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OUR rose bushes bloomed in the casual garden that spread in the back yard of the Lascelle home. Old Mrs. Lascelle did not care much about the other things that grew there; all other flowers seemed to lack something when she saw them next to the rich, red roses that had the most beautiful smell on earth; all other flowers looked a little faded compared to her roses.

Her neighbors envied her those roses. Mrs. Norton, who lived on the corner, had tried to raise some with slips from the best bush, but they never came up the same. Mrs. Malletti, who lived next door, envied her too, although she never tried to raise any of her own. Lascelle guessed that most of the neighborhood women considered her to be a little foolish about the roses, always working with them, boasting about them as a woman would about her children.

What if they happened to be like the Malletti children next door, who worried Mrs. Lascelle nearly to death. They got wilder all the time, screaming and yelling and dashing across her yard and garden. They had no respect for an old woman or for property. It was their parents' fault, and no wonder, with Mrs. Malletti so untidy and gossipy and snoopy, and not having any pride in her yard at all. And that Mr. Malletti, whose working clothes were always greasy and soiled. No factory could be that dirty. He was not what she would call a good father, anyone who talked so rough. When she and Mr. Lascelle sat on the back porch of an evening, they could hear his voice through the door that was always open in the summer. Ever so often he came home drunk, and when he did, the evening was spoiled for the Lascelles, who had to go inside and close the doors and windows to escape the noise.

As she sat on the back porch mending, Mrs. Lascelle could hear the Malletti children playing one of their senseless games next door. They were running like crazy, and, likely enough, they'd be across her yard in a minute. She wished her husband were back from lodge meeting; she'd have him speak to Mr. Malletti about keeping his children quiet. Sure enough, here they came, straight across her garden, and the oldest boy had run right into her rose bush!

Mrs. Lascelle called out to them. "Here, you children, you get away. Go on over in your own yard where you belong. And you, Tony, don't you dare touch my roses again, do you hear?"

He turned, yelled back, "Aw, fooey," and ran back to the bush and deliberately kicked it. Another shout of defiance, and he was safely back in his own yard.

Mrs. Lascelle put down her mending and marched across the yard to the back of the Malletti home. She knocked on the door; it was opened by Mr. Malletti.

She began, without preamble. "I won't have those children running across my yard. That nasty Tony deliberately kicked my rose bush. You keep them in your own yard, do you hear, or I'll have Mr. Lascelle paddle them good."

Mr. Malletti's swarthy face, surprised at first, grew darker as she finished, and he practically shouted his answer. "Them kids ain't hurtin' you or your precious..."
roses, and they can play where they want to. If old man Lascelle lays a hand on any one of 'em, he better watch out, and you, too!"

Her mouth drew tight, and she drew herself up as she prepared a crushing rejoinder, but the door slammed in her face. As she whirled to go home, she found herself within reach of Tony, a highly interested spectator. With a surprisingly quick movement, she slapped his face, and his dismayed howls provided a bagpipe march for her triumphal return. As she settled down to her mending again, she heard Mr. Malletti call his children into the house.

Suddenly, the Malletti door flew open and all the children came dashing across to her garden, screaming and waving weapons. They spread as they reached the four rose bushes, attacking them simultaneously with kitchen knives, a hand sickle, even one with scissors. Mrs. Lascelle gasped helplessly for a moment before she dropped her mending and ran to the rescue.

The confusion was awful. In futile rage she ran at them, grasped at them, but they gave way before her and closed in behind her, yelling and screaming and hacking at her rose bushes. And through her anger and through the noise she heard Mr. Malletti’s voice shouting, “You and your roses. I’ll teach you to slap my kid. We ain’t got no roses, and you won’t have ’em either. Go ahead and cry, you old fool!”

For she had stopped running and was standing still in the midst of desolation, crying and sobbing, with the ruins of her roses around her. And about her danced the ecstatic children, waving their weapons and shouting, at her, at one another, at the sky, “You old fool, you old fool, you old fool!”

FOURTEEN LINES RIMED
IN QUIET DESPERATION

GEORGE COFFIN

Return and love you once again, you say!
Does this year’s winter night recall the gleam
Of moon-fire flash on mica coated stream
In last year’s snow hushed forest? Does the way
From Boston to the Inn out on the Bay
Still call you from the city in your dream
On restless nights? And do you ever scheme
To go again—go back to yesterday?
Return and love you? I have never ceased
To love nor left your side since we first met
In mystic moment charmed from time’s fast flow
Through coldly measured space. My love’s increased
With each repeating memory, and yet
No further meeting time is set, I know.
Johnny had squeezed himself tightly into a corner of the back seat of the car. He wanted to feel all alone with his grief. And he was a little angry because he felt so bad and still could not cry. The old farmhouse looked cold and lonely as they approached it. The trees were barren, and the entire landscape was dirty and grey. No breeze lifted a fallen leaf or stirred a dead weed. There were many cars gathered under the massive old oak tree—more cars than Johnny could ever remember seeing there, even for a family dinner. Everything seemed to have changed. The old wooden steps groaned louder; the large country kitchen was colder; and though the house was filled with people, it lacked any of the warmth of a crowd.

Johnny's grandmother groaned and held out her arms to him. "He's gone," she said, crying softly and rocking Johnny in her arms. Then, finally, he cried. "He's gone," she repeated. "Now, I won't have a home any more."

With the wisdom of his eight years, Johnny did not feel the need to say anything consoling. After a few moments, his parents gently pried him from his grandmother's arms. When his mother had embraced and attempted to calm her mother, they led him slowly toward the room where he had played simple chords on the old organ while his grandfather had played the fiddle with more zest than accuracy. Johnny knew what lay in that room. He wanted to pull back, but it was like a bad dream in which he had no will. He lifted his eyes slowly to look at the lifeless thing lying in the pink satin box.

"He doesn't look natural without his glasses on," said his mother.
"Mom wanted to put them on him," said Johnny's Aunt Inez, "But that wouldn't have looked right either."
"Touch him, Johnny," commanded his father. "Feel how cold he is."

Johnny would have protested, but he knew that his father always got his way when he invented these small tortures. He touched his grandfather's hand lightly and would have drawn quickly away had not the sensation been so unusual. It was like nothing he had ever felt before and certainly like nothing that had ever been alive. After a few minutes, he was allowed to escape. He ran outside where he perched himself on the stump of a tree which had fallen within the time of his memory. He sat and stared at the garden where he had guided the horse while his grandfather had plowed.

He was still seated there, thinking about these things when his mother called him. Loaded into the cars, they were driven slowly to the church. The church was one of those depressingly severe and graceless white buildings still common in the rural Middle West. Not here was to be found the privacy of an ante-room for the relatives and closest friends. The family was ushered to the front rows of pews. Johnny felt a mounting hostility toward the people whose furtive glances caught him looking at them. But his grandmother knew what was expected of her. She leaned heavily on the arm of the least emotional of her daughters-in-law; yet, she had a dignity. Once seated, Johnny had a feeling of people working
behind the scenes. Try as they might, those self-effacing people who were charged with seeing that this last rite went smoothly could never quite melt into the floral decorations.

Wedged between his father and his Aunt Inez, Johnny felt stifled. He wanted to sneeze; he wanted to scratch; he started to reach for a fan and then thought better of it. Then the rustling ceased and the minister said something which Johnny did not understand. Johnny looked at him curiously. He had heard his mother say that her father would sit up in his casket if he could know that the Nazarene minister was preaching his funeral. It was quite a puzzle for Johnny. He could well remember his grandfather’s talk about the Nazarenes. “They,” the old man often said, “wear their dresses so long they hide their ankles and look the other way when they pass a swimming pool, and then they get the spirit in church and roll in the aisles with their dresses up to their necks. And, he was also fond of observing: “Half the first-born children in the neighborhood have been conceived behind the Nazarene Church while three-quarters of the other half owe their birth to the soft sod of the Baptist Cemetery.” Johnny remembered these things but did not understand them. And he was much too young to comprehend the difference between Nazarenes, Baptists, Presbyterians, Catholics or Jews.

But despite his grandfather’s easily interpreted wishes, his sister—Johnny’s Great-aunt Sarah—could not be denied her preference when the Baptist minister was very conveniently attending a state conference. Because of all these things, Johnny regarded the minister with a more than average interest. He was dour and had a sinister look to a child of eight years. Johnny saw that his grandfather was, indeed, right. The Nazarene minister and Great-aunt Sarah had been cut from the same piece of cloth.

While an ugly old man with a quavering voice sang a song about “dew on the roses” and “hearing voices,” Johnny became increasingly inattentive, for he was experiencing the waking nightmare of not being able to move. This song and another song were interminable. Then there was an equally oppressive silence while the minister waited to be certain of absolute concentration on what he was to say. Then he began.

“In the presence of God, we are gathered here to commit to His care the soul of George Wainwright Crawford. Let us hope that we can find something which will be of comfort to his family. George Crawford lived all his sixty-five years in this county and is well-known to all of you. You all know that he was an honest man, hard-working and responsive to the needs of the community. He was a good family man. Yes, he was all these things. But he was not a deeply religious man.”

The minister paused for effect. There was a small disturbance in the back of the church — a buzz of conversation. Johnny noticed that his mother was fanning herself energetically and distractedly. Then the minister continued: “No, George Crawford was not a religious man. We might say he ‘got it honest.’ His father before him was not a religious man and had none of his children baptized.” The minister allowed a note of pathos to come into his voice. “I wonder what to say to his family? The Bible says about this——” And he began to quote liberally from the Bible. Johnny sensed something wrong. Not even his grandmother was weeping. The minister pushed home his point at great length. But Johnny was accustomed
to Bible stories told in greatly simplified modern English, and the minister's words were going over his head. Finally, the minister was finished with his text. He was closing when Johnny began to follow the words. "...that all men are sinners. We can only hope that God, in His infinite goodness and mercy, will forgive this sinner." Sinner! If he could have managed it, Johnny would have bounced out of his seat. He would have disgraced the family by shouting at the minister: "You're lying. My grandfather isn't a sinner. My grandfather is a good man. You're a liar. You're a liar."

Over and over he repeated it to himself. He gnawed on his clenched fists and began to weep in small, frustrated sobs. Insignificantly crowded between his father and his aunt, he was rendered incapable of movement and he was also incapable of speech. His Aunt Inez, seeing what she thought to be grief, patted him gently on the shoulder and began to weep too. Then Johnny saw that the minister, looking strangely triumphant, had finished and was standing in the pulpit.

People began to file past the coffin, making little remarks to one another and glancing at his grandmother who was weeping again. The storm of elemental anger began to subside; and in Johnny's mind, there was only despair. But already he was beginning to wonder. His grandfather was good, that he knew. It was a lie what the preacher said, but Johnny had always been taught that preachers did not tell lies. If a preacher could tell a lie, anyone could.

Finally, it was the family's turn to file past the coffin. The women were all weeping, and at the coffin, Johnny's father had a little fit of choking, but it passed. Then his grandmother, weeping profusely, went to the coffin and folded the cold hands, rearranged the pink coverlet; and when she finally turned away from it, the coffin was quickly closed. The pallbearers took their posts and, trying not to reel under the weight, carried the coffin from the church.

It was at the cemetery that the final blow came to Johnny's faith. The coffin had been lowered into the ground and the minister had said his few words, and stooping to gather a handful of earth, he let it fall on the coffin. Each dull thud of the barbaristic ritual echoed in the pit of Johnny's stomach until he was ill. He thought the meager handful of earth would never cease to fall. And when it finally did, he rushed back to the car.

The next Sunday, when his mother called him to go to Sunday School, he realized that he did not want to go. He lay there, thinking about it.

"Aren't you out of bed, yet?" his mother called, and her voice was sharp. "Hurry up or you'll be late for Sunday School."

He struggled out of bed and went to face her. "I'm not going to church," he announced. "I don't believe in God, and I'm not going to church."

His father's newspaper fell with a crash. "What's that? What's that?" he said. And then he pulled his scattered attention together. "We'll have no nonsense out of you this morning. Get in there and get dressed before I blister your rear-end for you."

Johnny threw him a belligerent look, but he obeyed. When he left the room, his father rattled the paper in annoyance. "What do you suppose has got into him?" he asked his shocked wife.
PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION

GEORGE FULLEN

When days are like an endless frescoed wall
Where long forgotten artists painted scenes
Of Bacchanalian revelings to honor all
Humanity's too well remembered libertines,
When nights are like a painting which profanes
The sacred sanctum of our purest dreams,
Portraying passions as a lust which pains
A lover and is never what it seems,
Then sharp desire which cannot be denied
Bids looking to my solitary state.
I raise my palette to portray my bride
Serene, well-tempered, wise—a perfect mate.
I shall not answer to the siren's call;
She holds me still who holds me not at all.
EQUINOX: WIND AND TREES

They storm above me!
Lean and stream above me:
Greater beings.
Copper, yellow faces
All the races
Meeting.

World is in the wind
Seed song creation
Roaring up the street—
hush: the leaves say "Krishna!"
under feet.

Note: Krishna is used because he is one of the most ancient gods, and because of the idea of reincarnation evoked by his name.

AFTER EQUINOX

The grey sky comes down
Across the Sierras and the plains,
Across the forests flaking to the ground,
While snow rises, a mist of starfish
From Bering Sea.

Birds are flown southward
Over their river-routes,
Fish are all gone southward
In their river-routes,
One to meet the sun, and one to sleep.

Now emotionless motion of the leaves
On the bough bending like a reaper of beauty
Prepares my love, my land:
This is a day of duty.
The Rose

PATTY LEWIS

Making sure the baby was asleep and that dinner was doing as well as could be expected, she crossed the dreary room another time to see if she could see Jim coming up the street. On her way to the window, she snapped on a light, hoping it would reach into the dark corners of the room until the ugly blackness there disappeared. But though the uncovered bulb glared brightly, it served only to make the garish furnishings more distasteful than ever.

The woman sighed. She hated the room. She hated being poor. She hated cleaning and scrubbing. She hated cheap clothes and cheap food. She hated always having to worry about paying bills and nagging Jim about money. She would not mind so much, though, she decided, if Jim did not hate the same things quite so fervently or loudly. Everything about their life appeared to irritate him — the baby seemed to be getting on his nerves constantly. If only the apartment were not so small! She pressed her hands to her temples wearily. Things would not matter so greatly — she would not complain — except that today was their wedding anniversary, and Jim had not even mentioned it. She could not remember when he had told her he loved her. This morning his conversation had been limited to a few unintelligible grunts and then some angry words because she had asked him not to stop at a tavern on his way home tonight with his paycheck. She should not have chosen that time to blurt out about the new baby, she reflected. His stoney silence had been almost more than she could bear.

It was getting late. He was probably well into his third beer by now. She moved over to a chair and tried to sit quietly with some mending, but her thoughts pounded in her head until she had to stop the pretense of sewing. What had happened to their marriage? Jim was so surly and uncommunicative. She would gladly struggle through sinks full of dishes and mountains of diapers if Jim would just come home and things would be as they once were. He never smiled or laughed anymore. If he would just come home! She dared not glance at the clock — perhaps something had happened! Each time he was late she went through agony — she must stop torturing herself, she knew.

She got up quickly and started walking around the room. She stopped in front of the mirror that poorly concealed one of the more obvious cracks in the wallpaper. She regarded herself intently. In the harsh light that illuminated her face, she looked worn and dull — even old. She was not old she wanted to cry out— but there was no one to hear her. She wanted to escape, she thought a little wildly — surely it was not too late.

Then she heard his steps on the stair, and she hastily composed herself. Relief mingled with anger as she waited for him to open the door, not knowing yet what she would say or do.

He walked into the room and stood there a trifle unsteadily. As she crossed the floor that separated them, she wrinkled her nose at the faintly perceptible odor of beer that clung to him. But she did not speak, for her gaze had traveled to his
hand and she saw he was holding a rose, one perfect blood-red rose still sparkling with tiny drops of water. For a moment she could not speak, and she watched his big hands clutch the stem of the rose so tightly that she was sure it would break as he waited for her reaction. She could move then, but before she buried her face in his rough coat, she noticed his smile at her evident surprise and pleasure. His laugh sounded warm and familiar to her ears.

Later as Jim was washing for supper, she paused in front of the rose. As befits an anniversary present, it was placed in the most conspicuous place in the room. She saw that it was drooping a little in the closeness of the room, but it was still breath-taking in its beauty. It might be days before the petals would fall and before it would wither and die.

SONNET FOR CHRISTMAS EVE

GEORGE COFFIN

Omnipotence revealed! The hidden Lord
Displays Himself in messianic light
Of Word made man. The awful heavens accord
The whole divided—yet, divided, whole tonight.
Kneel down, bow low before the manger. Pour
The pungent myrrh upon the blessed ground;
Fill holy air with frankincense; adore
The King in solemn chants till earth resound.
Tonight?

Prepare the crib of soul, then wait
By open door of faith; let rise the scent
Of prayer that burns with hope. Not yet too late
To keep the feast before the night is spent.
This night the infant Prince of Peace will come;
Venite adoramus, Dominum.
Le Havre---November 1945

What about this Mr. Flowery-Travel-Folder-for-Cunard-Writer?

How shall you handle this?

Can you convince the dowager from Boston?

Or the school-teacher from Kansas?

Or someone's Aunt Minnie?

No. Those pot-bellied little wretches on Pier 16

Won't make a good copy to be handed out, Cheshire-toothed

With sickly, solicitous smile, at sixth-floor-Field's.

What to do? Your problem friend.

But things like brawls over some choice morsel

Slapped into the side of a great tin drum by the boy from Fresno,

Who may or may not

Have felt those same pangs not so long ago—

"Let the little devils fight it out—good for 'em."—

Don't send them flocking up the ramps.

Suggestions?

Get the helecopter franchise for Rhode Island.

Manufacture pogo sticks,

Or just return to your fur-lined tripe emporium to think it over.

Think it over.

Over—it's yours.
The fire burned brightly in the gloomy room, and a November rain beat drearily against the high windows. The guests were held in a strange hypnosis by the atmosphere of the hour, and none challenged the old man's statement. They waited, expectantly, knowing that some story must follow, and after a moment it did.

"I am thinking of a woman of whom my mother told me," he continued, relighting his pipe and looking into the bright flames before him. "Indeed, it was the day that reminded me of the story, for this woman's troubles—if such they can be called—began on a day which must have been much like this one.

"She was a beautiful girl (so my father related) and one known throughout the district as kind and virtuous. In a day when piety was valued above all other virtues, she was religious even above the strict standards of the time. She was modest and sweet and charitable, and all who knew her loved her and respected her. Her family was an old one in the community, and what is now known as a 'good' one.

"In view of all these things, it is not hard to understand that she was quite popular with the young men who knew her, and she was courted constantly by numerous hopefuls, who sent her flowers and bonbons and successions of tender letters. All of this attention did not turn the head of the young lady, however, for she was, as I have said, a model of modesty. Her one vice was that she read constantly the light and frivolous novels in which love was treated as an exciting and mysterious passion. It is possible that she dwelt too deeply on these things, at any rate she gradually came to the conclusion that a beautiful and thrilling romance would never come to her from any of the men she knew. Unwillingly she resigned herself to her fate; but in spite of the proddings of her anxious parents, who wanted her to marry young while her opportunities were best, she could not come to like one young man better than the next. She treated them all with a warm friendliness but was consistently indifferent to their charms as lovers.

"So at last it came to be November—a day, I have said, not unlike this one. The young lady's good parents went visiting that Sunday, but she pleaded a headache and at last gained permission to stay home alone. Actually she had no real headache, but only the dull stuffy feeling which, I believe, we all know when our lives seem to be taking an unexciting turn. She was vaguely dissatisfied with her existence though she knew not why, and the greyness of the day depressed her greatly. So in an effort to amuse herself, she turned to a brief novel concerning a lady whose love affairs were more illicit than uninteresting. Being truly pure of spirit and mind, however, she dutifully put away the book after perhaps half an hour's reading, feeling guilty to have touched such forbidden fruit. But, as it often happens, although her intentions were clean and she felt true sorrow at having read the unfortunate story, the incidents related kept popping unbidden into her mind. Distraught at being visited with these impure thoughts, she went to
the piano and there tried to lose herself in music. Here again she was betrayed, for the melodies that sprang to her fingers were frivolous and sentimental and altogether in keeping with wild longings for true passion. Poor girl! Who are we to judge, who perhaps are not even her equals in purity of spirit, how valiantly she fought these strange thoughts and desires!

"The afternoon wore on and her mood became increasingly strange. Exotic music, the like of which she had never heard before, somehow came from the ivory keys she touched. The room in which she played seemed filled with mysterious perfumes, and yet only that morning she had noticed how musty and damp it smelled. She drifted off on an imaginary cloud to far-off lands, where her shining knight awaited, and there (in her fantasy) she attained perfect happiness on earth such as no mortal had ever before even dreamt. The rain, beating against the panes, lulled her into a waking sleep, and it seemed to her that she did not really exist among the commonplace, that her fantasy was reality and reality the dream.

"As twilight came on, she came back to herself to some extent, and leaving the piano she went about the house seeing to the fires and lighting the lamps. Her parents returned shortly, and in a little while they ate supper. If she was unusually quiet, they perhaps attributed it to her pretended headache, or perhaps they did not notice it at all, for parents who know their daughters best are sometimes the most blind to unnatural moods.

"At any rate, it was known by the parents as well as the girl that a certain young gentleman was coming to call that evening. Of all the many swains, he was perhaps the most constant in his attentions. He was a handsome lad and quite wealthy, but there were whispers in the district that he had indeed sown his share of wild oats while away at the university. Our young miss had heard these whispers, and for that reason was always unusually modest and withdrawing in her contacts with him because she felt that purity in a man was the greatest virtue and that there was something slightly shameful in permitting attentions from one on whom the whole county passed judgment. Her mother shared this opinion, but she was charmed by this particular lad's grace and manners — and no doubt by his fortune, for she was only human — and steadfastly asserted that she believed none of what she termed 'malicious and jealous slander.' The father of the young lady made no comment aloud, but to himself was grateful that at least one of what he termed 'this simpering generation' had had a taste of what he considered real life. It was the natural admiration of an older man for traits which he recognized — but did not admit — having had in his own youth.

"At any rate, the young gentleman arrived in time to take coffee with the family, and they chatted politely of politics and weather, until at last he suggested that with her good parents' approval perhaps they could take a stroll, for in spite of the November damp it was quite warm out and the rain had ceased. And so it came about.

"I cannot say exactly what happened on this stroll, for the lady always conducted herself in the most refined manner. But a moon had risen now and lighted the banks of clouds in the sky in a most unusual and stirring manner, and the soft damp air suggested spring rather than early winter. It might be also that the mood of the afternoon had so conquered
her soul that all the virtues she had guarded so carefully thus far in life abandoned her in her hour of need. But before the couple returned to the house, she had tasted the bittersweet fruit of passion.

"Of course they were married, and almost immediately, which fact caused no little comment among the good people of the community; and some of the less charitable parishioners were heard to attach unkind epithets to our lady of virtue. Of these things I know little, but at any rate the newlyweds settled down in a handsome home and in the early summer became proud parents of a handsome young son.

"Now the young lady, as I have shown before, was not in love with this her husband much before her marriage to him. In fact it is quite possible that even as she made her vows at the altar, the look of sadness which many noted on her sweet face was not due to leaving her parents whom she loved, but going with him whom she did not. I cannot say with certainty, of course, but what passed in the next decades would lead one to believe that such thoughts are not based on truth.

"For as the years passed, and other children came, the couple showed increasingly their love for one another. It became the talk of the community how his eyes glowed with love at mention of her name, and how her face lighted with tender pride when he was in her sight. The children grew up strong and happy, as children do only in an atmosphere of true love, and the happiness of the entire family became a byword in the surrounding countryside."

The fire had burned low, and as the old man finished his tale the guests stirred uneasily. The entire company sat silently in the dark and gloomy room, their minds busy with many reflections of many natures.

At last one of the younger guests, a serious-faced youth, leaned forward with some hesitation.

"Tell us," he said, "if she was a truly good mother and if she repented her sin, or if she merely put up a greater sham than that she had put up before. If you know these things, tell us."

"My son," said the old man slowly, a ghost of a smile upon his lips, "what I have told you I know to be true. She was the best mother a boy could have, and her love for her husband, once acquired, was the strongest I have ever observed."

"But how can you know?" cried the youth.

The fire crackled and a log crumpled among showers of orange sparks. The old man bowed his head and closed his eyes.

**SAMPLING . . . .**

I guess most of us have someone or something which hangs in our mind like that old coat in the hall closet—not always visible but always there to bring back memories when the door is opened.

*Goofy*

ROBERT CHAFFIN
The Whitewater Valley

Ed Lewis

The main fork of the Whitewater River has its origin in the rugged hills near Laurel, Indiana. This swirling, torrid, foam-flecked stream comes pouring down out of these hills into the lowlands which form its broad basin near Metamora. When it leaves this peaceful Hoosier hamlet the stream threads its way through a series of graceful spirals until it reaches the historic little city of Brookville where it is joined by its little sister, the east fork. The path of the river, from Brookville to the spot where it empties into the Miami River near Miamitown, Ohio, leads it through some of the most beautiful scenery to be found in Indiana today; but seen through the eyes of the early pioneers, it produced a panoramic scene of even greater splendor.

Early settlers pushing inland up the Whitewater, clad in its garments of spring, were amazed by the colorful glory of this ribbon of white water with its backdrop of green hills. A pioneer standing on one of these hills near Brookville on a typical spring day was blessed with a vision of indescribable loveliness. At his feet he saw thick stands of virgin timber striding majestically down to the edge of the flood plain. Here on the plain grew the water-loving species of plants — gnarled willows and roughbacked cottonwoods, mingling in a democratic spirit, with the gigantic, silvery trunks of the stern and noble poplars.

Under these heavy trees rose the dense green blanket of the underbrush. Here the smaller plants, whose seed had been sown by angry flood waters, vied with each other in a struggle for sunlight. It was a struggle made more difficult by the thick mass of curling vines, spreading and creeping over the basin — seeking plants on which to climb. This carpet of snarled vegetation crawls down to the very edge of the peaceful stream which gurgles contentedly against the bosom of its rocky banks. The watcher sees a streak of light flash briefly and then fade again into the now dimpled waters as a bass, darting up from the shadowy caverns below, strikes down some hapless insect. There is a faint splash from the far bank and the sleek black head of a mink splits the crystal clearness of the surface where he swims across. The water flows back in a V-shaped wedge as he drives his slender, agile body with powerful strokes. Reaching the bank, he climbs gracefully out, shakes himself to dry his dark, rich fur and vanishes into the undergrowth.

An azure sky decorated with scattered puffs of white clouds, drifting aimlessly before a smoke-free breeze, forms a canopy over his head. A hawk, his sharp eyes riveted downward, floats effortlessly above the clouds on tireless wings while he searches for prey. His hooked talons curl against the soft red feathers of his breast as he keeps his lonely vigil. His shadow, sweeping ominously over the little denizens of the forest, strikes terror to their hearts and they crouch trembling until it passes.

The wide-eyed pioneer envisions the day when he can claim this vast untamed land as his own, for to him who has tried in vain to eke an existence from the barren rock-strewn hills of New England, it
seems a very garden in the wilderness. The vast tracts of fertile soil contrast vividly with the brushy untiltable slopes of the Alleghenies through which he has passed on his sojourn into the unknown. He has crossed half a continent to find a land to his liking, and now it is spread out before him in all the luxurious splendor of its spring colors. This peaceful, sylvan scene strikes a responsive chord in his heart. He realizes that here he has found the Promised Land—free from the oppressing hand of the tyrant. Here is a mecca for all the travel-worn settlers who are trudging their weary, westward way. Here he can build a home to shelter his loved ones; he can rear a family whose roots will be so firmly entrenched in the soil of this quiet, secluded valley, that generations of his offspring will till the soil of the very land he now gazes on and grow old with the passing seasons; the ageless, majestic hills and the graceful, sweeping curves of the beautiful, unsullied stream will impart a sense of serenity and security to their souls, letting them live peaceful and productive lives in a land of their own making.

Already the prophetic gaze of the hardy pioneer can see the lush bottomlands divided into fields where the green corn waves its proud tassels and the golden wheat ripples gently in the August breezes. His mind's eye pictures herds of sleek, contented, whitefaced cattle grazing fetlock deep in the fields of beautiful bluegrass.

Yes, the long quest is at an end. Here, sprawling before him, is a land which any man can be proud to call his home.

SAMPLING . . . .

The hours were passing smoothly with the homing ship, and in that calm spring evening, the sea scarcely stirred. The pale sun dipped and sent a silver path shimmering along the blue water. Ever so slowly the sun sank at the end of its path, spreading its colors to the heavens. The fading rays were gradually blotted out, but in those waters where the horizons were empty, one felt the presence of home.

Home

RICHARD C. DUGAN

— 17 —
The paradoxical Falstaff appeals to mankind at all points of their natures. The wicked find in him a bosom companion, the sedate discover a moral lesson which is pleasant in its learning, and the gay are thrilled with the pure joy of his wit. No other character in literature has embodied so many ignoble characteristics and at the same time produced in his readers so many sympathetic reactions. The disreputable, the cowardly, the mean and the villainous have been combined by the artistry of Shakespeare to produce a figure so highly imaginative that we have not the slightest expectation of ever meeting a man who has a similar combination of qualities, and yet the lessening of any of these characteristics would have detracted from the vivid realness of Falstaff. He is completely a character of the imagination, skillfully drawn for the purposes of the author, but he lives far more vividly in the realm of the creative than many flesh and blood heroes live in memory.

Falstaff is a paradox in that he is the personification of evil and yet produces a sympathetic reaction in his reader. He is at one and the same time appealing and repulsive. Shakespeare has violated all the moral rules of literature in making a base character appear lovable. Few sensible persons of today would delight to have their sons consorting with a Falstaff, yet when they read him they not only are not shocked, they chuckle. Evil is represented in almost every line which he utters. He is a perfect representation of corruption, immorality and degeneracy. Most of his statements are either lies or half-truths, his actions are prompted by convenience, self-love and greed. He holds wide the open door of temptation and invites others to walk with him. An examination of a few excerpts from *Henry IV, Parts I and II* will reveal his crudity, his lack of sensibility, his low ideals and his love of expediency.

Falstaff's true colors are displayed in the first appearance which he makes upon our stage. Prince Hal describes him accurately in Scene II, Act I, Part I: "Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon..." Thus, from the very first we are acquainted with the indolence and vice of this man. In this same scene we see his hypocrisy. He resolves to forswear his evil ways.

Fal. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, and I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse tomorrow, Jack?

Fal. Zounds! where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; and I do not, call me a villain and baffle me!

Resolution means but words in the life of Falstaff, a fact which the Prince knows very well. We become acquainted with his cowardice in the scene on Gadshill, Scene II, Act II, Part I, not only through his conversation but through the action which ensues; and his vanity and braggadocio are delightfully plain to all.
in Scene IV of this act which takes place in the tavern at Eastcheap.

Prince. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what yet call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature!

Falstaff's dissolute habits would be amply revealed by the various situations in which we find him as the play progresses, but to make the matter indisputable, our author contrives to have him found with a bill in his pocket showing that he is debtor for “an intolerable deal of sack” and but one half-pennyworth of bread. His bloated condition, a constant object of Hal's ridicule, indicates dissipation, and his very size, untidiness, awkwardness and coarseness of language should be offensive to us. But somehow they are not.

His love of life rather than honor is further illustrated for us in his behaviour at Shrewsbury in Act V of Part I, and his despicable intention to take the credit for the slaying of Hotspur is not at all out of line with his character. His inexcusable abuse of the king's treasury in his capacity as a captain in the royalist army betrays his insatiable greed, which later lends him even the audacity to ask the Chief Justice in Scene II, Act I of Part II, to lend him a thousand pounds after he has despised, patronized and insulted that worthy gentleman. Falstaff is definitely an opportunist of the first rank. He lives in the here and now and pushes away from him every serious thought of the future. All the subterfuges and hoaxes which he perpetrates are bent towards some immediate end — the gaining of money for more sack, or the reputation of bravery in the present hour.

In view of all these obvious examples of his infamy, why have countless thousands of readers taken Falstaff to their hearts, rejoiced at his triumphs and resented his final ignominious end? The answer, of course, lies in his wit. He is “not only witty in himself but the cause that wit is in other men.” And by means of his wit he turns all situations to his advantage, for “a good wit will make use of anything.”

The humor of Falstaff is many-sided and will bear investigation. Chief among all its phases, perhaps, is his magnificent art of evasion. The clever and enviable trick of outsmarting and turning the tables on one's persecutors has always been admired. The dexterity and keenness with which Falstaff parries all thrusts at the vulnerable spots in his character and magnanimously forgives those whom he has injured delights and captivates us. His very audacity compells us to admiration. The most wonderful examples of this skill are found in Scene IV, Act II of Part I and Scene II of Act I in Part II. In the former scene, which takes place in the Boar's Head Tavern at Eastcheap shortly after the trick instigated by Poins and the Prince, we find the group, rascals all, assembled to hear Falstaff's recital of the event. His quickness soon reveals to him that something is afoot. He senses treachery in the air and in splendid fashion he casts discretion to the winds and gives the Prince and Poins a tale worthy of their exertion. It is at the beginning of the dialogue when Falstaff says, “... two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits,” that something clicks in
his mind and he senses the hoax. From here on the tale is monstrous and so wildly framed that the joke begins to turn. When the revelation comes, Falstaff is ready, and his grand assertion that his instinct was greater than himself in forbidding him kill the heir apparent crowns him with glory and his tormentors with confusion. The second outstanding instance of his ability to turn a troubled situation to his own advantage appears in his conversation with the Chief Justice. First feigning deafness, then admitting boredom, he finally parries thrusts defiantly with this gentleman, and as a parting shot asks for the loan of a thousand pounds.

This continuous battle of wits in which Falstaff engages, always managing to slip away from just consequences and turn the situation cleverly to his own account, presents to his readers a delightful conflict in which they themselves join. They, too, play the game with Falstaff.

The success of the game, of course, depends upon the alacrity of Falstaff. None is so quick as he, though the Prince runs him a close second, at seizing the proper remark or epithet for the occasion and uttering it with the right amount of indignation, gusto or pomposity. He has a quickness to make use of the other man's hesitation and thus seize the moment for himself and a clever ability to turn the tide of conversation away from a distasteful subject, such as death by hanging. Of course, he is often inconsistent. Having decided that honor is but a word and therefore empty air, he makes use of his heels to take him from the scene of battle where it may be found; yet in his soliloquy on sack he indicates that he would want to supply his sons with an abundance of this commodity in order that they might be filled with courage and valour. Yet of a character such as this it is not required that he be plausible but that he entertain us. We love him for his quick ability to evade and escape and reverse a situation, for his pungent vocabulary, his fat belly and strutting walk, and his enthusiasm for his sins.

What then does he add to the action of the play? It may safely be said that his chief function is that of humor and wit. But it is wit for a purpose. If Falstaff is a representation of evil, as he surely must be, and that evil was strong enough to entice a Prince away from his royal pursuits, then it must be shown with all its appeal in order for its power to be understood. In this sense Falstaff illustrates a theory of evil. Evil has an enticing and engaging power over human beings when it appears in the guise of wit and mirth, and a multitude of sins can be drowned in a glass of sack. But nevertheless it receives just condemnation at the hands of the virtuous. The Prince's treatment of Falstaff, judged by Shakespeare's standards, is completely just, and when Falstaff stands completely baffled and crushed in the wake of Henry Fifth's train, it is only that the devil has indeed been given his due.

It must not be forgotten that Sir John Falstaff was a knight and as such he was one of the lesser nobility. This obscure fact which the Falstaff of Eastcheap causes us to forget seems to have double meaning when we consider the condition of the aristocracy of Shakespeare's day. Corruption and vice, graft, injustice and treachery were at the very heart of the system, and the common people, oppressed and hidden by fees and taxes, supported these parasites of the nation. The nobility, swollen to a great size, corrupt and degenerate, seems to find a counterpart in
the enormous bulk of the immoral Falstaff. In this capacity he serves as the representation of a sociological problem, the problem of how to reduce the power of the nobility.

Technically speaking, of course, Falstaff, together with the Prince, is the unifying element of the two plays. Often appearing in both of the parallel plots, he bridges the action from one to another, and the very force of his personality gives life to the whole. Thus we find the historic characters fading in reality beside the imaginative creation. He also serves the dramatic function of a foil for the Prince. The wit and keenness of the Prince is sharpened by his contacts with Falstaff, and the vigor and resolution of the new king is heightened by a comparison with his former companion.

We, of course, are not able to interpret which of these functions, if indeed any or all, Falstaff was first created to serve. But it seems fairly certain that, regardless of the author's original intention, Falstaff outgrew his role. The domination of his personality casts a shadow over every other character or principle in the plays, and Prince Hal himself must share honors with Falstaff. Indeed, in the matter of characterization he must bow completely. Here was a character which grew and grew with each speech he uttered until today we read, not *Henry IV, Parts I and II*, but Falstaff.

**SOURCES CONSULTED**


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**SAMPLING . . .**

We are given a glimpse into a few hours of the life of a small Kentucky town, probably a few years after the turn of the century. A bit of the life of a small community has been detached bodily from its niche in time, unrolled before our eyes, and then placed back with a matter-of-factness which is disquieting. We realize that this story is but a few feet somewhere in the long reel, and we are left to fill, in our own minds, the before and the after.

*The Washerwoman’s Day*

FRANCIS DONAHUE

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Shall We Prestidigitate?

HANS STEILBERGER

PROBABLY the most difficult task for an immigrant is the mastery of the language of his new country, especially for a European coming to the United States. Before the war thousands were able to make the voyage from restrictions and oppression to a new life in America. Unfortunately, many of them did not have the opportunity to acquaint themselves with the language of the land of their choice. As a result they faced a hard struggle when it came to settling down to the task of learning to speak in a new and entirely different tongue from the one to which they had been accustomed. I speak from experience when I say that life can become almost unbearable during this struggle.

Age is a predominant factor in one's ability to pick up a new language and new customs. It is much more difficult for older persons, who have become too deeply settled in their own habits, to make the change to new ways of speaking and thinking than it is for the youngsters, whose minds are still open and receptive to new knowledge and habits.

In December, 1937, the world looked bright to my almost 13-year-old eyes as I stepped off the gang plank of the "S. S. Hamburg" in New York. My journey to Indianapolis (a city swarming with Indians, I had been led to believe) and a new home was practically over. My entire English vocabulary consisted of two words: "yes" and "no." From having seen several American movies in Germany, I also knew the meaning of the phrase "no smoking," but I was not very sure of its pronunciation.

My first ride in a Pullman was a memorable experience. I shared a lower berth with another boy who had come over with me and whose knowledge of the English language was as restricted as mine. Our restless sleep was definitely interrupted with the coming of daylight, and we took great delight in watching the scenery pass our window. After passing scores of billboards we soon came to the conclusion that an epidemic was raging throughout the country. The reason for this supposition was the fact that we had noticed several advertisements for "Four Roses" whiskey flash past us. They all bore the legend: FOUR ROSES — THE GIFT HE'LL ENJOY! A bottle was pictured on the left side of the ad, while a holly wreath reposed in the upper right hand corner. Only one word in this display was familiar to us. It was the German word for poison — Gift. Interpreting the wreath as a sign of mourning, we gathered that a bottled poison had claimed its victims in many communities and that the posters had been displayed in order to save others from a similar fate. Weeks passed before the real meaning of the slogan became apparent to us.

There is nothing more discouraging to a monolinguist than to hear a strange language spoken in a conversational tone and know that he is supposed to learn, eventually, to speak it in the same manner. At that time he is ready to despair and give himself to complete resignation. Imagine, then, my misgivings at hearing, after having been in this country less than two
weeks, that I would be starting to school. Fear of the prospect of facing children my own age, all well versed in the English language, for the first time nearly paralyzed me, and my food did not taste good for some time.

During the aforementioned two weeks I had been busily brushing up on the comic sections of the newspapers since I was at least somewhat able to interpret the actions in pictures. I was particularly fascinated by the comic strip "Just Kids," which dealt with the adventures of one Mush Stebbins and his pals. One phrase, "Oh, boy, am I thirsty!" (uttered by "Mush" while trying to persuade his mother to advance him the cost of a soda) stuck to my mind. Not knowing what it meant, I was, nevertheless, very often repeating it and could not for some time, figure out why it was that every time I spoke these words in company, the hostess would get up and shortly return with a glass of water or a soft drink for me.

My fear of school was quickly dispelled on the first day. Since I was somewhat of a novelty for them, all children accepted me readily. Besieged with questions, I could only shake my head weakly while attempting to catch some of the conversation by leafing through my "kingsized" dictionary, which I constantly carried with me. But, somehow, I could never find the words when looking for them, for my untrained ears grasped only the phonetic sounds of the words while the dictionary, unfortunately, was printed in good old-fashioned English. The whole matter was very confusing.

Another fault of my dictionary was the fact that it was a very comprehensive one, giving several meanings for every word, and I invariably picked the wrong or obsolete one when I wanted to say something. Well do I recall the strange looks I received upon offering to prestidigitate, when all I meant to do was to shake hands.

The beginner in the English language finds it very hard to perfect the enunciation of the "th" sound. There is no sound in the German language which even approximates the "th." Until the novice discovers the secret of the correct tongue position, he will, as a rule, pronounce the definite article as either "zee" or "dee."

The letter "r" causes the German, whose pronunciation of the eighteenth letter is extremely guttural, even more trouble. He has to go through a series of bronchial contortions before he learns to approximate the manner in which the American speaks that consonant. I remember the difficulty which accompanied my trying to borrow a ruler in school. When no one would understand my "wuler" I shifted the positions of my tonsils slightly and then blared forth a raucous "rrrrruler" much to my embarrassment and the amusement of the others.

Very confusing is the multiple pronunciation of certain letter combinations in the English language. The "gh" link is an outstanding example to illustrate this point. Only through bitter experience does the unwary beginner learn that it can be spoken as "f" (laugh), "g" (ghoul) or be silent (through).

Enough to drive even the advanced student to drink is the use of slang in the English language. I'll never forget my horror at the announcement that I was going to have "hot dogs" for supper. I had read somewhere once that the Chinese sometimes preserve worms and snails in honey, but I found it hard to believe that civilized Americans would turn to "man's best friend" for their delicacies. It was with visible relief that I saw only a couple of innocent sausages on my plate that evening.

The fact that the English language con-
tains so many synonyms does not make its study any easier. The German has but one word, for example, for both hide and skin. But just compliment a lady on her lovely hide — then be prepared to make a dash for the nearest exit!

Ten years in this country have gradually done away with my heavy accent. True, a trained ear will still detect a "brogue" in my speech, but most of the time I am taken for American-born, possibly from the East. My dictionary now reposes in a dark nook in my bookcase. No longer do I have to consult it to find the English equivalent for the German word meaning "end." Had I done so, however, it would not have surprised me to see myself concluding this article by saying: This is the LIMIT!

Corot And Debussy

DIANA HARVEY

I have often sensed a likeness between the art of Corot and the music of Debussy. Both men picture a dreamy, make-believe world, peopled by slender, fragile creatures, who languorously drift their way through life. They have no cause to be different, for their world itself is languorous.

The trees and the grass — always shadowy and obscure with a gray veil of mist — have never bent or broken in a strong wind. They slowly sway to and fro, swung by a gentle breeze. The trees arch above the walks — tall and gray green, and along the walks beneath the trees, stroll the lovely pastel creatures of Corot.

Always in the air floats the music of Debussy — the ethereal music of dreams. It pretends to be the song of birds in this dream world and sings from every tree. If loveliness could be heard, it would sound this way.

Those who walk beneath the trees and those who lie upon the grass, gazing up at the vague, gray sky, do love to listen to this music, for it is part of their life. Without it their world would be deathly still, and as they live on beauty of sight, so also do they live on beauty of sound.

If the music were stilled, they would murmur softly among themselves; then gradually becoming still, they would finally fade away and die.
Today was to be special. It had to be. The sun through the windows of the bright reading room was a harbinger. The sun gold-edged the emerald leaves of the lilac bush. It danced across the back yard, painting small platinum flecks between the lace-like ebony shadows of the giant maples. The breeze wafted through the open windows pushing the curtains lazily inward and carrying the sweet dew damp scent of the garden into the room.

Leona turned from the window inhaling deeply and smiling. Yes today — today would be the special one. The hint was everywhere — in that breeze, in the sun-flooded room — everywhere! It was a wonderful day. She faced breakfast with an alacrity that was uncommon to her. She faced every moment with renewed vigor. It was funny the way the day had this effect on her. There had been other days almost like this, days entertaining the same elements, days on which the sun had shown in the same manner and on which the light of it had sifted its way through the trees and the lilac bush, gilding the edges and lying on the ground in the same crazy quilt pattern, but on those days there had not been this feeling inside her. In all her fifty years of life there had never been exactly this feeling. It was unique. It belonged to today.

Margaret, her maid of all work, was just inside the kitchen door. She looked disappointed. “I was just fixin’ to bring your breakfast up to you, Miss Leona.”

Leona looked closely at the maid, but there was nothing in Margaret’s eyes to convey the idea that she too felt it was a special day. There was rarely anything in her eyes. They were quite blank, in perfect keeping with her bland, expressionless face. Oh well, it was of no consequence. Margaret never felt anything. The cogs of her senses were worn smooth from constant rubbing against the world in the wrong direction.

But Leona was not to be discouraged. She sat down to breakfast. It was a good meal, seasoned properly. Today it was unusually good. When she had finished, she returned to the reading room and settled to the morning paper. There was nothing in it to hold her interest. She felt almost girlish today. It was a silly feeling but she enjoyed it. She enjoyed everything. She left the house and stepped into the back yard.

The meter-reader from the water company came whistling up the back walk. She smiled cordially and he nodded and read the meter and nodded again, also smiling, and went whistling back down the walk. Perfect! Everything so perfect! She puttered around in the yard the rest of the morning, helping the roses in their effort to climb the white picket fence and planning which flowers were to be planted the next year.

Lunch time came and went and the long, hot afternoon set in. She took a pitcher of iced tea and a magazine and went to the front porch. She settled down in a glow of contentment. About four o’clock Mrs. Vandivier phoned and they talked for a good half hour, but this was not the wonderful thing that was to happen. This was not special . . .

She went back to the porch, and at five o’clock Margaret came to the door and said that supper was ready. Leona ate in meditative silence. The sun glimmered
through the window, a deep orange-gold. She could look through the small dining room and see into the kitchen. The light was reflected in the porcelain of the sink, tinting it a weak orange color. The day still looked special—perhaps it still could be. After supper she went back to the reading room and picked up a copy of Oscar Wilde's works. She found the book too weird for her mood.

Evening was nearly gone. Afterglow had settled over the garden, and the birds called throbbingly to one another through the half dusk. She put the book down and walked to the window listening to the varying whispers of the night. It was a sweet, caressing warmth of sound and the breeze whispered too—of good things.

She would not give up hope—not yet. Perhaps there was still time. She left the window and the room, standing long moments in the doorway before she switched off the light. She did not turn on the light in her bedroom, but undressed slowly by the window. She kept glancing out across the yard—peering even at times.

Reluctantly at last she drew on her night dress. More reluctantly still she slipped into bed. A long time she lay quite still, wanting to cry, but she did not. This had happened before. There had been other days which seemed special and had turned out this same way. Perhaps some day that seemed like today would be special. Yes, that was right. And besides, if today had been special then tomorrow could not be. And it was better this way—thinking that because today had not been special perhaps tomorrow would be. Her face, almost unlined, rested in the silver opalescence of a patch of moonlight. She was smiling . . .

On Reading Shakespeare

D. R. Barnes

I've often heard this item said,
Mouthed in intonation dead,
"Heap fiery ashes on his head,"
Deliver me from Shakespeare!

Too much forsooth . . and by my hand,
I just can't seem to understand,
I guess I have a faulty gland.
Deliver me from Shakespeare!

The foolish sage . . the learned clown,
The loud oration, smirk or frown,
I might as well read upside down.
Deliver me from Shakespeare!

Distorted plot to unschooled minds,
Meaning sought like "Fleece of Hinds,"
The tortuous way the knowledge finds,
If you will but read Shakespeare.

The pulpy rag the fool reads
Doth only augment all his needs.
A greater joy that far exceeds
Is yours if you read Shakespeare.

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Religion--Rationalization Or Reason

MARION LOU SPEARS

I believe that God exists as the creator and ruler of the universe. I accept and uphold this belief with what I hope is near to pure rational thinking. I realize that I still hold to a few of the old concepts that I first had in childhood, but I feel that I have made great progress.

Being fortunate enough to have a mother who liked to have me go to church, I attended Sunday school, listened to the teaching of the lesson and took part in the annual Easter and Christmas programs. Yet something evidently was wrong with the way I absorbed the angelic stories of the Christ Child and the vague explanations of God. Still vivid in my remembrance is a certain Easter program of which I was a small part. As I sat in my crepe-paper flower costume waiting for the program to start, I looked up at the huge red velvet curtain stretched across the stage. Suddenly, my imagination conjured up a scene of the deacons of the church digging up Christ behind that crimson drapery! I retained that same horrible awe for Christ and God until I was nearly twelve years old. Without the least doubt, I accepted all the gruesome tales that only "hell-fire" evangelists can create. As for hell, I saw a fiery red pit filled with tortured people prodded by men with pitchforks. I had a vague notion that people climbed a ladder to a golden palace that was heaven. Once, oddly enough, I dreamed that I climbed that ladder, but how disappointed I was when I saw my goal as a flat garden with dry red grass growing on its sloping sides.

In my second year of high school, I began to shed the scales of ignorance and misinterpretation concerning religion. Partly through the companionship of Christian young people and partly through the intelligent approach of our kindly minister, I joined the church and was baptized. My ideas had changed and continued to change. I could no longer accept God as a mythical figure on a throne in the heavens, dealing out miracles and punishments to the sinful horde of people on earth. My increasing knowledge and awareness demanded reasons for things. If God sat in the heavens in a physical sense, why was he not seen? Even in my younger childhood I had lain on the ground and stared long and hard into the sky trying to see God and wondering how he could see everything on the earth at once.

In another year I began to pull new ideas together and to search the Bible for proof of what I had theorized. I didn't find the twisted interpretations that other people found; I found love and human companionship as the two components of the Christian religion. I knew how snobbish and yet patronizing church people could be to those whom they call "sinners," and I knew that they were wrong.

At present I find that my studies in philosophy and science have shown my conception of God ready for more broadening. Until now I believed that God was in the form of a spirit—that is an actual being outside of myself and the world. Now I am willing to accept God as a spirit of love, life and fellowship within the human heart. The powers of the humble insignificant man to raise himself from his depravity and ignorance are infinite in God. I hope that my last phrase has brought my belief out of the particular category of autonomy. I am still humble in the fact that
God makes free will possible and thus gives man the power of deciding his fate.

I must admit that although I have retained an open mind toward religion, I have done so only because the beliefs to which I was accustomed did not satisfy my own ego. I couldn't accept Calvinistic depravity and determinism because I desired freedom of will. Nor could I accept the Jonathan Edwards interpretation of "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" any more than I could accept a fairy tale or a pagan creed. Perhaps I am rationalizing, but if I am, I am satisfied that all the rest of the religious world rationalizes too.

Two Impromptu Compositions

A DIAGNOSIS OF MY COMPOSITION ILLNESS

GEORGE TRIPLETT

"My dear fellow, complete recovery from your disease rests entirely in your hands. There isn't much we can do for you."

That's what I've been told by many doctors. Don't get me wrong, these doctors are not M. D.'s. Usually they are Ph. D.'s who have majored in English, and by whom all students have been treated. Many students are successfully cured of needless errors in English composition and are sent on the merry, healthy road to better writing, but in my case, as the doctors say, it is entirely up to me.

What is this dread disease that none of the competent, well trained people can cure? It is thinking with my pen. It seems that I can't get an idea or dream up words to write until I take up my little maroon Eversharp and begin doodling on a piece of paper. As soon as this department store magic wand is in writing position, ideas flow fast and frantically through my brain.

Is this serious? Well, it would not be if the ideas were complete and well formed, but it seems when the pen stimulates the idea portion of the brain it numbs much of that organ's reasoning power, consequently the thoughts aren't in their best form. Thus, to make the written work acceptable, much revision and rewriting are necessary. What is more discouraging than rewriting a work many times?

It is up to me, they say, to force myself to think things out in my head instead of on paper. They certainly have never had this disease; it just isn't as easy as that. The pen is like a plug for an electric light—the light just will not shine until the plug is in the outlet.
Allyn Wood uses symbolism to a rather large extent, and quite effectively, I believe. We are introduced to one of the cats, with its characteristic reserve and mystery, in the first paragraph, whereby an ominous atmosphere is created. Miss Wood continues to bring in cats and more cats until we feel just as Argus did about their penetrating presence. The cat, that creature of abstract mystery, quiet ubiquity and impenetrable character, certainly symbolizes the very existence of father and son in a house made mysterious by the father's continual probing for knowledge of what is beyond mortal senses to know.

The citadel, a place of reverence for things unseen, a protection from the wiles of the world, is an appropriate symbol for the life of the father and son, who were for each other sanctuaries of solace and protection from mortal criticism. Even the children on roller skates are deliberately introduced to show Argus the characteristic elements of the outside world. The last bit of symbolism, and one of the strongest in emotional climax, is the fish-spine on the bed. It repeats to Argus all the facts he knows too well—those cats, and now just the skeleton remaining of the citadel. All the symbols add emotionally to the story, as I have tried to show.

The theme is that of man trying to comprehend that which appears not his to understand, of the unreal against the real, and of a man's decision as to which is the real. It also tells of a boy's conflict within himself as to which to choose, his own life or that of his father. Torn by love and loyalty in conflict with his sense of independence, Argus has difficulty deciding which is best. The former is the theme, and the latter merely a secondary conflict. I cannot think that this story is morbid. True, it deals with a rather sorrowful circumstance, but it does not dwell upon it in an unhealthy or abnormal way. The boy Argus portrays the hope and courage of youth in dealing with such a problem, thus showing a less sorrowful side. I think Miss Wood has given a truly accurate and well-told portrayal of such a problem.

Music can do all this because music too is a living thing. It is the story of mankind told in a million voices and a thousand languages. It lives and breathes in the city and the country. It sways and dances on the four winds, floats on all oceans and sails through all space with its message for all peoples.
I have before me a photograph.
Not just another picture to be looked at and casually turned aside but—
One of monumental significance.
To me—

And to all the world.
It is the picture of a man.
A working man.

“Hear—spinning world,

I am hunger and represent all that is privation and misery.
I represent the scourge of generations—
Eternal theme: DEATH, by slow starvation.
See in me the strife,
The sweat,
The sorrow of all mankind.
I am listless. I am slowly perishing.
See my slumped shoulders once
Straight and proud;
The stringy sinews
Of arms that once could flex with power and sureness.
I am a daylight ghost,
Fit for naught—but company with
The dead.

And the history of a time is
On my emaciated face.
Etched deeply are the lines of strife and sorrow;
Hunger
Is clearly defined in my hollow cheeks.
And I am filled
With a dull pain.
Is no immediate pain
Mine
That will hurt and pass away,
But a pain born of hunger
Slow . . .
    tortuous . . .
    starvation . . .
That has reduced me to a mechanical being
Comparative to the cold machinery that surrounds me
Day by day.”

LESTER ISAACS
Co-pilot Arnold Thurber's sly, cunning eyes became mirrors of wide-eyed terror and disbelief as he watched the bomb-bay doors of the huge bomber close the last inch. With haste born of desperation, he whirled and fought madly to return to the pilot's seat. Already the huge aircraft had started to spin. Reaching the pilot's seat, he saw, with glimmering hope, that pilot John "Speed" Lawson had the salvo switch shoved back in place.

As the plane started a final mad whirl for the ground, the ship's commander had a faint smile on his lips; of that Thurber was sure. A kaleidoscopic scene appeared before his eyes as the centrifugal force pressed him solidly against the bulkhead. Thurber's thoughts with the whirling plane.

It seemed only yesterday that he and Jack Lawson were in high school, both striving for the city championship in the one-hundred yard dash. Each had broken ten seconds during the season, and the winner that day was to receive a scholarship to State.

"Speed" won . . . . and he kept on winning. When State had an invitation to send a man to the Gardens, it was freshman flash "Speed" Lawson who went.

The wind protested with shrieks of dismay as the plane cut a fiery, ragged pattern across the sky.

Lieutenant Jack Lawson was to be married one week from today to Janie Coffman. Thurber could remember the days when he was number one on Janie's Hit Parade, and Lawson was a poor second.

After Jack had enlisted in the Army Air Corps, it seemed that Janie's conversation was more and more about him; then came that infamous night when Arnold could stand it no longer and had made the crack about "Speed" being a sucker. After this Arnold heard no more about Jack or the Air Corps. He and Janie had "split up" that night. The greetings letter came the next day, and Arnold was gone before he could begin reconciliation overtures.

Soon after, he read in the alumni magazine that A/C John E. Lawson and lovely Jane Coffman were engaged; now he was assigned to a crew with Jack Lawson as first pilot. Neither the meeting nor the first few transitional flights had been too bad. It wasn't until he saw Janie at the Officers Club that he decided to kill Jack Lawson . . .

It started as a routine short cross-country flight. However at 7,000 feet, a fire had started in the number three engine before it was noticed. As "Speed" pushed the bail-out buzzer, Arnold knew that this was his opportunity. The engineer and radio operator having already bailed out, Jack jerked his head for Arnold to go. Thurber's hand closed over the small fire extinguisher which was a perfect weapon for his preconceived plan.

Jack had risen half out of his seat when Thurber struck. It was the look on Lawson's face, a sort of understanding, that really scared Thurber.

Now Thurber knew! Jack Lawson's last effort had been to close the bomb-bay doors, turning the flight deck into a death trap.

"Speed" was out. He would never know when the plane hit.

Arnold Thurber's ironic laugh swelled into a crescendo.
Articulate Flier

EVELYN HAMMOND

Bernie Lay’s flier may be inarticulate, but mine isn’t. He is my cousin Gib, Gilbert Robert Hendren Browning (my family is addicted to long names), and when he isn’t flying, he loves to talk about everything.

Since his graduation from Shortridge, my twenty-four year old cousin has studied aeronautical engineering at Purdue, architecture at Wabash and DePauw, and business administration at Butler and Indiana University Extension; he has been pledged to Alpha Tau Omega and Delta Tau Delta fraternities, but he has never stayed in the same college long enough to be initiated.

Somewhere along the line Gib learned to fly, and the three years that elapsed between his attendance at Purdue and Wabash were spent in the Army Air Corps. When he received his lieutenancy, Gib was the youngest second lieutenant in the air corps—he was seventeen.

Gib was born to fly. To him flying is the only thing worth doing. His plane is his sweetheart and the sky is his heaven. Gib is the bodily form of those heavens which he loves so well. His eyes are the bright blue of a summer sky; his hair is the same color as the sun on a good flying day; he is as straight and streamlined as the ships he pilots, and his moods are as varying as the heavens themselves. One minute he is as calm as the sky during the lull before the storm; the next, the torrent has unleashed itself; and he is as wild as a hurricane. Soon, however, his anger has spent itself, and he is his usual cheerful self.

In the air corps Gib was assigned to fly pursuit planes, and at Tampa he finally met his favorite sweetheart, the P-51. Just as some men love all blondes, Gib loves all airplanes; and, just as every man loves some particular woman, Gib is enamored by one special plane, the P-51. She is a sleek, maneuverable craft, fashioned for unpredictable men like Gib by other men who understand what kind of ship they need.

Gib was transferred to Bainbridge Field in Georgia after he was commissioned a first lieutenant and it was there that the most unhappy incident of his life occurred. Gib was flying over Bainbridge one day when a navy pilot’s plane collided with his P-51. The P-51 caught on fire, forcing Gib to bail out and abandon his plane. The ship was burned beyond the salvation point, and for a few days Gib was heart-broken. In a few days, however, he was flying a new P-51, and he was in love with her.

The war is over now and Gib is just a reserve officer, but he is still happiest when he is flying. And every day he does just that; he is a test pilot at Stout Field.

There is a special Valhalla to which all good pilots wing their way eventually. The two Wright brothers are the chief luminaries of this place; one of these days, Gib, with his soft, very slight southern drawl, will feel right at home there with them.