

MANUSCRIPTS

December, 1949

The Reparation

Patty Lewis

The City

Roger Chittick

Poems

Frances King

Smile Good-bye

Johanna Jones

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MS S

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LITERARY PRIZE

MATERIAL

1949

The Peanut Butter Sandwich

Mavis King

Precisely at 7:45 a.m. Miss Benson came through the revolving doors of the Squibb building, her long, flat-heeled oxfords clunking solidly on the tiled corridor. She acknowledged the elevator boy's presence with a non-committal, "Good morning," as she passed the metal cage, and turned briskly through the door marked **Employees Only** in black letters across the top panel.

For fifteen years Miss Benson had tapped down the same corridor and turned through that doorway. She hung her coat on the hanger next to the wall. She always hung it there since she was the first to go to lunch. Then she gave herself a hesitant glance in the rusted mirror by the racks.

She hated the mirror. It faced the windows, and the glare from the streets through the slanted venetian blinds hit it squarely, showing up the beginning of a fleshy sag beneath her eyes, and the broken chains of wrinkles under her chin.

But every morning she paused to give herself a last minute inspection before she settled down behind her desk. Always it left her with a vague feeling of discomfort which lingered until her lunch hour, when she had another chance to see herself in the more flattering mirror over the drugstore counter.

Miss Benson knew she was not an attractive woman, nor even a particularly young woman. She had passed forty-five. She was often merely—well, she'd often overheard the younger girls in the office say it behind her back: she was drab. Her hair was snuff-colored tan.

When she was a young woman, she had wistfully hoped someday she might have softly waved, blue-white hair like her mother's. She had felt it would give her a simple beauty which her nondescript hair had failed to do. But she doubted now that her hair would ever be any other color than snuff-tan. She well knew, and even believed, what her working companions whispered about her, which only increased her opinion that the world was, after all, a fairly desolate place in which to live.

She swung open the door to the inner office and smiled vaguely about her. MacKnight, her superior, but at least ten years her junior, was flipping a dust cloth hastily across the desk. She smiled back pleasantly enough.

"Morning, Ruth," she said, and turned back to her dust rag.

It was still early. Four of the girls were standing by the adding machines, giggling over one of their private jokes.

Two of them half turned when Miss Benson walked to the back of the room. Phyllis, a heavy, blond girl who always wore a gold ankle bracelet, tight sweaters, and a lemon-colored rat in her hair, spoke first.

"Good morning, Miss Benson." She enunciated each word, giving the salutation an almost ludicrous sound. Miss Benson put her big brown purse down on the desk before answering.

I don't like you, Phyllis, she thought to herself. Most of your lipstick is on your teeth and you carry a water line on both arms. . . But there was another reason, too, which she could not acknowledge even to herself. Such a penetrating dislike as she had for Phyllis, she felt, deserved a penetrating examination, but to do so would be to pull back the scabs off half-healed wounds; she was not up to it. However disillusioned she was about her own way of living, she had never allowed herself a moment's doubt that these girls, these callous, flippant, fast-talking office girls, were anything but insensitive creatures unworthy to share the value of her presence. The fact that they knew little about her, and apparently cared less, had long ceased to bother Miss Benson. In any event, she silently rationalized, it's not because they don't want to know; it's because I choose not to tell them.

Phyllis was looking at her, oddly. "Oh. . . good morning, Phyllis," she remembered suddenly, and smiled in tremulous restraint. Janet was sucking the ear pieces on her blue harlequin glasses and asked from the side of her mouth, "How are you this morning, Ruth?"

Now why couldn't they show more respect for her fifteen years' seniority and call her by her last name? "Pretty well, thank you," she answered self-consciously, and sat down at her desk.

Two of the girls nudged each other and turned away quickly, their shoulders revealing suppressed mirth. Miss Benson looked down, feeling her pulse beat at her temple.

They're laughing at me, she thought, with her eyes staring fixedly at her rubber stamp. They're laughing because I always say "Pretty well, thank you." That's why Janet asked me how I was. She doesn't really care how I am.

She opened her drawer, took out the ink pad, and busied herself with changing the date on her rubber stamp. Then she looked up again—a foolish, determined smile on her lips. But no one was watching her now; the girls were shuffling to their desks, opening the files and arranging their stamps and receipts. She was already forgotten.

"Dick got in from Denver last night," Janet burst out to the room in general. Some of her friends looked up from their filing.

"I'd like to have seen that reunion!"

"Sure bet you had a bang-up time last night. When did you get in?"

Miss Benson pressed the stamp firmly against the ink pad, then patted together yesterday's receipts, squaring their edges with her left hand. Unconsciously her lips pinched together in a straight, disapproving line.

"Nearly three this morning," Janet said with a complacent giggle. Miss Benson's stamp thudded against the top receipt, leaving an oval of purple ink with yesterday's date and the word PAID in fine print across the paper. She worked cautiously, as was her habit, her thumb shoving the receipts back as they were stamped. In spite of her strong stamping, she could not fully shut out the sound of their voices, the laughter which she felt was pure affectation.

"Wasn't your mother a bit worried?" asked Fay, the small dark girl with the unusually white teeth and bright red lips. Miss Benson looked up stolidly, and nodded in approval. There was the only girl in the entire office she really cared about. Fay smiled a great deal and, more importantly, stopped occasionally beside Miss Benson's desk during the day to chat.

Janet snorted and plopped her shell-rimmed glasses back onto the bridge of her nose.

She has a long nose, thought Miss Benson with some small satisfaction.

"Mom worried? Don't forget, I voted last fall. I'm no kid."

"Guess her mother knows by now not to expect Janet in before the milkman," one of the girls put in. They apparently saw some humor in that and tittered from their desks.

Miss Benson pressed the stamp against the pad, then against the receipt. Smoosh—against the wet, inky pad—thud—against the paper. She flipped up another receipt. Smoosh—thud—flip. Slowly, evenly she worked, complacent with the sure knowledge that she never made mistakes, that today's receipts would go forward correct in every detail.

What are they laughing about, she asked herself, annoyed. They don't know, themselves. Because the other girls laugh, it's the thing to do. . .Smoosh—thud—flip. They're shallow and empty headed. Janet with her long nose, staying out all hours of the night.

Miss Benson knew the nose was irrelevant, but it made her feel better to say it to herself. She sat and quietly studied Janet's nose, and nodded to herself. And she probably gets drunk and lets any younger fellow. . .but. . .(she flipped up another receipt) that's her business, and her business if she wants to come in with the milkman. . .Disgusting!

"Ruth, is that a new dress?" Hearing her own name, Miss Benson looked up, startled out of her reverie. It sometimes

happened that she became so absorbed she completely forgot where she was. Fay was standing by her desk smiling.

Miss Benson looked down, flushing happily. "My sakes, no," she demurred, laughing too quickly. "This old fuchsia thing? It's made over from one of my mother's dresses, after she died."

"Well, it's a lovely color on you," Fay said. Miss Benson laughed again, with embarrassment. She wanted to sound natural, as though she were used to receiving compliments, but the laugh came out jerky and a little high. She coughed awkwardly, covering it.

"Thank you, Fay," she murmured, and quickly started stamping receipts again. Fay waited a moment, as if she were expecting some further conversation, then she went back to her desk.

What a kind remark, thought Miss Benson, feeling a glow of pleasure. I must remember to wear this dress more. Then she frowned slightly. Why didn't I think of something nice to say to her? Something about how nice her hair looks. She glanced up covertly. Too late again. The moment had passed.

The room took on the sounds that came with a busy morning. Gladys was thumping noisily on the adding machine, her lips unconsciously moving as she tapped the keys. The two new girls were filing at the green metal tables against the wall, only occasionally glancing up from their work.

Miss Benson smiled wryly to herself. It won't be long and they'll be spending most of their time looking around, sneaking out to the water cooler to gossip, just like the rest, she thought. Phyllis and Janet had their backs to Miss Benson, and were talking together over their filing boards. MacKnight was seated at her desk in the front office, her wide hips swelling out over the back of the chair. The telephone receiver was hooked around her neck and her voice exploded into it.

Miss Benson smiled to herself. She found more to be amused at than any one would have supposed, but she never allowed her smiles to get beyond her teeth. Look at MacKnight, she laughed inwardly. Nearly choking herself with the telephone between her chin and collar bone. She thinks it makes her look efficient when she holds the receiver like that. Why doesn't she use her empty right hand?

Miss Benson went on stamping receipts, listening to MacKnight's irritated voice. "I don't care what Mr. Post says," she exclaimed testily, blowing a loose strand of hair back from her forehead. "I tell you we don't make such errors down here. Well, not often. Of course, I'll check. But if he's wrong, and I think he is, I'll be up to tell him so!" She bounced the receiver back on its hook, and sat there a few seconds, her fingernails clicking on the table. Instantly everyone in the office was

watching MacKnight with wary eyes. Miss Benson went on stamping.

An instant later it came, as she knew it would. She was forced to drop her own pose of indifference, and looked up. "Girls!" The work stopped immediately, the adding machine's racket died to a silence. Miss Benson put down her stamp. She detested being included under such a title. Why couldn't MacKnight say, "Girls, and Miss Benson." After all, didn't she have fifteen years seniority? Must she be classified with these impudent tenderfeet?

"Someone's been sending receipts to the auditor's office with last month's date stamped on them again." MacKnight paused effectively. The girls looked down at their own stamps to verify the date. Mistakes such as that frequently occurred in the cashier's office, but MacKnight never admitted it to any one outside the department.

"I'd like to think the auditors made the error. They're always making mistakes up there," she continued, "but Mr. Patterson says they've cross-checked their files."

"Whose stamp was it, Mac?" asked Phyllis, pulling her sweater down tighter across her bosom.

MacKnight answered curtly. "Number twenty-one."

Phyllis turned pink, and everyone looked at her, knowing.

Miss Benson smiled inwardly behind her teeth. I guess now you'll do less talking and more working, she thought with grim satisfaction.

Suddenly Phyllis turned her chair around and gestured toward Miss Benson. "You used stamp twenty-one yesterday, Ruth," she said, but her voice was sharp and defensively high. The girls turned in a body to stare at Miss Benson. She sat there, feeling a constriction about her heart; her chest rose and fell with her quickened breath. They might call her stuffy and colorless, but never could they say she lacked efficiency! She made no errors, they must know that! Oh, God, to be crucified this way!

She managed finally to say, in a voice hoarsened with hate and fear, "No, Phyllis, you're thinking of Tuesday. I've been using number seven for the last two days."

MacKnight nodded, verifying Miss Benson's answer. "That's right," she admitted, "it was your stamp, Phyllis. . . Now girls," she raised her voice. "I'm speaking to all of you—not only Phyllis. You've got to be more careful. Patterson's going to want to know who did it, and I have no alternative but to make a report."

Phyllis chewed her lip sullenly, casting a churlish glance back at Miss Benson. "I was pretty sure you used it yesterday, Ruth," she declared pettishly.

Miss Benson sat there, her belt feeling very tight around

her waist. She exhaled slowly then, realizing she had been holding her breath. How she hated their watchful eyes. How well she knew what they were thinking. They wish it had been me, she thought bitterly. They'd like to see me hurt. . . but why? What have I done to them? She felt baffled and confused, not understanding them.

She had been there when they came and she would be there when they left. She sensed she was a fixture to them, drab and uninteresting as the gray metal tray on her desk. She never talked about herself, her family, the kind of books she read, what it had been like to be young. She had never been an impulsive conversationalist, even as a girl. Perhaps they even knew she had never known the joy of holding a pink chiffon formal up against her body, and smiling into a mirror, confident with youth and fresh beauty. Her girlhood, too, had been filled with longing and despair. But what did they know about her way of life apart from the office? They had never seen her little room on Ashland Avenue. They had never seen her narrow brown metal bed, her African violets sunk in little white pots, her gold fish in the glass tank by the window. What did they know about her? Would she tell it to them? She felt a choking in her throat. Never! Make herself an open joke, a thing of mockery to them? Oh God, never!

She wanted to slap her hand across Phyllis' face, to scream, "You dare to accuse me? You. . .you. . ." But she had been supressing her emotions for too many years; so she attempted a smile.

"Don't you remember, Phyllis," she ventured, hardly trusting her voice, "when you stood by Fay's desk and said, 'Twenty one, my lucky number'?" Phyllis, remembering, turned ill-humoredly back to her filing. Miss Benson, glancing sideways at her profile, saw the girl's lips were pinched together raising the line of her chin to an ugly point.

The others, feeling a little disappointed over the placid way Miss Benson had turned aside the accusation, went silently back to their work.

The hands on the round clock jumped. Eleven o'clock. Miss Benson's chair squeaked backwards. Her lunch hour. She wished she didn't have to go that minute. She knew the room would be buzzing when she left. She picked up her big brown purse and closed the drawer. As she walked down the narrow aisle between the desks, she could see Janet looking up from the filing board to watch her, and the other heads turned covertly. When she reached the door, she bent to pick up her magazine which she always left tucked inside the front table drawer, and, as she turned back, she caught a glimpse of Phyllis from the tail of her eye, walking down the aisle,

swinging her hips from side to side in an exaggerated movement. She knew instantly her own walk was being imitated. Cruel, brutal. . . she wept inwardly. Pretending she did not notice, she swung open the paneled door.

"Have a nice lunch," MacKnight said perfunctorily from her front desk.

"Thank you, I will." The door automatically started swinging shut behind her, and in the long seconds it took before it clicked, Miss Benson heard the muted laughter inside the room.

"She sure needs a new foundation, doesn't she?" asked Phyllis. And over the gasps of suppressed laughter, Janet said, "You know, I wonder what Ruth does on her lunch hours and when she's home. Do you s'pose she just gets undressed and goes right to bed?"

"I can tell you what she does on her lunch hour," Phyllis volunteered. "She walks down to the corner drugstore, invariably asks for a peanut butter sandwich and a glass of milk. She eats the sandwich, drinks the milk, looks carefully at all the pictures in her magazine, pays the cashier, walks back to the Squibb building, takes the elevator up to seven, and spends the rest of her hour sitting by the window, reading."

Several voices combined. Miss Benson heard only one, clearly. "Haven't you ever seen her there when we go up to the lounge to play bridge? Miss Benson and her inevitable magazine . . . boy, what a dehydrated life."

Miss Benson removed the coat from the hanger by the wall, slipped her arms into the sleeves. Her purse fell to the floor and she bent over to pick it up. Her hand was trembling when she slid it under her arm again. She caught sight of her face in the rusted mirror, and grimaced at the reflection. There was a look of uncertainty about her mouth.

"I'll go to the rest room and fix up," she whispered, half aloud. John, the elevator boy, looked up with bored eyes as she passed his cage on the way to the women's room. The long lavatory with its high, white walls was deserted. She put her purse and magazine down on the table inside the door and took out her comb. She made a few ineffective passes at her hair, and noticed automatically that her lipstick was all chewed off.

"It's hateful, hateful," she whispered to the empty room. "They just don't understand me. They're so smug and quick to poke fun at those they don't understand." She put her comb back into her purse and drew out the square white compact with the blue larkspur painted diagonally across the white enamel. She touched the flowers with her index finger, and suddenly she smiled, for she was alone. From Danny and Jane, her brother's children. She opened the com-

fact and patted white powder across her nose and forehead, briskly, because there was a pain pushing against her heart, and she wanted to thrust it away.

But I'm happy, she told herself. Don't I have a grand little niece and nephew? And a fine, splendid brother and lovely sister-in-law? What more can I want? I have my room, all my own, with my new lounge chair all paid for. And my African violets and my fish.

Gently she patted on her lipstick, then blotted almost all of it off again. She was ready for lunch. But something held her there for another second, and in the brief moment that she looked again at the white face in the mirror with the snuff-tan hair looped behind her ears, she felt an agonizing sensation of loathing for that face, that body, and the personality housed inside it. She turned away quickly, sorry she had looked so long.

Outside, the bright sunshine hit the cement walk and made her squint. It was getting warmer, almost spring. Her fur collar scratched against her neck, and she pushed it down waspishly. In the park across the street she noticed the old men were sitting on benches, watching the pedestrians and automobiles. If I were an old man I'd probably be doing the same thing, she thought dismally. A gray pigeon fluttered by her face and waddled across the sidewalk in front of her feet. Miss Benson waited at the corner for the red light to change. Her magazine was rolled up tightly beneath her purse. Her fur collar popped up again, rubbing her neck.

She watched the fat pigeon shuffling in the dirt. So they think I need a new foundation. She wondered if her lips were moving as she thought. Well, I can't help it. Anyway, I don't care what they think, she lied silently.

The light changed to green. She stepped off the curb with a group of people and headed for the drugstore, wondering if anyone was noticing the way her hips bounced. And I don't go home and just go to bed, either, she complained silently. Tonight I'll wash my underclothes and the green blouse I wore last week. Then I'll do some mending. It'll be eight then, and I'll have time to finish crocheting the dresser scarf for Harriet's birthday. Then I'll take a bath, and, . . . and then, I'll . . . go to bed.

Always before such a program had seemed satisfactory. Now there was the funny ache inside her again, giving everything an acid taste. The drug store counter was lined with people, and she finally found a standing place behind a large bald man. She stood there, staring blindly at the metal orange squeezer behind the counter, feeling desolate.

So they think I'm heavy-footed and unimaginative, she reflected, her eyes moving blankly to the white cuff on the

waitress' arm, then slowly to a chocolate-covered doughnut inside the glass window on the inside counter. They're right, of course. She put her hand up quickly to her mouth, wondering if perhaps she had spoken aloud. The pain was suffocating now, and she knew that her words could never again be taken back. What an admission to make, even to herself!

The heavy man wiped a paper napkin across his mouth, wadded it into a ball and pushed it inside his empty water glass. Then he squeezed laboriously off the high stool. She sat down quickly in his place, feeling with shriveling distaste the warmth of the leather seat he had vacated.

A waitress started clearing away the dirty dishes. Miss Benson sat there, watching her own hands, the familiar knuckles, the pale pink of her nails.

So I'm dull. She digested that carefully. Yes, it's true. And I have a blunted personality too. I say the same things to the same people, and think the same thoughts every day, every day. Perhaps. . . perhaps I should. . . A small hope sparked inside her breast.

Perhaps I can still change. . . .

'What's yours?' asked the waitress flatly. Miss Benson fingered the menu, scratching her thumb nail along the paper clip at the top. But how could she begin? Where should she start? There was so much that needed changing. So much, and. . . she was forty-seven. Still. . . .

'Your order, Miss?' asked the waitress again, impatiently.

That's right, thought Miss Benson, suddenly tired. My name is Miss. And I need a new foundation garment. And. . . besides. . . why should I care what they think? I'm not what they say, I'm not, I'm not. They'll see. She sighed, and studied with her usual care.

'I'll. . . I think I'll just have a peanut butter sandwich today, and. . . .' she paused, pretending to study the menu carefully. "And a glass of milk," she said lamely. Then she unrolled her magazine from beneath her arm to look at the pictures.

Blake and The Child

Sally Forsythe

In "The Lamb," from Songs of Innocence, William Blake captured the sensitive imaginativeness, the knowledge, and the awareness of childhood in a filigree of delicate language, verse form, and understanding. He lifted the veil of childhood and revealed that period of life in which imagination, not yet restricted, gives the child a pure understanding of God and his relations to Him and to the world about him. Blake knew that the child sees the world through his imagin-

ation and that this very imagination gives him his knowledge. The child, because of his unrestricted sight, receives countless sensations and feelings, and he believes in them. His simplicity enables him to see and to understand their true meaning. He is unaware of this, but there are a few persons who are able to recapture the understanding of childhood. As the following lines show, Blake was such a person.

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and he is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee.
Little Lamb, God bless thee.

The beginning stanza illustrates Blake's idea of the child's imagination and understanding. The first two lines serve only as an introduction; the next two give the common idea of the God as the giver of life. It is the following line, "Gave thee clothing of delight," which pictures the child's awareness of God not only as the giver of life but also as the giver of those spiritual qualities that bring happiness. The emphasis falls upon the word "delight" with its connotations of comfort, gladness, enjoyment, and blessing. Through this word, the line assumes a doubly important meaning. It presents the idea of God's giving His blessing through His gifts. The next line, "Softest clothing, woolly, bright," conveys through the word "bright," a picture of the splendor, radiance, and immaculateness of God's gift and shows the child's understanding of the beauty of all things. Finally, in the lines, "Gave thee such a tender voice, Making all the vales rejoice," the word "tender" suggests not only the softness of the Lamb's voice but also its compassion and love. The child is cognizant of the fact that God has given the Lamb a voice of benevolence

and affection in order, as the next line shows, to make all things "rejoice." When this term is given its fullest meaning, it carries the idea of the child's knowledge that God has given these gifts in order that all things may exult. Here, Blake has shown that the child, through his imagination, realizes that the bond or relationship between all things in the world comes through God.

The second stanza develops and amplifies this relationship. "He is called by thy name, For he calls himself a Lamb." The Lamb now becomes identified with Christ. "He is meek and he is mild; He became a little child." The terms "meek" and "mild" suggest the qualities of gentleness and humility. Since the next line, "I a child, and thou a lamb, We are called by his name," identifies the child with the Lamb and with Christ, these ideas apply to him as well, and through this line, the relationship is strengthened. The poem ends with the benediction, "Little Lamb, God bless thee." The picture is now complete. The child, perceiving that his kinship with the lamb and with all of nature comes through Christ, gives his God-like blessing to the lamb.

Blake has achieved his purpose not only through the ideas that he has expressed but also in the words and manner of expression. First, he has used the artless, simple diction of the very young. It has a rhythmical beauty, but more than that, it appeals to the senses, primarily to the sense of sight. Blake knew that children are attracted to things through their eyes, and, therefore, he used words that appeal to the eye and paint a picture rather than words that appeal to the intellect. Secondly, the form of the poem carries out his purpose. The short line verses and sentence structure are like the speech of the child. The short sentences give the poem the quick, flowing tone of a young person's speech. Finally, the use of many vowels give the poem a rich, liquid tone. The words are woven together to form a gossamer web that holds the heart of childhood.

The Designer

Frances King

If I thought I could bargain
Or bribe or make even trade
And return to your graces,
Your small lighted room. . . .
If I brought an apron of violets,
Of miniature white flowers,
Would I gain entrance?
Would they give me a glance
Through the door?

If I thought I could bargain. . . .
 I'll send you a blackbird
 That sings very well
 If you'll grant me one fragment of our intense
 conversation. . . .No?
 If I could bribe. . . .
 Remember how you loved bittersweet?
 Let me bring you several sprays
 Of the brusks, red-orange fruit.
 Let me add a few plums
 And a large honey comb,
 And all I ask is your dark glances.
 No?
 If I could trade. . . .
 I'll trade you a basket of
 Shining silver snails
 For a small promise.
 I'll trade you a narrow kite
 And a rag doll
 For a swift kiss.
 No?
 I see I ask too much,
 But I'll have you yet,
 For a door shuts out perfume,
 And a room is empty
 Without a girl's laughter,
 And a lamp is lonely
 Shining on an open book.

That Year

Frances King

The senior year was shorter than the rest
 And twice as sharp. Sometimes the ivy seemed
 Not half so green or heavy as the year
 Before. And was the movement of the trees
 Beyond the glass more sad, the way it seemed?
 If "Alice" grew more deep and Frost almost
 Lost favor with the crowd, was this so new?
 If friends wore swords and foes bore olive wreaths
 In fettered hands, was that so strange? I feared
 The times when neutral lines of Henry James
 (Less innocent, more traced with secret hopes)
 Would rise from tablecloths in other rooms.
 If labs remember "Tristan und Isolde" at ten,

(October sun like May, the dusty moss
In bottles)——Let it there remain. If all
The willow leaves were whispering "cherry tree,"
And steeples of New Hampshire thrust the sky
Aside, what matters that? If Shakespeare smiled
And Spenser frowned upon the edges of
Long conversations on the moonlit steps,
What proof against the breach? For though the "seem"
And "is" were tossed, and though the heart sought fast
To know the moment to refrain from thought,
There still remained a life to portion out
In silver, when Thoreau would serve no use.

The Penitent

Frances King

We kneel so tall,
We kneel so very straight,
On the frozen ground,
On the small grave.
This is the cemetery time,
This is the grave's year.
The brown hooded figures
Pass and return again—
Moving like late summer beetles
Against the tall brick wall.
Must I do penance?
And must I do penance
For afternoons lost
In contemplation of arrogant swans,
For mornings spent in counting the bells,
For evenings
Gone while I resisted the nightingale?
We kneel so tall,
We kneel so very straight,
On the frozen ground,
On the small grave.
So You noted and remembered
That swift chase
And the ultimate capture
Under the yew tree?
So You recorded
The forbidden boat ride
Under the bent willows,
Between the steep banks?
Suddenly we discover with horror,

And the fear rises like a mist,
And the mist wraps the hooded figures,
And the horror obscures the book of confession—
For the ones we know are living,
And what is this grave?
And why are we here?
We kneel so tall,
We kneel so very straight,
On the frozen ground,
On the small grave.
And we must do penance,
And we must do penance
For the race and the ride and the bird!

M S S

**Upper Class
Material**

The Reparation

Patty Lewis

The principal stopped checking the list and looked at his secretary. "Miss Adams," he asked, "isn't Ann Lupesko the girl with the thick, steel-rimmed glasses?"

"Why, yes," answered Miss Adams. "A thin, very ungainly child. Extremely homely. Why?"

"Nothing," the principal responded. He leaned back in his chair, closing his eyes. It was curious, Mark Davis thought, how the problems of teaching children remained the same year after year, generation after generation.

Here in front of him was a list of names representing nominations submitted by the students. All these nominees would be called to the school stage and, before the complete student body, introduced and applauded. Then, by secret ballot, six would be elected Central High's Representative Girls, and their pictures would be in the school annual and probably in the local paper. The nominees comprised the school's prettiest, best-dressed, and most popular girls—and Ann Lupesko.

Even the situations remained almost identical, Mark mused. He didn't remember what the honor had been called when he was a boy. Queen of Beauty or something similar. But, then too, the contestants had been summoned to the school stage. It had been his idea, as a hilarious joke, to nominate Sadie Whiteside.

In the auditorium he could see Sadie, sitting with her hands tightly clenched on the books in her lap. Her fat, homely face was intent as she watched. She vigorously applauded her favorites among the girls who were called to the stage.

Mark never knew whether the teacher in charge was consciously aware of the name before she called it.

"Sadie Whiteside. Will she come forward, please?"

There was a stunned hush in the auditorium. Only the row of boys in which Mark Davis was sitting made any sound, and their snickering was muffled. Sadie sat as if she didn't recognize her name. Her face looked blank and numb.

Then the girls around her began to repeat her name. Someone nudged her. There were loud whispers of "Go on! Go on!" They had caught on to the joke like vultures attacking a dead carcass. She was pushed into the aisle.

Still with a dazed expression on her face, she started toward the stage. She was fat, her hair was stringy, and her clothes were cheap and ill-fitting. There were giggles all over the auditorium as she started down the aisle, awkward and

frightened. One of the boys said loudly, "Our beauty queen!" and another whistled suggestively. Girls went into gales of laughter.

Halfway to the stage Sadie stopped. Beads of sweat glistened on her face. She stared about her as if she had lost her way. Her mouth twitched and slowly, very slowly, a look of terror came into her eyes. With a cry she turned to run.

But even her escape was too farcical. She put her fat hand over her eyes, stumbled and fell. Her dress flew up, showing fat legs and cheap cotton underwear.

Now, sitting behind the principal's desk of Central High School, Mark Davis could remember the whole scene in detail, though he could not remember at what moment it had ceased to be funny. He had quit laughing before the others. He sat through the teacher's angry lecture, scarcely hearing it. He kept seeing the look of terror in Sadie's eyes, and how the sweat had shown on her cheeks.

The teacher had never discovered who was responsible for Sadie's name being listed. There was no punishment. But Mark Davis found he could not forget the incident.

The girl had not returned to school for two days. Then she went to classes red-eyed, frequently weeping, and looking uglier than ever before. A thousand times he imagined how she must have felt with the laughter beating at her from every side, trapped by the mockery of it, as he was by his own shame.

When he could stand it no longer he went to her house to apologize. He was trembling as he went up the steps. It had taken him most of the afternoon to gather his courage, and it was nearly dark.

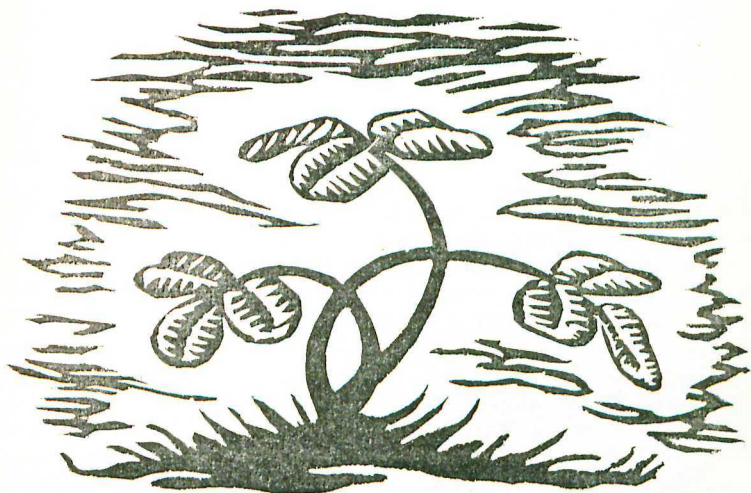
"I want to talk to you," Mark said when Sadie came to the door. "Will you come out a minute?"

She must have been working in the kitchen, for he could smell the odors of food and perspiration about her. "What is it?" she asked.

It was hard for him to speak. "Remember when they called your name to go up on the stage that time at school?" He did not wait for a reply but rushed on. "I did it. I nominated you. I didn't do it as a joke," his voice cracked a little. "I thought maybe you weren't as pretty as some of the others, but you make good grades. I thought—" He was backing away, feeling for the top step with his foot. She kept looking at him, saying nothing. Her face was only a pale disbelieving circle in the dusk. Then he had found the steps and had gone down them, and was running as she had run, blindly, trying to escape—and knowing already that he never could.

The principal opened his eyes, leaned forward and looked again at the list of names on his desk. He reached for his

pencil, but it was not primarily this girl at all. He knew that Sadie Whiteside probably had long ceased to be hurt by the memory of the incident and had even forgotten the name of Mark Davis. But for him, the memory and shame could come back so vividly that even now his hand trembled as he marked Ann Lupesko's name from the list.



Death, or Return Me

Jack Harris Monninger

Hold my hand firmly
And guide me through the snow,
Then let the sun beat down
Concealing where I go.

And when I reach the depths
Of man-made destiny
Close the gates softly
Or set me free.

The Linguistic Adventures of Leo and Neo

or

"Ugh"

Kenneth Hopkins

The problems forced upon civilization by the development of languages are numerous, baffling, and elusive of solution. These problems, furthermore, have never been comprehensively catalogued, and thus have escaped detection by the masses who labor on, under the resulting handicaps, oblivious of the fact that their every action is molded, inhibited, guided, and otherwise affected by language.

It may be logically assumed that, somewhere in the dawn of the neolithic period, man discovered the knack of regimenting oral noises in such a way as to convey meaning. Perhaps the fashionable man of the period, upon waking in the morning, said to his necessarily common law spouse, "Ugh," which, without straining the interpretation, might be construed to mean "good morning" in the modern sense. If this example of neolithic verbosity came to be repeated morning after morning it might, depending upon the number of social contacts of the man and his wife, develop into a tribal habit.

Following the same pattern, the man, whom we shall call Neo for the sake of brevity, probably said as his second utterance of each day, "Ugh ugh," which may have been the cue for Mrs. Neo to get out of the cave and whip up a dodo egg omelet and a pot of sassafras. Proceeding along this line of reasoning will, of course, bring one to the absurd picture of Neo, standing at day's end, pouring forth a resonant series of "ughs" in pursuance of his ninety-fourth comment of the day. This is, quite obviously, an overdevelopment of the true picture of the formation of language because Neo didn't have enough fingers and toes to count to ninety-four, and Westbrook Pegler, the only man who can say that many ughs consecutively, was not yet old enough to talk. Casting aside the ridiculous developments, one can arrive at a reasonably logical conception of the process.

Neo's problems, however, in coping with his ninety-fourth "ugh," cannot begin to compare with the struggle which must be put forth in the present civilization to gain even so much as a mediocre working knowledge of language. To portray this struggle, let us choose a hypothetical member of the present generation and examine chronologically his tribulations concerning his native tongue.

This person, whom, purely for the sake of rhyme, we shall call Leo, is subjected almost immediately following birth to

endless and incoherent babblings and cooings perpetrated by otherwise sane adults laboring under the fantasy that an infant is born with an understanding of baby talk. Usually Leo accepts this drivel with unconcerned nonchalance unless it is accompanied by a bottle of warm milk. His indifference to the language which permeates this period of his life probably is instrumental in saving him from developing into a blithering idiot in later years.

Although baby talk may haunt Leo through the first three or four years of his life, his next experience with language comes before he is a year old. He is bantered and cajoled into making attempts to pronounce words and names. He is offered bribes and rewards of sweets, balloons, rattles, and rubber dollies if he will only say "mama," "dada," "Auntie Samanthia," "Uncle Oglethorpe," or other polysyllabic names. When, perhaps in a moment of weakness, Leo inadvertently lets slip a syllable or two which remotely resemble a word or name, family imaginations run riot, and he is descended upon with wild jubilation and gets no rest until he repeats or collapses into slumber. From this time on Leo is plied with requests to say "bye, bye" to departing relatives, to say "doggie" at the sight of a canine, and to say "nice Josephine" to his obnoxious cousin.

Leo's sand-pile-in-the-back-yard period of development brings forth further harassing experiences with language by contacts with the neighbor's children who, being perhaps two or three years older, cannot refrain from commenting upon Leo's astounding stupidity and small vocabulary. To them it isn't conceivable that anyone exists who doesn't know what "atum" means. "Why atum is the stuff they make bombs out of that Russia don't know how to! Gosh, don't you know what atum means?" So Leo decides that his mother made a mistake by letting the stork bring such a dumb kid into this brilliant world with all its academic brats who know the meaning of "atum."

Society, believing that the normal course of the lives of unschooled people failed to enslave them properly to the dictates of language and its grammar, invented the school. At first attendance was voluntary; then as its power and prestige increased, laws were formed to force attendance upon innocent children between stipulated ages. Leo, at the age of five years and to avoid the law, enters kindergarten. This institution with the German name is not concerned with acquainting young people with the arts of horticulture and truck farming as the name implies. Unsuspecting five-year-olds are entertained with crayons, water colors, and paper dolls while the adult instructors plot methods of injecting here and there the devious propaganda tools of language cultivation, such as the alphabet, picture reading books, and spelling contests. Here Leo learns

that the alphabet proceeds from A to Z through twenty-four other odd-looking characters which he had formerly seen on the sides of his wooden blocks. He is informed that these twenty-six letters are used in various combinations to make up all the words of the English language, a meaty revelation to any kid. He is told that intelligent young people like himself quickly learn to recite the alphabet backward as well as forward and always spell cat, c-a-t.

When Leo completes the one-year course in kindergarten he is matriculated into elementary school. Society does not disguise the fact that the elementary school was instigated for the purpose of fostering knowledge of the language; its popular name is grammar school. Leo is expected to maintain his sanity through eight years of classes in reading, spelling, grammar, literature, debate, speech, rhetoric, and other subjects bordering on linguistic gymnastics. Reading classes reach boredom through the tales of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was irrational enough to throw away a perfectly good coat, and a king named Arthur, who was bent upon battering people into morality by means of the lance and sword, plus countless other pointless word formations called stories. Leo is forced to endure spelling classes which involve "bees," another name for public embarrassment as a result of not being able to place the letters of a word like "parthenogenesis" in the proper order. His grammar classes warn of the catastrophe of the split infinitive, look with horror on the misplaced modifier, and give hints on how to most effectively sprinkle commas. His literature teachers are shocked when Leo confesses that he failed to perceive the subtle, hidden meanings in this or that craftily phrased poem. His speech teacher and debate coach are driven to distraction because he can't seem to learn to wiggle his left arm in conformity to the preponderance of the spoken word.

Completion of elementary school, aside from leaving Leo in a state of near mental collapse, brings about his entrance into high or preparatory school. The perennial battle between language and the human brain continues with an accelerated rehash of the grade school material rewritten in thicker books, more complex sentences, and longer words. Hours are devoted to the conveyance of allegedly priceless information concerning the importance of language to science and scientists, of language to mathematics and mathematicians, of language to history and historians, and of language to language and linguists. In high school Leo is coerced into intimate relationships with Latin, much to the further confusion of his mind which is already cluttered to the point of chaos with half-formed conceptions of the intricate viscera of English. He is blithely told that from the language of Virgil and the Caesars he will glean valuable assistance in his attempt at mastery of English. His gleanings, he

soon begins to see, consist of learning plurals ending in "ae" instead of "s," of learning that "v" in Latin is sounded as the "w." With these and limitless other aids to more complete comprehension, Leo, after four years, is graduated. At this point he is statistically qualified, by virtue of a delightfully embellished diploma complete with the names of the high school principal and superintendent, to become a day laborer. Perhaps, if he or his family have sufficient social connections, he might even be placed as a junior file clerk or an office boy.

Let us, at this point, demonstrate our economic power in hypothetical situations by endowing Leo's parents with a respectable middle-class fortune. After surveying the possibilities of Leo's lucrative employment, he and his father decide that perhaps it would be best if a part of the fortune were to be invested in higher education. If Leo and his father were to stop to figure the extent of his education at this point, it would be revealed that he has spent some 2,600 days, or roughly 18,200 hours of his young life in institutions of learning. Society, however, is not yet placated. The following autumn finds Leo, at the age of eighteen years, registering at the university. This, he thinks, is where he really begins to learn things. He believes he will no longer be plagued, as he was in the lower schools, with the constant struggle with languages. Here is the beginning of valuable, succulent, and interesting education.

Leo is informed at the registrar's desk that there are certain basic requirements. These, it seems, consist of composition, literature, and a few incidental hours in a foreign tongue. In his composition course he soon runs afoul of further study of grammar technique. His literature professor condemns lower education for Leo's lack of development of the proper appreciation of poetry. Leo is amazed that any language can have as perverted a word order as German. If Leo is mentally sound enough to avoid schizophrenia, mayhem, and open warfare against professors during this trying period of disillusionment, he may go on to become a normal student. Otherwise, he will add to the congestion at the local mental hospital. Assuming that he maintains his stability, we see Leo pursuing his education through redundant, ambiguous texts, through classes directed by professors who are warped with manias for exasperating accuracy, and through quizzes, tests, and final examinations in which appear questions the answers to which no sane person would bother to know. Four years of the prime of Leo's life are recorded, day by day, on classroom rosters; then one day education personified appears, draped in somber black, topped with a mortarboard, and hands Leo his degree.

Here from the threshold of the educational cocoon steps civilization's completed product. Here is the model of well-

rounded adulthood. Here is evolution in its highest form. Here is modern man. True, more than one-third of his life span is gone. True also is the fact that Leo was biologically mature some eight to ten years ago, at which time, according to nature, he had completed his apprenticeship in living. True, he now feels that time is growing short and he must drive himself to the apex of a career in a mad dash for fleeting glory; but then, there was no other way. A complex society with complex languages demanded that the development of the mind be given a longer period than nature's development of the body. So crude a thing as nature can be no authority in marking off the schedule of a person's life except at both ends.

Statistically speaking, Leo's battle with languages has now consumed about 26,840 hours of his time plus an incomputable outlay of money for books, fees, tuition, pencils, pens, appropriate clothing, and myriads of miscellaneous items.

Civilization, however, has been satiated. The end product of the educational grind has been realized. Here is a mass of protoplasm of animal origin which has been trained to think in terms of language. It communicates with other masses of protoplasm through language. It loves through language. It hates through language. It praises God by means of language. Languages furnish it with colorful profanity. The power of words has, indeed, placed Leo in a higher order. He enjoys automatic superiority to the physically mute; he is able to convert his friends into foes by correcting flaws in their grammar; he is capable of sarcasm, satire, hypocrisy, and egotism; and he has the power to create endless boredom for others.

The struggle to gain mastery over language has been demonstrated as long, arduous, nerve-wracking, and expensive. The resulting qualities have been enumerated in part. In view of these facts, the question of whether or not to continue the use of language practically answers itself. Obviously, the value of the product is vastly inferior to the price. Therefore, let us signify the demise of language by the same word with which it was begun. We shall, at the sound of the gong, toss our dictionaries over our left shoulders and say in unison, "Ugh."

Night Guard at a Mausoleum

Stanley Levine

The ping of God re-echoes on an unpaved road;

The crude tin roof accepts its rival waves;

The spirit of death awakens its challenged song.

In the quaint hut amidst its unborn graves

I harken to the call of life

And lift a rodent from its mother's nest.

Two Poems

by

William Griffith

Abortive

"I opened the window and she flew straight down!"

"Never have I seen a bird's nest so close!"

Four blue eggs.

Four blue ovals that contain a white and yellow fluid.

Four blue ovals that contain life—a flowing life that
will soon be bill and legs and wings, without a
shred of feather.

A life contained in so thin a blue shell.

Four fingers could so easily crush the fragile blue eggs.

The yellow and white fluid would seep through the
grass, and string, and run down the stones,

Thus to quench the life in its beautiful blue egg,

While below the mother cocks her head, waiting for
the strange disturber to move on.

To a June Bug

When you fly into my window with monomaniacal desire,
A fear grips my heart; although I do not fear you, this fear
chills my heart,

Or when I see your pulp as a ruined drop of life stuff from some
in radius of that light that sets your mind afire,
A joy fills my heart,

Or when I hear your whirring in the darkness of my room or
mood as a whispering of some god's name,
A pleasure burns within my body,

Or when I see your pulp as a ruined drop of life stuff from some
mystical beaker,
A horror displaces my reasoning with a sadness that lets
me into the pit of blackness.

Introduction to Death

Joan Owen

Death meets each of us some time. But perhaps, the most vivid memory of death springs from the first introduction. I shall never forget the little duck named Ivory, who acquainted me with death.

Ivory was the neighbors' pet and my play-fellow. At this time, I was three and possessed no sisters as yet. Thus, Ivory and I waddled around the yard together, enjoying each other's company. He belonged to me more than he did to his owners.

One day the painters came to redecorate the house. Thoughtlessly they deposited their ladders in the yard and went out to lunch. With typical childish curiosity, Ivory and I puttered around their paraphernalia. Eventually, we began playing with the ladders, which had been laid on their sides in the yard. Ivory darted between the rungs and I hopped over them. The accident happened so suddenly. My foot must have caught on a rung, and Ivory couldn't scramble out from under the falling ladder in time.

I didn't know what was wrong with my little pet. I'll never forget how I tried to stand him up, and he kept falling over. The downy little body was so hard and still. Death was unknown in my young life.

Finally, I rushed into the house and crawled in my bed. I became violently ill and Mother called the doctor. There was a huge knot in my stomach and throat. I couldn't speak. I couldn't even cry.

About this time, the neighbor arrived and informed Mother of Ivory's death. The fallen ladder told the whole story. Mother took me in her arms and explained away my fears and the knot in my stomach. That evening I helped bury Ivory in a cigar box in the garden.

Although this incident occurred years ago, whenever death appears in my life, my thoughts go rushing back to Ivory's stiff little form that wouldn't stand up.



The City

Roger Chittick

Slowly, inevitably, as out of a moving mist, he could begin to distinguish forms. They blurred and retreated, then advanced again, gradually becoming more distinct. He was experiencing things as a man just reviving from unconsciousness after a hard blow on the head, or as a man who has drunk too much might slowly and with effort attempt to establish once again a mental contact with the world of time and space. Then again, perhaps this was not it at all; perhaps this slow revelation was really taking years; perhaps he was passing through the first years of life and seeing things as a child might see them.

He was standing on one side of a large city square. The street was crowded with automobiles which were traveling extremely fast. In the middle of the square was a large fountain which sprayed great cascades of water high into the air. The water splashed down on the heads and backs of innumerable carved statues of such diverse nature as sea nymphs, winged angels, and ugly goblins. Around the fountain was a small grassy plot bordered by a high, black iron fence. Forming the circumference of this island in the middle of the square was a sidewalk on which many people were walking. Inside the fence children played on the grass. On the sidewalk directly across from him, an old woman was selling flowers to the passers-by. She held the remaining flowers clasped tightly to her bosom. On her head she wore a black shawl which served to make her pale, wrinkled face seem even more sallow by comparison.

His vision was quite clear now. Yet he stood still, studying this incomprehensibly strange world in which he found himself. The buildings surrounding the square were very old. Some of them were very elaborate with tall Greek columns, friezework, and even mosaic set in the front. Others had stained glass windows, and there were large, carved wooden signs painted in bright colors hanging in front, much like the old inns one so commonly associates with Europe. The tops of the buildings were covered with a network of chimney pots and crooked smoke stacks that recalled the pictures of London so often seen in a Dickens novel. The scene seemed very familiar. It seemed to be a compound of everything he had ever known so that he was seeing no one place or thing, but rather all places and all things mixed together. It was the same and yet different from all places he had known before.

"It is very strange," he thought, "everything is so familiar, and yet it is very strange." He could not remember

where he was, or who he was, or how he came to be where he was, or where he was to go, or how. He could remember no details of his past life—his mind was blank—there was only the present.

He turned slowly and began to walk around the square. The sidewalks were crowded with people pushing and jostling each other. The thought entered his mind that this affair of living was just a mad dash with no beginning or end, or possibly all beginning and all end. It was like being in a maze and not knowing the way out, and so one tried every door and any door in sheer desperation. He walked on swiftly, pushing with the rest of the crowd. He felt as though he must hurry—faster and faster—a blind imperative drove him on. He began to run pell-mell through the crowd, knocking people right and left. In his haste he ran into an old man selling pencils and knocked him down in one of the doorways. The pencils and some small change scattered out over the sidewalk. The old man lay still where he had fallen. No one paid any attention to him.

Exhausted, he stopped in one of the streets leading off the square. His mood of blind haste had passed. He began to walk again slowly down the street. Up and down both sides of the street were lines of pushcarts filled with merchandise of all descriptions. The street was busy and many people crowded around the cart.

Suddenly he was seized with a passionate desire to get out of the city. Everything seemed clear to him. He knew somehow that once outside the city all would be well with him—all questions answered, all doubts erased. He walked forward confidently.

He walked down the street for a long time. How long, he couldn't say, for he was progressing, as it were in a sort of suspended state in which time failed to make an impression. He felt he was walking in infinite space and that because the space was infinite, he was making no progress. The street was lined solidly on both sides with old stone houses. There were no yards or trees, only houses of stone built flush with the sidewalk.

It began to get dark. There were lights in some of the houses, but there were no street lights, and the walks and streets were deserted. It was as though the people were afraid of the dark and the night. A feeling of apprehension and fear of the unknown passed over him momentarily, but he soon shook it off and continued on his way.

Finally he came to the end of the street and found himself standing on the edge of a large field grown up with weeds and cluttered with refuse and garbage. On the other side of the field a high stone wall stretched in both directions as far

as he could see. Nobody was in sight. He picked his way cautiously across the field until he stood at the base of the wall. It was very high, and along the top he could see a row of pointed spikes. It would be impossible for him to climb over it. He felt as though he were looking down from a great height. He trembled violently. He was alone, yet he felt as though there were someone just behind watching him. He looked about fearfully. There was no one in sight. He began to run back wildly across the field, stumbling and weaving as he ran. Once he tripped and fell to his knees, but he did not notice and dashed on in furious haste. When he got back across the field, he entered another street and began to walk toward town.

He presented a lonely figure as he walked down the deserted street. After walking for some time he came to an intersection with a street that was, judging by its width and the fact that there were a few cars passing, of more importance than the one on which he had been traveling. Looking down this new street he saw only a few blocks away a cluster of lights and the flashing colors of blinking neon signs. He turned toward the lights. As he passed the first of the brightly lighted buildings, a saloon, he noticed an old man sitting on the curb weeping bitterly. He was about to pass by, when the old man turned to him and croaked in a broken voice, "Come and share my sorrow."

Not wishing to seem rude he walked over to him and asked, "What is your sorrow, my friend?"

The old man looked at him with a simple smile on his face and said, "What is the sorrow of us all? Buy me a drink."

This strange answer rather puzzled him. "But then," he thought, "a drink might not be a bad idea, and perhaps the old man can tell me the way out of the city." So he replied, "All right, get up and we will go in and have a round."

The old man jumped up with amazing alacrity and throwing his arm about him pulled him into the saloon. It was dark and hot inside. There was a smell of age, and mold, and vomit in the air. The floor was covered with sawdust, and apparently no effort was made to dispose of the trash and garbage, for all kinds of filth and refuse were mixed with the shavings on the floor. The only light came from three old lanterns hanging above the bar and three small electric light bulbs attached to the music stands of a violinist, a cellist, and a pianist. The trio was playing Brahms with obvious accomplishment, and seemed oblivious of the activity in the rest of the room.

He and the old man sat together at a table in the corner, from which position he could observe most of the interior of the room. Two men dressed only in loin cloths were wrestling

in the middle of the floor. Their great hairy backs and shoulders were taut with exertion, and the sweat rolled off their perspiring bodies. They were covered with sawdust, garbage, and all kinds of filth which stuck to their moist bodies. On the other side of the room several men had made a clearing in the sawdust and were pitching pennies at the wall. They were arguing continuously. The bartender was a mammoth man, at least seven feet tall with huge shoulders and a black beard. He was dressed in clothes of shiny black silk with a bright red sash tied about his waist. The waitresses were extremely tall with mannish figures. They wore red and white silk shorts and very revealing blouses. One of them stopped at his table, set a bottle of wine in front of him, and walked off. It looked like excellent wine, for the bottle was obviously old and the vintage was of the best.

He poured the liquid out into two glasses which were sitting on the table, and watched the old man as he drank greedily. "Now," he said to the old man, "perhaps you can do me a favor and tell me how to get out of this city. I've been trying to find a way for some time but so far without success."

The old man looked at him with an incredulous stare and said, "There is no way out of the city. There is nothing outside; this is all there is. Drink your wine and try to be sensible!"

The old man's words made a cold chill run down his back, and he found it hard to breathe. He could feel his flesh creep, and his hands tremble. That cold unreasoning terror that he had experienced while standing alone by the great wall came over him again. This fear was no ordinary fear. There was no way in which he could combat it. He was defenseless against the terror it brought. He reached for his wine. As he was about to drink, however, he noticed that there was a thick coat of ugly green mold on the liquid. He looked across the table inquiringly and saw the old man was gone. He jumped up and looked about the room. It was empty except for the two wrestlers sleeping together in the corner with their arms about each other. The lights had been turned out. It was very cold. He dashed out the door onto the sidewalk.

Once outside, he found everything dark and all of the buildings closed. He began to walk aimlessly and dejectedly down the street. After he had walked along in this manner for some time, he heard music in the distance and walked in the general direction of the sound. The rolling, carefree melody became louder and clearer as he walked. Then, as he rounded a corner, he saw in a vacant lot on the other side of the street, a carnival in full swing.

Even at this late hour crowds of people in gay-colored clothes were milling about the grounds. All the concessions were open. Everybody appeared to be having a wonderful

time. He was impressed by the brilliance of the colors in the clothes people were wearing. The colors seemed actually to glow, and the combinations were amazing. Some of the men were wearing bright orange pants and red shirts with variously colored polka-dots on them. Most of the women wore dresses of a peasant nature with embroidered designs on them. He was also impressed by the tremendous number of balloons floating about everywhere. They were shaped like human heads and had leering faces painted on them.

He walked across the street and mingled with the crowd. In spite of their apparent gaiety he detected a note of bitter sorrow running through all of their actions. Sometimes they would stop laughing and break into tears, and nearly always when they thought no one was looking they would begin to weep. He stopped beside the roller-coaster and watched the people climbing aboard the cars for their rides. They were all smiling, and it seemed to him that their smiles must be painted on, for they never changed. Leering at him and at the world, these painted mannikin-like people rode off smiling up the steep slope of the roller-coaster. As he stood watching them it occurred to him that, although a loaded car left the platform every few minutes, he had seen none return. He walked along the fence that separated him from the scaffolding for a few hundred feet trying to see where it was that the cars went. To his horror he found that after the cars went over the top of the first rise and roared down into the big dip, the scaffolding and the tracks ended and the loaded cars shot off into space. He watched with fascinated horror as car after car loaded with grinning people shot off the end of the track and dashed to pieces against a hill in the background.

Sickened by this incredible destruction of human life he turned to go. As he walked away he passed by a large carrousel crowded with children and adults waiting for the ride to begin. He watched entranced as the calliope started to play and the merry-go-round began to move. It went faster and faster until at last all the horses, the people, and the polished brass bars blended together so that he could not distinguish individual objects. It seemed as though it would spin right off its axis. After several minutes it began to slow down, but of all the crowd that had climbed aboard the carrousel. He felt as though soul was left. They had all disintegrated. A new group of people began to crowd aboard the carrousel. He felt as though a great weight were pushing down upon him—suffocating him. He hurried through the crowds of people, trying to find the exit so that he could leave. As he pushed on through the crowd he saw standing at the entrance of the tent just ahead of him a group of men throwing baseballs at little children who were tied in the back of the tent. The men were laughing

and jesting with each other, and they seemed oblivious to the screams of the battered children. The proprietor of the shop was engaged in untying the mangled bodies and putting fresh ones in their place. He looked into the tent and saw a large pile of bruised and bloody lifeless bodies lying in the corner.

He began to run through the crowd. Just as he came within sight of the exit, however, the loudspeaker blared: "Everybody congregate at the entrance to the grounds for the big free show of the evening. There you will see the greatest act of sheer bravery ever witnessed by mortal man. Carlos the Great will leap off the top of the three-hundred foot pole, in his death-defying high diving act into just six feet of water. Hurry, hurry, hurry!" Immediately such a mass of people crowded around him at the entrance that he could not force his way through to get out. Dozens of spotlights were turned on, illuminating the top of the three-hundred foot pole. As the drums rolled and the loudspeakers blared, Carlos began to climb the swaying cylinder. Higher and higher he climbed, but he was not alone. For, following behind him at regular intervals, people from the crowd were climbing as well. When Carlos reached the top a deadly hush settled over the crowd. Then as the drums rolled more loudly, as the audience cheered, as the spotlights played Carlos the Great leaped off into space. Immediately following him, another, and another, and another jumped as the drums rolled.

He finally managed to crowd his way to the exit and out into the street. As soon as he was free he began to run desperately and quietly. Behind him the drums still rolled as, one after another, the crowd at the carnival leapt from the top of the high pole.

He ran for a long time until he was completely exhausted. He realized that he was tired, so he lay down in the entrance of a large cathedral and went to sleep. When he woke up it was light outside, although the sun had not yet risen. He looked about and saw many people going into the cathedral for the morning service. He got up, brushed himself off, and joined the people going into the cathedral, hoping that perhaps here he could find some information on how to get out of the city. The cathedral was very beautiful in the early morning light. The stones were lustrous, giving off such a light that they seemed to be alive. The great towers rose high above him and two massive bronze doors stood open. He was sure that here he would find the way. As he walked through the doors, however, he was amazed at the change. There was a musty smell inside, and he could see that there were cobwebs on the walls and dust on the floor. There was a pale green light shining through the windows, many of which were broken and covered with dust and cobwebs. The air was damp, and

the acrid smell of smoke and incense filled his nostrils. Some people in black robes were sleeping on the floor in the front of the building, and others walked back and forth behind a large open fire. Smoke from the fire filled the inside of the church. He looked about the sides of the room and saw some statues in their various niches. In the heart of each, however, was a long knife, and the blood ran down the front of their robes and dripped onto the floor. He rose and bolted for the door. He wept as he ran.

He ran out the door and down the steps into the warm morning sunlight. As he looked about he was surprised to find that he was back at the same square from whence he had started. It was early morning and only a few people were about. The old woman was still selling flowers on the island in the middle of the square, and the fountain was still sending up its bubbling cascades of water. He walked around the square rapidly.

A large black sedan whirled around the corner ahead of him and began driving around the square very rapidly. He turned and stepped out in front of the speeding car. There were the squeal of brakes and the crunch of broken bones and bruised flesh. The car drove on. A hearse pulled up to the curb beside the lifeless figure. Two men stepped out, picked up the body, and lifted it into the car. The little old woman stood silent and motionless on the sidewalk watching, her flowers clasped close to her breast.

No Cause for Alarm, Mrs. Temple

Barbara Sims

My mother was rather grimly determined that, of her brood of three, one should soar to great heights in the field of art. Since my older brother and sister displayed no taste for culture, she undertook to concentrate all her efforts on me and nudge me around in the various arts until I found a niche that fitted. With this thought in mind, she enrolled me in the Broderick School of the Dance, where I spent several weary months unsuccessfully trying to shuffle in time to the music of "Tea For Two" played on a tinny old piano. Seeing the futility of this venture, Mother, who was not yet to taste despair, decided to try the field of music next and forthwith deposited me at Mrs. Trundle's Piano Studio. Mrs. Trundle and I clashed almost immediately, and it was she who suggested to my anxious

mother that dramatics might be more in my line.

Mother had by now developed a kind of "any port in a storm" attitude, and she was more than willing to foist me off on Miss Finch of the Finch Dramatic Art School. It was here that I really found my medium, and I entered wholeheartedly into the business of diction and sustained vowel practice and the like. My mother was delighted with my success, and I must shamefacedly confess that I soon became one of those awful children who were called upon to "speak a piece" whenever the family entertained guests. I hang my head now in humble apology to the old family friends who were forced to stifle yawns and squirm in silent agony while I simpered through the dreary little pieces Miss Finch had painstakingly drilled me on.

Shirley Temple was the rage in Hollywood at that time, and while I bore not the slightest resemblance to the child star, I am quite sure that somewhere in the back of my mother's mind was the idea that Mrs. Temple was not the only one who had delivered herself of a child prodigy and that I, too, might some day bring fame and fortune to an inconspicuous family of very modest means. At any rate, she spent long, arduous hours stitching elaborately embroidered dresses for me to wear at recitals, and she was the only member of the family who did not beg for mercy when I practiced my lessons frequently and aloud.

By the time Christmas rolled around that year, I was Miss Finch's star pupil, and Mother, delirious with joy, was mulling over the idea of having our little dramatics group entertain at the Christmas party of her Women's Auxiliary. She went into a huddle with Miss Finch, and together they developed the plan of delighting the ladies with a children's Christmas play in which I would star as Mab, Queen of the Fairies. Miss Finch, who had probably dreamed of such horizons, was carried away with the idea and decided to have me burst forth in a blaze of glory from a snowball in the first act rather than make the more conventional side entrance. The snowball took a bit of doing, but my ever ingenious mother at length had one fashioned of hinged wire halves, secured with a hook, and covered with muslin and artificial snowflakes. It was a large affair in which I could stand concealed until the moment of my dramatic entrance and then grandly step out of to leave the audience dazzled at the sheer ingenuity of the thing.

When the big day came, my lines were perfect, my white organdy dress was flawless, and all of us were in a veritable tizzy of excitement. My long-suffering father had been assigned the ticklish business of getting the snowball from our house to the Women's Department Club. He arrived late and out-of-

sorts, bearing the now dented and disarranged snowball. My mother quickly bent it back into shape and, after giving me some final admonitions, she scurried out to her seat in the audience.

Miss Finch banged a piano fanfare, the curtain squeaked up, and the shepherds, clad in poorly disguised bathrobes, began their halting speeches. Inside the airless snowball, I preened and waited feverishly for my cue. When it came, I was panic stricken to discover that the hook which held the two halves of the snowball together was firmly stuck and refused to budge despite my frantic attempts to loosen it. Outside, I could hear a shepherd saying desperately and for the third time that he was awaiting an omen from he knew not where. In a fever of panic, I poked and prodded with my hand until I had ripped off most of the muslin, then clambered out of the skeleton of wires to announce, somewhat hysterically, to the startled shepherds that the Wise Men approached from yon faroff land. I could hear tittering in the audience, and I recognized my mother's voice in a faint shriek which arose from the back row. Determined that the show must go on, I decided to compensate for my tardiness by giving the audience an extra treat, whereupon I began swooping and swirling across the stage in a sketchy version of a number I had picked up in my dancing school days. My colleagues were dumbfounded, and I could see the horror on Miss Finch's face as she scuttled from her post at the piano back to the wings where she stood and hissed at me, making beckoning gestures with her bony old hands. All this I grandly ignored and, adding a fillip to my impromptu act, I started a series of catapults and pirouettes from one side of the stage to the other. I had underestimated Miss Finch's cunning, however, for she raced around to the other side and waited for me there with a look of bitter malice in her eyes. As I sailed near her, she grabbed a handful of my dress and jerked me quite abruptly from the convulsed audience's view. Backstage my mother, red with mortification, clutched me by the arm and dragged me home in ominous silence.

Some days later, kind Providence saw fit to afflict me with tonsilitis, and by the time I had recovered, the reverberations of the incident had ended and so had my mother's quest for culture.

Two Poems

Frances King

The Conversation

Having come to the end of a swift day,
We reviewed the past months
With something akin to surprise.
Having decided upon the general tenor of events,
We began to recount in a clever sort of way.
"First of all, there was the actual meeting
(Long after the dream had been conceived)
Which began with obvious hatred and then—."
"Then there were the long silent months
Which managed to speak very loud to them."
"The snow came in the windows and added enchantment. . . ."
"Not snow, but blossoms."
"Classrooms faded into books, into talk,
Into suspension of talk."
"Spring alternated with a December feeling of uncertainty.
Violets and red but fallen,
Drifts of color and fragility."
"The dignity of moonlight altered them,
Causing them to assume an honesty seldom perceived."
Having examined the situation at a glance,
We leaned back in a graceful terminating way,
But a third shadow joined the discussion,
And we both sighed as we saw it was going to finish
the story.
"Naturally the snow and the talk and the bells
Which chimed and chimed in their minds
Was not strong enough.
Pride and freedom joined them near the corner
One June night."
Here we shook our clever heads and begged
That the story be ended and goodbyes said.
But the shadow smiled and stretched
And continued the story they didn't want to hear.

"So the four of them were an unfortunate crowd,
 And one said this in his mind,
 And the other said it in his actions.
 'And then there were none?'
 And they gradually perceived that June
 Had been November; and the fog, smoke;
 And the moonlight, fire which burned them;
 And the talk, sword play; and the promises, denials."
At this point the third shadow paused
And looked around for the original two.
 Seeing that they were vanishing through the door,
 The shadow followed them and shouted down the hall.
 "So you see it is the old fable of evolution
 In which nothing is what it seems.
 The sunsets, too, are hallucinations,
 And the stars will go soon,
 And you are not the two who entered here."
 Having shook their heads in a knowing sort of way,
 The original two discovered under a street light
 That they were looking into the faces of past enemies.

For a Small Child

How can I tell you that the enchantment is rare,
 Seldom to be found.
 Tell you, **you** standing there with the cut forsythia,
 Standing with your calm and sensitive eyes
 Seeking assurance?
 Is it possible to explain that sudden knowing
 Of the singular scattered whirlpools in each life?
The time when one sees the few highlighted
Moments in the usual calm, dull cove of existence
The scarce gulls snatched from the spray
Or lost and seen far off
Glimmering still in the receding surf
 Can I show, as it in me, to teach
 The importance of those flowers,
 (Their confident gold swirling about your happy face)
 The deathless existence of each chosen thing
 Plucked from an envious wind
 Which lies in wait?

Cabbage Stew

William Griffith

I pulled my left arm from beneath the warm pile of blankets and coverlets. With small forefinger I touched the crystal-line sheet of ice that covered the small window above my bed. The contact was strange: along my arm the minute, pale hairs rose with the goose pimples; a queer trembling passed through my body; my small bed trembled; and the hairs on my head seemed to want to pull from their roots. I quickly put my arm back under the comforting warmth of the blankets and pressed my nose into the pillow.

A metallic clang made me turn my head toward the room. Before the iron mouth of the laundry-stove, mother was stooping, thrusting great chunks of wood through the little door. Her round face, serious with her task, became red from the reflected glare of the fiery insides of the tiny stove. The soft curling hair glistened and sparkled around her ruddy face. Mother gathered the warmth from the stove into herself, then closed the door. The cheering redness was gone—there was my mother's face, pale and sad, beautiful and loveable. The door next to the stove opened and Betty hurried into the room dressed only in her pink cotton petticoat and long cotton stockings. Next to Mother she seemed very small. Her bobbed hair fell about her face in straight lines. Mother ran her hand over Betty's hair and straightened the little kinks that had formed in it. Slowly Mother shook her head; sadness shone in the pale morning light.

Soon, from the stove, came the pleasant savory smell of oatmeal and the rich teasing aroma of coffee. Mother frowned at me; it was time for me to get up.

An hour later, Betty and I stepped out onto the ice-hidden stoop. The air was cold and stung our faces until they were red and shining. Betty's red coat was buttoned close around her chin; a yellow knitted muffler peeped out around the edges of the collar. Her hair was almost hidden by the orange stocking cap. She stooped over and, with yellow mittened hand, clicked the buttons on her brown rubber galoshes. Over the bright brass buttons of my black coat, I drew my hand in its grey woolen mitten; I was proud of my buttons. Then I reached up and turned the red stocking-cap down over my ears. Mother opened the door a small crack and called through: "Betty, don't you let Billy fall into the crick. Be careful!" Betty took my hand and we safely made it across the treacherous stoop. Then she let go

of my hand and started skipping across the frozen ground. Ridges, footprints that had frozen into solid caricature, made her exhibition, for that is what it was, a little difficult; she stumbled and fell. But she was up and off again, over the path and down the hill. I followed, running and stumbling. We were happy; we were very happy.

At Nellie's garden we made an important discovery. In the fall Nellie had neglected to pick one of her cabbages and there it was. True it was small, the leaves were broken and white, and it was frozen quite hard; but it was a discovery. Betty pulled a stake from the ground and knocked at the cabbage until it fell from its stalk. By then it was in a very sorry condition, but Betty tucked it under her arm and we continued along the path.

The creek was frozen; I could not have fallen in, not even if I had wanted to. Near the bank the ice was thin and white; here there had been little water. We shattered this thin ice and listened to the crinkle it made in the still air. Over the thicker ice we boldly made our way and climbed the hill on the other side.

In the trash-pile at the top of the hill we found a stewpan with a broken handle. Into this Betty broke up the cabbage leaves; the leaves tinkled in the metal pan. With two bricks she made a stove and set the cabbage there to boil. Occasionally she would stir the leaves round and round. The leaves would then again set up their merry clinking. I removed a mitten and quickly my hand was wrapped round with cold. I picked up a tiny clod of earth and broke it into our cabbage stew. "Pepper!" I pronounced. I put on the mitten and held it fast against my body.

I stood up and looked. It was a sunless day, a day of grey cloud shapes that filled the sky. Against the greyness, distant trees raised their naked limbs up from the ground as if loathe to touch it, while small scrub trees around us hovered close as if to capture warmth from the earth. Tall grey weeds, skeletons of goldenrod and thistle, stuck into the grey atmosphere; brittle nothings they were. Tiny houses in the grey distance let thin spirals of grey smoke into the air. The wind that was creeping over the fields reached with icy grey fingers.

I looked down at my sister who was stooping over our cabbage stew. From underneath her orange stocking cap her bobbed hair was sticking out in brown confusion. In her yellow muffler there was a small, unraveling hole. I knelt beside her and, bending low, turned and smiled into her eyes.

M S S

Freshman Material

Reality: Each Day I Escape It

Chester Perkins

I was dreaming. But the realness of my dream was frighteningly vivid and at the same time morbid, and as it progressed it took on nightmarish proportions.

I was walking down Main Street just for walking's sake, drinking in all the wonderful sights surrounding me and feeling fortunate to see and be a part of the scheme of life. With no particular route or destination in mind, I turned into a narrow side street with which I was unfamiliar and ventured forth hoping to see more evidences of the beauties of life. I should have stayed on Main Street.

Aside from dirty, unkempt buildings and streets, which one often sees in large cities, the first two or three blocks I walked were not unusual; but as I drew farther away from the main thoroughfare, I began to see things which shocked and horrified me.

Filth, ruin, and degradation were all about me. Buildings, disemboweled by searing, scorching flames, stood gaunt and ghostly against a smoggy sky, while hordes of looters scraped their ashes in search of objects of little value. Beautiful young girls became crippled, wrinkled old women before my eyes, and youthful and virile men became weak and useless under the weight of quickening years. Malformed babies became invalid morons, while others fell before an onslaught of the vermin plagues which swept down the narrow confines of the street.

At the next intersection two automobiles merged into a mighty, thunderous crash, and I could but stand by and watch as the decapitated remains of their passengers came hurtling through the air, to land with a sickening thud at my feet. The twisted, battered wreckage of the two cars made a grotesque sight which somehow did not seem out of place on this street.

Farther on, two filthy rats nibbled at refuse and garbage which littered the street, while starving dogs scampered to safety at the sight of them. From between two bricks an acorn had sprouted, striving valiantly to become a majestic oak, but it now stood like a stick, devoid of leaves, branches, and bark, typifying the barren lives of the people.

The next block was a battlefield of war, and I stood appalled in the midst of it. Bombed-out buildings were only smoking heaps of rubble and debris, and the parts of them which had withstood the barrage stood like jagged peaks, serving only to accentuate the utter destruction about them. Dead

bodies of soldiers were strewn everywhere, and when I seemed about to retch at the sight of one of them, I turned away only to find myself looking at another. I thought, "This can't be. This is a civilized world. How can God have permitted this sort of thing to exist?"

The end of the street yawned at my feet, a black abyss. I looked into it for a moment, pondering. I looked up, and as the edge crumbled beneath me, I caught sight of a street sign which read, "The Avenue Of All Things Unseen In One's Lifetime." The next instant, I was plunging through blackness.

I awakened with a convulsive start, and cold beads of perspiration stood on my hot, aching forehead. I was frightened. Was this reality? Could it be that life was like this? Then I looked out through my darkened windows and collapsed on my pillow, sobbing a sigh of relief, knowing that it was a dream, and that I would never have to see all those horrible things. To most people, those things are very real, but not to me. Each day I can escape them. You see, the darkened windows through which I was looking are my eyes. I am blind.

My Father *Lesson* **Father's Day In Hollywood**

Mary Jane White

It is Father's Day in Hollywood, especially in the gorgeous Beverly Hills home of the glamorous actress, Roberta Duprez Conley Enfield Morgan Stienfeld Stable Golightly Montjoy, the former Mamie Smith. Her sons and daughters are clustered around a front window awaiting the arrival of their fathers.

Roberta, the most devoted mother in all filmdom—she spends as much as fifteen minutes a year with her children—is in the background gritting her teeth. She despises Father's Day.

She looks at her brood and says sweetly: "Now get this straight. No rat race like last year. You're all old enough to know your own fathers. Don't all of you go jumping on the first man that comes running up the walk." She looks dubiously at young Pierre. "Young Pierre," she says, "Who is your father?"

Young Pierre scratches his head for a moment and then says proudly: "My father is Mark Stable."

Roberta stamps her foot. "Mark Stable is not your father. He is little Louella's father."

"No, he ain't either," little Louella pipes up. "Hector Golightly is my father."

Roberta counts on her fingers and mumbles: "Fifth child, first husband, second husband, third,—Ummm hmm. You're a smart girl, Louella. Hector Golightly is indeed your father."

Roberta counts and mumbles some more. "Pierre, your father is Foxhall Stienfeld. Please remember that."

Roberta is still worried. Which child is Mark Stable's? He's got one somewhere in the bunch, she's fairly certain. She decides to use some psychology.

"Children," she says brightly. "Let's see who's the smartest. Whose father is Mark Stable?"

"Don't look at me."

"He ain't mine."

"Mine neither."

"Ah'm Fairfax Morgan's boy, mahself."

This blanket denial irritates Roberta immensely. "This is revolting. One of you has to be Mark Stable's child. Now confess it. Who are you?"

Silence. Roberta begins checking their ages against her marriages. "Rochambeau, it's between you and little Hedda. Now, out with it." (She makes a note to spend a half hour with them next year and get their names straightened out.)

Just then a man turns in the driveway. Roberta calls in her secretary.

"Quick," she says. "Who is this man? He looks familiar, but I don't remember ever marrying anybody that old. You don't think he's got a child in this bunch, do you?"

The secretary peeks out. "Why, Mrs. Montjoy, that's your father! Your mother's fourth husband."

"Oh!" says Roberta, and heads for the aspirin.

Austin's Magazine **The Fallacy of Extreme Pacifism**

(The Editor Invites Contributions Concerning This Subject From A Different Point Of View)

Robert E. Malsberry

The fallacy of extreme pacifism, according to A. Lawrence Lowell, author of "The Student Mind," lies in the idea that any one nation's remaining defenseless can bring about frankness and mutual confidence among nations. One might as well expect to abolish banditry by disarming a town's police force.

Although I fully agree with Mr. Lowell, to me the real emptiness of pacifism is shown by its lack of any constructive

policy. I refuse to consider peace at any price a constructive policy. Pacifists have nothing to boast equaling the heroism given for the destructive necessities of war. I would rather do what I can in defense of principles in which I believe, than stand aside and do nothing.

The pacifist, in time of war, lives in a dream world. When a nation has been struck and strikes back, non-resistance by any citizen is itself participation in the war. Even though he does not agree with his country, the pacifist's indifference makes him a participant in war—on the enemy's side. This is the pacifist's predicament.

To believe, as extreme pacifists do, that our highest allegiance is to the human race as a whole, is too indefinite. We can do more good by pledging allegiance to our country and working to make it a country with liberty and justice for all—a country which may be an example to others.

If, as the extreme pacifists advocate, wars can be stopped with spiritual power before they are started—let them do it! If not, let us do what we deem necessary.

When the world is confronted by powerful aggressors, I favor doing something about it—not letting incidents occur about me and doing nothing to prevent them.

I have read that Gandhi's leadership in India was a good example of pacifistic ideas in action. But India was fortunate in that fair-minded England was her opponent. Can you imagine Gandhi gaining India's independence through pacifistic principles if he were behind the "iron curtain?"

Russian support of Wallace's "peace at any price" third party clearly reveals that pacifism in the United States would be playing into Russian hands.

If our country had been prepared, the whole course and origin of World War II might have been different. There were too many pacifistic doctrines taught in our schools. Too many people tended to think in pacifistic terms. Now, only befitting our contemporary history, we tend to think in militaristic terms. Republican and Democratic party platforms, third party results, and recent congressional action seem to prove our militaristic tendencies.

I sincerely believe in the words spoken by A. Maude Raydon concerning the failure of pacifism. She said, "When my pacifistic friends ask me whether I can imagine Jesus Christ's dropping a bomb or firing a gun, I'm entitled to say, 'No, I cannot, but neither can I imagine His standing aside and doing nothing.'"

At this critical point in world history, let us hope that many pacifists reconsider and see the fallacy in their principles in the light of their inability to accomplish them.

Cassidy
Chen

Smile Good-Bye

Johanna Jones

The house was really a studio. Books filled the shelves and lay around on the tables. Here and there were objects in the process of construction—chairs being caned, dresses being stitched, lectures being composed.

I shared the northwest room with my mother, and possessed a corner of it. Here was my desk, facing a window. In addition to birds' nests, odd rocks, ink bottles, paper weights, preserved insects, books, and magnifying glasses, there was usually a cat on the blotter. Beside the desk stood a bookcase filled with a heterogeneous collection of books, pamphlets, and card files. The surrounding wall was covered with maps and a small bulletin board; in the corner lay my botany field equipment—plant-press, pack, and vasculum.

Only a few blocks west sprawled the university where my mother taught. The main hall consisted of three buildings connected by towers. At sunrise or sunset I loved to stand under the two hemlocks at the west of the hall and look down its long, sun-touched side, to see the light bring out the pinkness of the granite and glint on the leaded windows.

Down the hillside beyond the hemlocks lay the canal, and a little farther, the river. In the spring, violets, false anemone, squirrel corn, and marigolds lined the sides of the tow-path, and the grotesque heads of horse-tail rushes pushed up through the gravel. By the river the wild garlic filled the air with its lusty smell, and the current rushed waist high. In summer, sand bars stretched down the middle, and the trees on the bank shaded myriads of mosquitoes. During the fall, the riverside sheltered many a campfire. In the winter, chunks of ice piled up along the shores, and every noise was sharp.

One person around whom my home life turned was Grandmother. Her capable hands, wearing a turquoise ring green with age, were a symbol of security to me. Those hands tended children, cooked, scrubbed, stitched, and ran scales. They were gentle when caring for my great grandmother, and strong when administering a spanking.

In the kitchen, Grandmother all but covered herself with a muslin apron, trimmed 'round with bright tape. She turned out cakes, pies, loaves, and meats, spurning all artificial flavorings. When I was a youngster, Saturday baking enchanted me. First of all, I examined and tasted each ingredient. I made a game of seeing if I could stick my finger into the mixing bowl

without being caught by the stirring spoon. Finally, there was the joy of licking the bowl.

I used to go with Grandmother to the A. and P. Store on Saturday nights. That was a bright, noisy world. The shiny tin cans, gaudy soap-boxes, enticing fruits piled layer on layer were exciting. I careened up one aisle and down the other, pushing a cart almost as tall as I. On the way home, Grandmother would tuck my hand into the crook of her arm, and we would talk and laugh together.

One morning I awoke with a toothache. A sick feeling started to spread over me, and I felt the corners of my mouth draw down in fear as a dental appointment was made for me. When the time came, I allowed Grandmother to lead me to the dentist's. I was horrified when she left me outside the office, and could not believe it when she smiled good-bye. Since there was nothing else to do, I turned and tottered toward the chair alone. I felt betrayed, and my imagination turned her smile into a leer.

Soon after that, I entered school, became independent, and spent many hours away from home. Grandmother baked on Saturday while I studied, and I went to the movies while she marketed. Grandmother's spare moments were taken by Great Grandmother, now bedridden, who demanded attention even at midnight and left Grandmother sleepy and exhausted. Occasionally we played Fish, or Old Maid together. Even less frequently we had long discussions on religion, philosophy, or ambition. But our viewpoints were two generations apart; it was seldom that we agreed, and we often argued fiercely. Nevertheless, Grandmother maintained a remarkable tolerance toward my untried theories. When I needed her, she was always there to iron a dress, audit a speech, or bandage a cut.

As I sprawled in the wingchair one night, conjugating German verbs, my gaze shifted to Grandmother. The light, tipped so as not to glare into her eyes, highlighted her hair. Its whiteness shocked me. Her face was more lined than I remembered it, and she seemed tired. That night I slept little; the next morning I awakened early, and walked over to the campus. I stood under the hemlock trees and watched the sun rise; I marveled at the incongruity of the tiny cones on the huge trees. I scrambled down the hill and startled a crayfish, lurking in the shallows of the canal. Crossing the bridge, I was alone except for the spiders hanging heavily on their webs spun between the iron supports. I saw all these things, but they did not penetrate my thoughts, for deep inside me the impact of Grandmother's appearance lingered. Something set my fingers tingling just as it had years ago, on my first trip to the dentist's. By the time I reached the river, I recognized this sensa-

tion as a fear of desolation, fear of Grandmother's going away from me, just as she had before. I waded out to my favorite rock and sat down, while I contemplated that episode. I had never quite forgiven Grandmother for smiling and offering me no pity when I was so overcome with fear, but now I felt that I was stumbling on the brink of the explanation. I watched a bird sail out of sight into the distance, and with that illustration of eternal space came the answer. Grandmother had smiled not from lack of sympathy, but in spite of it. She had wanted me to start toward that dental chair under my own power. Understanding, I realized what a fool I had been to doubt her. I thought of her hands and of the security they symbolized to me. I realized that they remained unchanged, and would remain unchanged until the time when I smiled good-bye to her just as she had smiled to me.

The Rise and Fall of Herbert Oswald Smith

Tom Pease

Herbert Oswald Smith was a very singular man, and he decided that the world was not a fit place in which to live. And so, one fine day when the mood was strong within his manly chest, he found himself a large and comfy cave that completely suited his simple needs, and announced to the world that no longer to man's conventions would he be a slave. But Herbert Oswald soon found out that living in a cave is about as easy as carrying water in a sieve. For it happened one bright morning while Herbert was using a near-by stream as a mirror, so that he could see to trim his beard, that a pebble fell into the water with a large ker-plunk! and caused Herbert's image to become all blurred and ragged. This turned out to be a very bad thing indeed, for as fate would have it the razor which Herbert was using was speckled with rust, and its blade was quite jagged. And when he stopped screaming and looked again at his reflection on the mirror-like surface of the stream, he discovered to his dismay that on the left side of his face he was completely unearled! But this small tragedy did not daunt Herbert Oswald, for he had always been a one-sided man and this just made it more pronounced.

The years went slowly on their way, and each day would find Herbert sitting in front of his cave clothed in a squirrel skin breech-clout and scoffing at the world and its trouble. For Herbert always said (to no one in particular except the neighboring chipmunks and racoons), "Trouble is nothing but a bubble." And that is exactly what it was, but it burst the day Herbert saw what he supposed to be a squirrel's tail sticking

out from a clump of bushes, and on it he pounced. Because, as luck would have it, the tail turned out to be the endpiece of an especially large and ferocious black bear. Unfortunately for Herbert Oswald this choice bit of knowledge came when it was far too late to be of any use. And in spite of his polite bowings and "pardon-me-ings", which were very forgiving and quite profuse, the highly annoyed bear uncurled an authoritative left hook which sent Herbert's one good ear flying in the general direction of the state of Delaware.

This sad event caused Herbert no end of grief and misery; in fact, it made him lose his faith in the advantages of the outdoor life to such an extent that he hurriedly made himself a squirrelskin knapsack, packed it with his few belongings, and strode off with grim determination in the direction of the nearest metropolis. For bouncing around in Herbert Oswald's mind was a grand idea, and deep down within Herbert's singular self he knew it could not miss. And he was right! People were exceedingly willing to pay large prices to glimpse the man who had fought with nature's elements and who had lost both ears in the strife.

Fame came quickly to Herbert Oswald, as it does to all men who have something different to show the world, and it was not long before Herbert was snowed under with money. People stopped to gaze at him with awe as he walked down the avenue in his hand-made alligator shoes and his custom-tailored grey suit. Great authors wrote great books about the man who had lived the hermit's life and who had lost two ears enroute. Yes, fame made Herbert Oswald's life overflow with an excess of pleasant things to do, and every day that he arose was sunny.

Then one dark day Herbert Oswald fell victim to a commercial on the radio which solemnly declared, "A man is not a real man who does not wear a hat. Buy one today and face the world with a smile." And so Herbert did, a fancy white homburg with a green feather, which the clerk assured him was in the very latest style. But Herbert Oswald Smith reckoned without his ears and the hat fell over his eyes, causing him to take a fatal plunge into a conveniently open man-hole for which he was totally unprepared.

And therein, somewhere between the lines, rests the moral of this tale: Fate may push you down the path of Fame and make you famous, rich, and carefree for a time—but when that Fame attacks the space between your ears it makes your ego grow by prodigious leaps and bounds, and your life is hardly worth a dime. And when you have no ears at all, your chances are as nil as those of fizzed-out ginger ale.

Walter Rouse

Traveling in a Strange Country

Roseline Intrater

Which is the road to Quebec?" I inquired. The children looked at each other and giggled. "Nous ne parlons pas anglais" they chorused. I tried again. "Quel est le chemin a Quebec?" I offered hopefully. The answer was nothing my high school French teacher had prepared me to understand. For the first time I had an inkling of how it feels to be a foreigner in a strange country and hopelessly lost besides.

Our '49 Pontiac rattled and coughed like a Stanley Steamer. It was obvious that the Canadian country roads bear a definite grudge against the American automobile.

We were not many miles from the verdant beauty of Vermont and in very similar terrain, but the entire aspect of the countryside had changed. Broken down shacks replaced neat sturdy buildings; the vegetation was scrubby and colorless; the cattle looked unhealthy.

"I hope it's a better road than this one," I told the farmer who (miracles of miracles) was giving me directions in heavily accented English. He stared at me in amazement. "This is a good road," he said. (Should I have told him about the Pennsylvania Turnpike?) His ten children and wife, with baby number eleven in her arms, came hurrying out of the house to point at the car and chatter in French. They were raggedly dressed. Papa, I noticed, was frowning in heavy concentration. "How is the honey situation in the States?" "You mean money?" I coached. "Non, non," he objected, "honey! I sell twenty-five a pound." He pointed. "There are the bees." I was farther from home than I'd thought.

But Quebec city was different. There was everywhere a captivating charm. The entire city was devoted to making tourists happy, and that the effort was successful was demonstrated by the predominance and variety of American license plates.

The main industry of the city is "the guide tour," and its salesmen are so persuasive that eventually you buy and go clattering over the cobblestones atop a swaying caleche (one-horse buggy). Our guide was a student at Laval University, one of the oldest on the American continent, and, in an English so Gallicly inflected it was almost French, he proudly told us the cherished history of the city.

Two great events hallowed Quebec, and the people cling zealously to their memory. The first was the battle on the Plains of Abraham, and the second was the visit of Roosevelt, Churchill, and MacKenzie King during the Second World War.

On every pair of lips is the story of how Montcalm was betrayed by one of his own men. "Quebec is naturally fortified," they will point out. It is built on a cliff that rises vertically from the St. Lawrence River. But there was one place that sloped to a convenient pathway and that was unguarded. Learning of this from the French traitor, General Wolfe led his British army through the pass during the night and took Montcalm by surprise. (He did not, however, attack at once but waited courteously until morning.) "There was a great battle," our guide continued, pointing to the cannons which were left there and which look to atomically oriented eyes like innocent little toys. "And in the battle both generals were killed." What a significant sermon here in these few words! If only men had given heed to it then, the second great event of Quebec's history might never have had to take place.

The Roosevelt, Churchill, King conference took place in the Citadel, a walled labyrinthian construction with battlements, tunnels, and dungeons modeled after the Bastille. It swarms with tourists, who clamber gaily about to marvel or mock at everything and perhaps make the old ghosts feel a bit uncomfortable. But the sentry marching back and forth at the entrance enjoys his job and the attention it brings to him, and he, in knee pants and beret, raises no objection to shouldering his rifle and posing for his picture with any tourist who asks him. All the city is similar to the museum where scenes of the past have been reproduced with remarkable artistry, and men of history in their waxen images live again their moment of triumph and suffer again their moment of defeat.

Of course there are the churches, the shrines, and the cathedrals—hundreds of them with innumerable priests, nuns, and pilgrims who come from miles around in search of miracles and mount the steps of the shrines on their knees as they pray their beads.

Except for various places in Mexico, Quebec is the only walled city on the American continent, and in the "Old Quarter" we find the shops and the wooden stairways on the side of the cliff that lead from one level of the city to the other. There is the street where one must not walk at night, the restaurants with French cuisine that rivals nectar and ambrosia, and "The narrowest street in the world," where dozens of ragged children cling to your skirts and beg for pennies.

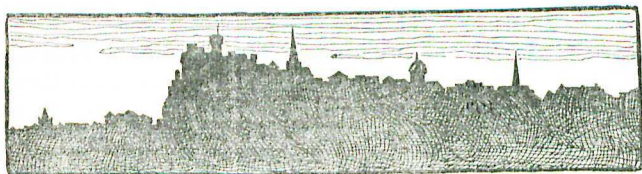
And I cannot forget the Boardwalk behind the castle-like Chateau Frontenac, right on the edge of the cliff. Here the people stroll at night in the glow of the soft triple lights (like those in pictures of the Champs Elysees in Paris and watch the stars dip into the St. Lawrence.

Grande Alle is Quebec's "Main Street." Here stood our

chateau, a model of cleanliness and comfort, managed by Maurice, the personification of soothing cordiality. Although he spoke English perfectly, he was a thorough-going propagandist for his mother tongue. "Mlle. speaks no French?" he inquired with such pity and regret that I frantically tried to ease his obvious pain. "Well . . . er . . . I did study a little in school," I admitted. His face became radiant. ". . . but I don't want to murder your beautiful language," I added hastily. "Oh, but Mlle. is wrong," said Maurice with a marvelous blend of emphasis and courtesy. "We would be honored if Mlle. would try to speak our language."

The next morning no members of the staff would speak English to me. When I spoke to them, they pretended not to understand me, and I was submerged by a rapid stream of melodious but highly unintelligible *français*. I retreated for a moment while another American woman, who spoke with a New York accent, discussed a problem with them in English. I realized suddenly that, on the basis of my few poorly spoken French sentences of the previous evening, I was no longer accepted by these people as an outsider but rather as a friend; with deep humility I approached them again. "Monsieur Maurice," I began. "Oui, Mlle?" He was all Latin charm. "Avez-vous une dictionnaire française, s'il vous plait?" "Oui, Mlle!" he beamed, eagerly handing me the book.

Wolfe may have won the battle on the Plains of Abraham, but he didn't win the war in the Province of Quebec. I was grateful to Maurice for his tenacious devotion to the language he loved, for I eventually tore myself away from Quebec, and, of course, once on the country roads I was lost again. "Quel est le chemin a Montreal?" I asked of some youngsters on the road. And this time I understood the answer. I was no longer in a strange country.



Modern Frontiers

J. E. Stomberg

The most common grievance of our generation is that of the lack of frontiers. Our forefathers had unknown lands to develop, unknown oceans to cross, and unknown lands to civilize. Our complaint is that everything worth doing has already been done. With few exceptions, the whole world has been explored and settled and more or less civilized; our oceans have been charted; our industries have been highly developed. Where do we go now?

Yes, our geographical frontiers have all but vanished. Alaska, South America, Africa, India, and China still offer a little to the adventurous. There are, however, other types of frontiers just as exciting and just as mystery-shrouded as those our forebears faced. These may be called our cultural frontiers.

Perhaps the most important of these boundaries is in the field of education. Although this country is generally considered to be a leader in the fight against illiteracy, we still have much to do. Our school system, though developed beyond many others, is in need of much improvement. Many of our people do not have sufficient facilities to encourage their educational desires. New and interesting methods of instruction should be developed to keep pace with our highly industrialized civilization. A growing tendency to ignore the finer arts must be repressed. A new method to encourage the study of poetry, drama, and painting must be brought forth before our culture becomes entirely specialized and mechanized.

World peace through better government and diplomacy is a field open for exploration. Our present-day world, tormented by distrust and torn by political and economic differences, cries for better forms of government and statesmanship. Indeed, unless a new growth of friendship, trust, and harmony soon appears, the world may once more be encompassed in another inferno of hatred and destruction.

Religion offers yet another challenge. No one denies the value of religious beliefs to the individual. Greater accord is needed not only in our own country but all over the world. A great step forward in world peace would be achieved if we could all learn to be truly tolerant. The post-war wave of religious feeling has given us a start in the right direction. With the proper cultivation of this movement and with proper leadership, true tolerance between nations, as well as between individuals, may be more than just the dream of the idealist. It could become a reality.

Certainly we have frontiers to be faced; certainly we have need of pioneers. These frontiers are different from those we usually connect with the word and require different types of pioneers. There are urgent demands for forward thinking people, and many glorious opportunities lie ahead for those who are capable of answering these demands.

Nuts and Raisins

Eleanor Felts

"A commerce that whitens every sea in quest of nuts and raisins, and makes slaves of its sailors for this purpose!"—Thoreau, "Life Without Principle"

Whenever we think of commerce, we think of romance, for the word commerce connotes adventure. Since the wane of feudalism, commerce has become more and more lucrative. Ships ply the seven seas, churning the green water to froth. The odor of spices, strong and acrid, and the scent of perfumes, rare and delicate, emanate from precious cargoes. Shimmering silks and lustrous satins cross the seas to adorn beautiful or wealthy ladies. Rare and exotic foods are rushed from distant ports to titillate the palate.

But what of the human cargo? It still exists. It is man's exploitation of man. Unfortunately, it isn't entirely the shame of the past. The United Nations is faced with this problem in the year 1949, and doubts its ultimate solution because of the avidity of the very people who demand the products of commerce.

The sailors seek adventure, but they find themselves slaves of tyrannical masters whose pecuniary gains are to them far more important than a mere man's soul. The masters, in turn, serve a society whose insatiable and sensuous demands are the sills of commerce.

Undoubtedly, commerce is auriferous, but what has it done for mankind? Can one stand before his Creator with a "handful of nuts and raisins" to show for his life's labors?

Fugitive From a Ballot Box

Richard Miller

"Politics is full of grit and gravel."—Thoreau, "Life Without Principle"

Politics is full of grit and gravel." This sentence sums up Thoreau's deprecatory view of politics. One must, when considering Thoreau's thoughts on politics, realize that to him politics was not the party machinery and contests between factions which are the popular connotations of the word, but a broad, general term which embraced government and social interaction of the individual.

Thoreau lived and acted according to his beliefs. He detested the powers of government; he was jailed for his refusal to pay taxes (although the tax was for the support of the church, it did have legal sanction); he became embittered when his tax and fine were paid and his release was secured; he wrote a scathing and nearly treasonable essay in which he advocated civil disobedience; he lived in seclusion and monastic simplicity in the woods at Walden Pond. He was a non-conformist to the extreme.

Much of Thoreau's misanthropy may be attributed to his own personal failures in life. He was able to do nothing successfully—even to write, in the opinion of some. He was unable to support himself, going from job to job, and, in the end, living on the charity of his friends. It was this inability or lack of desire to cooperate with his fellow man which so colored his whole existence as to result, if not in hatred, at least in his dislike of governmental restriction and his challenge of public opinion. He was a social misfit.

To Thoreau, grit and gravel were unwelcome and unpleasant substances. Devoted as he was to his woods and to pastoral scenes, he would naturally deprecate the presence of "grit and gravel," desecrating his beloved greensward. His greensward was the uninhibited action of the individual, unfettered by the gravel of legislative limitations and uninfluenced by a public opinion which demanded either conformity or ostracism.

Much can be said about terming politics grit and gravel. Truly it is—but it is the grit and gravel—which, when cemented together by issues of common interest, common purpose, and common weal form the foundation upon which the edifice of our great government has been erected.

True, politics is not the concern of hermits, recluses, and those who live in ivory towers; but to those who desire to live together, cooperate, and interact for the good of all, politics in all of its ramifications is a *sine qua non*.

*McCormick
Lester
Wheeler*
The Pride of the Elements

C. Bruce Brooks

It had been a cloudy, threatening morning, and at two o'clock the sun had yet to make its appearance when I entered a lookout cabin stationed at the highest point on the south rim of the Grand Canyon in Arizona. This was the last stop on my tour of the Southwest, and here, along with about forty other tourists, I was to hear a lecture on the subject of one of Nature's great wonders, the Grand Canyon of the mighty Colorado River.

Inside the cabin were many exhibits: fossils removed from the canyon wall, stuffed animals which gave us an idea of wild life at the bottom of the mile-deep gorge, a geologist's time chart consisting of rock samples which showed the schist found on the canyon floor to be millions of years old. A porch at the rear of the cabin seemed to totter on the very brink of the precipice, and far below we could see a winding brown ribbon which I knew to be the silt-laden Colorado. The sheer magnitude of the spectacle filled us all with a sense of awe, and conversation was carried on in whispers, as if loud voices might somehow shatter the beauty of the landscape.

The time for the lecture drew near. I reluctantly tore myself away from one of the telescopes which were fitted to the iron porch rail and settled myself resignedly in a chair at the rear of the porch, fully expecting to hear a dull account filled with statistics and geological jargon. But I soon found I was mistaken.

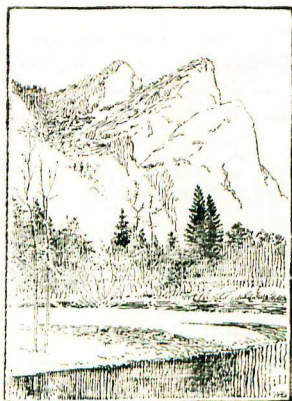
The lecturer, a forest ranger, began explaining to us the origin of the Grand Canyon. He told us that most canyons were formed by the gradual cutting process of a swift river eating its way downward through layers of soft rock. Then he made the unusual statement that the Grand Canyon had not been formed in that way at all; instead of the river's cutting downward, the land had moved upward very slowly through the centuries while the Colorado had remained at the same level, cutting and tearing at the canyon floor on its tumultuous way to the sea.

The ranger proceeded to point out the scientific basis for his statement. The area around the canyon, he told us, is a vast mountainous region known as the Kaibab, which is surrounded by low semi-desert areas on every side. The Colorado flows straight through the Kaibab from east to west and has its source to the northeast in an area of lower altitude. The river could not have run uphill; hence, it is still at its original level and the Kaibab has risen around it.

I had become deeply absorbed in the ranger's narrative, but suddenly I was aware that a storm was about to strike. A bolt of lightning hit the porch roof with a mighty crash. Fantastic blobs of white fire danced briefly before my eyes and were swallowed in the vastness of the canyon. The biting scent of ozone filled my nostrils. A woman shrieked; the group seemed on the verge of panic; but the ranger laughed away our fears. He pointed out that the cabin roof was studded with lightning rods and had been struck hundreds of times without being damaged. Just then the rain came and a whistling gale drove it under the porch roof, forcing us to dash into the cabin proper to avoid being drenched.

Here, huddled securely in a small room, we listened to the rest of the lecture while the storm raged without. When the ranger concluded his talk, we went outside and found that the rain had ceased; and, although the sky was still threatening, the dark-faced cloud banks were rapidly breaking up and scudding away before the wind. Great masses of steam rising from the sun-heated rock at the base of the chasm mingled with the dispersing clouds.

As I drove away from the lookout cabin, the sun burst through the lightening heavens and shone upon the canyon walls, revealing all the splendor of vivid color for which they are famous. Brilliant shades of yellow and red blended with tan and black to produce a scene the artist's brush could never capture. To east and west, the Grand Canyon stretched as far as the eye could see. Here was a favored view of Nature's handiwork. I shall always cherish the memory of it.



The Harvest

Poetter

Marga Lee Carter

There once was a tiny speck of the universe called World. Though World was so very small, it had just been through a great conflict. World was divided into plantations, some large and some small. A few owners of small plantations however, grew dissatisfied with their small size and wanted to expand their boundaries. At first they just took over the lands of the weaker plantations that were their neighbors. Soon the owners of the weak plantations began to object. These plantations first fought their battles alone, but then they realized that if they were united they would be able to stop the Plunderers' forces more easily.

As time went on, the Friendly Farmers began to find themselves weakening because, in the first place, they were not prepared for such an encounter as their attackers had planned. The Friendly Farmers asked the aid of the remotely situated Plantation Big; its owner, however, refused because he did not want to become entangled in their affairs.

Nevertheless, he soon lost his neutrality when one of the Plunderers attacked one of his far-off island farms. Then Plantation Big sent her forces to the aid of the Friendly Farmers, and soon they began to gain a slight advantage. Plantation Big, after many months, developed a Secret Weapon which terrified everyone. It was so devastating that it immediately put a stop to the advances of the Plunderers. It had almost destroyed their islands.

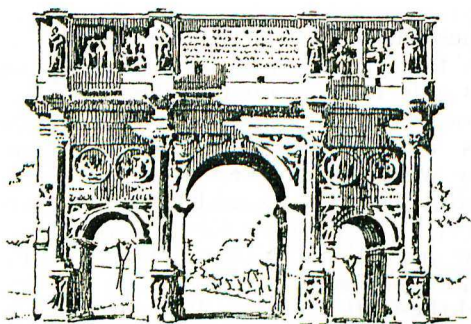
Plantation Big was situated in a beautiful valley surrounded by high mountains. Because Plantation Big was surrounded by these high mountains, she could not be reached by the Plunderers' forces, and while she was helping the Friendly Farmers she was able to keep up with her farming and grow her fine crop of doctors, lawyers, butchers, bakers, newsboys, and statesmen. This was indeed a great help to the Friendly Farmers, for they were having even more trouble because the Red Weed had infested their ravished lands and seemed to thrive on them.

No one knew just where the Red Weeds came from, but a few of the owners had their suspicions that it came from the Plantation-behind-the-Cliff. The Plunderers might have brought it with them when they made their invasion. The Red Weed was terrible. It choked out all the other plants, and, to make matters worse, when it was young it could not be distinguished from any of the other plants.

When the owners of Plantation Big learned that it existed and that it was spreading, they were thrown into a panic. In the spring when their crops began to come up, the owners held a conference to decide just what they should do about this deadly scourge. After hours of debate, the majority, prompted by fear, decided to take immediate action and have their fields thoroughly weeded. But one owner refused to admit the supposed danger however long the others pleaded. It wasn't that he was lazy or did not want to save his crop, but just that he did not like to be rushed into hasty decisions. As a result he took the farthest plot while the other owners set their workers to pulling up all the strange looking plants in their fields.

Because of his refusal to comply, the people grew frightened and angry. "The Weed will spread," they pleaded. "Your crop will be killed. We won't have a crop." But the stubborn man bided his time. Then after a few weeks when the plants had begun to grow, he could easily recognize which were the hateful Red Weeds. Then he told his workers to pull and burn them all.

Meanwhile the other owners in their fright and panic had pulled all their crop, thinking that it was the Red Weed. When they realized their mistake, they were in an even worse uproar. What should they do? What could they do? Then they saw that the crop of the foolish, stubborn farmer had grown strong and tall and fruitful. He harvested an extraordinary crop of doctors, lawyers, butchers, bakers, newsboys, and statesmen.



Love is Blind

Marjorie Wuilleumier

Lovely weather we're having."

"Yes, although it could be a little warmer. The first cold winds always bother my sinuses, you know. Let me tell you, my dear, I always have trouble at this time of year. Now, what were we talking about? Oh, yes, music."

"Oh, yes, music," Janie repeated weakly. She managed a faint smile while she thought to herself: "What else has he talked about! How long can this go on? Wait until I talk to that Alice. A fine blind date this is. Everybody else is dancing and here we sit discussing the finer music."

"What did you say? I'm afraid I didn't hear you. (How could I? I wasn't listening," she added to herself.)

"I wanted to know if you agree with me—about Chopin, you know." "Personally," Tom went on, "I prefer him to the more popular classical composers such as Debussy. But I always say: 'To each his own.' Now, Bach has always fascinated me, too, and Beethoven's works are stimulating. Let me tell you——"

He rattled on while Janie made frantic gestures to a couple on the dance floor to hurry back to the table.

"My dear, you're not paying attention," Tom admonished. "You must be listening to the tempo of that dance music. How can anyone enjoy that sort of thing? I find it amusing myself."

"Keep calm," Jane kept repeating to herself. "Try changing the subject again. He wouldn't be too bad if he talked about something besides music, or even some other types of music besides classical pieces."

"Why, Bob and Alice! I didn't realize that the dance was over." Under her breath she added, "I've just been counting every step you took getting back here." Aloud she said, "I know you want to powder your nose, Alice. If you boys will excuse us. Come, Alice!"

With that, Jane dragged her bewildered friend toward the ladies' lounge. Once inside the door she turned to Alice and exclaimed: "Why didn't you tell me he was a walking phonograph record repeating the same phrases over and over? 'My dear, let me tell you, as I always say.' And why can't he discuss anything but long-hair stuff? I appreciate that music a little more than some people, but how long can a person talk about the three B's? Why did I let you talk me into this?"

As she paused for breath, Alice took the opportunity to defend herself. "Poor Janie. You've been swell all evening long. I know he is monotonous, and you have tried so hard to interest him in something else. Really, I am sorry. I haven't seen him since we moved from Cincinnati six years ago. He was lots of fun then. I guess he has changed. Come on. Let's go back and tell the boys we want to go home."

"Thanks, Alice. Tom is really a nice boy—but for somebody else, not me. I don't mind his glasses, but must he keep reminding me he is half blind? And I feel sorry about his sinuses, but must he keep referring to them? I'll make another attempt to be my own sweet self, hard as it will be. 'But my dear, let me tell you,' this is my last blind date!"

A few weeks later Janie had cause to remember those words as she again heard Alice ask the fatal question.

"Will you do me a big favor? Bob has a friend from Purdue spending the weekend with him. I thought, well, will you go out with us? Please, for an old friend."

"Alice, you may be my friend, but how far can friendship go? I told you, after my sad evening with Tom, no more blind dates!"

"But this boy is different. I've seen him once or twice with Bob. He's tall, and he has black, wavy hair, and the biggest, dreamiest brown eyes."

"So has a cocker spaniel. No, Alice. That's final."

"Well, I guess I could tell him to forget about a date. But it's a shame; he liked your picture so much. Maybe I can get Julie."

"That's fine with—what did you say about my picture?"

"Bob showed him that picture he has of the two of us. But never mind. I'll ask Julie; she likes football players."

"Football? Maybe I could reconsider—no! I've said no and I mean it!"

"Okay, if you want to worry about what you're missing. He's an excellent dancer. Who knows, he might write to you after he goes back to Purdue. Those Purdue dances and football games are really something! Well, I'll see you."

"Wait. You twisted my arm. I'll go. But this is the last time!"

"The last time." Jane kept repeating that to herself during the week preceding her date with Bob's friend Jack. On the evening of their date, Janie sat counting brush strokes in front of her mirror and thinking.

"Why did I get into this? I'm a nervous wreck. I don't know whether he likes perfume and nailpolish or prefers his girls unvarnished. I should have asked more questions. Maybe he'll talk about football all night; maybe he's going to be

the chief topic. I wonder what position he plays? Probably tackle. I'll bet he is six feet tall and weighs two hundred pounds. We'll look like Mutt and Jeff. Or maybe I'll be impressed and he won't. Oh, dear!"

Her thoughts were interrupted by the ringing of the door-bell, followed by her mother's voice announcing the arrival of her friends

"How do I look?" she murmured to the mirror. "At least my slip doesn't show. Should I keep them waiting? No, Alice and Bob don't impress that easily. Besides, he probably likes promptness."

"I'm coming, mother," she called. She shrugged her shoulders and said softly, "Here goes nothing."

She descended the steps to the sound of gay voices from the hall below. She could distinguish one unfamiliar and very pleasant voice, a little deeper than the rest, saying: "I'm certainly glad to meet you, Mrs. Williams. I've been looking forward to seeing you and your daughter."

Then she saw him. Tall, lean, wiry, broad-shouldered, clean-cut. And his eyes—they were very unlike a cocker spaniel's. His first remarks to her were: "Well, hello! My mother said there would be days like this, if I were lucky."

As the four of them left, Jane nudged Alice and whispered: "Okay, I'm convinced. You never know what to expect on a blind date. And after all," she said with a wink, "I've heard that love is blind!"



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