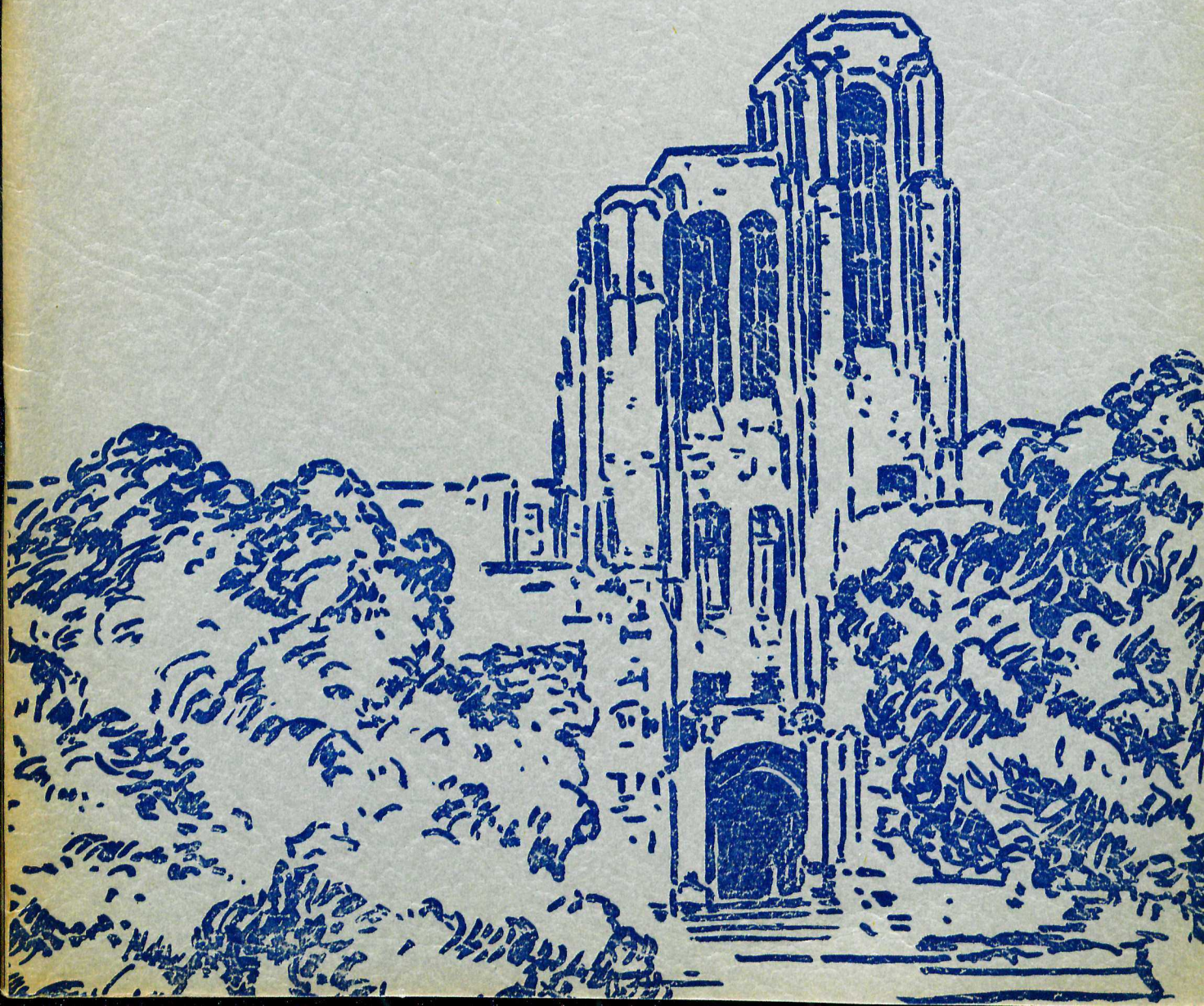


MSS



MSS

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Reprisal

GEORGE FULLEN

SAM was just too tired to pay much attention to the soldier who paused at the entrance and slid his eyes over the long, low building which was a combined Post Exchange and Red Cross Club. On the side toward the ocean, numerous posts had been imbedded in the ground and round tops nailed to them to serve as tables. A sign announced that it was a beer garden. Here were gathered the worshipers of sun, sea air and beer, and not a few who found watching specks on the horizon become ships and the surf leaping high against the rocks on the coast less boring than doing nothing. After a long, careful study of the crowd, the man's eyes caught Sam's, and Sam was startled into recognition.

"Sam," Ralph shouted as he approached the table.

"Ralph, I'll be damned!" was all Sam could say as Ralph clutched his hand and thumped him affectionately on the shoulder. "When did you get in?"

"Last night," Ralph answered. "Never expected to find you here. Thought you went home a month and a half ago. What's the delay?"

"I'm 'waiting for ships that never come in' like everyone else in this hole." It was an old joke to the men at the table and no one laughed. As Sam mentioned the names of the men in the group, Ralph pulled up a beer case, sat on it and accepted a bottle of beer. Then Sam asked him: "What's new in Algiers?"

"Nothing," Ralph answered. "Dearest town I ever saw since all the 'old-timers' started shoving off. These new guys haven't got any idea of how to enjoy life. Speaking of enjoying life, I've never been in Casablanca before and I'd like to see the sights."

"This town's got some," Sam replied with that curiously possessive pride which comes with seniority. "Real bars — and Martinis that'd walk off the table if you didn't hang onto them. When do you want to go in?"

"How about this afternoon?"

"What's your hurry?"

"Well, we're not supposed to be here long."

Some of the men at the other tables turned to stare and to wonder what was so damned funny.

Ralph and Sam crawled off the truck which had finally picked them up after more than an hour of waiting in the heat of the African sun. They knocked some of the fine, cloying dust of Camp Dushane from their pants and stood for a moment looking at the familiar spectacle of shabbily dressed Continentals and colorfully ragged Arabs, slowly rattling carts and small, speeding European cars, and army trucks, busses and jeeps. Shine-boys, prostitutes and black-marketeers crowded the small square where the trucks unloaded *les Americains*.

"That's the Vox," Sam said, pointing toward a large, modern building. "Red Cross Club, movies, snack bar and ice cream — sometimes."

"Same old stuff. I'd rather see the town. I've got a watch I want to sell, too."

"I wouldn't, if I were you. This isn't a good town for the *Marche Noir*. Everytime you turn around in camp, you hear about someone getting rooked. Too many transients. The town's as bad as when I landed here two and a half years ago."

"Well, let's look around anyway," Ralph said, and Sam knew that he might

as well talk to the Sphinx. Ralph had a high regard for the mighty dollar and none of Sam's scruples.

"That's the Montmartre Bar over there, but it isn't open 'til four. Nothing's open 'til four. I know! We can take some pictures up in the park."

They walked up the street. At the corner, they stopped while Sam pointed out the *Banque du Maroc*, a large building of marble and granite which combined the best of modern and Moorish styles of architecture, and the Post Office across the street, completely Moorish, very garish and ornate. They crossed the street and walked toward the tower of the City Hall. It was when they stopped in the park to take pictures that the boy approached them. The 'boy' was like all Arabs except the very young and the very old; he might have been fifteen or fifty.

"Hey, Joe," he said, taking them in with his shrewd, darting eyes. "You got bizness? You got watch for sell, mebbe? You speak me one time; I speak you."

Sam brushed him aside, but Ralph asked confidentially: "How much will you give? *Combien?*"

The Arab named a figure equal to fifty dollars. Ralph just looked as though he could not have heard right and made a counter proposal at four times that figure. The Arab offered five dollars more, and they settled down to the haggling. Sam wanted to say: "Look here! You know you're going to compromise for about a hundred dollars; so why not save time and agree on that price right now?"

Instead, he said: "Listen, Ralph! Don't let the bastard fool you. They've been pulling a little deal around here that ends with you paying them to take the watch. They flash five thousand francs just like he did, then palm it, and slip you a fifty instead. And you always have to give them change."

"I'm smarter than any Arab living so

don't worry," Ralph answered and Sam shrugged his shoulders. "I've got him up to forty-five hundred francs and he won't go a cent higher. Ninety dollars for a fifteen dollar watch is pretty good business."

He tried once more, but it was obviously the Arab's last price. As Sam watched the transaction, it was like something done in slow motion that he had seen before and always knew what would happen next. Ralph fished five hundred francs change from his billfold. The Arab waited while the watch was unfastened; then he offered a banknote, carefully folded so that no corner showed. He grabbed one end of the watch strap and surrendered the bill. The slow motion ended as he jerked at the watch. Ralph had been shrewd after all and still held one end of the strap securely. Then the bill was unfolded. It was fifty francs. The next instant, Ralph had full possession of the watch and had a firm grip on the Arab's arm. The Arab dug frantically in the folds of his filthy rags for the five hundred francs which he had already pocketed. Then Ralph had that, too, and the Arab had slipped from his grasp and was gone.

"That was close!" Ralph was breathing hard and looking stupidly at the money in his hand. "I'll be damned. I'm winners fifty francs." He still held the Arab's fifty francs. "If you hadn't warned me, he'd have taken me sure. The switch was almost too fast." He strapped the watch back onto his wrist, and he and Sam started back toward the business district of town, snapshots forgotten.

"So that's why they won't offer an even five thousand," Ralph said. "While you get the change, they make the switch. I'm cured. You can't do business in a town like this."

Sam could not resist saying, simply: "I told you so."

The two men were about two blocks

from the Vox when another Arab attached himself to them. Ralph began chanting: "No, no no, no-no-no—" And then there was one at Sam's side, too. A third seemed to come right out of the wall which they were passing and suddenly Sam knew that it was an unhealthy situation.

"They're giving us the rush," Sam said, slipping the words out through his teeth. "Keep an eye on your watch and pen or they'll steal 'em right off you." They had closed in and were plucking insistently at the men's sleeves, still pretending to offer a deal. They turned at the next corner and Sam knew immediately that they had made a mistake. There was not an M. P. or another G. I. in sight, and although it was a crowded street in downtown Casablanca, they might as well have been alone in the middle of the Sahara. Sam covered the pockets which contained his valuables to let the Arabs know that he was wise to their game. From the corner of his eye, he saw that Ralph had an Arab collared with each hand.

Give it back!" he yelled. As Sam rushed in, he saw something blue fall to the pavement. He grabbed it, recognizing it as Ralph's pen, and got out of the way.

"I've got it. I've got it," he repeated over and over, but either Ralph would not let them go or the Arabs would not get away from him. Sam was furious and common sense deserted him. He waded into them.

Small though they were, the Arabs showed the rugged strength that comes from rough living which naturally eliminates the weakest. But the two men soon had the upper hand, and when the blood began to flow from the nose of one of the Arabs, the wave of temper subsided. The men pushed them away; and feeling themselves free and beaten, the Arabs were soon out of sight. The men retreated wordlessly to the Montmartre.

When the waiter had brought them two Martinis and Sam had gulped his down, the words began to come. His intense anger put to shame the tempest of ten minutes before. His voice was low and husky, soft yet strangely vibrant—too obviously controlled. But there the control ended.

"I hate fights," Sam said. "It's been fully ten years since I've been provoked into one."

Ralph started to say something, but Sam continued: "You know damned well how I feel about the Black Market. And you certainly know that I feel the Arabs to be justified in their sins—" He interrupted himself, grew redder for not having phrased his remark properly, and corrected himself "—understandable, not justified; that I think they are a people who have been sold out by their leaders to the French; and that that is only possible because they are deeply religious and their religion commands their allegiance to those same leaders. It must be the same kind of allegiance that gets me into a fight on your side."

Ralph was angry, too, when he said: "You surely don't think I got into that fight on purpose, do you?"

"Do you think there was no connection between the watch incident and the fight?" Sam asked. "If you do, you're being naive. 'An eye for an eye' is the Arab's motto. You know that as well as I do. This all just goes to prove what I've always said: people who keep their noses clean aren't in much danger of being rolled. We're still winners fifty francs and a bloody nose. I'm damned glad the bus stop is right across the street, otherwise I'd be scared to death."

Sam knew that Ralph wanted to hit him, but he was not afraid of him. That lack of fear, curiously enough, always seemed to accompany the controlled voice and the more precise English. Knowing the full value of his tongue as a weapon, he had often wondered if, perhaps, it was that

lack of fear which made the weapon effective. Now, he knew that it must be. Ralph wanted to beat him up and was quite capable of doing so, but he did not try.

They sat in silence for a while. Finally, Sam got up and Ralph followed him from the bar. At the corner, Sam was nearly knocked down by two drunken sergeants. Standing at the bus stop, he watched them weave their way down the street to the next corner where they stood and talked, punctuating their conversation by tapping a finger on one another's chests. It looked so much like they were having a duel with forefingers for weapons that Sam had to smile. Just before the truck picked up Sam and Ralph, Sam saw them hail a passing taxi, an open carriage drawn by a tired horse that was impassive to the commands and lashes of the Arab driver.

"We want a woman," one of the drunken sergeants said to the driver. They were not too drunk to know from whom to get a lead on what they wanted.

"Oui, Monsieur," answered the Arab. He slapped the reins on the horse's back and drove off down the street, delivering his usual discourse in mixed French, Arabic and English—really made understandable by gestures—which extolled the physical virtues of the women in the house to which he was taking them.

Dusk had arrived as the carriage neared the native quarter. Three sullen faces peered out of the shadows as it rattled on its way, watched it progress a few yards, and then as if by a common decision, the three Arabs padded quietly after it, caught up with it, and hooked a ride on the back axle so smoothly that only the driver was aware of the extra weight on the back of the carriage. He said nothing. If it were merely a stolen ride, he was being more than adequately paid by the two Americans. If the stowaways intended robbery, his cut

would probably be more than his cut from Madame Paulette would be if he were to get them safely to their destination. By the time he turned down the side street which led to Madame Paulette's, it was very dark.

The two blows came so close together that, had the driver been less keenly aware of what was happening, the blows might have seemed to be one. He turned to see the three Arabs climbing over the folded carriage top. Once in the carriage, they raised their clubs and began maliciously beating the two unconscious men. The old driver, who was not too fond of violence, protested. But his protests were silenced by a flood of harsh, guttural Arabic. When they had finished, they pushed the bodies unceremoniously into the gutter. Even as the carriage was pulling away, the four Arabs were arguing about the division of the loot.

Four hours after the carriage had rattled away, the midnight patrol, on its way to check up on Madame Paulette's *etablissement*, turned into the side street. The headlights of the jeep revealed the two twisted, naked bodies just in time for the driver to swerve to avoid hitting them. The other S. P. and the M. P. were out of the jeep before the driver had completely stopped it.

"Goddammit," growled the M. P. who was holding the flashlight while the S. P. straightened the bodies.

"Well, they're alive anyway," he announced with a sigh of relief.

The first S. P. had turned the jeep around, and when he drew up beside them, his buddy said: "Go get the ambulance; they're alive."

As he drove away, the M. P. made a grotesque jest: "Well, Paulette's girls will have to give more for their five dollars tonight."

EASTER
RUTH O'MAHONEE

Sing with joy
He comes
He comes He comes
Dance and be gay

Shout
Wave banners
He comes He comes

Weep
Hearts too full
Pour out your love
Say it in your prayers
Tell the children
Today
He comes

Let the proud sky
Resound with the clamor
Old men
Raise your heads
Hope
He comes He comes He comes

He comes
He is not dead
He has risen
Break O hearts break
Souls be free
He comes



We Killed Some, We Loved Some

M. R. HUNTZINGER

SHE certainly didn't look like the German women whom we had read about before the war. She was tiny and slim, gray and wrinkled, about five feet two inches tall and weighed about a hundred pounds. Her sparkling eyes were sharp and expressive, and she was quick, scarcely stooped and very spry for a woman of such age. Her name was Betsy Holtzendorfer. She was seventy-five years old, a widow and the mother of five children.

Betsy, or Granny as I remember her, had two sons. Both had been German pilots. The youngest, Kile, had died after being shot down during the Normandy invasion, and Donard, the other, was a Russian prisoner of war.

During the week of Thanksgiving, in November of 1944, our regiment was withdrawn from the front for a five-day rest. A rest camp had been constructed for our use in Berg, Belgium. That is how I met Granny Holtzendorfer and her daughter.

Every house in the little village was prepared to house a few of us. We were told that the residents were peaceful and that they had been instructed concerning our arrival.

Five of us shouldered our equipment and headed for the house with number fourteen, which had been assigned us. We splashed up a muddy little path until we saw the number tacked on the pine-knotted door. Sam, our squad leader, knocked lightly and surveyed the old house attentively. We waited, and the door slowly creaked open.

There she stood, a black shawl draped around her narrow shoulders, smiling broadly, with deep dimples sinking into her

ruddy cheeks. We stood fast. Foolishly agog, we gazed at her as if she were a ghost. She spoke softly and motioned for us to come in.

In spite of fighting through France, Belgium and part of Germany, we had never stood face to face with a German civilian before. Of course we had seen them moving about, but we had always been instructed to regard them as dangerous enemies. Somehow this had flashed through my mind when the little old lady first appeared before me.

Nevertheless, it didn't take long for us to become well acquainted. She reminded us so much of our own grandmothers that we called her "Granny" from our first introduction. Shorty Himelrich, a little Dutchman from Germantown, Pennsylvania, quickly put us all at ease by formally introducing each of us in his broken Dutch. The little lady was greatly pleased that she had some one that she could talk to.

On arriving at Granny's we were dirty, unshaven, wet and tired. I know we must have smelled of filth, but neither she nor her daughter let it bother them. Worn and repulsive looking, we felt terribly inferior, but they were very understanding.

She heated water for us to shave, got us each a dry pair of stockings, fired the little kitchen stove to a cherry glow, and then ushered us to the upstairs bed room. It was small, with only one wooden bed, but it was neatly made with clean linen and patched blankets. When she found that three of us were going to sleep on it, she coolly scratched her head, smiled inquisitively and descended the stairs. Three of us slept crossways on the bed, and two men slept on the floor.

We put our weapons, ammunition, extra equipment and soiled blankets in one corner and piled odds and ends in the others. The room looked like a hobo heaven when we were finally settled. Granny must have been amazed by this but she never mentioned it.

A kitchen had been arranged by the rest-camp cooks to furnish us two meals a day. That night we enjoyed the first warm meal that we had eaten in two months. After chow, we all went back to Granny's and this was when we really got to know and love her.

It was almost dark when we returned to the house and she had the kitchen fire going full blast. She lighted a small kerosene lamp, placed it on the table and went about finishing her work. We started a poker game and played steadily for about two hours. Granny watched timidly and finally we dealt her in. She caught on fast, but when we quit playing she owed us everything but the clothes on her back. She was frightened after she learned this and we threatened to take her cows, chickens and tame rabbits for reparation of her debts. Finally she saw we were joking, but she never played poker with us again.

Our days were spent in writing letters, playing cards, reading, sleeping and doing a few details that were sent down from the C. O. However, the memorable things were the words and doing of Granny.

On our second night we bathed, gave each other haircuts and went to bed early. Granny collected our dirty clothing and she and her daughter, Lena, washed, dried and ironed it for us before morning.

The next night, through Shorty's interpreting, we learned all about Germany and the little rural village. In the fifty years that she had lived in Berg, the little village had been forced by German boarder military officials to surrender its rights as a Belgian village and serve Germany. She

related that various boarder conflicts had caused this to happen several times. When the war broke out between Germany and Russia, the little village once again had to give up its rights as a Belgian possession and serve Germany. When asked about her feelings toward Hitler's Nazi rule, she said, in effect, that Hitler had had their respect for many years, but after they saw the war brewing from the result of his greed for power, they looked upon him as treacherous and immoral.

One night after one of our long and interesting fireside conversations, Granny carried her spinning wheel into the kitchen, placed her antique spectacles loosely on her nose and prepared to spin. It was the first time any of us had had an opportunity to see this.

We gathered around closely, moved the lamp so that she could see and had the pleasure of watching the community's oldest and most efficient spinning artist. Laying the bag of loose wool at her feet, she grasped a small tuft of it, pulled a few strands between her thumbs and fingers, hooked it over a small nail on an apparatus of the spinning wheel and pumped the floor pedal rhythmically with her right foot. As the wheel turned, she continued stretching and twisting the strands of wool between her thumbs and forefingers. Once her task was started, she never looked at the wheel, but looked around at us, or talked or even read her prayer book to break the whirling monotony of the wooden wheel. Her daughter darned and knitted the spun yarn into stockings and other needed garments almost as fast as Granny could spin it.

Every morning Granny would get up for five o'clock mass, milk her cows, feed her chickens and rabbits and then get breakfast. Lena did the fuel gathering, the shopping, house cleaning and most of the laundering and scrubbing. She was very quiet and spent most of her time

sewing, reading and cooking. She wasn't pretty but she was clean, robust and extremely handy at everything. At first she acted like she was uneasy in our presence. However, she quickly became interested in our different manners and humorous acts. Although it seemed to embarrass her, she often would burst out laughing at us because of them. The thing that struck her funny was Shorty's imitation of "Snafu The Detective." Placing his helmet sideways on his head, he would tiptoe into the room, make a gesture for everyone to be very quiet, sneak by the windows, crawl under chairs and furniture, spy through the keyholes, rummage through all the cabinets and drawers, look behind pictures and calendars and then stop and act very puzzled. After doing this a couple of times he would prepare to make his exit. Silently sneaking between chairs and other furniture, he would creep toward the door, reach for the knob and stumble over a rug. His fall would actually jar the house, much to Lena's hilarious amusement. He could also give various bird calls, blow enormous smoke rings, crack his knuckles, wiggle his ears, look cross-eyed, make his tongue disappear, do card tricks and change his facial expression into a dozen different types. All of these things pleased Lena and Granny very much and Shorty always had something to do that would make them laugh.

It rained practically all the time we stayed at Granny's. It was cold and muddy, and we had feverish colds. She mixed some herbs, extracts, spices and wine into one of the best cough remedies that I ever tasted. We took it as she prescribed before going to bed. The next morning she had us take the same dose again. It worked wonders for us without the bad effects of a "hangover."

The day before Thanksgiving, several of the fellows received Christmas packages from home. They opened and displayed

their contents with nervous hands, strewing the wrappings and cords over the floor like children. They offered Granny everything from sewing kits to candy sticks, but she lowered her head in her chaffed hands and wept chokingly. In spite of her courage and usual cheerfulness, she was like all mothers. The packages brought back sad memories of both her dead son and her captured one. She had written and sent Donard many packages, but she was afraid he had never received them. Even knowing of the Germans and their mad efforts, I couldn't help being sorry for her and her son.

Thanksgiving Day proved to be the most memorable day of all. Granny had returned from mass and was stirring around the kitchen when we arose. She was humming and seemed very happy and cheerful. Shorty was putting wood on the fire, carrying out ashes; he looked as if he had been up for an hour or so. He was whistling and also acted extra excited about something. As soon as the coffee began to perk, we knew what was coming off. Then Lena took a large white cake from the cabinet and Granny placed two lovely pumpkin pies in the oven. We were not guessing now. It was very plain. One night while Shorty was on guard duty he had stolen some sugar and other supplies from the rest-camp mess tent and hid them in our room. He and Granny were the only ones who knew about this until Thanksgiving Day. With the stolen goods, food from our packages and her own contribution of dairy products, Granny prepared one of the finest meals I have ever eaten. We gathered around the little warped table, bowed our heads; and after making the sign of the cross, she said a short prayer. We ate like starved men, loosening our belts to the last notch.

That afternoon we left for the front lines again. We dreaded to leave. Granny

stood at the door with tears streaming down her cheeks. I wanted to grab her in my arms and hug her, but instead I swallowed the dry lump in my throat, smiled and started splashing down the path. As soon

as we heard the door close, Shorty spoke. "Ain't it hell" he said, "we kill some, we love some." "Yeah" the squad leader answered, "God never meant it this way."

Hollywoodism

FRANK SLUPESKY

(The reader is asked to imagine himself living in another part of the world in the year 9,948 A. D. reading a book about the history of civilization. Please bear also in mind that this is not meant in all respects

DUE to recent excavations of our archeologists in the area which was known to the Americans as Southern California, we have every reason to believe that one city in this area was quite similar in materialistic splendor to the city of Babylon, which just a few thousand years before flourished in Asia Minor. Our excavators agree that this city, called Hollywood, was the center of the curious craft of motion picture making. This is a significant fact since the motion picture, rather than any other phase in American life, epitomizes the shallowness to which American culture had degenerated by the end of the second millennium A. D.

It seems that these films were made in Hollywood and then distributed to all parts of the country so that not one American was too distant from a theatre or temple to see his favorite performers reflected on a screen. Perhaps for many Americans, this devotion to motion pictures was a substitute for religious fervor. A poll taken shortly before the terrible catastrophe befell the North Americans shows that about one-half of the population were members of some

to be a definition of the American motion picture as we know it, but rather a definition which could be inferred from a few archeological facts which the people living on earth 8,000 years hence might uncover.)

branch of the Christian belief, but only a small portion of that one-half actively participated in their religion. That the motion pictures were somewhat of a substitute for religious devotion is shown by the spectators who, upon seeing a favorite on the screen, would sometimes scream or swoon. The sight of a movie celebrity in person caused an even increased furor. On more than one occasion actors by the names of Sinatra and Johnson were thoroughly mauled due to the ecstatic outbursts of movie fans who had the great honor of seeing in person these revered individuals. As a result most dignitaries travelled incognito.

The leaders of this cult of Hollywoodists led lives not entirely unlike that of the Greek gods and goddesses. Certainly, they were equally as promiscuous. A celebrity seldom lived more than a year or two with the same mate. They made marriage vows, the same as did the rest of the Americans, but it seems that these vows could be invalidated at the slightest provocation. These celebrities were given by their patrons fabulous riches. In the year 1947, for instance, seven out of the ten largest salaries

in America went to members of the motion picture hierarchy. These high wages or donations by the American people were usually spent on such luxurious, twentieth century items as extraordinary wardrobes, yachts, foreign automobiles and unusual dwellings.

The citizens of America paid tribute to the motion picture celebrities, and the celebrities in turn paid tribute to idols. Evelyn Waugh, a contemporary but not a member of the Hollywoodists, wrote in the American magazine *Life* 1 that the celebrities worshipped a small, bronze, sexless idol called Oscar. These idols were not indiscriminately given to the celebrities. Each year the entire cult would gather, and the most worthy among them would be given the idols, the possession of which seemed to mark the apex of success.

One practice of the Hollywoodists still puzzles our anthropologists. On the main thoroughfare in Hollywood the dignitaries of this cult made impressions of their feet in the concrete entrance to one of the temples. The significance of this procedure is especially difficult to discern since it has no counterpart in any of the other civilizations of mankind.

It is further noteworthy that the drama presented to the Americans in these motion pictures was not of high quality. One would think that histrionic masterpieces would result from the devotion and money that the Americans gave to the motion picture craft. But the opposite was true. Huge sums were spent on fine clothes, exquisite settings and expensive cameras, but little effort was made to inject intellectual beauty

into the plots. Our literary critics tell us that the American motion picture could not compare with the Greek plays which were written 2500 years before the Americans produced their motion pictures. Evidently the Americans could not bear a tragedy because all of their movies had happy endings. Yet tragedies often evoke the most intellectual satisfaction. Greek works of the late period B. C. and the opera written during the early period A. D. made excellent use of tragedy.

Toward the end of this civilization many films were made with football players performing the acting. It was customary for the Americans each year to select an All-American football team, and from this team one or two individuals would be selected to make a motion picture. Why these football players were supposed to be adept at acting is not quite clear to modern observers.

Another feature of the American motion picture is that evil was always apprehended. This seems rather unnatural since there was such emphasis placed on crime pictures. One would think that a person would not commit a crime if he were certain to be punished.

Some historians have ventured the opinion that the motion picture was one of the prevalent influences which contributed to the collapse of the American civilization. Although not proven, this theory cannot with certainty be denied. Perhaps the motion picture at times acted as a cause to the collapse of America and at other times was merely an effect of the decay which had begun before the motion picture was in existence.

1. Evelyn Waugh, *Life*, September 29, 1947.

Poems

ESCAPE

GEORGE FULLEN

We hear
The cadenced sighs
And shrill protesting howls
Of penetrating winter winds—
And sleep.

TWELFTH-NIGHT BALLAD

GEORGE COFFIN

On rocky craigs above the bay
I take my twelfth-night stand,
Once more to see the fire-lit way
Along the seaswept sand.

For fisher folk have brought the tree
Of Christmas-tide to light
In votive flame beside the sea—
Epiphany tonight!

Behold the sign! The gold reward
From living sacrifice
Makes plain the justice of the Lord—
Points up to Paradise.

Transplanted

CAROLYN FINN

KATY sat in the park and watched the pigeons strutting pompously along the walk. There were pigeons in Dublin, too, she thought. When she half closed her eyes and shut out the sounds of the metropolis she could imagine herself back in Dublin again, in the little park across the street from her father's novelty shop. If she tried real hard she could feel the old Katy O'Brien, the Dublin Katy O'Brien, still stirring deep inside her. A cold April breeze made her start, and shiver; and she rose from the bench to go home.

It had now been a little over two weeks since Katy had arrived in New York to stay with her aunt and uncle. She had come on a visitor's visa, which gave her a year in the United States if she cared to take it. In the two weeks in America she had become conscious of her worn, outdated clothes. For the first time in her life she felt poor, underprivileged, dissatisfied. The smile had faded from her lips and the old cheerful love of life had disappeared. Where was the excitement and romance which she had always associated with the magic word "New York?" Among the pigeons in Central Park? Along the noisy unfriendly streets? The most exciting thing she had seen so far, she thought contemptuously was a real live uniformed maid walking two pink cheeked but homely children in the park.

She caught a bus at the corner and settled down in a seat near the back. One could ride busses in Dublin too, she thought. It was a short ride to the street upon which her aunt and uncle lived, and she stepped off the bus into a mob of dirty children who swept noisily past her up the littered street

in a pathetic game of tag. Poor little devils, she thought, looking after them. So you find them in New York too! This was the land of plenty, the land of golden opportunity, and yet . . . Shrugging her thin shoulders she began picking her way down the street, weaving between fruit carts and ragmen, trying not to brush against the sloppy women and greasy men who shuffled slowly along the sidewalk. She wrinkled up her nose against the smell of garlic and sour milk — every time she returned to the street she hated it more and regretted her coming. She reached the steep steps which belonged to her aunt's flat and rushed gratefully to shelter where the smell would not be so bad.

Inside, Bessie Sharkey sat by her parlor window and looked down upon the street. It was hot in the room, but she would not open the window—she still, after years in the little flat, hated the smell and the noise and the filth outside. She saw her niece come hurriedly from the corner, and she shook her head and clucked sympathetically to herself. Bessie felt ashamed before Katy, for now at last all the fanciful little lies and gilded facts she had written her brother in Dublin were known to her. Her brother—Bessie sighed, and thought how angry Shean would be when he found that he'd sent his beloved Kate into a home like this! She knew how Katy felt, she thought. It would teach the girl to get over all her silly romantic ideas and grow up—a child had to face reality someday. But the guilty feeling was still there. She got up and went to the door.

"Have a nice time, dearie?" she asked, trying not to notice how pale and unhappy the girl looked.

"Oh yes, lovely, Aunt Bessie," Katy answered wearily. "I don't feel too fine, though. I'll go take a nap."

"Do, do!" Bessie encouraged. "The big city's hard on one that don't be used to it. Why, I can remember just as plain as today the first look I had at the big city, and like the little frightened kitty that I was."

Katy cut off the reminiscence by slamming the door to the flat's one bedroom. Bessie stood still and stared at the closed door for an instant. Then she shook her head and clucked again and shuffled toward the kitchen to start supper.

Supper, when served, was a quiet meal. Old Dannie Sharkey never spoke when there was food on the table; he regarded table conversation as a hindrance to the providence of God which supplied the food. Indeed, providence it must have been that supplied food for the Sharkey table, for Dannie took care that his few dollars kept the devil of thirst from him. Bessie, as usual, scolded and prattled without seeming to realize that her conversation went unheard and unappreciated. Katy was silent and ate little of the greasy stew. Everything's greasy or dirty or both, she thought darkly, watching the little shiny bubbles in the gravy.

She put down her fork and sat watching her uncle. Dannie sat hunched over his plate as though he feared someone were about to snatch it from under his nose. He ate noisily, messily. Katy forced herself to look at him, long and hard. This was the man, then, that she had been worshipping from afar for so many years. She could see herself as a child bragging to her playmates about her Aunt Bessie's husband, who was a rich and important American. She could remember the wild excitement which had possessed her whenever she had found a letter from America among the bills and circulars in the morning mail. Something

very like pity came over her as she compared her aunt Bessie's accounts of their lives in the States with what Katy now saw them to be.

Dannie poured his hot tea into a chipped and dirty saucer and began to sip noisily from it. Katy felt a feeling of revulsion sweep over her—for the meal, the flat, the street, the city, but most of all for her aunt and uncle. She had the feeling for the first time since stepping off the boat that perhaps life need not be so tawdry. She saw Dannie's bloodshot eyes, his face traced with a thousand tiny bloodvessels, his shaking hand. Is this, she asked herself, the face of a man who would ever get ahead anyplace—Dublin, New York, Timbucktoo? She turned toward her aunt, so good-hearted, so silly and childish. All at once her mind was clear. Those letters Bessie had written—those glowing, untrue letters—were only dreams which had never come true. Poor old Aunt Bessie, thought Katy. She must have come with head high and hopes up, only to be more disillusioned as the years dragged by. I'm a lot like her, she thought, only I have a chance yet. I have a chance to get out from this poverty and filth.

Bessie looked up startled when Katy rose and left the table without speaking.

"Dannie," she said thoughtfully, "we must send Kate back to m' brother."

Dannie made no reply, but reached for another hunk of bread.

Bessie's faded eyes filled with tears and she lay her gray head upon the table and wept silently. "It was you, Dan, that made me lie to her father about our place here," she moaned. "Now she'll go back to him and tell him how I've lived and he'll be mad, mad as can be."

"Old woman," said Dannie Sharkey gruffly, "Kate's got more sense than to go back blubbering to her pa. Kate's got more

sense than the two of us. She'll make her way."

Katy stood silently in the darkened parlor and heard Dannie's words. She grinned a little—the ghost of the old Dublin grin, the first she'd grinned since stepping

foot in New York. The rumble and smell of the city was outside, and inside was poverty and dirt. Someplace in the darkness, though, was hope and ambition. Katy knew it was there, felt it there. Katy knew old Dan was right. She'd make her way.

Carved In Stone

ROBERT HULCE

THE small, green table stood in a corner of the makeshift dugout. A shaded lantern spread its dim light through the silent shadows, its small blades of dull shine reaching across the interior of the Command Post. Old cigarette butts and long-gray ashes claimed their place upon the sodden earth floor.

The first sergeant hunched calmly against the far wall in the darkness. The single glow of a cigarette arched back and forth as the dry sound of exhaled smoke made its play upon the stillness. Leaning across the table in the flickering light, phones clamped to his ears, the swift accurate fingers of the Blotting Board Corporal moved over his board making notations and adjustments.

Through gaping holes and tears in the canvas over their heads, the two silent men could see the bright luminous spray of flares which had found them—flares strung across the sky in street-lamp fashion. The solid, ominous drone of aircraft permeated the little stillness. Outside, the sharp voices of men at their stations cut through the silence—two hundred from the southeast unidentified. The night marauders had found their target.

Relentlessly the thundering boom of bombs vibrated along the ground like earthquakes. Everything in the small shack

shook with the onrush of sound. The shrill, unforgettable whine of the bomb's descent knifed the Broadway-lit scene. Times Square in Hell. This is it. I took a drag on my cigarette and smiled at Durham as we huddled together beneath the small, green table in the corner of the dugout in the middle of the night.

It was over. The fighting was over, but where was the complete exhilaration, the happy heady state of joy which was to follow this moment thirty-eight solid months ago. Nothing had happened. I sat down on a sandbag and looked out over a hazy, lazy valley, abundantly green, a wide stretch of water cutting through its center, a silver strand in the sunlight.

A reconnaissance plane followed the course of the stream in the immediate distance, the steady drone of its motor the only sound in all of that vastness. Everything else was shut out. My back was to the battery which seemed as it was not. The guns were still. Every man had stopped as if he were an image on a photograph, colorless and gray, yet ready to move in an instant if necessary. This still state lasted for no more than a part of a moment, yet it was of duration long enough to register every particle of that scene as if it were carved in stone forever.

The Broken Song

I have seen the strong, black lacework
of winter trees against the dim, smooth
sky, after the sun has set.

I have heard the song of a meadowlark
curve through the sunny air.

I have felt the top of a river as it
slid beneath the palm of my hand.

And as I have done these things, my mind
—with its quick-running thoughts, all melting
into each other—has paused a moment,

And one thin, gentle thought
has whispered to me,

“Hold these moments deep—deep and long,
for they are of true beauty,
Rare, and to be treasured always.”

The Three Moments

One day, while walking through the woods,
I heard a small bird—high up in the elm
tree—trilling a fragile, rippling song.
But a breeze fluttered by just then,
And broke the song into pieces
Which fell to

the
earth,
note
by
note.

But though the notes fell to the ground,
Their shadows fell into my mind.
And here they hum softly their one
part of the song.
Hoping someday to string themselves together
Into their melody again

For if they can do this—
The God of things Beautiful will let them drift out
Upon the quivering air once more.

DIANA HARVEY

Capek's Masterpiece

CHARLES LUKENBILL

In R. U. R. Capek dramatizes the impending danger to mankind's vitality of machine-like efficiency. Here is a pleasing fantasy attempting to develop a notion implicit in Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein*, the peril of man's creating a monster destined eventually to destroy him. Of course, Capek changes this notion somewhat by giving it a social application. It seems that he is primarily concerned with the future of mankind. However, his "planetary consciousness" has not a scientific basis; it springs rather from a desire to save human values from the enslavement of industrial civilization.

Capek develops these ideas in a daring vision of mechanical men, who first appear as a blessing to man, making him free from toil, but who finally are the cause of his destruction. The play is rather melodramatic but it has the power to stir the imagination of the masses, provoking some amount of thought among them as to a possible solution of this momentous problem. However we may disagree with his views, we must give him credit for the acute intellect, inspired observation and deep sympathy with common humanity revealed in his play. His is not the American, or perhaps better called "Anglo-Saxon," comic spirit, nor the fine, sad hopeless laughter of the Russians; but rather it is a humor colored by vigorous satire, active and witty, at the bottom of which one cannot fail to perceive a deep love of humanity.

To some the conflict may seem quite obvious, but others develop a different interpretation. Some would say that the conflict is simply "the robots versus the human race." I would go farther. I believe that one is more correct in saying that the

conflict rests between mechanical progress and humanity. Of course, in this particular play mechanical progress is symbolized by the robots and the men who created them and continue to produce them; the author depends largely upon three of his human characters for his symbolism of humanity.

Let us consider first those who represent humanity. The most important of the three, possibly, is Nana. She is typical of her sex, I think, in that she holds to her conservative points of view while the men go stumbling blindly through new ideas. She objects to the manufacture of robots because it is unnatural, and in her primitive philosophy anything unnatural is against the will of God. Nana does seem to be a deeply religious person though ignorant. She seems to sense something amiss with the idea of robots much in the same manner in which the dogs reacted. Of the three characters symbolizing the humanitarian viewpoint, Nana is the most consistent in her convictions.

Alquist speaks out on the value and dignity of human labor. Thus he becomes a part of the humanitarian side of the conflict. I don't doubt that many of the remarks made by Alquist are the convictions of Capek, who once said, "A man who is working, searching, and doing things is not and cannot be a pessimist. Every genuine effort implies faith." Alquist feels that desire which is inherent in all mankind to some degree . . . that desire to work with the hands. However, Alquist may seem to be romanticizing in that he chooses to ignore those labors which are pure drudgery without any hint of dignity, but I think not. Alquist believes that it is

natural for a man to use his hands for labor. It follows then that he would think that doing what God willed man to do, that is labor with his hands, was honorable.

Helene Glory, the third of the characters representing the argument for humanity, has traits in common with the two already mentioned. Her outstanding conviction is her humanitarian attitude. She seems to express Capek's deep love and compassion for humanity more than any of the others, but she is not so consistent in her convictions, and her ideals fade as time passes.

Let us consider now the symbolism of the robots and those characters in favor of this mechanized progress. Capek uses the robots as symbols of the technological progress of man. They represent the ultimate in man's continuous search for labor-saving devices, but man was not meant to be mechanized. This very mechanization deprives him of his individuality.

"I wanted to turn the whole of mankind into an aristocracy of the world. An aristocracy nourished by milliards of mechanical slaves. Unrestricted, free and consummated in man. And maybe more than men." This quotation which is a statement of Domin shows clearly that he was an idealist. He dreamed of a Utopian world served by his robots. He was striving so hard to achieve this goal that he was entirely blinded to the fact that such a mechanization of the world was fraught with grave dangers to humanity.

Doctor Gall symbolizes the pure scientific approach to the problem . . . man's insatiable thirst for knowledge. Busman is a symbol of the profit motive. Even in our world of today there are those who have no conscience where profit and personal gain are concerned. The character, Busman, does add a touch of dry comedy.

The conflict calls up the question of progress. Charles Beard in *The Idea of*

Progress seems to have the opinion that all progress is good and that things will get continually better in progress. Beard also says that the problem of progress is not one of retreat but one of choices and uses of ends and methods. There is some contradiction in these ideas but a general view of Beard will permit us to say that he thinks progress is good and inevitable.

Capek does not disagree that progress is inevitable, at least to a certain point, but he does present the possibility that not all progress is good. It does not seem to me that Capek is saying in his play that all technological progress is bad, but rather that such progress is dangerous and that man should proceed with caution else he will in the end destroy himself.

Capek believes that even though man destroys himself, some part of him will live on. This belief is probably his reason for writing the Epilogue to *R. U. R.* Perhaps he even believes in the indestructibility of the qualities of humanity as a whole. Of this much I am sure: Capek is saying in his Epilogue that out of man's self destruction will come new life and new hope.

Capek preaches the folly of regarding work as a curse, exemption from toil as a blessing, and industrial efficiency as an end in itself. Perhaps we have missed the real meaning in the play, but if we consider our working men as mere machines and strive to make them so, they will some day wreak revenge upon those who thus abuse them. What constitutes civilization is not its machinery, but rather its human values. How absurd the manager's dream — "to turn the whole of mankind into an aristocracy of the world, and nourished by milliards of mechanical slaves, but unrestricted, free, consummated in man and perhaps more than man!" The plan failed, and Alquist, who alone remains alive, suggests why. "There was something good in service and something great in humility;

there was a kind of virtue in toil and weariness."

The problem is not solved in the play.

Karel Capek merely presents it for your consideration and thought.

The Wistful Fable Of The Willows Of Willow Lane

R. HANCOCK

Although willow trees, weeping willow trees, genus *Salix babylonica* (in case any botanist is listening), spring from the earth, there is something unearthly about them. This was the first profound observation in an exhaustive and exhausted one-man study made recently. It was discovered also that they provide atmosphere. Many writers have made good use of a stout willow; some use them as trapezes for school-skipping farm boys in blue jeans, characters like Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn; several use them as an aid or receptacle for hiding passionate love letters, lockets, charms; many, for background in murder mysteries, and still others as property of ye ole Southe'n mansions, mansions that figure largely in the winning of the Civil War, Scarlet's last stand, etc.

We have had willow trees on our street ever so long, as far back as I can remember and farther. I recall seeing a photograph of our then new white bungalow with two skinny, scrawny willows implanted strategically in our too-small front yard. On one of the margins of the photo was inked the date "1929". Perhaps it was a gay coincidence, or just a sundry fancy, but I too, was a skinny stripling then, although a trifle more human. Being born in '29, a "depression baby," I felt akin to those willows and measured myself to them. As they grew, so I grew; as they gained stature and venerability, so I gained childhood and adolescence.

One day, having time to measure myself to them again, I found, to my utter consternation, that they had grown much taller and decidedly broader. I had lost out! What had happened, I was at my wit's end to know. I thought perhaps I had an over-active pituitary gland, or that the trees had lost theirs entirely. Soon, however, I was informed that a tree's life span was of shorter length than mine. I was, as you may or may not have guessed, astonished. What could I do? Perhaps I could chop them down to my size—Washington did it, why couldn't I?

Taking my little wooden tomahawk from the wall of my bedroom, I raced out of the house with the defiling instrument in hand and gave one mighty, crushing blow. . . . After wiping the dirt from my eyes and picking myself off the ground, I looked down—one splintered tomahawk was distributed throughout the epidermis of my hand. I surmised I should conceive a better plan next time; besides, Washington didn't tell a lie and got whipped for it.

Then after thinking an afterthought, I gave the whole plan up. After all, most of the neighbors' willows were at the same growth; I would be chopping for the rest of my life. Of course I could take up forestry and/or lumberjacking and learn the latest methods to dispatch thick-trunked willow trees. Thinking better of this, however, I scampered off to several discouraging, if not disastrously confining years, in

various institutions of higher education.

But soon, I was avenged. Ha! what insidious revenge! The neighbor on the corner was having sewer trouble. All caused by two little, modestly unpretentious ninety-foot willow trees. The men in black suits carrying nasty-toothed saws, arrived with a disconcerting gory-lust in their eyes.

It was all very undramatic—they didn't even yell timber. Still, I derived some pleasure from the sawdust being strewn to the four winds — five really, the occupant on the corner was a breezy old windbag. Glancing at his pitiful eyes, I thought I saw a tear drip from his cheek. The very idea! Why should he weep? You'd have thought he was a second leaf-eating G. B. Shaw.

Cutting two notches in my Indian belt, I went home speculating on when the men in black would call next door, or even at home.

Things went along smoothly at home. After several trips from the roto-rooter men, they gave up in disgust, despair and five broken knife blades. They then came—the men with the nasty-toothed saws. To hell with the trees next door, I would finally have my true revenge . . . could death be sweeter?

But wait! They're cutting off too much. "Down to my size, down to my size," I pleaded. I was thwarted again. They were cutting all right, but past my size, or the size of an ant for that matter. "All, or nothing at all," was their cry. Gad! What had I wished? Oh well, it's all for the best, I thought; the ones next door were left. I could persuade the next men in black to cut them down to my size, not any lower.

Since that time, I've forgotten all thought of revenge. Next door the two weeping willows still stand, unearthly as ever. I can almost say I'm sorry our trees are gone, they did give good shade.

EPILOGUE

The street outside is bathed in warm sunlight. The two trees stand next door, and as people go by on sidewalk and in automobile they stare ecstatically at the two monsters on our street, Paxton Place. Yes, Paxton Place. Long ago when the willows were intact, the neighbors got together to name the street Willow Lane, but their wish was not granted by the city, since there already was a Willow Lane. Perhaps it turned out for the best. Willow Lane wouldn't have fitted now, and anyhow Paxton Place is a nice name for a street—kinda.

The School On Scroggy Road

DON GOCHENOUR

A board meeting had been called in the parlor of Tom Livingston's home. A representative had come from each farm for miles around, for this was the much talked of meeting out of which would arise the answer everyone was waiting for — whether the farmers in the surrounding area would continue to bundle up their children each morning and ship them off to the nearest school at the county seat via a dilapidated school bus or whether something could be done to start the planning and erection of a school in their own district.

The hours dragged on; a hot discussion continued. Finally it was decided that the school would be built. Ed Jenkins proposed a site on Scroggy road; Bill Maish on state road forty-one, old Hank Jeffries down by Sugar Creek—and so on into the night. Finally, when it seemed that another meeting would be inevitable, the air cleared long enough for a motion to be made and seconded, and that was it. The school would be built on Scroggy road, and construction would begin within the next three weeks.

The next two months were filled with interest and excitement for the residents of Scroggy Township. Each day some neighbor could be seen watching the construction with a critical eye. After all, he was helping to pay for this erection with his taxes, and it was to his interest to see that things were done right. He watched the framework rising out of the once vacant lot, the hardwood floors being laid in the auditorium and the gymnasium; and he saw the genuine marble steps built up to the second floor. Yes, it was to be a two-story

building; nothing was too good for the Scroggians.

The days became weeks and the weeks months. Finally the great day of completion was only one week away. Plans were being rapidly made for the christening and all the accompanying social events. Scroggy Township had at last reached its ultimate goal. No more would the children stand for almost an hour, shivering on wintry mornings, waiting for the bus which always managed to be late.

The Church on Scroggy Road

Again the lights were burning late into the night in the parlor of the old Livingston house. This home had been selected as the meeting place for the board because it was here in the same parlor two generations before that another board had met. It had consisted of the ancestors of the present committee members who met to discuss plans for building the first Scroggy school-house.

Now another important meeting was in progress; this time the plans were for a larger and more modern school. Agreements had been made for a three-story brick structure, but it was still undecided as to what should be done with the present school. No one wanted to see the old white building scrapped because to them it stood for many hours of planning and labor by the ancestors and for their benefit. No one here could think of the old Scroggy school without recalling some pleasant memories.

Several inspirations were quickly disposed of, but the argument stretched on. Finally, it was Ezra Thompson who "reckoned as how, since Scroggy Township had no church, they sure could use one." Since

this was the most sensible idea to come out of the meeting, it was thoroughly considered. It seemed a good idea to all, in fact it seemed a wonderful idea. They would do it.

Before many months had passed, the weatherbeaten schoolhouse had taken on the appearance of the place of worship. First, a new coat of paint was applied, then the muchworn and carved desks were replaced by pews; the teacher's platform gave way to a new mahogany pulpit, and the plain window panes were soon transformed into beautiful colored works of art. Yes, Scroggy Township was growing with the rest of the county.

The Hillcrest on Scroggy Road

The citizens of Scroggy Township were feeling very dejected. It had all started with the rumor that the old white church, which had been deserted for a better building and more convenient location, had been purchased with the intention of transforming it into a dance hall. Investigations proved that it no longer could be considered a rumor; it was now a certainty. Several business men from the nearby county seat were in control of the building and were already making the necessary arrangements

to convert it into a roadhouse dance hall.

To the God-fearing, simple-living farmers in the area a dance hall could mean only one thing. It would mean a boisterous, rowdy, drunken mob night after night, and they certainly did not want that. Petitions, complains and letters were rapidly filed in the office of the mayor, but to no avail. The realization slowly came to them that there was no way to combat this new menace. They would have to stand by and watch it grow.

Then came the day the construction was to begin. Only a few stragglers turned out to watch the remodeling. As they watched they thought of the ones before them who had stood in the same spot, proudly watching the first school of Scroggy rising out of the wilderness, and now this. They watched the new booths and tables being moved in and the pews and pulpit going out. The dingy white color of the building soon gave way to brighter and more elaborate colors. Blazing neon lights over the door, where once the symbolic cross of the church had stood announced the Hillcrest Dancehall. Yes, everyone present agreed that Scroggy Township could never be the same again.

LITERARY CONTEST

The literary contest sponsored by the English department of the University closes April 19. Short stories, essays or one-act plays, or groups of poems must be placed on Mrs. Alice B. Wesenberg's desk in Room 312 by 6 p. m. Manuscripts must be typed, double spaced and in triplicate with a nom de plume. The real name, address and telephone number of the author must accompany the entry in a sealed envelope. A twenty-five dollar prize is offered in each of the three divisions.

Culture and Religion

RUSSELL FOSTER

Matthew Arnold was a deeply religious man; his training as a child insured that, but in his essay, "Culture and Anarchy," shallow reading might lead to the false assumption that he had little faith in religion. More intensive study, however, makes his underlying faith apparent. True, he found fault with religious organizations which were so self-satisfied because they preached the subduing of animalities that they lost sight of the goal of real religion, a way of life striving for the brotherhood of man.

He compares religion with culture, saying that both religion (not religious organizations), and culture seek the same achievement. He first advances the argument that culture is the study of perfection; then he states that religion is man's noblest effort made to date in the attempt to reach perfection. Thus he shows the basic similarity between culture and religion.

In seeking perfection one must know of what it consists, and then, Arnold states, make it prevail. He draws a corollary between the conditions in which culture and religion exist; that they are both internal conditions as distinguished from our animality. Mr. Arnold quotes, "The kingdom of God is within you," then he points out that culture, through its attempts in the fields of perfection, art science, poetry, philosophy, history and religion reaches the same conclusion — the conclusion that growth and perfection are achieved within

the heart of humanity.

He lists another similarity by showing that neither culture nor true religion is ever satisfied with the degree of perfection it has attained thus far. With both there is a continuous expansion and growth in power, wisdom and beauty; there is not a satisfaction in "having and resting," but in growing and becoming."

As his last point of comparison between culture and religion, he says that the obligation of both is identical. His preface to this conclusion asserts that perfection cannot be attained while the individual remains isolated because men are all part of a large scheme. As a part of this great whole, one member cannot be indifferent to the rest. If we follow any form of isolationism we lose sight of the idea of culture and religion, that a perfect welfare is achieved only by a general expansion. To show the real obligation of culture and religion he quotes Bishop Wilson, who said "to promote the kingdom of God is to increase and hasten one's own happiness."

Yes, Matthew Arnold's conclusion is to make perfection prevail, "to promote the kingdom of God." How then can we assume, though he had the insight to see the imperfections of some religious organizations, that he was not a devout man? Obviously we cannot. He was keenly interested in knowing the truth, seeking sweetness and light or beauty and intelligence, and making the "kingdom of God" a reality.

Life Can Be Beautiful

VICTOR M. KNIGHT

After reading the last issue of *MSS* as thoroughly as my somewhat limited capabilities would allow, I have formed one very definite conclusion concerning the contents thereof. I would like to deviate from the usual procedure followed in dealing with the writings of other people and simply state my conclusion on the contents of the magazine as a whole and then try to substantiate my theory. I write this with admiration and greatest respect for the sponsors of the magazine, its editorial staff and its contributors. I am simply seeking reasons for a trend which seems to be developing among young writers.

To me, the contents of the last issue of *MSS* could be described, largely, in one word—morbid. Perhaps that word is a bit strong in some instances and inadequate in others, but in my opinion it comes the closest of any single adjective in describing the greatest number of articles.

Do not misunderstand me, it is not the many, many examples of beautiful choices of words of which I speak. It is not the tasteful phraseology, nor the charming line after charming line of verse, but it is the sad, even heart-rending plots of some of the stories and the somber messages conveyed by the poetry which makes me wonder as to the inspirational urges which compelled these contributors to compose as they did.

In the senior section, especially, I found this condition prevalent. Like many other readers, I enjoy serious thought and sincere ideas expressed in prose and verse, but must eight out of eleven examples of student composition portray, each in its own turn: a woman's happiness being brutally shattered and her spirit broken by the destruction of her one joy in life, her roses; two different expressions of sadness over the loss of a loved one; a child's belief in God shattered by his witnessing the hypocritically conducted funeral of his grandfather; a symbolic portrayal of the starving children of a war-ravaged nation, and a detailed description of a poverty-stricken couple relishing their slight joy while they could? If these be true and dominant portrayals of human nature, then obviously something must be wrong with "us humans." If not, surely we know there is enough misery and trouble present in our lives without having writers emphasize it again and again.

Although the themes in this issue of *MSS* are fine examples of various writing techniques, still, as I read them, I must wonder is there no lighter side to the great human drama? What has happened to humor? Where is the satirical parody? Have the Butler seniors taken the cares of the world to bear on their own shoulders?

Advertising In The American Life

DONALD E. MYERS

Advertising is only a form of propaganda. In many instances it has accomplished ends that are for the good of the people. Examples of advertising for the good of the masses can be seen in the publicity that the new medical discoveries are given. You would not say that knowledge and awareness of penicillin are harmful to people who are not doctors of medicine. You will not let yourself think that posters asking for contributions to The National Foundation for Prevention of Infantile Paralysis should be burned for "selling themselves" to the American public. Nor will you think that newsreels showing the heroic work of the Red Cross are a lot of "high pressure salesmanship." You would not want the church page, giving exact location, time and subject of Sunday's services, cut from your paper because it "plays up" a coming event.

We could do with less "high pressure" tactics from many fields. Certainly nothing is more wrath-provoking than a "honey voiced" announcer explaining the minute details of how, along with your right arm and the top of your automobile, you can

have a sparkling new potato peeler as a generous reward for finishing "I use Cancellation Pullman Tickets because," in fifty additional words or less. There must be an easier way for my little brother to get "El Tarnisho" rings, that will fit any size finger, than for me incessantly to gulp one box of shredded wood fiber a week, after the box-top has been mailed back to the manufacturer. Why should thousands of people bite their nails, from one Saturday evening to the next, wondering who Duz's Walking Man happens to be?

What this country needs is not a "good five-cent cigar." The public needs a good sense of proportions. The individual goods consumer needs a stiff course in sales resistance. Mr. and Mrs. Householder should study the bachelor's bulwark, "Walden," from cover to cover. Perhaps with a little effort the American people can learn to see value and not a full-color, half page advertisement. But until we learn what is necessary for our health and comfort, we will have to contend with foolish buying, by foolish people, of "nationally advertised" foolishness.

What To Do In A Haunted House

RAY CLAUSMAN

The acceleration of American living leaves very little time for thoughts of ghosts, goblins or vampires. One no longer sees the quiet little villages dominated by their special spirit, nor the gloomy, desolate mansions, the seats of many nighttime escapades. England, however, provides an excellent setting, for there one may find areas still permeated with a true ghostly atmosphere. If one desires to widen his social contacts to include some members of a higher plane, I suggest a visit to that country.

It is to you, however, one of the great majority, that I am writing. You, who may at some time find yourself faced with the choice of battling the physical or spiritual elements. You find yourself standing before an old, dilapidated house—one which presents a more terrifying picture with each succeeding flash of lightning. A sudden clap of thunder sends you scurrying to the door. You go in. What are you going to do now? Emily Post would be of little assistance at this moment.

Once inside your host's home, make yourself as comfortable as possible by utilizing whatever he has provided. Ghosts have had unions longer than common man, so you need not expect your visitor before midnight. During this time, try to develop a state of mind which will forbid running at the initial encounter. You will then be able to meet your ghost.

The hour is at hand. Your heartbeat seems to muffle the sounding of the stately old clock, which is standing in the corner.

A sudden wind whips through the rooms; a shutter bangs rhythmically against the house. You rise in your chair as a tingling sensation runs up and down your spine. Hold on; he is coming! A bloodcurdling scream rends the air, followed by a burst of fiendish laughter. I bid a hasty goodbye to those who are now welcoming the ravages of the storm.

You are going to remain! I congratulate you. Look now for your ghost. He may be swinging from the chandelier or sitting in the fireplace as he blows flaming rings across the room or cavorting about the ceiling. Watch him beam when he realizes that you are not going to run. Your spook may be a humorous fellow and will be at his best before an audience. (He so seldom has one.) He may find you a sympathetic listener, and he will relate his troubles to you, which may cause you to forget your own. Haunting is a lonely occupation. Your ghost is not free to travel as he wills but is confined to a certain location, and there he must remain. Your presence will give him happiness — a feeling he will readily show. There will be no need of pretence or convention here. You will feel free immediately, as if a heavy cloak had been suddenly cast off.

The hours pass quickly. With the approaching dawn, he will bid you a sad farewell, but not before he has a promise of a second visit. You are not tired, for you will have had a psychic injection, causing a feeling of true contentment. You step briskly into the morning sunshine.

Exodus

MARY ANN MALOTT

The mid-afternoon sun gleamed against the double French doors at the side of the bungalow. The bright sunlight touched the dulling blue rug in rectangular slits through the venetian shades and changed it for a moment into a sea-blue hue. A gangly pup sprawled as close to the sun as possible, her ears a golden mass of curls dragging the floor and her mitten-sized paws tucked around her. The only movement was a stub of a tail twitching back and forth. In one sudden motion, she bounded at the doorknob and made the metal shades come with a deep clang against the wood of the door. "Mary Ann, your dog wants out," a voice called from the basement. The dog hunched on her long hind-legs and knitted her droopy forehead into the yellow wrinkles. She finally spoke with a hushed "wuff," which was answered with "Mary Ann!" from the basement. I came from the front room and looked at my pup squatting there.

"Well, where's your harness?" I asked impatiently, but the only answer was another hop at the door which sent the metal

shades crashing. "Mother, where's her leash?"

"What?"

"Where is her leash?"

"Wait a minute. I'm coming up. Now what did you say?"

"I asked you where her harness is."

"Well, I haven't seen it, but hurry! — for look what she's done to the door, and I just painted it before we got her. Haven't you found it yet?" The little dog waited a few minutes watching the figures scurry around the room; then she burst out with a loud "woof" to bring the attention back to her. The silver-studded leash was found under a chair and was hooked around the pup's neck. She added a deep black scar to the white outer door in her frenzy to get out. I followed the taut leather rope, leaving my mother standing in the doorway, shaking her head slowly. A second later she called after us, "Mary Ann, for heaven's sake keep her out of the mud and remember the rag is here to wipe her feet." Then she added to herself, "Just look at that door," and once more directed me, "Keep that dog out of the mud!"

Abandon Ship

GLENN JOHNSON

The clear notes of the bugle sounding chow call came over the loudspeakers throughout the ship. I stood waiting in the mess line, formed topside on the main deck aft. The last rays of the sun caught the signal flags flying — gave them a brilliant cast of red, green and yellow. The new cruiser rolled in the huge swells, leaving a foaming white trail behind her.

The men stood silently gazing at the horizon. The ship gave a slight shudder each time one of the swells crashed into her.

The sharp clanging of the ship's general-alarm bell, followed by the shrill call of the bugle, broke the silence. "All hands, man your battle stations!" blared from the loud speaker.

It was quite dark now — no lights anywhere. I pushed my way through the milling bodies everywhere, found a ladder, clambered up. Running forward on the "Com" deck, I slid on the wet metal, finally found the door that I wanted, jerked the latch, went in. As the door banged shut behind me, the dull, red glow of the night-lights came on. A sailor carrying his shoes ran by me. I ran up the ladder two steps at a time; I met the other two guys assigned to my G. Q. station. We went inside and put the ship's service phones on.

"What's the matter, anyway," I asked.

"The task group commander ordered G. Q. planes reported coming in from the north — around thirty of them. I wish that I hadn't missed chow," came through the earphones.

One of the other guys gave a continu-

ous report on the planes—speed, direction, and confirmed the number. My eyes grew accustomed to the darkness. There was a luminous glow from the instruments in the compartment.

The ship quivered; there came the crash of the five inch mounts. The flash lighted our faces for an instant. Then another crash, and then they were continuous. Forty-millimeter and twenty-millimeter tracers streaked up and arched away. Huge black shadows of torpedo bombers slid by, motors cut, close overhead. A destroyer on our port side sent up a stream of tracers. The pungent smoke of gunpowder filled the air.

Suddenly the night was turned into a dazzling white as flares, dropped by a plane, lighted. The fire became concentrated on the starboard side. A plane flared and plunged into the water by the side of the ship. It floated — still burning. Two men climbed out. A twenty opened up, and then the men fell in the water.

An explosion seemed to force the very bulkheads in. I fell to the deck — ears ringing. The ship stopped dead still, then slowly began listing unnaturally to starboard. I felt bruised all over. The guns were silent. The deck was slopping nineteen degrees by the indicator. On the phone came the report, "All hands are lost in starboard engine room and fire room. The deck plates are buckling." We waited for what we knew was coming.

Over the loudspeaker came the order, "Abandon ship."

Stop, Look, and Remember

(*an impromptu*)

THORNTON A. KLOS

In our every day life we miss seeing many things that would prove of interest to us. An example of how little we are aware of what happens about us until we find things brought into sharper focus is the sudden discovery that a new house or building exists where only an empty lot full of weeds and trash had been.

The nature lover is noted for keen observation, never letting a flower or weed go undetected and naming each bird with incomparable and never failing accuracy. This is really a very wonderful ability toward which every writer should strive in order to give vividness to his descriptions of locale, but do not rush headlong into an intense study of nature, for our nature lover often fails in his observation of his fellow man.

In observing one's neighbors, associates, friends and strangers, look at them closely. For instance, look at the lady on the seat opposite you as you ride the bus. Those wrinkles about the corners of her eyes tell you that she must be at least thirty-five; that bitter downward turn of her mouth cries out against the sorrow she

has had to bear. Her wide nostrils give indications of a passionate nature, but the thin line of her lips shows a powerful will controlling and fighting her emotions, and this is confirmed by the out-jutting of her jaw. If one wishes to be a writer, these are things which he can not afford to neglect.

When one has mastered the art of using one's eyes to see the world, life takes on clearness and the mist is wiped from the glass enabling one to see details. The question arises as to how to remember all of these things. The most truly convenient way to make sure one does not forget is to write down all of the things which one sees. Many people carry a small notebook with them and write down their descriptions of scenes or people immediately. This is probably the most accurate method, but another means would be each evening to attempt to recall the people you saw during the day — what they looked like, how they dressed and all of the other minute facts which go to make up a whole character. Observation and good writing are closely linked together — observation making good writing possible and good writing stimulating the desire to be observant.

My Girl

Richard H. Graham

I jumped onto the fleet landing, jostled my way through a horde of happy, swearing sailors and made my way to a gate that meant freedom after thirteen months of navy routine. I paused momentarily at the gate to determine which good old American street I should follow. With no objective in mind, other than to absorb some clean U. S. air, I chose a street which ascended to a high bluff overlooking San Francisco Bay.

Puffing heartily at the half way mark, I sat down on a pillow of grass to rest. When I again breathed normally, I realized that I was completely alone on this hill. The other fellows, eager to quaff some state side beer, were taking the course of least resistance to the heart of San Francisco. The scene that lay before me was certainly food for thought; and my mind, unconditioned by a life in which thinking was done for me, leapt hungrily upon such a delicacy. Below lay the black greasy bay spotted with hundreds of ships. The grey evening sky made each ship seem life-like. The slow rolling water of the bay gave each enough motion to transform it from a ship

into a fat, withered, old woman settling down in an overstuffed chair for a nap.

My eyes roved the blackened water and settled on a ship that was darker and uglier than all the rest. Rust had pock-marked her awkward hull and had left a sickening clay-colored cloak about her water line. In my mind I smelled the pungent odor of the salty canvas lying on her deck and the not unpleasant scent of pitch calking that lingers after sundown. I heard her straining seams moaning in answer to the pounding sea and the screaming wind. I heard the clank and thud of chain, and the scraping of tired feet on her worn deck. A curse was heard, and the songs of the *Okies* drifted up and down her dingy passageways — but all this was fantasy, for in reality this ship was inert. Her reason for living had deserted her; her pulse was faint, and a key had locked her mind. She was resting now after thirteen months of struggle. She was a queen, a real queen clad in the filthy garb of a pauper. She was my girl.

Excerpts From The Life Of Mr. P. Pixie Dash

BARBARA DEARING

"Get away you nasty thing! Who asked your help on this theme?"

"Really, I wasn't aware of what a sour drip you actually are. Funny how you reject me. Me, the only key to security you have. Some people just can't see beyond their noses."

Mr. P. Pixie Dash, senior member of the firm, "Dash, Parenthesis, and Bracket," was lolling against the third line of page three orating on the latest dividend offered by his company.

"My dear Mr. Dash, I'm quite sure your company has a very fine business, but if I bought your stock and thereby received the dividend, one complete correction of the punctuation and what-not of this theme by my mother, I would be accomplishing the exact opposite of Miss Phillips' assignment."

"Rubbish! Disgusting! Utterly revolting," he hissed. "People are nothing but elephant shells with cockroach brains. Yatta, yatta, yatta, ya . . . !!"

I was fast reaching a saturation point. Mr. Dash and I were coming to blows. I slyly figured that if I turned the page

quickly, perhaps I could pulverize Mr. Dash.

Flipping the page, I felt a decided relief as I began again to scribble. Slowly I became aware that I was not alone. I raised my eyes line by line, and there he was draped across the four. A smirk was worming its way across his face, and from a tiny comma-pipe smoke encircled his face.

As he teetered in and out the figure, he howled with laughter. Suddenly his shrieks ceased, and he blurted, "Ox, ox. What an ox you are! She'll never know. Why slave away on this stupid theme when you could just as easily relax in a quiet movie?"

I picked up a pencil to mangle him, and he seemed to be everywhere at once. First he was up at the top of the page throwing periods at me; then he clattered down the lines swinging on the question marks like a monkey.

"Phooey," I cried and pitched the whole mess, paper, pencil and Dash against the wall. After my encounter with Mr. Platterpuss Pixie Dash, I knew that persistence was indeed a trait justly attributed to high pressure salesmen.