

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

egg company. Twice a week my job had taken me into northern Indiana, and twice a week my job had taken me into southern Indiana to buy eggs from farmers. It was the southern trips that were now running through my mind. How pleasant those trips had been, especially during spring and early summer months. There were the long, early morning drives from Indianapolis. The truck usually arrived in the hilly state forests just as the sun arose from behind the misty horizon. It was pleasant to watch the sun melt away the morning mist as it rose higher and higher into the sky. The truck passed through many small towns, each stirring into life from the spent night of quietness. We sometimes drove through Bloomington while the high school students were going to their morning classes. The confused sounds of their shouts and laughter faded behind us as the truck tires sang their way towards the edge of town, still rolling south. A few miles south of Bedford, the truck left the highway to travel the rest of the way over gravel and black-top roads. It was time to begin the day's buying. Through the hilly, limestone country we bought all day. We were welcomed by the farmers with hearty greetings at the door, or a vigorous wave of the hand from the fields. Usually, at each farm, after business was finished, we paused to

exchange gossip or news of local affairs or from Indianapolis, "the City." I got something from those trips to the country. Perhaps it is a liberal mind. On the way back to Indianapolis at night there were "truck stops" where we would eat before "the drive home," serenaded by a juke box playing *Deep Purple*. If it was a warm evening, people would be strolling along the streets, or sitting in the open door ways and on porches of their homes as the truck rolled through Indianapolis for the last few blocks of the trip. A day's work was done.

The car sped along on its way home. In the west, the sun was only a thin streak of crimson. The hills faded to a blotch of blackish green. Flying gnats and wheat bugs flashed through the beam of the headlights and splashed into the windshield. The car rolled down the hill from the state forest on to the wide flat floor of the bottom lands before Martinsville. Nineteen thirty seven, nineteen thirty eight, —nineteen forty six. The headlights of an approaching automobile glared through the windshield, then disappeared. The road ahead was clear. There was nothing but the dark hills on either side, the moon shining through the clouds, the glare of the head lights on the highway, the fragrance of the wheat fields drifting through a half open window — and the whine of the tires on the pavement.

## Purple Patches

The scent of freedom is tantalizing to all persons bound by fetters, be they physical, political or spiritual.

Donald H. Emrick in

*Puerto Rico—A Republic?*

The terrific force of the explosion lifted John off his feet and into the air until he seemed, in that one moment, a tiny, weightless plaything tossed into the sky by some invisible giant.

William T. Edwards.