

minds of Eustacia and Wildeve to the heath that makes the story. It also creates a sort of mental calm and peace for Clym that ultimately makes him a preacher. The heath, serving as the protagonist, has with an irresistible force driven the story forward to its ultimate and inevitable conclusion.

Finally, in my analysis of the heath as a protagonist, I wish to show that it stands as a symbol, throughout the book, of life or at any rate of Thomas Hardy's interpretation of life. Earlier in this report I mentioned that Hardy pictures the heath as constantly changing at any given moment and yet changeless in the light of centuries. This same character is true of life in Hardy's philosophy; regardless of our actions and seeming change at any given moment, nothing in the course of centuries ever changes. Just as the somber wildness of the heath defies the revolutionary hand

of man and reduces all his efforts to nothingness, so in a similar way fate exerts its will upon the actions of our lives and brings all our struggles and efforts to naught. Throughout the book, Hardy uses the various subtle moods of the heath as comparisons with the various moods and destinies of men. Thus I believe that the character of the heath in "The Return of the Native" serves, in a very remarkable way, as a symbol of life. This is illustrated dramatically in the passage where Clym, walking home after finding that Eustacia had not opened the door for his mother, sees before him not the face of Eustacia but rather, "only the imperturbable countenance of the heath, which, having defied the cataclysmal onsets of centuries, reduced to insignificance by its seamed and antique features the wildest turmoil of a single man."

Foot Doctor

KING DUNBAR

Not long ago in one of those unbuttoned moods everybody has, giddy from cocoa and crullers, I allowed myself to be cajoled by mother, a mild hypochondriac, into visiting a osteo-something-or-other—hereinafter referred to as a foot doctor. After bracing myself with an "Omfsk," compounded of equal parts alum and Vat 69, I slouched down the street automatically glancing into the shop windows of the butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker. As I came abreast of the shoe shop, wherein said foot doctor was housed, I developed a curious dry feeling in my mouth. It was not a result of fear similar to that experienced when visiting a dentist, but rather

it was a reaction to the scene I beheld in the store window. The bones of a human foot on an alabaster pedestal were shimmering slowly from East to West, each little metatarsal vibrating with complete contempt for all I hold sacred. Not only was the thing rolling backward and forward, but it had developed an obscene sway to the side. I felt a sudden nausea, but inhaled deeply three times, turned, and marched into the store.

The foot doctor was a rotund fellow with eyes set in deep rolls of fat. This metatarsal-medic was an exact personification of one common type of foot doctor, the anti-violent type. He believes not in

reactionary measures of correction. His treatment leans toward painless methods such as salves, herbs, potions, corrective shoes, and conservatively colored socks. The fact that he owns 51% of the common stock of The Comfy Shoe corporation does not influence his prescription of corrective shoes. In addition, when leaving, he attempts to sell you a pair of custom made angora foot gloves.

As opposed to this first type there is a second, commonly called, (if you will permit a brief lapse into the vernacular), the bunion-beater or toe-twister. This fellow is tall and gaunt, bearing a striking resemblance to an Australian cadaver. If all the facts were bared one would probably find that he flunked out of chiropractic

school at an early age, but supplemented the resulting loss of technique by a graduate course in jiu-jitsu. As compared to the first type he does not believe in slow evolutionary correction, but rather in a violent revolutionary change. He attempts to affect a cure in one treatment, mainly because his administrations are not conducive to repeat business. Accusingly he points to your little toe and informs you that you are in the advance stages of degenerating digits; whereupon he applies a series of hammer locks, half Nelsons, and variations of the toe hold. Upon being released, the customary and most advisable procedure is to throw a "fiver" on the floor, (to distract his attention), and bolt, shoes in hand, for the door.

Memento Of A Region

JOSEPH D. HOPPER

The car sped down the highway. Many familiar hills and houses appeared on either side. The car gained speed as it headed down the hill. At the bottom, the highway leveled off across the bridge spanning the deep ravine. The noise of the automobile took on a new, hollow sound as it rolled upon the bridge. I looked over the valley spreading out to the left. How warm and green the valley was! How blue the sky was! How familiar it all was! The whine of the tires echoed from the limestone walls of the road-cut as the car began the long pull to the top of the hill. For one brief moment, it seemed that I heard the whine of the truck tires that time and time again had roared over this very same stretch of pavement. The car eased over the brow of the hill. The rolling table-land came into view, filling in the

space between the sky and the oil streaked pavement before me. Red earth! Jutting limestone! Rolling hills, spotted with patches of eroded red earth, and jutting limestone contrasted with green vegetation. On the rolling hills were corn fields, wheat fields, and pastures cut out of the sparse soil. Dotting the fields were familiar farm buildings and gravel side roads. With these familiar things came the memories associated with them, a large blot, and now there were memories of school, work, the click clack of eggs hitting the candler in an egg candling room, long hours of driving a truck through the country from early morning until late at night, popular swing music, city streets, robins singing, — and a war. Yes, I was deeply rooted in a Hoosier background.

I had been a buyer for a wholesale