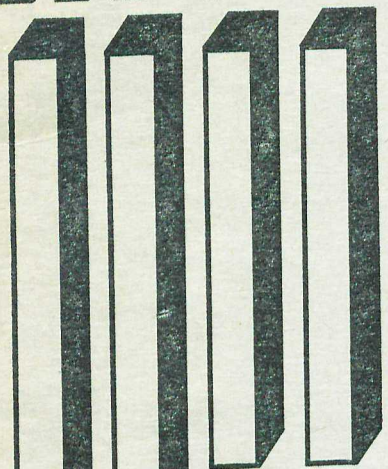


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# MSS

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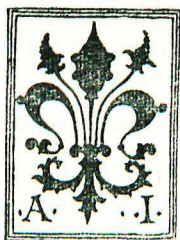
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## Lost Cause

By Margaret Lanahan

The afternoon was bright and warm. Sunlight dappled the ground under the mulberry trees in the backyard. The sharp tang of paint coupled with the balm of fresh cut wood hung on the air contrasting with the smell of baking cupcakes which filtered every now and then from the kitchen door of the house where Tubby lived.

"Kapoom. Kapoom." Two more imaginary enemy soldiers fell before his trusty rifle as he thrust its wooden barrel between the steps leading up to the back door.

Tubby was a ten year old soldier. Having fought his way to this lonely outpost past twenty or thirty enemy riflemen, he was making a last stand ensconced under the high back porch of his home. From this little bricked-in den, he could cover both sides of the house and Mr. Sandburn's back yard, too.

Shooting non-existent people began to grow boring. Tubby settled back against the brick wall and watched the painters and carpenters swarming over Mr. Sandburn's house.

"They sure do make a lot of noise," he thought.

All morning long the painters, carpenters and Tubby had been vying against each other to see who could produce the most clatter.

"Timber," Tubby yelled, charging out from under the porch. The carpenters on Sandburn's roof had released a scaffold rope and the big crossboard had pitched earthward into a stack of bricks. The bricks tumbled into a rocky pile under the blow.

A screech arose. Tubby stopped half-way across the backyard to see where it came from. He couldn't tell, and the men over across the way were not paying any attention to it. As he stood there, his mother called from the kitchen.

"Tubby, is that you?"



"No, mother. It's over at Sandburn's."

She stuck her head out the window.

"Goodness, but you're dirty. What have you been doing?"

"Oh, just playin'" he answered reticently. "Say Mom, can I have a cupcake?"

"Yes. Come in and wash your hands, they're just about ready to come out of the oven."

She turned back into the kitchen. Tubby tromped up the wooden steps and banged the screen door behind him, heading for the kitchen sink.

"Oh, no you don't. You go up to the bathroom to wash your hands — and wash your face while you're at it. Oh, and Tubby, use your own towel."

"Yes'm." He sniffed appreciatively toward the oven in passing. All the way through the dining room, into the hall, up the stairs and into the bathroom, the vision of cupcakes and the icing pan stayed with him.

The bathroom window was opened allowing the outside noise to filter in. That screamly sound was still going on, rising rythmically and falling.

Tubby heard the oven door clang shut, so he hastily swiped at his face, rinsed soap foam off his hands and grabbed the nearest towel. Flinging the damp cloth at a towel rack, he bolted out of the bathroom and down the stairs.

His mother had just finished icing one of the savory cakes when he skidded to a halt on the linoleum floor.

"Boy, do they smell good! Can I have this one?"

"What do you say?"

"Please, may I have this one, mother?" She smiled at him, satisfied that his manners were for the moment acceptable, and that he was paying compliments to her baking by the happily-hungry look of one who is about to be satisfied.

"Yes, you may."

"Thanks."

He had icing on his cheeks already. His mother left the other cakes to cool a bit before icing them and started to get her kitchen straightened up. Tubby was perched on a stool by the kitchen table, right where she wanted to be.

"Why don't you go out and sit on the back steps, out of the way, so I can get these things straightened up and get cleaned up myself before starting dinner."

Tubby untangled himself from the stool sensing that a departure was in order.

"O.K. If you want me," he replied innocently, "I'll be out back." Ambling out the door, not banging it quite so loudly this time, he sat down on the second from the top step to finish off the melifluous morsel.

The painters and carpenters were still banging things around and that awful screamly noise hadn't stopped yet. He couldn't figure out what it could be. Nobody seemed worried about it, but it sure was eerie.

Mr. Sandburn came out his back door, looked up at the painters on his house and called to them.

"Where's all that noise coming from?"

"I don't know," Tubby heard one of them reply. Sandburn walked around the side of his house toward the front. Half way around he stopped and came back.

"It's back here, someplace." His voice was crisp, sharp. The cry was still rising and falling, a sort of sigh and scream all wrapped up into one sound.

Tubby got up from his vantage point, walked on down the steps and across the narrow plot to the low wall which separated the two yards. He, too, wanted to find the source of the weird plaint.

Sandburn had crossed his own yard into the Misses Dunn's, his next door neighbors. He knelt down on the ground by their back porch and peered under the foundations.

"It's one of those goddamn cats," he grumbled. His face began to flush as he strode back to his own yard, picked up a heavy piece of loose wood from the ground and went back to Dunn's. Tubby knew Mr. Sandburn didn't like Dunn's cats, but they hadn't ever screeched like this before, even though they did sometimes sit out and mew all night.

Sandburn was on his knees again before the opening of the foundation. He poked back in under it with his board. Tubby hopped the wall. The cat yowled louder than ever as the angry man jabbed out.

"Damn cats, sittin' out here howling all day and all night. I'll teach those old maids to bother everybody with their fool cats." He reached in under the porch and dragged out a big grey Persian. The puss was kind of crumpled up on the ground, still howling to beat the band.

Sandburn raised the board and brought it down hard on the soft grey fur. An anguished wail reverberated. The carpenter and painters stopped to watch as the red-faced man struck again and again at the cat.

Suddenly, Tubby was running across the ground screaming,

"Don't you do that. Don't hit it. It's my cat!" Sandburn railed again at the clamorous bloody welter of fur and flesh. Tubby flung himself at the stocky attacker.

"It's my cat," he sobbed. "It's my cat."

Sandburn flung the boy from him, kicked the lumpy mess at his feet and strode back to his own yard carrying the bloody club. Tubby was left on his knees, tears coarsing through the icing on his cheeks from the cup-cake.

He looked at the cat through watery eyes. The fur was ripped and splotchy; flesh showed through, whitish-grey and puffy; blood trickled through torn coat and fell drop by drop onto the green grass blades. The cat's eyes, surprised, stare dead ahead, distended, glazed.

Tubby cried afresh, blubbering, "It's my cat! it's my cat! The poor cat."

---

## L'Après Midi d'une . . .

By Allyn Wood

A picnic was spread on the bank and they surrounded it in positions of spiritual abandon. One, a long and somewhat undulant girl, lay among them gazing into the river that rolled peacefully yet dense with clay after the spring flood. The opposite bank, mysterious as an arabesque, hid in its shadow-work of trees the lives that, like theirs, had moved back from afternoon; lives bound to the waterway by probing beak and wading leg, by a diet of fish or of insects whose larval time is passed in mud and water. Look closely! implied the arabesque: a leaf may become a bird.

"Remember this—?" "Remember that—?" cried the picnickers. Their laughter almost equalled the rapids of the river. A little wind arose, rippling water-willow, then their hair. It rippled across the ground, over the new gress, and incense rose, mingled warm and cool like toast and water, and a hush came down, so that everyone realized simultaneously that until now the world had not been silent. The wind swept across the picnic things fluttering white petals of lotus. The others looked skyward, frowning, but the girl drew her eyes from the river to her companion saying, with a drowsy smile,

"I am turning into a salamander."



Now they knew it would happen. For some, the delicious mock-horror of waiting, of looking up with muscles tensed to fly; for others the picnic to save, a skirmish of eating and packing into baskets suddenly too small; pressing the deluge to their hearts before its coming; lifting their hands to feel for the drop so long so soon in dropping. Across the river moved a shadow turning gold to clay; a cloud scudded before the sun; and the rain began, Pluto Neptune Syrnix plop, Pluto Neptune Syrnix plop; the river became a galaxy of spheres.

They fled in groups, stumbling with their baskets into shelter of woods. The girl heard them and how the rain followed as a panic of pagan hoofs. But she was alone now: they supposed that she had come with them. She crouched under a great sagittate leaf which she had not seen before, that looked like arrowhead. In the deluge the trees rose immense in blowing slanting lines, and pebbles were strangely magnified. Her skin drank the air. Its coolness sloughed down an unusually long spine, spreading to softly wrinkled, ruffled sides. She crept from under the leaf on hands and knees, and her body slid like jelly over the stones.

One fleet misgiving dissolved unworded. She gave herself to the water and sank to its floor. The ruffles on her sides began rhythmically to wave; silt rose and subsided under her chin. The sideward lapping of river brought all knowledge, and so she began to doze. She dozed a shallow, animal dream of Now, with open eyes, that went back indistinctly to beginnings; and because the current soothed her undiscarded gills, and because elliptical waves of tiny fish went by, excited by the great drops overhead—she was not hungry for them, having recently eaten—she fell into a deep sentience, almost asleep . . .

Suddenly the rain was over.

She waked. The inlet was illumined from above. She was hungry and looked about her, but fish would not suffice, nor any food in the dim searching of her mind. She wished to be elsewhere, out of silt; her hands and feet began to swim close to her sides, raising her to air, then onto shore, dragging an oar behind. She heard voices in the wood that partially satisfied her hunger. They approached through a brilliant fountain, calling her name—her name! (had she been sleeping?)—and broke forth golden from the dripping trees, bearing picnic baskets. They saw her crouching on the sand beside a little plant, with water sluicing down her hair and skirt—

"Why, where have you been?" they cried.

But when she tried to answer, she could not remember nor explain.

# Intrusion and Reaction

By Frank Slupesky

George bent his broad back and leaned against the rail. He surveyed the ocean passing a few yards beneath. Funny how the ship passing through the blue water, churned it into a white foam. Then, how the foam reverted to its original shade—but not abruptly; first it was emerald, then green, then turquoise, then blue again. It occurred to George that he was witnessing a cycle which, though brief, was perhaps beautiful.

George's thoughts were interrupted by the approach of two of his shipmates—Slim, the bo'sun, and Whitie, the cook. They were muttering the usual inanities with the usual blatancy. As they passed behind him, their tone abruptly decreased to a confidential whisper. George kept his eyes on the water, but he tried to discern the whispers. He could not make out what Whitie said, but Slim agreed and added audibly: "That Damn nigger's always loafin'. I don't care what the union says, I ain't gonna sign on another ship with one of 'em."

George glanced down at his dark brown arms and saw his muscles tighten. His arteries expanded, until he could feel the throbbing flow of blood. He wanted to run after Slim and Whitie, grab them, and beat their heads together. God knows he was big and strong enough, but checking himself he remembered how, in the past, his strength had never helped on these occasions. Indeed, it had often made matters worse. Prudently, he turned and headed for his cabin.

Lying in his bunk, George thought of his childhood and tried to relax. His father had been the first colored doctor in his town. He had bought a home in a white district and one Sunday attended the nearby church. The flock were so scandalized by this intrusion upon the unanimity of their cuticles that many got up and left, while the others remained, condescendingly, and at their proper distance. Thus, there was an approximate circle. The colored family was the center, and the condescending ones were the periphery. The remainder of the circle served as a buffer, or no man's land.

George was only five then, but the look of wrathful resentment on those white faces as they marched out of church was indelibly impressed on his memory. Later that day George's mother had tried to explain to him how the pigmentation in a person's skin determines much of what he must be.

There were many other instances—so many that he could not



remember, and the ones he remembered he wanted to forget. His two years at college were probably the happiest of his life. Oh, yes, one time he was refused admission to a dance, but on the whole, the students and faculty had granted him more tolerance than other people had.

Then he joined the Merchant Marine. Before finishing school he wanted to do something different, something adventurous. How better could he balance his experiences than by supplementing the academic with a bit of the practical?

That evening George and another seaman were talking out on deck when a voice was directed toward them from behind a port hole: "Why don't you two salts come in and try to win back that dough you dropped last night."

"Sounds like a good idea, Mac: deal 'em out and we'll be right in," replied George, wanting to solidify the friendship he was making with some of the crew.

When George and his friend entered the cabin two other seamen had appeared to participate in the nightly poker game. Mac counted the cards, and, when he was satisfied none was missing, spread them face down on the table. Each man drew a card. George's queen was highest so he picked up the deck, shuffled it, and began dealing.

"Five card stud," he announced.

"What! No seven card low hole?" demanded Mac in a tone of affable sarcasm.

They sat there for more than an hour. George played a sociable game. He bet diffidently. Mac played a garrulous game. He tried to anticipate others' bets, and once they were made, would raise them again. He always made the last raise. In spite of his seemingly undisciplined and jovial playing, he seldom lost. The other three players always picked up their cards and looked at them gravely, almost surreptitiously, as if an invisible conspirator were standing to the rear who would see the cards and relay the information to the other players. George thought of them as little paranoiacs.

Mac was in a raising duel with one of the paranoics when Slim and Whitie walked in. George saw them enter, but acted as if he did not. The others were unaware of them until they found two chairs and wedged themselves into the circle of gamblers. George, looking to his side, saw Slim's faded denim trousers. A shiny marlin spike was stuck behind the three inch belt. His long, slender arms were emphasized by the snug T-shirt. A narrow scar which descended obliquely down Slim's cheek was quite pale against the windburned skin. Slim preemptorily announced that he and Whitie should be included in the next hand.



Mac gathered the cards, and, after shuffling them with ostentatious dexterity, dealt to the seven men.

"Seven card stud with seven players," he added loquaciously; "there's just enough cards."

"Queen bets," Slim said to George.

Until hearing that deliberate voice, George was unaware that it was up to him to open the betting. Nervously, he took a quarter from in front of him and flipped it to the center of the table.

"Two bits," he said, like an actor who had forgotten his lines and then suddenly remembered them.

After seven quarters had been placed in the center of the table, Mac dealt each man another card. Slim got an ace. Without speaking, he placed a half dollar among the seven quarters on the table. The other players did the same. Mac dealt another round of cards. Slim's ace was still the highest card, and again he invested a half dollar. Other halves were tossed toward the center and Mac began distributing the next round of cards.

"Hold it, Mac, the pot's short a half," Slim droned.

Mac stopped dealing, but nobody submitted the missing half.

Slim scratched the end of his nose, then shifted his eyes from the table to George.

"Why don't you put in your half?" he asked.

"I did put it in," George answered.

"Don't lie, I was watching you . . . . You guys think you can get away with anything, but, dammit, when I'm playing you ain't gonna drag light on the pots."

"You know well enough that I put in my half . . . . If you're trying to cause trouble why in hell don't you leave."

Slim narrowed the opening between his eye lids and stared more deliberately at George. "You black bastard."

George raised his arm and flung it around so fast that Slim could not duck. The forearm hit his face, and he pivoted backwards on his chair. In a rage, George jumped on top of him and started to hit at random, as if he depended on the force of the blows instead of their accuracy. Almost overcome by the savage arms beating him from above, Slim managed to free the marlin spike from his belt, and with the power left in him, blindly sunk it into the dark hulk on top.

Suddenly the door opened and the First Mate walked in.

"What the hell's going on here?" he demanded.

Hearing his authoritative voice, the five noncombatants bent down and pulled the two men apart. Blood began to pour out of

the wound in George's leg, and some trickled out of Slim's nose and mouth.

"Take those two men down to the Sick Bay," the officer said.

"Yes, sir," replied Mac, and, lifting George's arm around his shoulders, helped him away.

\* \* \* \* \*

George knocked on the door of the Captain's cabin.

"Come in."

He slowly pushed back the door. The first thing he saw was Slim sitting in the corner, his face badly discolored. George went in, closed the door, and walked a few steps toward the Captain who was looking at some papers which lay on his desk.

"You want to see me, sir?"

Still looking at the papers, the Captain replied: "Eh, the First Mate told me you started a fight last night. Is that right?"

"I was the first to hit, sir."

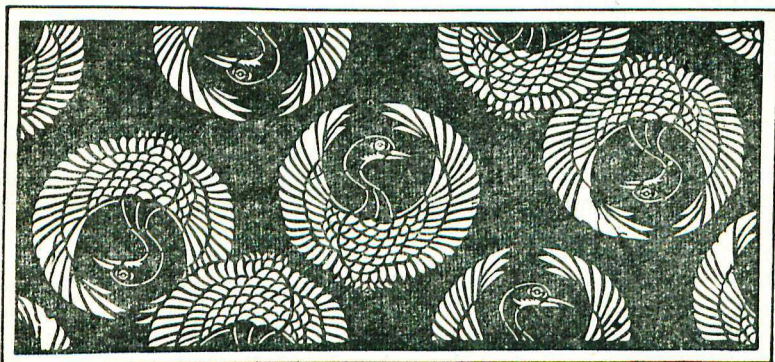
"I haven't had any trouble on my ship for a long time, and I don't want any more this trip. Just to make sure you don't start any more fights, I'm going to fine you a hundred dollars. You realize, of course, that I have the authority to give you a much greater punishment, but I'll save that in case you try anything again."

George stood looking at the Captain. Finally, the Captain moved his eyes from the papers and glanced up at George.

"Have you got anything to say?"

George still looked at him, silently.

"That will be all then," he said, returning his eyes to the papers. George turned slowly and walked out.





# Dahling

By John R. Thomson

## I

"I never saw it to fail. Every time we go out, you see Addison Carter and have to run over and lick his hand. I just can't understand why you tag after him like Mary's lamb. Listen, Harry, if he were going to throw any business your way, he would have wound up for the pitch by now. Without too much reflective thought, I can rather easily recall that the only gift he has bestowed upon you was the flu at the lake in 1945.

"Delving deeper into my store of unpleasant memories, it was by Addison's averseness to normal health on that occasion that I was forced to spend a horribly delightful week with that Juno he calls his wife. Believe me, Harry, that's one woman I could learn to dislike without too much tutoring. She's always crawling around the club like she's forgotten where she buried her bone. Last week, I felt my hopes for a happy life on earth were realized when she backed into the pool while snapping a picture of that radio-active infant of hers. I'll never forget the look she had on one of her faces.

"Speaking of their child, I respectfully submit that that boy offers indisputable evidence that evolution has witnessed a serious setback. Honestly, Harry, you'd think that in the course of human events someone would detect his delinquent potential and cut his hair. At least we haven't developed a passion for untidiness in Doug like the Carters have in that pitiful wretch, Charles. I guess it's not the boy's fault. No wonder the Carters have an unripened Dillinger in their own home, the way they coddle him. Just think, every time that child frowns, toy stock goes up four.

"If Mabelle Carter would spend more time at home with her boy, she wouldn't have time to plan major offensives against every man she sees. You'd think Addison would see how she throws herself, that is to be taken literally, at any man of the attractive variety. Madge Hollet and I nearly injured our vital organs laughing at the lecture the other night. Mabelle Carter did every thing but contortions trying to attract that poor speaker's attention. He was nice looking but was old enough to be Mabelle's brother. Well, when the question period arrived, I thought a crawling beast had bitten Mabelle, the way she shot up her hand. Dr. Gantz ignored her at first but finally called on her when he realized that her arm was rapidly developing a cramp.



"Dr. Gantz, in view of your lecture, do you agree, then, that the intent is as bad as the crime?' she screamed. At that, Madge nudged me where it hurt and whispered, 'If it were, Mabelle would be raking in a fortune delivering travelogues on hell.' Doesn't that sound like Madge Hollet, Harry? She's one gal who plays it smart and keeps her tongue as sharp as her nails. It's rather unfortunate and untimely, though, that she utilizes both every time she has two Stingers. I adore Madge just the same. She's the only girl I can rely on to keep her mouth shut.

"Really, Harry, it's beyond me why you trail after Addison like Mary's lamb. Pure logic would clue you—Oh ratz, exit pleasant evening; he's taking his hand off of her long enough to wave for us to come over. Smile for me, dear. I'm too frustrated trying to conceal my enthusiasm. Wait till I finish this drink. It most certainly will be my last one for the evening if he pays the check."

## II

"Oh for heaven's sake, Addison, take your hand out of the stratosphere. They've seen you, and you know they'll ignite the carpet getting over here just to get a free drink. For the short life of me, dear, I can't see why you paw over Harry Matheson every time he comes within range. What the devil can he do for you but clear a path? Do you realize they've never asked us over to their house? Oh well, I've never had cancer either. Wouldn't you know Christine would finish her forty cent drink before setting out to bore us for the rest of the evening.

"Where do you suppose Harry ever met Christine, dear? I bet a cut glass wash rag he came across her in a bruised apple. Madge Hollet says that the only thing Christine has to offer Harry is complete and final mental relaxation. That sure sounds like Madge doesn't it, Addison? She's a doll. You know, she's the only girl in our crowd that I can really trust.

"In what river do you suppose the Mathesons deposited their abnormal offspring this evening? We've seen nature's wonders, Addison, but I'd gladly forfeit a nominal fee to see that child in action in his natural habitat. I can't see why the Mathesons don't make a fortune by renting that boy out as source material for research papers on birth control. How long do you think it will take him to develop into an individual as homely as his father? He surely has all the raw materials. We might not have the Matheson's money, dear, but we have a lot to be thankful for in having Charles. At least Charles hasn't an inherent aversion for soap and water.

Really, someone ought to put that child out of my misery. Just the other day Madge said — Oh oh, you'd better be quiet, Addison. They've spotted your flare and are coming over the top with all their thirst. Honestly, Addison, I simply can't understand why you fall over Harry Matheson every time . . . ."

"Christine, dahhhllinnng! Where did you find that handsome man? Here, sit next to me—have I got a piece of dirt for you! I happened to catch a glance of Madge Hollet downtown this morning, and whom do you think she was with dahling? . . . ."

---

## Reunion

by George Fullen

Martin stood on the sidewalk outside Grand Central Station and embraced the overpowering size, the magnificence of New York City once again. It had been several years since he had stood, for the first time, on that same Forty-third Street pavement and felt the same awe before the spectacular accomplishments of modern civilization. Despite his great hurry, the man had had to pause, as before, to absorb the miracle of America as represented by its greatest city. But this time he was not so much impressed and did not stand so long. He picked up his bag, again, and got into the nearest taxi.

"The Peter Stuyvesant," he told the driver.

He could not escape the sentimental memories recalled by the New York scene. There, close to Grand Central, was the Child's restaurant where, so often, he had eaten dinner just after arriving in New York on a week-end pass. And then the cab was in Times Square which Martin remembered as being crowded for a New Year's Eve celebration every Saturday night during the war. Too late, he looked to see if the Stage Door Canteen were still functioning. Broadway was familiar names of theaters and bars flashing past. Once on Central Park West, he turned to see the line of plushy hotels along the South Drive which had always been one of his favorite views in New York. Then he settled back and counted the streets as the cab crossed them.

He was tense with the kind of controlled excitement that he had not known for several years. To see the Ziffers again—Martha and Ivan! Here! In the United States! In New York City! They had been so certain that all hopes of their ever meeting again were foolish when they had parted in Casablanca.



The taxi whipped around the corner at Eighty-sixth Street and nose-dived to a stop. Martin was out in a second, fumbling for his billfold. "Keep the change," he said.

He picked up his bag and crossed the street, eagerly scanning the facade of the hotel. He had purposely been vague about the time of his arrival, for he did not wish to be met. He had had enough of strained public meetings and partings to last a lifetime.

The Ziffers had arrived in the United States six weeks before, but this had been his first opportunity to make the trip to see them. The Ziffers—Martha and Ivan—had become the symbol of spiritual security to him, the spiritual security which he had come to know in the army, but not of the army. The Ziffers were here, and he needed to feel secure again.

Martin had intended to go directly to the Ziffers' room, but instead, after he had registered, he decided to put his things away in his own room and have a bath first. His room turned out to be too high up for his peace of mind, a circumstance which had bothered him on his earlier visits to the city, too. But after all, he reminded himself, it was foolish to feel that way when he had travelled so many weary air miles without turning a hair.

As he undressed for his bath, Martin realized that the agitation had left him. In its place was the rhythm of the line. It was a line of poetry—not actually a line yet; just the rhythm of the line. It was a rhythm which his mood had superimposed upon the rhythm of the train wheels during the larger part of his journey.

The rhythm became insistent when he turned on the shower. The beatings of these rhythms in his consciousness still had the power to terrify him a bit. He often feared that he might one day expire in insanity with the persistent and monotonous beat of Longfellow's "The Psalm of Life" banging away at him . . .

**Tell me not in mournful numbers**

**Life is but an empty dream . . .**

**Tell me not in mournful numbers**

**Life is but an . . .**

. . . or worse yet, it might be Ravel's "Bolero" with its rattling "Dum da-di-di-dum da-di-di-dum da-di-di-da-di-di-da-di-di-dum." .... Those were not the only two which pursued him; they were just the worst offenders.

But the rhythm that was plaguing him now had not taken on enough shape for him to know more than that it was words, not music. He also felt, vaguely, that it was not going to be a line of his own origination. It was an irregular rhythm which should have made him feel that it was his own, but it did not.

He finished his bath and dressed slowly. When he was fully



presentable, he sat down on the bed and picked up the receiver of the phone. He gave the operator the Ziffers' room number and waited until he heard Martha's familiar voice.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello," he answered. "It's Martin. I'm in New York — in your hotel, in fact."

"Wonderful!" she said. "I am a little bit in my bed—taking my afternoon rest—but come right up. We must see you!"

"I'll be up right away," he said and put the receiver back in its cradle. For a moment, he sat in a lethargic trance; then he went out into the hall and rang for the elevator. He stepped from the elevator onto a higher floor than his own. A quick glance at the progression of room numbers determined the direction of the Ziffers' room. He found it and knocked.

"Entrez! Come in!" Martha called from beyond the door.

And then he was in the room. Martha, her face and body revealing her surprise and pleasure, rushed to greet him. He felt like hugging her, but he gripped her hand instead in the proper European manner. Ivan was pounding him enthusiastically on the back, offering his hand next. The three of them babbled like little children—greetings, recriminations about tardy letters, inquiries about activities since their last meeting jumbling into incoherence—but gibberish would have expressed their emotions adequately. Martin found himself, finally, seated on the sofa with a Ziffer on either side of him.

Martha was saying: "You are fat! You are disgustingly fat! You have done nothing but eat! I see it now! You have composed no symphonies! You have written no novels! You have painted no pictures! You have been too busy eating!"

It was a typical speech, and in it, Martin found his reason for coming to New York. Martha took him back quickly to the days of enthusiasm. And she knew him well enough to jest about his enthusiasms—not that he aspired to all these things. God forbid, he thought, that I should ever be guilty of such pretense! But he was interested in the arts, and he still hoped to teach them some day.

"Such a tay-ree-ble vife I got," Ivan said. "You are—maybe twenty pounds heavier. Not too much, I think."

"You look healthier, too," Martin said.

Yes," Martha replied. "It's this wonderful country. You were right; it is a wonderful country. Such food! So good and so much of it! And such comfort!" She indicated the room which was, indeed, comfortable and furnished in a style which approached elegance. Martin saw, then, that he was in a suite of rooms.

"How is this?" he asked, lapsing into an English idiom which sounded as if translated from the German. It was an unconscious habit which he had acquired in the days when he first knew the Ziffers and they did not understand or speak English as well as they now did. "You are rich again?" he continued.

"We can use, now, our securities in the United States," Ivan replied, and his fat, fine-featured face beamed because he had shown so much forethought when he had judiciously dispersed their wealth before they left Vienna. That was in 1938. Hitler had swallowed Czechoslovakia, and all Europe knew that he had his greedy eyes on Austria next. The Ziffers had known it, and they had also known that they could not live under Hitler. They had fled, in front of his armies, to Paris and, after a brief respite there, on to Africa.

In 1938, Martin had entered high school. He had spent the following four years in careless delights, unaware of the great conflicts abroad in the world until, in 1941, the reality of the situation was forced upon him as it was upon the rest of his countrymen. Six months after he was graduated from high school, the army had absorbed him and his careless generation, leaving a more careless generation behind to plan for tomorrow while Martins struggled for today. He had been rushed through the various phases of army training and, within a very short time, loaded on a ship. Eight days later, he was "abroad." He had walked into the Red Cross club one morning, and met a woman working at the Information Desk named Martha Ziffer. She had asked: "Where is your home?"

"Indianapolis, Indiana," he had answered.

And she had said, with a characteristic smile around her eyes: "Vienna is **my** home town."

Martha recalled him abruptly: "I had a dream last night. You were in my dream. You came back to visit us in Africa. Ziffy and I were sitting on the terrace, and our landlady was sitting with us—it reminded me that I must write to her. She has gone back to Marseilles. I think maybe she has found another husband."

"She was very beautiful for a woman of forty-five," Martin observed. It was his inevitable comment on the woman who had owned the villa where the Ziffers had lived. The first time he had met her, he had judged her to be an extremely beautiful woman, probably in her late twenties. He had been very surprised when he had, subsequently, met her daughter who was obviously in her late teens.

"Madame Bronzini is very French, but very nice," Martha remarked. Then she continued: "We were sitting on the terrace with Madame Bronzini—in my dream—when you came through the



gate and up through the garden, as you always did. Ellen was with you. I wonder where is Ellen now."

The rhythm came back to Martin again, very well-defined: "Dum, dum, dum, **da-dum, da, dum, da.**"

He remembered Ellen, not exceptionally beautiful, but very lovely in her Red Cross uniform. She had been several years older than he, and they had been careful to form no serious attachment.

"It has been so long since I saw you that you spoke German in my dream," Martha said, and added: "It was very convenient for you to speak German in my dream."

"You have found a wife, maybe?" Ivan asked.

"No," Martin replied, "No wife." He redirected the conversation. "Is my United States really as good as I said?"

"Better!" Martha replied. "Much better! I have spent all our money in the shops."

"She is so—," Ivan had to grope for his word, "—so extravagant. Such an extravagant wife I got! I can do nothing with her. Buy, buy, buy! Everything she sees she must buy!" he said, grinning, for his wife was his only pet and could have taken him into bankruptcy without a complaint from him.

"Hot water," Martha continued. "All the time we have hot water. And no food ration. Everything is clean—the people, the streets, everything. I like the United States. It is comfortable and I am old. I need a comfortable place to live."

Martin had learned that when Martha said she was old, she meant that Ivan was old. She, herself, was just past forty, but Ivan was well past fifty. Martin remembered once—they had been sitting on the terrace of the villa with the warm afternoon sun on their backs—when Martha had told him, for the first time, about the flight from Vienna. Then, she had ended her story by speaking of her concern for her husband. "He should not have to work so hard," she had said, "Because he is not so young. I like to work. I never did work before, and I enjoy knowing that I can care for myself, that I can care for myself anywhere." She had said this as she told Martin of Ivan's confinement in a concentration camp in Bordeaux. It had been, luckily, a French camp rather than a German one. And it had been the first time during their twenty years of marriage that they had been separated. When Martha had finally been allowed to visit Ivan, she had found him working in a vineyard. Having worked in the world of finance all of his life, he had never done anything physically strenuous, and when Martha had found him in the vineyard, he was unable to unbend from the position he had assumed to pick the grapes from the low vines. They had fallen into one

another's arms and wept. Martin was very moved by the story of the separation of these two people whose childlessness had made them so dependent upon one another.

As he thought of it, the rhythm pulsated more strongly: "Dum, dum, dum, **da-dum, da, dum da.**"

"You are dreaming again!" Martha said accusingly. "What about this time?"

"Oh, nothing, Martha!" Martin replied. "I was just thinking about Casablanca—the Passage Sumica where I used to stop at the **stalle** to look over the latest shipments of music from France, the **Petit Poulet** (I have not had a good bowl of soup since the last time we ate there together), the sun's warmth and the sea air which kept it from being hot, the sidewalk cafes, the Oriental charm of the Riad tea garden by moonlight. I was just thinking of Africa."

"You have not been happy at home," Martha said, and her voice and face showed her concern and sympathy.

"Not unhappy, Martha," he replied. "Just disappointed."

The first word was "Gone—Gone is the **da-dum, da, dum, da.** Gone is the **da-dum and the . . .** Gone is the—**da-dum and the—dream!** Gone is the—**da-dum and the dream.** What was the missing word?

"Disappointed?" Martha asked.

"Yes," he answered. "You know—the ideals we used to talk about."

The word might be "glory." Or maybe it was "vision. Gone is the **glory and the dream.** Gone is the **vision and the dream.**" Either way it sounded Wordsworthian.

And then he had it; he could not understand why it had not come to him before. It was a corruption of Wordsworth. He could see the two lines underscored in his book:

"Whither is fled the visionary gleam?

Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

"Things do not go well," Martha observed. "Ah, well, things do not often go well."

"And dinner is not more hot while we sit and talk," Ivan announced.

Martin glanced at his watch and saw that the dinner hour had, indeed, come upon them.

"Will you excuse us while we dress?" Martha asked.

"Of course," Martin replied.

The two fragile little people, comfortable but lost, left the room.



# Half-Way to Tomorrow

By George Coffin

The sun poured blinding molten brass on the flat water's edge, and the sea, on fire, glared along a harsh broad path from the half-sun on the straight horizon to the ship. From the forecastle rail the prow seemed to carve great billow-crested furrows in the cool jade waters ahead. The always breaking, turning, falling, churning of the ship-cut sea roared in his ears and filled his head with great cleansing swirls of nothingness. His world was a disc with radius only as far as the black seawater-mark that cut the darkening sky from darker water far ahead. Somewhere, drawn on paper, drawn from the mirror angle on the sextant's scale and from the ticking cronometer's cold faced dial, there was another world. Now there was only the ship-and-sea world of eighty-seven men and a heavy wooden hull twenty-four hours from yesterday's water and twenty-four hours from the water to break on the prow at this moment in this hour tomorrow.

He thought of the sea beneath, and the terror of the waterline ahead which always crept a little further out into the sky beyond. The world of the ship faded from view, and he became a point above the foam, flecked with phosphorescent sparks, a point beneath the black cupped sky. There was no world. There was only the point and sea and sky and wind and peace.

A force upon his shoulder pressed him down again against the forecastle deck, fastened him to the ship, joined him to the eighty-seven men. He turned, and in the light from the flame within the bos'n's hand he saw the old man's thin white hair stirring in the wind. He caught the glint of quick blue eyes set far back beneath his tangled brows. The old man leaned against the rail in silence, the glow of his pipe growing and waning with the pulse of the prow.

"All right, lad?"

"Yes, I'm all right."

"I saw you from the bridge while I was on the wheel. I thought you might be lonely. Even after twenty years, the sea's lonely when it's dark and calm. They say you'll ship-off when we hit port this time. The homeward voyage is always long. It's a clean life, but not a good life, lad. The sea can never be a home, a wife, a mother. They're always somewhere fore' or aft' and out of sight. And all the bravery they shout about—it's all a myth told by old salts to green young seamen, told to hide emptiness. Valor's ashore.

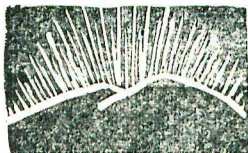
It's on the land with men of the land. There's no use fighting against the sea; the wave will break, the gale will blow, and ships are driven off their course whatever we do out here. But on the land, among the men, there you can shape your life as you will. Ship-off, lad. Get away before you've learned the sea and can't do anything else."

He didn't answer. The old man knocked the ashes from his pipe and wandered off along the rail and into the dark. The night closed in, and he became a spot above the sea. He could see the line on the chart again, the straight black line creeping toward the mark on the paper land. He could see the subway in Boston just as it had been when he left it; the irritated drab evening crowd was pouring into the too-full cars that lurched forward when the doors slammed shut. He thought of the lonely grey room and the harsh white light and the screech of music in a cheap spotted hash-house.

On the farms outside the dirty city-heap, men fought against the wind and rain and sun, and they told young men to leave before they became ensnared with the life. They cursed the rain, and they cursed the sun, and they regretted their lost youth and what they might have had. Somewhere there was a reason, though. Somewhere in the point above the sea and under the sky there was an answer. It was here and in Boston and on the farm. He could stay, grasp the point above the waves, leave the ship-world forever, and rest here half-way between yesterday and tomorrow. The answer would have little use that way. If he stayed with the ship he might never know, and if he left he might know too late.

After many sea-wave breaks against the prow he followed the rail through the darkness and entered the lighted cabin. Before he climbed into his bunk below, he packed the few remaining clothes and made a good stout knot in the cord.

The ship sailed on along the line into tomorrow.





# Merry-Go-Round

By Richard J. O. Green

The merry-go-round and the ferris-wheel spun in opposite directions, making him dizzy. A carnival tune piped from some hidden calliope, and the interwoven chants of concession barkers merged into a constant buzz of incoherency. The noise, the swirl of unorganized movement, and the gaudy splashes of raw color irritated him, and made him angry with himself for being irritated. The atmosphere was infected with a spirit of gayety, and it annoyed him that he was immune.

He watched a young couple, sharing a bag of pop-corn, buy tickets for the roller-coaster, and wondered if he looked out of place. His suit, he knew, was out of fashion, and he was a little ashamed of having brought the umbrella. No one carried umbrellas nowadays.

He glanced down at it and felt reassured. It's a badge of my generation, he thought; a generation that wasn't too optimistic!

The merry-go-round stopped, and he moved to the gate where the customers came out. His eyes searched the crowd, located a blue hair-ribbon, and watched it jostle through the crowd and out the turnstile toward him. His face lighted up as she approached, and by the time she had reached his side, her proximity was fully reflected in a smile.

He had been going to ask her if the ride was fun, but her exuberance made the question unnecessary.

"Can I go again, Grandfather—can I, please?" She tugged at his sleeve and recited "please" in pathetic monotone.

"Well," he said, "let's take a look at how much money, and how much time we have left, then, maybe you can go again. How's that?"

"I want to go again! See, I've got a quarter and a dime," she said, pinching the material of her handkerchief to define the shape of two coins.

He didn't want her to go again; he felt more secure—more a part of the surroundings, with her hand in his. "Wouldn't you like to ride the ponies," he suggested.

"Just once more, please, Grandfather."

"All right, just once more then."

He watched her purchase a ticket and dart through the entrance gate, and when she had disappeared into the crowd, leaned upon his umbrella and closed his eyes. He felt alone again, now that she was out of sight—he felt alone most of the time anymore. Since Fannie

had gone, time had been pretty much of a burdon—except when Milly spared him a few fleeting moments .

It was childish of him to depend upon her so. Strange, he thought, that we two, generations apart, should depend so upon each other. She, as my link to the future, my source of courage; I, as her door to the past—her key to possibility.

The whirl of the merry-go-round motor broke his train of thought, and he occupied himself with the spectacle of the midway until the motor had stopped and she was beside him again.

"Ready to ride the pony now?"

"I wish I could ride the merry-go-round every day, don't you, Grandfather?"

"It would be nice," he agreed.

They had to wait their turn at the pony ring, and by the time she had ridden her ten cents worth, it was almost time to go home. She didn't want to ride the pony again, so they went in search of a suitable product for her fifteen cents.

He was getting tired. The hot sun made him uncomfortable in his black serge suit. It would be good to get home, away from the noise and confusion, he reflected.

"Oh look, Grandfather!"

She was tugging him toward a vendors' stand, where tiers of plaster and gilt dolls twinkled amid a confusion of pennants and balloons. Her eyes were focused on the balloons, clustered in vari-colored bunches at the top of the display.

"Can I have one, Grandfather—can I please get a balloon to take home?"

He felt a surge of relief. Now we can go home, he thought.

"See how much they cost," he said, "and if its not too much . . ."

She had completed the transaction and was beside him almost before he had finished the sentence, waving a huge red balloon in his face. He marveled at her fascination for the balloon, and as they made their way toward the gate, tried to account for her joy.

A frown creased his brow, and he forgot about his tiredness. She could have gotten a balloon at the corner grocery for a penny. He looked at the toy again. To her, it isn't a balloon—it's a part of what she is leaving behind—a little piece of a few happy hours that she can take with her.

They came to the bus stop. If it makes parting easier, I suppose its worth it, he concluded.

As they boarded the bus, the balloon touched the sharp corner of a door, and was gone with the contact. She stood, silently, for a



moment, looking at the limp bits of rubber that dangled from the end of the stick; then a tear coursed down her cheek.

He propelled her to the rear of the bus and let her cry silently against her sleeve. When she looked up, only a few tear stains and a sob remained. "It-s g-one," she sobbed.

"I wouldn't say that now," he said. He felt uncomfortable. The rest of the passengers were staring at them. She was silent for a while; and then he felt her hand against his arm again.

He glared defiantly at the bus-full of faces that stared at them, then put his arm resolutely about her.

"Here," he said, "I'll show you a little trick." Stretching a bit of the rubber from the balloon between his fingers, he placed it against his lips, and inhaled deeply. The rubber disappeared suddenly into his mouth, and with a twist of the fingers, emerged in the shape of a miniature balloon.

"See," he said, only vaguely aware of the other passengers; "It's easy to make your own balloons."

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## Free Soul

By Anne McDonnell

It was a very warm, soft spring afternoon. In the newly green park Miss Harvey felt quite pleased with herself. She had been really daring at the store today. Her replies to the sallies of her companions had smacked of the woman of the world spirit that she so admired and of which she felt herself mistress. She tossed her thin shoulder in a poorly executed gesture of bold daring.

She repeated over to herself some of the more choice of her remarks. **Matter-of-factly.** "Well, personally I prefer straight whiskey to anything else, but brandy is all right." Half a bottle of beer sent Miss Harvey into tearful giggles.

**Blase.** "I think the younger generation should know the facts of life early and thoroughly. I don't like this false modesty." Miss Harvey could count the "affairs" of her whole forty-one years on the fingers of one meager, veined hand.

**Challengingly.** "Just simply tell the section manager you don't like the way he's running things around here. You'll never get any where if you don't fight for it." Miss Harvey had been selling ladies gloves and scarfs for the past thirteen years at the same obscure dingy little counter of Davis and Carter's Dept. Store.

There had been other remarks quite as brave and quite as free, but she would save those triumphs to taste again later when she had gone home to her dull little room into which the bleared eye of a street light shone night after night.

She suddenly noticed a park bench just ahead of her. The leaves of a medium sized maple tree made a lacy pattern on the littered walk. On the end of the bench a very, very ordinary man sat reading yesterday's paper. He did not look up as Miss Harvey sat down—on the other end of the bench. She glanced at him out of the corner of her eye, then began to paw through her worn purse. Finally she found the cardboard packet of extra-long cigarettes that she smoked. Of course she didn't inhale but the cloud of smoke curling from her mouth and around her tightly crimped hair added intrigue to her personality, she thought. She sat for a moment holding one of the rather limp white tubes, the tobacco straggling out at both ends. She had had the package for over two weeks. Finally she leaned toward the man at the other end of the bench.

"Have you got a match?" Miss Harvey had two books of matches in her purse. He did not look up. She moved a little closer to him and repeated her question more loudly. He looked up vaguely then focused his eyes on Miss Harvey's veil swathed face and at the limp cigarette in her bony hand.

"What? What did you say?"

She wagged the cigarette and some of the tobacco straggled out.

"A match?"

"Oh yeah." He rummaged in his pocket and presently brought out a kitchen match. He flipped the head off with his thumbnail. Miss Harvey liked that strong masculine gesture. As she bent toward the flame she caught the odor of whiskey about him. The smoke stung her eyes but she smiled archly at him.

"Thanks."

"O.K."

He settled back into his paper but Miss Harvey did not move back to her end of the bench. She sat smoking and furtively studying the man. She wove a fantastic tale of lost wealth and debonair decadence about the very ordinary figure next to her. The ash from her cigarette rolled into her lap as she hastily glanced at her watch. She carefully took a last puff at the cigarette, dropped it onto the walk and ground it out with her thin-soled slipper, then gathered up her bag and gloves, and, glancing once more at the man, arose.

"Thanks for the light."

He muttered something, his face still buried in the paper. Miss



Harvey started off on her high heels, her shoulders straight, her thin hips swinging with each jerking step.

"What an intriguing creature. I must tell the kids about him on my relief."

She hunched her thin shoulders in anticipation at what as yet unknown daring and original story she would tell of this afternoon's encounter. She minced onward in her precarious shoes toward the store.



MSS

POETRY SECTION



AW



# Departure and Return

By F. King

Wrapt in an invisible blanket of snow  
She walked in silence through the small town.  
And though for most it was the month of June,  
And though for most it was a summer's day,  
The lady strolled through gentle avenues of snow.

Plunged in an icy swirl of wintry, rifled lace,  
And washed by a sun that knew no time,  
She smiled as others sought the lime-tree shade,  
And smiled as others wished for February,  
Settling content in thought-provoking drifts.

Now winter is a silent, lonely time for dreamers,  
Dark summer nights and limetrees often snare,  
And as the roses turned to asters in the gardens,  
And when the streaming wheat was absent from the field,  
She brushed aside the snow-bird and the evergreen.

But seeing that her summer had arrived too late,  
And sensing that her season was too incomplete,  
She walked again in silent showers of silver flakes,  
And wandered lost through lanes of flaming leaves  
That flared and died before the chill approach.

# Eagle Released

By F. King

There was something of the eagle in him,  
Something that spoke of flailing wings against the sun,  
Of darkening hills upon a chilly, spring-time sky.  
And when she listened to him talk of common things,  
There was the rush and sweep of greater things to come,  
Of glory glimpsed, soon to be realized.  
And when he rose into the wind from out her opening hands,  
She stood below and wept beside the empty cage  
For all the beauty lost upon unfeeling sky.  
Coward that she was, she told the bird to leave,  
Fearing the clever talons and the searching eyes,  
Wary of claims the eagle might demand and soon attain.  
Thus she lived her life under sheltering summer trees,  
Hidden in haste from cliffs and the beat of wing,  
Longing for the lash of claws in the early spring.

# Autumn Twilight

By Anne McDonnell

On my lips the sad bitter taste  
Of moist autumn air.

Along the shadowy earth of twilight  
A wraith-like mist.

Trees, black against white grey sky  
Stilly stand.

Deep in the grey light behind the mist-  
skirted trees  
A faint rose glow sinks lingeringly.

The mist expires,  
The grey glow fades,  
And the black trees  
Melt into jealous night.



# Double Identity

By Tom Wagle

Popped out on a bush,  
Joy to seekers—  
Symbol of love, beauty, and light,  
Rose—You're an ointment to mortal sight.

Sharp on a bush,  
Cruel to weaklings—  
Symbol of doom, intolerance, and scorn,  
You are ugly little thorn.

Rose and thorn—both from a bush  
From the very same seed I watched you push.

# What An Accomplishment

By Tom Wagle

There was no choice, so why rejoice?  
No more than grain in desert sand.  
Birth and so a life—  
Mistaken fate?  
Or aftermath to human joy?  
Why  
If come  
The place before may have been the best  
Or worse  
And  
If going  
The place after this . . .  
Oh ho!  
Well  
Who knows?  
The swirling that created all  
This earthen ball  
May take back  
If he or it possessed.

But brother, sister too, we are here.  
Did a philosopher stir and ask for proof?  
Well, Ignatz, what is the truth?  
I know that I am here  
For I live in constant fear  
Of being caught between two lines  
By a cop with a stop watch.  
(Shudderings and nausea and thoughts of a fine.)

Sweat your guts out man!  
Work and get somewhere  
Work to breathe this air  
Work because awe comes to the eyes of those  
Who watch a bulging muscle pop for pennies  
And play

Play till the eyes grind ,  
Go to bed with pleasure  
Live  
By God—be intense  
Smile  
Laugh  
Be drunken, gay  
And cry . . .  
Be moral, intelligent  
Good  
Love  
And then sonny — die.





# Derelict

By George Fullen

Darkness sits lightly on the land;  
Thick moonlight traces broken streaks  
Upon the restless water of the cove  
And silhouettes the wreckage of the ship,  
Sphinxlike in its immovable dereliction.

Late swimmers venture from land-locked villas,  
Run laughing through the sand ribbon of beach,  
Hang undecidedly at the cold water's edge,  
And then plunge, tripping, falling, shouting.

They dare to swim to the shadow of the ghostly derelict,  
But courage is scuttled there,  
And they turn back, for they are unable to read  
The unwritten epitaph, cold and chilling,  
On what must remain an inscrutable monument.

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# Hours Before Darkness

By George Fullen

Hours before darkness, ponderous and portentous,  
Shadows closing in, isolating the man,  
Chasing away the light; long shadows lengthening,  
Creeping, pursuing the man, pursuing the light.

Hours before darkness, saddest hours of all,  
Seal the man's eyes, numb his lips,  
Cause his hands to fumble, his feet to betray him;  
He finds a refuge and waits for the night.

Hours of coming darkness, the light is gone,  
The man is isolated, waiting, deserted by the light;  
Long shadows merged to darkness have betrayed him;  
He awaits the imponderable, isolated.

The tedious hours are past, the man is isolated,  
But a greater isolation is revealed to him,  
Coming to him through infinity—feeble at first,  
But yet a light. A star. Companion of the night.

# Cormorant

By Margaret Lanahan

From out the sea  
Fled up the sandy coast,  
Bleak desert stretch,  
Half a land and half a sea alike,  
Spreading gritty flecks  
Built into rock, slab crag,  
And summit peak of stone.  
Here perched silently  
The cormorant.

Lightening flick of eye betrayed him  
Interested in sand and sea below,  
Adamantly searching that domain,  
Wherein the crab and oyster made a bed  
And minnow fish cavorted in the shallows  
Flitting out in happy quickness  
From among pink coral walls.

High up the chill damp crag  
Above the spreading slabs  
Of lichenized stone,  
Perched amid the barrenness of cliff  
And shore below,  
Keenly, quietly he waited—  
A patient cormorant.





# Freedom: A Symposium

Note: The idea of freedom has been a vital motivation for speculation, deliberation, and action throughout all time. In its wake lie both assurance and confusion. Its backward glance falls upon olive branches, some still wet with blood, for freedom ranges from divine heights to satanic depths in man's definition and application. What and how we think of freedom is important to these times, the beginnings of our future. The four essays in this collection are attempts to reach a definition of freedom. We hope they may lead to individual considerations of this problem.

Editor.

## FREEDOM

By William Harper

Freedom is confined to the ability of man to carry out his inclinations. Freedom is a manifestation of many relative associations in the minds of different people. We associate freedom with such things as speech, press, religion, fear and want. We call it the absence of restraints that lets us do as we please as long as we endanger no one else.

Freedom can be enslaved or can be bound against its will—free will. Jacques Rousseau said that "Man is born free, but he is everywhere in chains." Each one of us is a link in society's chain, and we are held in place by others. Our actions can be controlled, but our free will may only be tampered with.

Freedom, when not considered as physical restraints imposed by fellow men, may be abstractly thought of as a state of being granted to us by God. Again, speaking of free will which enables us to be individuals, we can think of ourselves as guardians of a power within us—call it our soul if you wish—which allows us to have freedom and independence of thought. This independence of thought is the basic freedom of life upon which man has had to place restrictions where thoughts determine actions. Hence, freedom in this sense might be considered as being granted by God but controlled by man.

When we define freedom as being granted by God, we are faced with a controversial issue. Is there a will which may or may not be free in its actions?

If we have free-will, then we have freedom of choice. The choice, however, will be subject to restrictions inherent in the circum-

stance under which that choice can be made. If our life moves in line with "must," how can there be any significance to right and wrong or "should" and "should not?" If man is really free, then it appears that God can not have fore-knowledge of our actions. If we are not free, then our wealth and well-being must be governed by more than justice alone.

Is there any freedom in the world if there is no free-will? In physical governmental environments, men have rights and privileges. They may exercise them freely as long as they are not restricted from doing so by other men who may have so tied up their environmental society that the freedom of thoughts within is the only safe thing to exercise.

## **FREEDOM: WHAT IS IT?**

By Earl Murphy

Freedom in the absolute is the essence of unrestrained, uninhibited liberty, consisting of that natural right to do all desired without mental or physical limitations. When this concept of absolute freedom is applied by an evolving society to their problems, however, it must of necessity appear in its two aspects: freedom as an attitude and freedom as a condition; for what the concept of freedom seems to grant in theory, the aspects of this concept of freedom may withhold in application. This subdivision of freedom as an absolute into its aspects in application is admittedly arbitrary, but even the scientific method first requires a theory to be supported with facts.

Freedom considered solely in its aspect as an attitude appertains to that which is variously called the mind, the spirit, or the soul. As such it leads inevitably to that Lovelaceian conclusion that firm belief in the existence of freedom creates freedom even though this belief in freedom be held by the inmates of a prison, since freedom exists only in the personal mind, having no relationship to the body supporting that mind. An epigrammatic summary of this position would be: **I am solely what I believe I am.** This to the ultra-materialist is as weird as the faith of Canute's courtiers, but can the ultra-materialist, knowing of history's social evolution, reject freedom in its aspect as an attitude as wholly false and without any element of truth in it? Was not the Negro slave or the medieval serf—each all unaware that he might, with justice, hold another position in society—as free, spiritually speaking, as some wild animal that is bound only by the realm of its experience? Has not a belief in spiritual freedom been



maintained by some even in prison under the burden of extreme privation, anguish, and torture. Social and penal history will never permit these facts to be disputed; but, on the other side of the problem, belief in man's right to some dignity of person will never permit to be denied the fact that freedom in this aspect alone is, at the very least, generally inadequate, because, since freedom as an attitude rests either on a suspension or an ignoring of hurtful thoughts and surroundings or on a complete lack of knowledge that such thoughts and surroundings are hurtful, it is an illusion, an unawareness and nothing more.

Freedom when thought of in its aspect as a condition is related mainly to the status of the physical circumstances of man. In practice, it consists of the lack of those physical and legal restraints that would tend to reduce the individual to the level of slavery, serfdom, or peonage and an absence of those restraints that seek to deny to individuals equality in their society or culture. These together constitute the freedom of the physical. Alone, this freedom would be sufficient, for as buds precede blossoms, freedom as a condition must precede or attend freedom as an attitude, and those who are free under it must, of necessity, be free under both.

Freedom as an attitude and freedom as a condition are therefore the dual aspects shown by the practical application of the idea of freedom. Either freedom may exist alone, or in some one of its own parts, but unless the two aspects of freedom coexist in all of their several parts, then it cannot be said that the concept of freedom has been applied; and it is only in the application of it by society that establishes the correct interpretive meaning of the term freedom.

## **FREEDOM'S FALLACIES**

By David E. Barnhart

Looking at freedom from a distance, we are inclined to think of it as merely something vague but wonderful. It brings to our minds other vague things such as liberty, the American way of life, or indeed America standing by itself.

As we approach closer however, we see that it is not vague because of the distance but because of its gigantic proportions. Nearly every one has his idea of what freedom is, but no one can satisfactorily prove what it is to anyone but himself, if he is able to do even that.

Some say that freedom is absence of restraints. Others say that it is a condition in which man is able to assume his rights, or his privi-



leges; or that freedom is man's license on earth. It seems that for every definition of freedom that is given, we find it is also necessary that a definition of the definition be given, and so on until we are all so completely confounded that some of us begin to suspect that freedom is after all, perhaps the scourge of mankind.

What is the correlation, if any, between man's rights and his privileges?

Man's rights are those liberties with which he is endowed by his creator, or assuming that there was no creator, those rights which are mutually respected and shared by all mankind, being made a part of him from birth.

Privileges are liberties granted by society to man.

It is manifest that when we speak of freedom we are talking of many things which, when grouped into rough categories may be called The Four Freedoms. These being Freedom from Want, Freedom from Fear, Freedom of Speech, and Freedom of Thought.

If we are to imagine that to have freedom there must be an absence of restraints, then we must conclude that no where in the world is there freedom of speech.

It would be far better to say that freedom of speech is limited to the speaking of the truth .

Freedom from fear can be achieved only through truth, because it is the haunting fear of the unknown that is the real fear. Fear of physical forces can be offset in any number of ways, but there is no remedy for the fear of that which is not known except the truth. When the truth is known there can be only one of two feelings to displace fear: either resignation or relief.

Freedom of thought without restraints means nothing. This is the freedom under which religion is included. The truth in this case has never been known, but at least religion respects the truth, at least as much as it dares. If the truth is ever known, religion will either die or it will flourish, and which ever happens a new road into the world of thought will be paved. Any kind of fanaticism should be restrained, but the rub is the question of where to draw the line.

The last of the freedoms to be covered in this essay is the world of want. It is not a beautiful world and there is little truth in it. Yet it is not desirable to have total freedom from want in the world, or rather freedom from fear of wanting. If fear from want were overcome, from what would man derive his ambition to do work, and to accomplish things?

The definition of freedom to the effect that it is man's license while on earth is indeed vague. The question of from whom, and license to what, is again brought up?

It is enough to say that men being individuals have certain rights that are held in common with all men. Perhaps after all, full freedom is attainable only in the hereafter.

## **FREEDOM**

By Fred McNanny

Freedom is the complete absence of obligation. It is a state of being, but where is it found?

A fact is obliged to present a truth; it is not obliged not to present one. The sun is obliged to shed heat and light. Is light free? It is obliged to fall apart under a spectrum.

We have freedoms from, freedoms for, and freedoms to. It is a word of our time and should have a timely definition, one limited to freedom and man.

Man is a limited creature. He must tolerate sickness, pain, and death. The free man then is obliged to tolerate only those things his physical stature limits him to control.

Is this license? Yes. But license and freedom are not the same. Today, freedom imposes an obligation. It is the obligation to do good. Freedom is the obligation of the man, who is not obligated to fear for his physical and mental comfort, beyond those forces he himself can control, to exercise goodness toward other men. And freedom must be exercised. If not, it will become "freedom was," not "freedom is . . ."



# The Shepheard's Calendar

JANUARY AND DECEMBER

By Allyn Wood

In the first eclogue and the last, Colin Clout addresses Pan, complaining about his life. These are the only two eclogues in monologue; they are different in scope but with many comparable passages; and they are the only two in the particularly sustained musical rhyme scheme of iambic pentameter sixains rhymed ababcc.\* But in January, Colin is immature, in December he has grown old. In the two complaints, Spenser subtly communicates the vast difference in Colin's experience—he is *comprehensive*, as in "February" he only plays. Through images of his relationship with nature, first so superficial and comradely and demonstrative, deepening into reality and resignation with a passion that, having ceased to battle, will spend itself in wonder; turning his life to fit a year, the four ages with the four seasons, Spenser tells a serious story of experience. There is room for a lot of comparison in the two eclogues, but we shall have time only for a glance.

At end of winter, young Colin leads his emaciated sheep to pasture, himself as thin because of love, and thus begins,

"Ye Gods of loue, that pitie louers payne,  
(If any gods the paine of louers pitie:)  
Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remaine,  
And bowe your eares unto my dolefull dittie.  
And Pan thou shepheards God, that once didst loue,  
Pitie the paines, that thou they selfe didst proue."

Aged Colin, as winter blows, sending him to the shelter of a briar, thus begins:

"O soueraigne Pan thou God of shepheards all,  
Which of our tender Lamdkins takest keepe:  
And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,  
Doest save from mischief the unwary sheepe :  
Als of their maisters hast no lesse regarde,  
Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch and ward:  
I thee beseche . . . Hearken awhile . . ."

All of a lifetime is between these beginnings. The youth has felt nothing deeply until now. His god is a god of lovers, not of love, whose sympathy is because he failed in earthly passion—a sensient

\*Notice that "August" also composed of sixains in that rhyme-scheme is entirely different, anapestic feet tripping among the iambs, and as dialogue, the stanza is broken generally into quatrains and couplets between the speakers.



sympathy, not because he understands. He is pagan and unpredictable: who knows whether he will pity? He is a god of the very newly disillusioned. Colin recognizes his limitation when within his later complaint he says,

"But ah such pryde at length was ill repayde,  
The shepherds God (perdie God was he none)  
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill upbraide,  
My freedome lorne, my life he left to mone."

So it is to a Pan conceived in vaster terms that Colin admits the other proved irresponsible: to the mysterious half-man half-beast guardian of man and beast, Christ unified with previous demi-god, not destroying him but controlling him and putting him to service. They together make mature Colin's god of love.

The youth declares there is no summer between his spring and autumn, but grown old he says it was his summer then, not his spring that was wasted by love. Time has lengthened; he remembers the merely athletic, stretching period of his life which somehow vanishes from muscle and memory the moment that one really loves, making it seem as if life has only now begun. The wastefulness of love is not because of love but because he was carried away by it, and spurned by Rosalind, failed to put it to constructive use. "A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower," cries the boy— "And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure," when he first saw and loved her. Grown old, "Why liuest thou stil, and yet hast thy deathes wound? Why dyest thou stil, and yet aliue art founde?" he asks himself with pensive detachment. Love has been an instrument of ravage and an instrument of growth. Rosalind grows from a person to a symbol of unattainable perfection.

"She deignes not my good will, but doth reprove,  
And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne.  
Shepherds deuise she hateth as the snake,  
And laughes the songs, that Colin Clout doth make."

At this, the boy breaks his pipe and flings himself on the ground—the athletic period returns to muscle only to dramatize how far the spirit has outgrown it. He thinks that because Rosalind scorns poetry he will cease wooing her with it, while in reality it is his only means of speaking to her.

"Ah who has wrought my Rosalind this spight  
To spil the flowres, that should her girlond dight?"  
(Dec.)

In the life of one who tries to write, how often perfection seems to refuse homage; or of one who loves a person, and offers confidence, it is discovered that the real self is undesired. Colin is true to Rosalind to the last, for which I at least would have little sympathy if it were not that Rosalind as a concept has become greater and worthy.

With a tinge of scorn, the youth declares that he does not complain of Hobbinol, the other shepherd boy, who seeks his friendship with gifts that Colin re-gives to his love. He is too centered to give second thought to the one who loves him unselfishly. But in age Hobbinol comes first— not that Hobbinol stands between him and the perfection that Rosalind has become: rather he is a valued messenger, perhaps the only way of reaching her. The last, unthought of way, through friendship.

There is a nuance of difference in the references to and comparisons of man's state with nature, in the two eclogues. It is difficult to pin down one illustrative stanza in each, for it imbues them all and is most effective cumulatively. Let us take these.

"Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,  
Art made a myrrhour, to behold my plight:  
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted  
Thy sommer prowde with Daffadillies dight.  
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,  
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst late."  
(Jan.)

"Gather ye together my little flock,  
My little flock, that was to me so lief:  
Let me, ah lette me in your folds ye lock,  
Ere the breme Winter breede you greater griefs.  
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,  
And after winter commeth timely death."  
(Dec.)

In the first, nature is a mirror of his plight, but the connection is no stronger than an artificial image. Nature itself is diffuse, independent, spectacular— it weeps tears that turn into icicles, but not over his grief; they mirror his grief for him. That is all very well, but something is lacking which is real, and which is present in the imagery of his age. ". . . After winter commeth timely death"; it is timeliness; finally the union of his life with, **into**, a form that is beautiful and vast, in which the little tumults of despair take form and are uttered again, in order, with calm and wonder. No longer separate, they are the most felt part of the question, Why? Where? that reaches forth from one turning life to the edge of all the turning worlds. All things between he loves because they share; they are going **because**; they are going **there**. "Gather ye together," he says to those that depend on him.



# Paricutin

By Marie Hammontree

The liveliest and youngest of the world's volcanoes, Paricutin is now a mecca for visitors from every continent. For years the farm of Dionisio Pulido, two miles outside of the village of Paricutin, had been a favorite picnic spot for neighboring Mexicans because the ground was so warm and dry and hospitable. On February 20, 1943, while plowing in his cornfield, Senor Pulido heard a noise from under the soil. Louder it came and then with an earth shaking roar began pouring rocks and cinders into the air. The next day there was a cone-shaped pile twenty-five feet high. Within a week it was five hundred feet and in ten weeks over one thousand. Soon the little town of Paricutin was smothered beneath the encroaching lava, and scientists from everywhere converged on Mexico to watch developments.

Paricutin is located almost directly west of Mexico City but is a good day's ride away from it by bus. The road is full of twists and curves and lies continuously in the mountains, taking its travelers through Toluca, Morelia, past Lake Patzcuaro and by nightfall reaching Uruapan. Uruapan is generally the embarking place for Paricutin, and the trip is most effectively made at night.

A light rain had begun to fall upon our arrival in Uruapan; and my companions and I decided to postpone our visit to the next evening since we were afraid the rain might obscure our view. We found rooms at the very Mexican and picturesque Hotel Progreso and then went for a walk. A few enterprising market sellers were still up, hoping to get a head start by selling their wares intended for the morrow which was market day in Uruapan. Others with less initiative had already gone to bed on the sidewalk and lay huddled together somewhat like lumpy sacks of potatoes. Before I realized, I almost stepped on one little pile. It was a damp, chilly, penetrating night; and as I later lay snug in my bed at the hotel, I could not help but wonder about these fellow humans asleep out there on the ground with only a blanket to protect them from the night.

The next day dawned warm and bright, and we spent it in visiting the market and lacquer shops of Uruapan. Three o'clock in the afternoon we were told was the customary time to start for Paricutin; so clad in warm slacks and jackets and armed with a supply of food, we set forth in an automobile hired to take us (to the point) as far as it was possible for a car to go. Paricutin is approximately twenty-



four miles from Uruapan, and the last few miles of our drive were over practically non-existent roads. On the way we could get intermittent glimpses of Paricutin spouting its smoke, by daylight looking similar to pictures of the atom bomb explosions. Also evident were the complete lack of vegetation and the blackened earth.

Finally we arrived at Parangaricutiro and were told that from this point on we could either walk or rent a horse or donkey to carry us. Not being an expert horse-woman nor particularly fond of walking, I selected a donkey as the safest mode of transportation. With each donkey one also acquired a small Mexican boy, a combination guide for the passenger and guard for the safe return of the animal. He walked bare-footed beside his charge and toted our food supply.

The sky which had become clouded and threatening now became more ominous and gave evidence as we mounted our burros that it was soon intending to open up and put out that great conflagration which was bellowing and belching and rumbling in the distance. The village of Parangaricutiro is now a mass of hardened black lava with only a church spire protruding to give evidence that it ever existed. As our procession began to pick its way through the solidified lava rock, the promised downpour arrived; and our small guides silently helped each of us on with a sarape which was included with our donkey — an oblong piece of heavy, coarse material, semi-rain resistant, with a hole in the middle, leaving the wearer's head to brave the elements as best it could.

On the barren lava there was no place to turn for shelter; and having travelled thousands of miles for this experience, we were not to be dissuaded by a good soaking. The storm grew in intensity, and thunder vied with Paricutin for attention. Suddenly the lightning struck very near us. Our little crowd stopped for just a moment, hovering together and scarcely knowing which way to turn. I could feel my animal quivering beneath me though I had to admit that perhaps it was I shaking the donkey.

As we ascended the mountain of lava, I could hear the burros struggling for breath as well as the panting of their barefooted keepers. My guide was a sturdy youngster, but there were others who sometimes had to lie down for a few minutes as the path grew steeper. Having no doubt carried many an American to a view of Paricutin, my stubborn little burro still refused to comprehend English. In the excitement my meagre supply of Spanish had deserted me and besides had never included the Spanish equivalent for "whoa." Anxious perhaps to be out of the storm and to be done with his duties, he was inclined to take the lead and jog on ahead of my friends, mercilessly leaving me to hang on for dear life. The

vocabulary of my guide, slightly better than the donkey's, included one English word which he used at the summit. It was the magnificent word of "here" which he said as he pulled the burro to a stop and indicated it was time for me to dismount.

"Here" was a very rude shelter composed of four slight props with a canvas top and no walls to obstruct the view on any side. It was perhaps twenty or twenty-five feet square in size. There was no view, however, as in every direction nothing could be seen but mist and rain. Paricutin continued to give evidence of its being by frightening roars but was nowhere in sight. So we sat down in our sodden clothes on some crude benches and looked where we were told to watch and waited for Paricutin to unveil itself. One enterprising Mexican had obtained the concession for Paricutin though his sole commodity was hot coffee. Although he almost asphyxiated us and made our eyes smart from the fumes of his fire in the middle of the hut, we were grateful for his ambition and eagerly sought to warm ourselves with the coffee and refresh ourselves with the food which the hotel keeper had wisely advised us to bring along.

But the rains continued, and we strained our eyes to penetrate the mist for the first view of the crater. More and more sightseers arrived. The only hut became crowded, so much so that some folks had to stand under the very edge of the tent half protected and half letting the rain trickle down their faces. Darkness fell, and still the fog obscured the volcano. It was like sitting in a theatre to view a play from which the curtain had been left unraised, or I thought perhaps it must be the way a recently blinded person feels, straining to look upon the thing he knows is there. With characteristic impatience some of the Americans gave up, climbed on their donkeys and horses and began the descent to civilization.

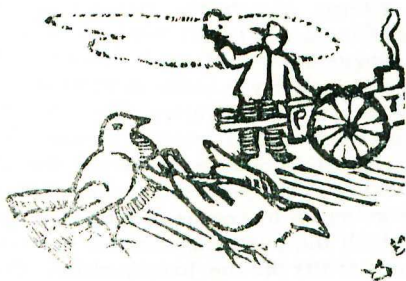
With time, however, we could see the fog slowly, steadily moving to one side, not enough to view the volcano but enough to give hope that before the night was over we might see Paricutin. Yet maddeningly dilatory it was in drifting away. By ten o'clock a miniature crater came into view with a steady stream of flame shooting into the air from its funnel. There was a continuous puffing as if a train were trying to get under way which I attributed to this small volcano and a great roar every few seconds which I knew must be emitting from Paricutin. Gradually, ever so deliberately, the fog shifted; and at last Paricutin came into view, each twenty seconds blasting fiery lava high into the black sky, and as the force of gravity brought it earthward, letting it roll majestically down its sides. No man-made fireworks exhibition, however beautiful, could equal the wonder of this one which nature puts on nightly in the Mexican



heavens. I was told we were six miles away, the closest point to which man might approach with any degree of safety; and yet our faces were covered with black soot and cinders.

I gazed in wonder, hoping forever to preserve in my memory this awesome monster which had torn loose from the bonds of hell and on February 20, 1943, had rent the cornfield of Dionisio Pulido to emerge into a frightened world. Like a fiery dragon from the pages of mythology, it snorted and fumed, resisting all efforts of modern man to restrain its course, destroying entire towns, laying waste the area for miles around and shaking the walls of distant cities.

The rain had by this time ceased, and we again mounted our burros and began the climb down the precipitous lava. Hot molten masses were spattered in our path, and I gripped my burro to keep from making a premature descent into this material erupted from the depths of Hades. Occasionally when the path grew easier for a moment and I dared to ease my hold, I turned around in the saddle and took a last glimpse of the mighty volcano which though only a few years old had grown to such proportions and was still growing. The obscure town of Paricutin is dead, buried under countless tons of lava; but in its death it has also become immortal. Scarcely a traveler would have visited it as a town, but now it will abide for all eternity. Even though the angry fumes subside and the surrounding countryside is quiet again, Paricutin will tower into the sky in solemn majesty; and although its burning lips are sealed with snow and icy winds, it will stand like its many volcanic predecessors in Mexico as a grim reminder of the burning fury which lies dormant in the depths of the earth.





# The Dramatic Function of the Gravediggers' Scene in Hamlet

By Q. L. West

It is unfortunate that one of the scenes most often cut from contemporary productions of "Hamlet" is the first scene of Act V, the gravediggers' scene. The scene is, after all, static; it is merely a lyrical passage which seems, at first, to delay the movement of the drama, and, at all events, to add nothing to it. The producer wants swift, forward-moving action, and, certainly, he finds little enough of what he wants in the almost perverse, but always fundamental, deliberateness of this play. Consequently, one of the first scenes to be eliminated is almost invariably this one, despite its trenchant, laconic prose, its macabre humor, and its mordant, cynical philosophy of ultimate disillusion.

The scene, in itself, as a separate entity, is probably one of the most famous in Shakespeare. Certainly it contains the most often misquoted line in English literature ("Alas, poor Yorick, I knew him, Horatio."), as well as one of the funniest ("Twill not be seen in him there (England); there the men are as mad as he."). Perhaps the contemporary producer is short-sighted in cutting out the gravediggers' scene; perhaps it does contribute, very definitely, to the tragedy, apart from its intrinsic excellence.

The scene opens on a bit of broad, rather low, comedy, the mumblings of morons and yokels. Shakespeare regularly employs the device of comic "relief," only such scenes of comedy are never thrust, helter-skelter, into his tragedies, and they rarely afford relief. Their purpose is definite, and, in the violence of their contrast with what has gone before and what is to come after, they rather increase the tension and exaggerate the gloom. Probably the most effective of these interludes is the porter's scene in Macbeth; the gravediggers' scene is similarly famous and effective. But the two scenes, if they have similar purposes, do not use similar means. The porter's scene offers a violent, a horrible contrast between the mutterings of the porter at the knocking at the gate and the ghastly deed of treachery and blood that is going on in another part of Macbeth's castle. The pity and terror which the poet must arouse in us are multiplied by the deliberate incongruity in the juxtaposition of low comedy and high tragedy.

The gravediggers' scene, on the other hand, seeks also to heighten our tension. But the method is not one of stark contrast, but rather

it is the technique of the operatic intermezzo. There is a lull in the action, a pause, as for breath, after the crowded movement of the preceding act and the gory violence of the final scene. The ghoulish play of two clowns offers an eerie silence, a profound, ominous, palpable stillness, while the barometer is falling.

One cannot, in reading the scene, visualize it, without sensing the sombre massing of clouds, the weird, grey-green light, the flicker of soundless lightning, which precede a storm. The scene certainly does delay the action of the play, but the delay is deliberate and calculated. The adolescent grappling of Laertes and Hamlet in Ophelia's grave, mad as it is, and the bloody joke of the melee which ends the play, ironic as it is, come almost as relief: they, at least, are action, aimless, pitiable, futile, sardonic, perhaps, but action, any way.

The gravediggers' scene is not comedy alone, however. Hamlet and Horatio enter, and the rest of the scene reflects and emphasizes the character of Hamlet. Horatio is, as always, the taciturn, solid, sane foil, with his "Aye, my lord," and "E'en so, my lord." He is not torn with doubt and confusion; never is his will "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Little, it is true, in this scene adds to what we already know about the character of Hamlet; nevertheless, it would seem that the intent of this episode is not so much dramatic as it is psychological and philosophical. The prince is here revealed in all the fascinating and baffling facets of his nature, and he reaches here the nadir of cynicism and disillusionment. It is not the cynicism and disillusionment of old age; it is the cynicism and disillusionment of intellect, of a man, still fairly young, whose mind is baffled by thought and is too painfully aware of ends to be able to discover means. He is witty; he delights, in his dialogue with the clown, in pun and play on words. The sharp brilliance of his intellect leads him from glib punning to scathing logic, as he relentlessly pursues his thought toward the final negation. He reaches the bottom; nothing is left but "Pah!" and a cynical ditty on the transience of man and the silliness of his glory. All is hollow, all is sham, all comes to nothing but a stink and some dust.

The scene is a purgation, rather in a medical than in an Aristotelian sense, for, only a few hours later, Hamlet is able to shrug his shoulders and resign himself to the special providence which will save him or kill him. There is some purpose; all is not meaningless. If man cannot understand that meaning and fathom that purpose, he, at least, must accept them, and he cannot live, or die, if he does not believe that they are there.

Thus we see a dramatic function in the psychological illumination and philosophical probing of this scene. Hamlet must reach the



ne plus ultra before he will be capable of the action which the entangled threads, the hesitancy and indecision of the first three acts, and the gathering momentum of the fourth, have so inextricably woven together. These threads are severed with Alexandrian despatch in the sanguinary and ironic hugger-mugger of the final scene.

We do not know how he bridges this gap from a complete cynicism to a negative faith. We only know that he does, and that he has to. We suspect, at times, that there is a certain element of the facile, perhaps even the glib, in his moralizing. Certainly there is little originality in it, and not much consistency, for that matter; perhaps, often, he merely gives voice to "what oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest." He expresses, nevertheless, a universal experience of the young, at least the young who think of something beyond what the psychologists have so delicately called "fundamental drives." It may be, then, that the leap from unbelief to belief must inevitably follow the final degradation—at least for a young man of the Renaissance; and it is certain that there is no other direction that Hamlet can go, save up.

The action of the scene is not necessarily dramatic action; neither is it psychological. There is no flash of swords, no conflict of personality, no gust of wrath, no surge of passion. We are revealed nothing new about Hamlet's character.

There is action in the mind, however, and this action is essential to the necessary end of the drama. But action in the mind, even in Elizabethan romantic drama, can only show itself in talk. Talk, no matter how witty, vivid, or profound, is not movement, and therefore in a dramatic sense it does not advance the movement of the play. Anything that does not advance the movement of the play is not necessary. But such reasoning ought not to be applied to such a drama as Hamlet, for here the dramatic action is far less important than the psychological and moral action—one might almost say that it is ancillary to them—and it is these which the gravediggers' scene primarily assists.

But, not solely. It does not, of course, in the strictest sense, advance dramatic action. It is an interlude, a pause, before the final catastrophe. There is an atmosphere of pregnant, ominous silence, against which the maunderings of the clowns and the moralizings of Hamlet fall with a dead, hollow clatter; tension is spun to the very breaking-point, and the sudden outburst of febrile action comes as release. Its dramatic functions are invaluable, and something irretrievable is lost by cutting out this scene and rushing, pell-mell, into the bloody climax.



# MSS

## FRESHMAN SECTION

# The Most Exciting Hour of My Life

By James Richman

The most exciting hour of my life? I think it was the time I traded places on an airplane with a Chinese mule. Other incidents have been more dangerous; other escapes have been closer: but not one has been more exciting.

I had been transferred from Kunming, China, to Loping, two hundred miles distant where a fighter group held a landing strip in a narrow mountain valley. Since the most practical and most pleasant way to make the trip would be to fly, I arranged for a seat on a Combat Cargo plane.

Upon arrival at the Operations Office, I found that a mistake had been made. The line crew had loaded a shipment of mules on the plane which my group had been scheduled to ride. The Operations Officer explained that such a mistake was logical, since the less dependable planes were used for such cargo so that nothing would be lost if the crew had to bail out and let the plane crash. He concluded that since no other plane would be available for days, there was nothing to do except unload the mules and give the space to mere people.

The exchange of passengers was quickly effected. In a matter of minutes my plane was poised at the end of the runway, straining at the brakes while the pilot gunned the engines to test their power. To my untrained ears, the sound of the exhausts was a symphony of pure might, but my companion shattered my confidence by mentioning in an offhand manner that the left engine was missing out. He promptly leaned back against our baggage and closed his eyes in what I imagined to be blissful sleep. I promptly inched forward to the edge of my bucket seat and began munching fingernails.

The pilot seemed satisfied with the engines, a fact in which I placed great faith, and he eased the throttle forward. The plane roared down the runway gathering speed rather slowly and had gone only a few hundred yards when the left engine began sputtering in a manner obvious even to me. The pilot had plenty of runway before him in which to stop, but he was using it up greedily, and in a matter of seconds he had passed the point beyond which there is no choice. It was take-off or else.

At the end of the runway was a field of gasoline storage tanks situated on a gentle hill, so the "or else" alternative was grim. As the last inch of runway disappeared beneath the plane, the pilot

retracted the landing gear and we were airborne. The ship went into a gentle climb carefully calculated by the pilot to clear both the gasoline tanks and the hill. We passed so close to the big steel containers that every detail was clearly visible, and the people working in the area were seen scurrying to cover to avoid our crash.

The take-off was successful. I relaxed a little, for I was sure that after such a narrow escape the pilot would circle the field and land for repairs. I knew it would be impossible to cross the mountains along the route. But the plane continued its straight course and gentle climb, and the left engine continued its popping and sputtering. I estimated the altitude as best I could, and when I thought we had enough height to render it practical, I cuddled up to my 'chute.

The first quarter hour of the flight was relatively uneventful aside from the continued fickleness of one power plant. I alternated between moods of cautious optimism and unrestrained pessimism. My blood pressure undoubtedly rose and fell as we struck successive updrafts and downdrafts. In my excitement I realized that a bail-out was not only possible at our altitude, but also probable in view of our delicate situation. Through my mind in their proper sequence ran bail-out procedure, landing procedure, escape procedure, and survival procedure. I intended to be prepared.

We approached our major obstacle, a mountain range nine thousand feet high, three thousand feet higher than the field at Kunming. Everyone aboard knew it was impossible to gain three thousand feet on one engine, and everyone anticipated the obvious sacrifice, the jettisoning of our baggage to lighten the plane. The pilot was flying parallel to the range, and at times he had to bank the plane away from the mountains in order to follow the contour of the valley. I looked upward to see the peaks.

It soon became apparent that the pilot was seeking a pass through which to fly. He swept up and down the valleys, here slipping over a low place in the range, there flying between the sheer walls of a clearly-defined pass, always working his way eastward. My companion nodded, yawned, and dozed in complete indifference.

Our estimated flight time ran out. We had flown many miles more than a direct route necessitated. I began to look for an airfield.

Suddenly it was below us, a flat valley, little wider than the hundreds of others I had seen, but with that unmistakeable red clay wound which was the landing strip. We landed uneventfully and unloaded hastily. I complimented the pilot on his skill and judgment, and asked if he intended to stay until his plane was repaired. He answered, "Oh no, it's been that way for weeks. I'll go on back to Kunming."



I sought out my companion to help him with the baggage and found him climbing from the plane. He exhibited no evidence of excitement or tension as he carefully stepped off the last step of the landing ladder. He deliberately planted both feet firmly on the ground, heaved a great sigh of relief, and before I could speak to him, fainted dead away.

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## Requiem

By Alan Markun

All shall go down  
All shall go under  
All shall forget.

Will not next year's spring  
remain a-bloom?  
And shall not the tawny leaves  
defy those autumn winds?  
Nay, not so, they shall all go down  
They shall all go under  
They shall all forget.  
Breathe brief moment  
while we yet exist.  
For the darkness shall cast  
all asunder,  
And the madness of crazy time  
twist all into a myth.  
Yea, we shall all go down  
We shall all go under  
We shall all forget.

# Death

By Patrick J. Mahoney III

He had tried to surrender. From behind a section of battered wall, he waved the Nambu with a piece of dirty white rag tied to the barrel, and I waited. Waited, with my Thompson leveled at that piece of white rag. We had long since learned of the treachery of the infamous Seventh Regiment of Imperial Marines, the pride of the Emperor, the giants of Nippon. They were giants too, in comparison to the usual run of Nips. These Banzai boys were all crowding six feet and over. Big fellas, and treacherous as a coiled cobra.

With due respect for my foes' repute, I dropped to my knees behind a small boulder. I shouted to him in broken Nip to throw the Nambu towards me and come out with his hands over his head. The first order he obeyed, but as he came from behind the wall, he held a Mauser machine-pistol in his right hand. It was shame he never had the opportunity to use it.

The Thompson roared its deadly staccato and the "honorable son" pitched forward on his face. I laughed. Imagine, trying to pull a stunt like that on an old-timer like me. I then went forward to retrieve the Mauser that my "friend" never got to use. It would look good on the kid brother's souvenir shelf in the den back home.

As I reached to pick it up, I heard a soft, dull thud in the sand behind me. I whirled, Thompson ready, head clear, body tense; there was no one there. Instead of a visible human enemy, there, not eight feet away, lay a black, ugly mode of death . . . GRENADE!

I froze, still crouched, staring wildly at it. Then, the explosi. . .

I saw the gates of Heaven shine  
With everlasting light;  
And then I knew that I'd got mine  
As he got his tonight.

# A Snowflake--An Observation

By Suzanne Spiker

With my face pressed against the cool pane of the window, I watched the snow drifting slowly past. Then my eye was caught by a particularly beautiful flake, lodged on the sill. It was perfectly symmetrical in shape, looking like a delicate white butterfly poised for flight, or a lacy, imaginative valentine, left over from that saint's name-day.

As I watched, dreamily intent upon my fancies, a large, black bird materialized on the ledge, cocked his head to the left with an inquiring air, and ruffled his feathers, as an old man might settle his coat more closely about him. Very deliberately he raised a long, taloned foot and brought it down in the middle of my snowflake, crumpling it into fine powdered sugar. Then, satisfied with his effort, he stumbled off into the air in the general direction of the neighborhood bird-feeding station. An eddy of wind, following after his flight, carried away the last remnants in its hurry to catch up with the north wind.

## The Impossible Housewife

By Demaris Klicka

Her house-dress is faultlessly tailored. She wears sheer hose and high heels. Her sleek, upswept hair-do is in shining order at 6:00 a.m. Her house, which was a tumbled-down shack bought for almost nothing, has been remodeled with only a few dollars and quantities of ingenuity into a decorator's dream; most of the furniture, deep, hand-rubbed mahogany, was found in a back street second-hand shop for a few pennies and refinished. Her house is in ship-shape order (Navy style) not later than 8:00 a.m. She does a weekly laundry for seven people before breakfast without marring her manicure. She prepares meals which are delectable, nutritious, economical, and original; her table appointments are correct and her centerpieces distinctive. Her children are intelligent, punctual, handsome, and always neat; her husband adores her. She is, of course, the model in the magazine ads, and frankly, I am very weary of her smug and everlasting perfection.

Today's housewife is a harried individual exhausted by the effort of trying to keep up with Mrs. Jones, the model. It seems peculiar that we flesh-and-blood housekeepers are beset with hundreds of little problems attendant on rearing youngsters into socially accept-



able humans. Our housework schedules are upset constantly by skinned noses, drinks of water, falling off the swing, getting sand in eyes, fighting, and running into the street. We have no magical powers that enable us to do eight loads of laundry in the Bendix, hang them outdoors, dress ourselves and several children, prepare breakfast, pack a lunch, kiss hubby good-bye, and do a week's marketing all within an hour. Our children, strange as it seems, are just ordinary mortals on a small scale; they are often contrary, sassy, disobedient, untidy, and belligerent. There are days when we can't get anything done as endless streams of salesmen and collectors ring the bell. After an ordinary, usual, hectic day our hair straggles, our noses shine, our legs are weary despite the sturdy oxfords.

But, nevertheless, we are forever plagued with the subconscious, omnipresent portrait of the smiling, well-groomed, tireless standard of feminine perfection which the hucksters, in their more sadistic moments, have created to make us feel dowdy, untidy, inefficient, and inferior. We can't escape it, for it screams at us from the magazines, bill-boards, newspapers, radio, and movies. Our limitations of budget, background, personality, and education are inconsequential to this fantastic criterion. I think the hucksters have made life too difficult for us homemakers.

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## My Utopia

By Kenneth Ryan

Do you want to be a hermit? Of course you don't. But! Do you awake in the morning feeling irritable and tired after a hard double-feature the night before? Does your head buzz and do your feet ache after hours of shopping through crowded stores? Does the world of modern man rest heavily upon your weary shoulders?

If your answer is yes, then we can help you. Come to a way of life paralleled nowhere in this frantic, frenzied world. Join the "Thoreau Little Theatre and Rest Home" foundation and enjoy the true bliss of a full life and a re-found comfort.

Located on the shores of Walden Pond, Massachusetts, this group dedicates its time to offering a sheltered haven for the world-weary and disillusioned. The rates are reasonable, although higher, of course, than the more common types of rest homes. As an added convenience, we have a Notary Public on our staff, whose duty is

notarizing mortgages for guests who find themselves in straitened financial circumstances.

Perhaps the most marvelous feature of this refuge in the wild is the complete lack of decadent, modernistic facilities. Although plans are being made for the installment of electric lights—our group was recently sued by a gentleman who fell, in the dark, and lost four teeth; he won the case and we could only conclude that he was hardly the type of true gentleman desired here—we still have confidence in the benefits of physical effort. After a guest has chopped his own wood, rowed a boat into the lake to catch fish, built his own fire, and cooked those fish for his breakfast, we feel he will be amazed at the extent his appetite has increased.

The Little Theatre productions are designed to fulfill man's desire for artistic expression. Working as non-profit thespians—the revenue from ticket-sales is divided among the staff; if the guests desired more money they would not be here amid the peace and quiet—under the direction of Miss Minnie Johnson, who has had years of experience directing Y.M.C.A. plays, the guests have opportunity to discover hidden talents. With pride we recall Henry Thorkens, a young man who moved from our group to the Broadway stage. His greatest appearance was as a third act butler with three lines to speak. The play folded after eleven days but we stoutly maintain that this was through no fault of Henry's. A situation not quite so favorable was that of a young man of ours who played so successfully the part of a burglar that he decided to try it in real life. From his cell, he told reporters that he had fallen in with "bad companions."

There has been, of course, occasional dissension among our guests, as there is in all high-spirited groups. One such affair occurred when one guest attacked another with a double-bitted axe after his ace had been trumped. The attacker said he was a "retired banker" but later investigation proved him to be an embezzling bartender, from "Mikes' Joint," in the Bronx. Needless to say we asked him to leave immediately. Unfortunately, the assaulted guest blamed us for the bodily harm he had suffered and, after his release from the hospital, instituted suit against us. We contended that it was an "act of God" and we were not responsible. The courts ruled in his favor. We were naturally hurt by his unjust attitude.

Peace, repose, and solitude are offered you. Surely you can find no fault with this healthful life, vile rumors notwithstanding. Owing to certain happenings we have plenty of available space. So act now! Come to the "Thoreau Little Theatre and Rest Home." Find true peace of mind in the great North Woods.



# Sunday Farmers

By R. J. Evans

Although I did not realize it when I married him, I really married Teddy plus a farm. Young and rather naive, I believed I could soon make myself over into a farmer's wife, especially since the farm in question was a project only for week-ends. But I have found it consumes all of my husband's spare time and as much of mine as I will allow.

Our Sundays are always spent there. On summer Sundays we determinedly enjoy a picnic lunch under the trees with flies, spiders, stray dogs, and an unlimited number of bugs as our uninvited guests. On wintry or sub-zero Sundays the whole family drives out to the farm to see if by chance the cottage has fallen into the brook, or if someone has taken possession during the week.

It never seems to occur to Teddy that Sundays were intended to be days of rest. I will readily admit that industriousness is a great virtue but it can be carried to an extreme. Not withstanding the fact that I usually spend Sunday afternoon trying to keep two small children from climbing into the fishpond, or trying to keep them from eating gladioli bulbs for onions, I am expected to be enthusiastic about the harvest and the prospect of performing the tasks set aside for me on Monday.

This would be fine if Teddy would not spend the evening making me feel lazy and inefficient by enumerating, step by step, his accomplishments for the day. These accomplishments often include picking tomatoes to be canned, raspberries or strawberries to be frozen, and cucumbers to be made into pickles.

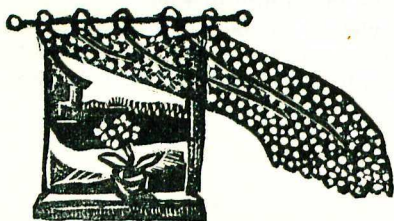
Though my views on being a Sunday-farmer's wife have been made quite plain to the reader, my husband remains blissfully unaware that my only interest in the farm is himself.



# April

By Suzanne Spiker

From tall trees,  
The cool moisture rushes  
To the ground.  
There soft grass springs,  
Waving a green finger  
High as a baby's head.  
But the rain heeds it not  
And seeps down through greedy roots  
To the stream,  
Spreading snowdrops and crocus  
Along its banks  
Before losing all identity  
In the ever widening circles  
Of a stone  
Thrown by a small boy  
Sounding the depths  
For an early April swim.



# The Cliche Expert At Butler

Note: The three following pieces were written as a class assignment and all appear under the same title. The possibilities of the subject were so numerous that there is very little over-lapping in the papers and it seemed proper to print all three as representing a more exhaustive treatment of the subject. — The Editor.

By Kent Mecum

- Q. Good morning, son.  
A. What's up, Doc?  
Q. Where do you study, Mr. Cliche Expert?  
A. I hatch the stairs at Butler in Naptown.  
Q. Are there any other institutes of higher learning near?  
A. There are a few minor colleges nearby; one, a cow college up the Monon, and the other, a shyster school down the Monon.  
Q. What type of students do you have at Butler?  
A. We have a few brains who can slip-stick their way through trig.  
Q. Are there any others?  
A. Oh yes, everyone takes fizz-ed, and some bugology or econ.  
Q. Are any of the classes not on the campus?  
A. The pill-pushers meet on Market St.  
Q. What are the faculty called?  
A. They are the brain trust.  
Q. I see,—  
A. And the English Brainstruster is a comma-chaser.  
Q. What is a freshman?  
A. He is a green pea.  
Q. How about the superior students?  
A. He is a D.A.R.  
Q. D. A. R.?  
A. Yes, a "damned average raiser."  
Q. What do these—er, D. A. R.'s do?  
A. They crack books and exercise their grey matter.  
Q. What else?  
A. They thumb texts and dust 'em off.  
Q. Can you give me one of the more popular sayings?  
A. "Drop Dead."  
Q. What is the reply to this?  
A. "Practice what you preach."  
Q. What is the students favorite day-time ambition?

- A. He wants to sack in because he hasn't hit the sack for a week.  
 Q. What is an unpopular person?  
 A. He is a drip.  
 Q. And when two "drips" go steady —?  
 A. They become a drizzle.  
 Q. What is a sweetheart?  
 A. She is a main drag.  
 Q. How may dances be classified?  
 A. Hops are either stag, or drag a hag.  
 Q. Wait a minute. Where are you going?  
 A. I've got to go to the gas-house and use the graphite constant on my stink-kitchen cook book.  
 Q. What?  
 A. I've got to go to chemistry and change some figures in my lab book. So long. Be seeing you.
- 

By Waneta Staten

- Mr. Joe Jones, Esquire is being questioned.  
 Q. You are a student at Butler, Mr. Jones?  
 A. Yes, I'm a loyal Bulldog.  
 Q. Are you familiar with cliches used there?  
 A. Natch.  
 Q. How is college life?  
 A. It's rough.  
 Q. What makes it rough, Mr. Jones?  
 A. Hitting the books so often.  
 Q. Must you hit the books?  
 A. No, I've passed a couple of courses without cracking a book.  
 Q. How did you manage this?  
 A. I crammed the night before D-Day.  
 Q. D-Day?  
 A. The day of the finals.  
 Q. Do you attend many dances, Mr. Jones?  
 A. I never miss a hop.  
 Q. How do you go to these affairs?  
 A. Stag or drag.  
 Q. Whom do you like to take to dances?  
 A. Some B. W. O. C. That means big woman on campus.  
 Q. Where can these B. W. O. C.'s always be found?  
 A. In a hen session.  
 Q. Mr. Jones, how do your friends greet you at school?  
 A. "Hiya, Joe. Whatcha know?"



- Q. And what do you know?  
 A. Nothin'.  
 Q. Who are the fellows there in the rolled up pants?  
 A. You mean in the yellow "cords?" They're local joe-boys.  
 Q. What is the fellow doing who always answers you with smart remarks?  
 A. Cruisin' for a bruisin'.  
 Q. How do you let him know this?  
 A. I told him to D.D.T.—drop dead twice.  
 Q. Did he get the idea?  
 A. Roger.  
 Q. How do you get to Butler each day?  
 A. In my hot rod. That reminds me, I must be going.  
 Q. Of course, Mr. Jones. Where are you going?  
 A. Back to the old grind, I reckon.
- 

By Eleanor Overstreet

The cliché expert, while wandering about Butler University in great confusion searching for a place called Jelly—no, Jell Hall—becomes stymied by a great shrieking crowd and pauses in his search. While waiting to be pushed forward again, he overhears a conversation between two campus cuties or coeds, if you like.

First coed: "Whatcha know? How was your blind date? Neat or a washout?"

Second coed: "Oh, he was a dreamy hunk of man, really super!"

First coed: "Did he throw you a big line?"

Second coed: "Yes, but I just threw it back; so he knew I was in the know."

First coed: "Where did you go?"

Second coed: "Well, we dropped in at the Delt beer bust, but it was a flop; so we hit a show."

First coed: "Did anyone go with you?"

Second coed: "A real fine couple from I. U. doubled with us. He's a rod, and Tom, my date, said she was a queen."

First coed: "Did he ask you for another date?"

Second coed: "Yes, he's dragging me to their next frat brawl, and they're always real gone. How was your date?"

First coed: "He was an eager character. I'm going to slough him off if he tries to date me again. He told me that even though I only made a point four on finals, I was four point with him. Isn't that a low blow."

Second coed: "How was your double?"

First coed: "They were pinned, but I think the girl would be a male robber if her pin man wasn't around."

Second coed: "That reminds me, I have to scoot over to the house. I haven't done my duty yet, and one of the actives is having a sere-nade tonight."

First coed: "Bye! I'll buzz you tonight."



In the year 1948-49, MSS enters a period of transition and change. The present pocket size edition has been used temporarily because we felt the one-column page was desirable. Further, we have departmentalized the material in order that greater emphasis might be given the individual literary forms.

We have been much encouraged by the enthusiasm of the instructors of composition classes in their submission of materials to us as well as by the interest of the contributors themselves. From the large quantity of material submitted, the whole editorial staff has made selections of the contributions which here appear in print from the standpoint both of what was best and of what was most representative. We believe this procedure has resulted in a variety of subject matter, tone, and form.

As we go to press, admittedly a little later than we had planned, we have already begun to collect copy for our next issue, and we would welcome new contributions, urging immediate submission to meet a not too distant deadline.

The woodcuts, "Unicorns Munching Laurel," which heads the Poetry Section, "Pigeons" (page 44), "Spring Window" (page 57), and the cuts on pages 30 and 32 are by Allyn Wood. The cuts on pages 1, 9, 18, 25, 37, and 61 appear through the courtesy of the John Herron Art Institute.

We wish to express our appreciation to our sponsors, Miss Stewart, Mrs. Wesenberg, and Mr. Marz, for their guidance and assistance. We also wish to thank Mr. Miller, our printer, for his efforts and his patience during this period of change.

The Editors.