the dignity and usefulness of labor. Both in their way were right. Domin's conception of labor was the monotonous, dull, routine-like work of the common factory or office worker. A job such as this adds nothing to a man's life other than supplying him



with the money to keep alive. So reasoned Domin.

On the other hand, Alquist took pleasure in his work and would have been lost without it. This is a problem faced by the world today as it gradually reduces the hours of the working man.

The fact remains that removing the necessity of work does not solve the problem unless another interest or goal is substituted to fill the vacuum created. Here was the fallacy in Domin's plan. You must educate man in the ways of self-improvement before turning him loose to devote all of his time to it. Experience is also necessary for a correct understanding and interpretation of life. Without work and the contacts it affords, experience would be drastically curtailed; and theory or speculation would take its place.

I thought that in a way big business was satirized in R. U. R. The idea of the robot corresponds very nearly with the idea that big business had, and to a certain extent still has, of its employees. To them, their employees are merely for the purpose of doing a job in the most efficient way and in the quickest time. They are not thought of as individual people, but more or less as the robots were thought of by Domin.

In the same vein of thought, Domin arbitrarily decided that the robots would solve man's problem. Therefore, he proceeded on his own accord to introduce them into the world. The consequences were of no interest to him. Immediate results of the invention, horrible as they were, made no difference. What mattered was that his idea in the long run was accomplished regardless of the immediate consequences. Domin reasoned that although the masses were injured badly in the process, the goal justified his actions.

This I believe is not true progress, as it results in a backward step in the present for a doubtful and unsure advance in the future.

Now, if you substitute money in place of Domin's goal, you will have a picture of the reasoning used in many instances by big business, especially in the field of munitions. To these firms, as to Domin, the goal is all that counts; and this goal to them is profit. Take too the idea of sending the robot to the stamping mill when he wore out or something went wrong with him. Then look at past actions of business in regard to its employees' old age or occupational injuries. The employees were laid off — sent to the stamping mill — when they were no longer of use.

Now the above, I realize, are very broad statements and not applicable in many instances. However, the point is that in both the case of Domin and of big business, one man or a small group of men make decisions which affect the lives of millions, and they are accountable to no one.

One of the most important conflicts in the play is that between the materialistic point of view and the spiritual interpretation of life. The former is self-explanatory. The latter does not necessarily mean the presence of a Divine Being; but it means that there is a purpose or meaning to life for every individual over and above the satisfaction of certain wants. This conflict has already been discussed to a certain extent. Man since the beginning of time has felt that there is some reason for his being on this earth. If then, there is a purpose to life, it most certainly is not the mere satisfaction of material wants. After you have attained your goal, you still have nothing but an empty physical satisfaction. So



the purpose or meaning of life must lie in the field of education. Here the satisfaction comes from the mind, which more nearly than anything else approaches man's earthly conception of the Soul. These two ideas were in direct conflict throughout the play. Domin, in his complete disregard for the individual personality, allied himself with the materialistic point of view, while Helena and Alquist fought for the individual and were allied with the opposite side.

The robots to me also symbolized man at his lowest state. With no ideas and merely working at a given job, they seemed to represent the masses of many countries today. They, like man, were not free from the rebellion of mere work. They began to think, and hence became dissatisfied with their lot. True, the robots were free of all the passions of man, even man at the lowest levels, but the symbol still seems valid.

I believe that Capek in writing *R. U. R.* wanted to show that technological progress can be harmful if carried too far. In the end, technological progress, without accompanying progress in moral and cultural insights, could cancel itself out. In the epilogue of the play, the human race is completely destroyed by the robots. The robots themselves are unable to reproduce so their end is merely a matter of time. However, two robots suddenly become aware of each other and

of human reactions and feelings. Two robots have developed a Soul, or a mind, whichever you want to call it, and are human. In the end you have these two transformed robots whom Alquist symbolically calls Adam and Eve. You feel that although the other robots will die out, man in the form of these two transformed robots will survive. Everything is wiped out except man himself, and man must begin all over again as he did from the Garden of Eden. And yet you do not feel an overwhelming sorrow at the loss of all the knowledge or so called progress in the world. Man is left, and that is all that matters.

Progress then in its technological sense is of no use unless man can grow with it in his outlook and interpretation of life. Along the above lines, the play also suggests the immortality of man without necessarily advocating the presence of a Divine Being. Despite everything, the human race lives on.

I believe Capek was trying to say that technological progress is not as important as we may think and that it most certainly does not justify the destruction of any individual or human personality. He felt that the individual counted for as much as society as a whole, and that true progress realized this. Capek, in his way, was merely trying to make clear the idea of true progress.

## PURPLE PATCH

The shell of clouds was tinted with  
mother of pearl.

In *Clouds* by Francis E. Donahue.



# Drowning

P. M. Coffey

Up and down I went, slowly. I could see the women's legs hanging in the water from a log. I was only four, but I knew something was wrong. The water was a pretty bluish-green color and very quiet, except for the air bubbles that came out of me and the splash of the legs kicking in the water.

I didn't struggle, for I was not fully aware of what was happening to me. I had waded out into the water, and, all of a sudden, it closed over me. I went down slowly. When I got to the bottom, I started back up, at the same slow pace. I had my eyes opened and I could see clearly. When I broke the surface, I

could see several people, but no one seemed to notice me, and I went down again. The going down was a little faster this time. The women were still kicking the water with their feet. I began to feel sleepy and very loose-jointed. Pictures were passing slowly before my eyes, but none of them made any sense. The last thing I remembered was breaking the surface for the second time and hearing somebody scream.

Then I was lying on the beach, feeling very weak and tired. The women were still kicking the water with their feet.

# Magical Gold

Joann-Lee Johnson

Gold is the color of moon-dust,  
Of laughter, and pollen, and butter,  
Of daisies, and tow-headed youngsters  
Who keep secrets too fragile to utter!

Gold is the color of summer . . .  
Sun-gold and wheat-golden hours.  
The bee, a fat little drummer,  
Taps at the heart of pale flowers.

The fields lie supple and fragrant  
The clover, the rye, and the wheat.  
The wind is a gentle vagrant,  
So gentle, so loving, so sweet.

# Next Summer

John O'Drain

To others it is just an old-fashioned garden, along the bus route, but to me it is a nostalgic symbol. Every time I pass, memories of another garden filter into consciousness. A garden bordered with iris plumes of varied hues and perfumed with an elusive fragrance appears. An old lady is bent over a bloom of exceptionally delicate shade. She straightens slowly saying, "Lovely, isn't it, John?" Her hands are gnarled and dirty, her dress black and shapeless, but her smile makes you overlook all else. Again she smiles as she walks slowly over to the trellis where a rose vine tangles in among the spider webs. It is laden with blooms. "I thought I might lose the vine last winter during the cold spell," she says. Clipping off a scarlet flower she hands it to me. A cardinal suddenly sings out its nervous notes from a wire some distance away. Telling me that she has something to show me, she leads the way to the honeysuckle vine. There is a flash of dull red from within the vine, as a female cardinal darts with alarm from a nest. Four speckled eggs are visible in the neatly woven structure. "I do hope they grow into fine young birds," she exclaims. "Last year the cat killed the mother and young one night. I felt so sorry for the male. He kept looking around for a week before he disappeared." Her sad commentary was interrupted by the harsh clacks made by a male cardinal who had left his lofty perch to come to the defense of his family. Pursued by the wrathful bird, we beat a hasty retreat to the opposite end of the garden. As darkness was descending, I decided to leave. However it was not easy. Before the gate finally

slammed behind me I had listened to tales of neighborhood violence, of dogs invading the sacred garden precincts, and been presented with innumerable shoots and slips dug from odds and ends of her prolific yard. "Come back soon," she calls. "The poppies will be out shortly." I leave her as I found her, bending over some loved plant, the darkness blending her form into the bushes surrounding her.

Any day from March to November might bring her forth to attend to the garden. Always there was something to occupy her attention. Her energy was amazing for a person in excess of three score and ten years. In winter this energy was applied in a different field. Genealogy was her sole concern as the winds howled and the garden lay dormant beneath the snow. Her background was indeed interesting. She had written two small books. They were the result of long and painstaking research into the activity of her Quaker forefathers in their dealings with the Indians of the region. She was writing a third book when I last saw her. It was never completed. The piles of manuscripts and dusty research books were found in her study one cold February when she died without disturbance.

This woman had lived long after her contemporaries had vanished. You might expect a lone survivor of another age to dwell mentally in that age. But this one old lady had the secret of eternal youth, hope for the future — for new books to publish, for new plants to set out, for new seasons to welcome. I was sorry that she hadn't lived until summer. She never knew her new species of pink phlox had survived the winter to bloom in splendor.



# Awakening

Lulu A. Conn

When consciousness first reaches out to bring us from our drifting cloud of sleep, it is like the sunlight upon the floor of a woods, dancing in patterns of sparkling happiness, now and then arrested by a shadow of seriousness.

Flitting reflections of other days and a certain expectation of the days to come cast their pattern upon the mist, as if the wind stirred the leaves and allowed a little more sunlight to penetrate.

Then full consciousness grasps us with shocking force. The delicious drifting of sleep and the iridescence of wakening cease.

# Purple Patch

Radical groups are like leaky faucets. Inconsequential if the drain is open, but extremely harmful if the drain is clogged with selfishness, greed and hatred. Little drips of dislike and propaganda can soon become whirlpools of treachery.

The most effective weapon in dissolving this clog is not greed, hatred and selfishness in return. The catharsis is a simple word, called tolerance. A simple word that so few people practice.

Norma Brown

All men accept the presence of natural law, but all through the ages some men have not been satisfied with just knowing that such laws exist. They have wanted to know why wood floats, they have wanted to know what makes us laugh and cry. In order to answer their questions, they have developed a tool known as schooling. With this tool we can pry the lid off the secrets of education. With this tool, we can chip away the veneer that covers the surface of education and help ourselves to the riches which lie within.

— J. Winston Martin

# The Ageless Mystery

Clyde Steckel

The qualities of changelessness and everlastingness ascribed to God by man have not always been ascribed to him. The idea of God has grown, matured, and developed as the human mind has progressed, beginning with a narrow family or tribal deity and becoming a universal omnipresence. There are two reasons why these narrow conceptions of God have existed through the years.

First of all, abstract qualities and entities have had their origins and existences in the human mind. The great Hellenic philosophers discussed at great length the possibility of the existence of truth, honesty, justice, and the omnipresent, apart from their conception by the human mind. No satisfactory proof of their hypotheses, however, was worked out, so it is apparent that the existence and the presence of God are qualities attributed to Him by man.

The second reason for these human limitations which characterize the idea of God is closely connected to the first and lies in a basic shortcoming of the human mind. The human mind is finite in its nature. The human mind can picture only those things which have definite mete and measure. Beginnings and ends characterize human thinking. When man tries to conceive of something which has always existed and which will always exist, he is left groping in the dark for the complete meaning. The words "eternity", "infinity", "forever", and the like are meaningless to man in their literal sense. These words exist only general-

ly and comparatively. An approach to an adequate conception of God, then, lies in the removal of the qualities of the Eternal from the basic limitations of the human mind, as far as is possible.

This shift from introspection to objectivity can be made by studying the qualities of some concrete physical phenomenon which is generally considered to be everlasting. Most thinkers agree that the universe, of which our solar system is a tiny part, has eternal qualities. They tell us that the universe has existed and will continue to exist forever. It would seem logical, then, that these two abstract concepts would possess certain qualities in common. These known qualities of the universe can help us to understand the nature of God.

The beauty of the stars and of the planets is paradoxically personal and universal. Each person can see and feel its presence as his own, and yet it belongs to mankind as a whole. The universe is neither narrow nor localized, but is all enveloping. In its greatness, the universe is above petty concerns and differences. It can be depended upon as being regular and unwavering. The universe has a certain code of natural laws which must be obeyed.

Thus, the totality of God's greatest work seems to have absorbed more of His qualities than other specialized works, so that a thoughtful consideration and study of the universe would lead man to a closer understanding of the ageless mystery, God.



# The Last Word

We are presenting an unusually large issue this time (and it is unusually behind the deadline) because of the weighty and heroic proportions of some of the articles. Such essays as **An Analysis of R.U.R.** and **The Ageless Mystery** are representative of the work that is being done in the Freshman Composition classes. We believe that they emphasize important issues, and that they are well written. The source theme, **A Lost Island of Atlantis**, is a fascinating piece of research. Perhaps it will afford some help to the students who are working with the source material. The Great Books transcription (graciously set down in shorthand by Sue Higgenbotham, Nancy Dye and Betty Cramer) is an actual, but condensed, play-by-play description of the discussion on Aristotle's **Politics**.

We wish to introduce our new staff artists, Ted Wade and Joseph Hopper, in this issue. We are quite proud of the etchings which appear in this issue. We feel they represent some of the best art work that is being done here at Butler. Allyn Wood, another staff artist, has made the wood cuts which end some of the sketches. Jean Farson, also serving on the art staff, has designed the cut which opens the Freshman Section.

JESU MARIA 1690, by Allyn Wood, and THE DARK CURTAIN, by William T. Edwards, are featured in the Senior and Freshman Sections, respectively. May we recommend SANCTUARY, by Rosemary Ronsheim, J. HARRISON PEABODY, by Richard Jowett, and INTERLUDE AT DAWN, by Rex Van Trees as interestingly handled stories.

The Freshman Staff has worked very efficiently under a re-organization plan which attempted to unify them under four freshman editors, Marge Lanahan, Dale Marvel, Midge McKay and Kenneth Bush. These four editors are to be congratulated for their thorough handling of a large job.

We wish to thank Dr. Allegra Stewart and Mrs. Alice B. Wesenberg for their thoughtful criticism and gracious assistance in the production of this issue.

The Editor.