

Adventure on Sunday

Roger Mays

ANYONE OF COLLEGE age should be able to write a lengthy essay on irrational behavior. The period of attendance in high school seems to be the most irrational period of life. This is a time when we substitute impulsive behavior for rational action. Adults try to help us reason things out, but we do not like to be reasonable because it spoils our fun and excitement. From this period of adjustment in my life one irrational experience stands uppermost in my mind.

Being like most high school fellows, I had a piece of an automobile which I drove to and from school. The car was a 1930 Pontiac possessing wooden spoke wheels, a canvas top, and very inferior brakes. Its top speed was about fifty miles per hour, and that had been reached only while we were rolling down hill. I did not dare drive over twenty in town, for often when I saw a traffic light it took me a block to stop. As my jalopy was painted bright yellow, the traffic policeman had no trouble spotting it. By not having a gasoline gauge my crude calculations in gasoline purchases sometimes led to more walking than riding. (Now that we have a mental picture of this monster, let us go on with the narrative.)

It was a wonderful autumn Sunday, the kind of day on which the city dwellers flock to the country for picnics. Being no exception, my friends and I bought a gallon of gasoline and headed for the wide open spaces. We drove to a near-by state forest in order to get off the highway and enjoy some good fishing. We were off the highway all right; it seemed as if we were blazing a trail, as the gravel road was barely wide enough for the passage of two cars.

Coming upon a steep hill which I had traveled many times, we saw the following sign in bold black print: "Put car in low gear—steep grade." Being very rational, I thought why use the gears and strain the engine when the car is equipped with brakes. With those famous last words down we went, gravel flying. Sensing an increase in speed, I gently pushed upon the brake pedal; nothing happened. I slammed it to the floor; the speedometer needle passed thirty and kept rising. As we were sliding sideways I glanced in the mirror; the

fellows in the back were rigid. My hands were wet; my knuckles, white; my throat, dry; my legs, like jelly. I could see that the next curve was much too sharp. A tree loomed in front, and beyond it was a thousand foot drop.

That which had been so tense and ear splitting a second ago was now sickly quiet. Smoke and dust enveloped my lungs. I wiggled out of the wreck spitting blood. The now splintered tree saved three families untold sorrow.

The next day at school the fellows thought me a hero, but I knew what a stupid trick I had pulled. Irrational human beings are surely the idols of high school groups.

What Is Wrong With Our Movies?

Lois M. Peeler

ANYONE WHO has been unfortunate enough to venture into one of our glacier-cooled motion picture houses recently has no doubt been forced to the conclusion that our "movies" have not only hit rock bottom, but that they are attempting to burrow through it. The average person, sick unto death of psychiatrist's couches, mother fixations, and planned crimes, may take one of two paths: He may give up movies altogether, or he may turn to foreign pictures and thereby find a rewarding experience free from Betty Grable's legs and Alan Ladd's torso. What is wrong with the American movies? Predominantly three things started this journey to rock bottom.

The most glaring fault of all—as wide as a church door and as deep as a well—is our star system. The agent, about to give birth to a new star, "ballyhooes" this magnificent creature, this angelic imp, this typical American girl, this darling of society to the skies. Despite our reluctance to become so, we are soon made aware of everything that has ever happened to her, and of quite a little that has never happened. We are given to understand that seven men are about to commit suicide for the love of her, and that she uses a magenta toothbrush and so on ad nauseum. And so, at long awaited last, her first picture is completed and sent out to be received by the incredulous gasps of her admiring public. It takes place in a dirty Russian garret, and she is a dreary little seamstress who hates all men. Here is art, indeed! After her great success as the seamstress, the new born star goes on to even greater ventures. She appears as a psychoanalyst, an idiot, a debutante, a slave, a lady of 90, a girl of 10. And so, she merrily pursues her industry, adding to her fame with each succeeding epic and becoming less believable with each. It is impossible for even the most fertile imagination to believe that someone whose