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Editor's Note: Due to inadequate space, we were obliged to omit some of the material originally intended for this issue. However, this material will appear in the fall issue of MSS.

The Strange Duelers

Bertie M. Layne

It was the eve of All Saints and the Story Tellers Club had met as usual in the spacious salon of Marin. We had eaten our corn patties in the true tradition of the day and were sipping our rum and falernum, conversing the while upon light matters affecting our city's affairs. The old man had not yet descended and every now and again someone would look up and ask, "Where is Marin? What can be keeping him so long?"

But soon there was a movement behind the velvet drapery at the far end of the room. It parted and the old man appeared to the welcome voices of his guests. This was just like Marin: he had a flair for making an entrance at just the auspicious moment when all the batteries of attention could be turned upon him.

But who was that behind him, trailing and mingling his shadow with our host's? Marin could be depended upon to do the strangest things at the right time. Last Easter he had brought in a Nun from the Convent of St. Mary's. At Carnival it was a gypsy from Brazil. The Nun turned out to be a Doctor of Education, and a researcher in the revelations of modern would-be saints. The gypsy was a renegade from Romany who had run off and made a fortune trading in the Caribbean.

And now this pudgy fellow with unkempt hair and solemn, bright, black eyes set in a wrinkled dark-brown face. Who was he?

"Where does Marin unearth these creatures?" the Magistrate Langevine asked me in a whisper, taking his glass for a moment from his lips and with a squint eyeing the stranger.

"You say unearth, Langevine? I ask where does he birth them? In some way they all seem to be his children."

But to tell the truth, Marin was to all appearances an aristocrat. Not of the Spanish or English breed, but French both by parentage and temper. And only a Frenchman could be trusted to perform the macabre with such apparent detachment as he performed it. One got the uncomfortable impression too, sometimes, that Marin brought in these people to laugh at us and mock us in some uncanny fashion, for they all revealed themselves slowly and distinctly to be characters with some strange, sweet power that could not be fathomed upon an initial contact, and were all in a sense like Marin, expressing some facet of his personality.

Of course Marin was the greatest mocker among them. He laughed at our customs, our positions and our wealth. But

one couldn't be angry with him for he mocked himself too when he bantered us.

"Look," he said to us once with an all inclusive sweep of his arm that took in not only his glittering salon but the whole city, "this is all a zoo, and we are the rare animals, caged in and on view."

"And, who, pray tell us," quipped Langevine, "are our keepers and trainers?"

"Ah, the pound sterling, customs and good opinions, these are our keepers and trainers! Money circumscribes us like a wall, and customs and good opinions train us for the acts we must put on. They whip us into shape. We have come to like our zoo though, because most of us have well nigh forgotten the forest, but one of these days this zoo will catch fire and burn down and the guards and trainers will be powerless to prevent those who would scamper back to the safety of the forest. Only those very rare creatures who have been fed and pampered will die of neglect, for they have been spoon-fed too long to be able to forage for themselves."

"These very rare creatures, who would you say they are, that know not how to forage for themselves?" I asked.

"I for one, have always worked for my living."

"Yes, you and I rush off to the feeding trough when the feeders toss in our meat and all the work that we have to do is to go and get it, but we work in going after it. But there are those who are held up in the arms and fed. Yes, those very rare creatures. You can see them paraded through the streets on special occasions, borne in the carriages of customs and sheltered by the guards of good opinion. They are the kings and queens, their children and their cousins, the governor and nobility, spoon-fed and with a gold spoon at that! They are the ones that shall die of grief and neglect when this great zoo shall be burnt down."

I thought of all this as I looked at Marin making the rounds of the distinguished members of our club. Lawyers, doctors, legislators and school-men, prelates, planters and business men. He pulled out from behind him at almost every introduction the little old fellow whom he presented as one Mr. Chazad, a Carib, and master of the village school at Nakima. He would talk to us, Marin said, and tell us one of the legends of the Caribs if he felt so inclined.

It was a fact that these Caribs often proved unwilling to part with any of that treasury of legends preserved within the archives of their minds and which gathered through the years an aureole to themselves even as precious heirlooms do.

After the initial rounds had all been made we settled back while Marin spoke.

"Once in a while out of the forest of humanity," he started, "comes a rare creature to this zoo of ours to tell us the news and remind us of ourselves. It is refreshing that their existence is generally unknown, for if it was they would have been captured long ago and encaged like ourselves, but it is because they have not shown themselves to the greedy eyes of the safari that they still have their freedom.

"Such a one is our special guest for the evening. Mr. Chazad is a graduate of the University of Maracaibo, a student of language and Caribbean folk lore. Presently he is taken up with a course in anthropology. He is an old friend of mine, and I have asked him to come this All Saints Eve to tell us something of the past in any manner to suit his fancy."

There was a discernable feeling akin to discomfort at these remarks, but it was nothing in comparison to what followed. The Carib, as he stepped to the dias set for him, revealed at once an art that was being rapidly lost among men of society, for combined with all that Marin had said, he was of a poetic nature.

We leaned forward to watch and listen to him, and thus did he begin his tale:

Draw near all you who love of olden times to hear,
And listen to the tale I tell:

'L' honneur, la verite' et la belle'.

It is a tale of days when pirates roved about the blue Caribbean,

And fought and hid their gold,

Yet not a tale of buccaneers and doubloons.

It is a tale of days when the mad heel of Spain

Across the mountains and the pampas marched,

Yet not a tale of Cortez or his ilk.

It is a tale of love,

The love of man for maid.

And maybe you will have desire to hear

For all the world so loves a lover and his love

The tale's become immortal.

And so, draw near and I the tale will tell.

'L'honneur, la verite', et la belle.'

"It was in the days when Trinidad was young and the English had not yet come to disturb our green island. The Spaniards had ceased to be brutal and Frenchmen still loved the soil. In those days the humming bird had yet a cadence in the beating of his wings. The flying fish made Pana's Gulf their only home and knew nothing of Barbados. There were no sour oranges, or mangoes full of sting; the avocado's meat was thick and mellow and sweet and not watery like today's. The deer in the forest were fat and docile, for men

chased them only for fun, taking the old for flesh and finding it still tender.

"Near the bend of the Sangre Grande River where it widens beneath Arima, the stronghold of the Carib Queen, there lived an old man and his wife and their little grandson Pierre. They went by the surname of De Verteuil. Since they were old and had attended always to their own affairs, the Caribs never molested them, but they were only forbidden like all strangers, to enter the fortress of Arima. When Pierre was twelve years old, a travelling Catholic priest, who was somewhat of a mystic, taught him along with the Catechism three rules to guide his life. Said he: "Learn and love honor, Pierre, and you never will fear anything either in the darkness or the light. Speak and think the truth, my son, and you will sleep always undisturbed whenever you would rest. Love beauty, also. The beauty of the fields and the forests, the beauty in the gracefulness of the deer and other forest creatures. The beauty in the rain and the wind as it whistles through the forest. Ah, Pierre, there is beauty in everything and if you find it and hold it fast, you will be forever happy, and will never really die, for when men think that you are gone, you will be but mingled with the eternal spirit of the beautiful—ah, but that is if your life is beautiful."

"Wide and solemn-eyed the boy listened to the priest, whom he never did see after that. As he grew older, he learned to chase but not to hunt the deer, and gained in doing so a swiftness of foot akin to that of the Carib youth. He learned also never to molest the weak; thus he did not join in the ambushes on travelling Indians to rob the old women of their gold or dishonor the Carib maids. And it came about that one day while he chased a buck along Sangre Grande's edge he came suddenly upon an open glade where the sun streamed down, and there in the river was an Indian girl singing as she bathed. She was beautiful as Carib young women usually are in their full maidenhood. Quiet, deep black eyes she had, and full, round heaving breasts. Pierre stood still, but she had heard the commotion and turned. Seeing him, she shrieked and trembled as he looked on her in wonder. He did not advance, but turned his back as she gained courage to leave the water and robe herself. From a safe distance she spoke to him.

"Who are you, stranger, and what are you doing on our grounds?"

"I am Pierre, a hunter, but I did not know that this was Indian grounds so far below Arima. And who are you?"

"I am Naparaima, the great-niece of the Queen."

They stood for a moment watching each other and neither spoke a word. In that brief space something passed between

them; they had found a bond that tied their souls forever. They parted promising to meet again at that same destined spot. And so sometimes in the daytime when the sun was hot they would meet in the cool arbor under the lemon trees. Sometimes at night when the world had retired they would seek the safety of bushy Maraval that overlooks the lagoon, where they could see but remain unseen. There they spoke often their tenderest desires and promised faithfulness forever. But while this was good enough it could not last for long. No Carib maid could join her life with a stranger's and remain alive. If these trysts were even known, it would mean torture to both of them and maybe death.

"One clear night when there was no moon, they sat in their accustomed place. The black eyes of Naparaima were full of light and wide. Her raven hair hung around her shoulders and covered her like a shawl, but she was strangely still. From far away the wind brought up the night calls of the creatures of the forest and lagoon, and sometimes it brushed their cheeks with its warm breath. Suddenly Naparaima stood bolt upright and terror charged her eyes.

'Pierre, Pierre, we must be gone, and quick!'

'Do not be afraid my little shy, wood dove, I can protect you here.'

'Oh, no! Did you not know what night of the year this is?'

'Yes! This is All Saints Eve. But do you keep our customs, too?'

'I do not know of All Saints Eve, but tonight the spirits of our dead roam abroad and any stranger found within our grounds will be killed before daylight. So come, Pierre, you must flee!'

'Pierre was silent but undisturbed and allowed her to lead him away to the outskirts of the place. Then she kissed him and putting on his neck her charm she turned and ran. He had gone but a few paces when it seemed that the very air was changed. A chilly wind slithered across from the lagoon and black clouds with sulphurous fringes came up and filled the sky. He quickened his pace. Suddenly out of the murky darkness came the roar of a hollow voice. 'Stranger, stand and say your name!'

Pierre trembled slightly and looked to answer. A sudden flash of lightning revealed the steely glint of what appeared to be the polished blade of a cutlass four feet or thereabouts in length. It was raised and threatening. But then out of the brush behind him he felt a presence come, but dared not turn to see for fear of what was there before him, though he felt greatly reassured somehow by its standing back of him.

"While he thought of this, the outline of two other dark and threatening forms took shape before him, armed alike as the first. But instantly he could sense behind him the increase of two more supporting presences. To him they all had only form, but no solid substance, rather like the energy of electricity. He knew that they were there but could not touch or even see them.

"Then suddenly like the upsweep of a terrible wind rising from the earth, these unearthly opposing forces joined in a combat with Pierre in the very center. It was like the howling of the nightwind in the time of a hurricane, and thunderclaps broke overhead, as if the day of judgment had come and the dead must be raised. Forked lightning flamed down from the four corners of the sky and converged upon that single center where these unearthly forces strove for mastery (of a human soul). Then there were three sounds like shrieks one after another and a mad rush as of someone in escape. Then a quiet settled, while the common forces of nature resumed command of their region. Pierre stood half-dazed, awhile. And then a voice, riding as it were on the wind, called to him.

'Pierre, Pierre, I am Honor, I fought for you and won.'
It kept calling as it rode onward, until it died away with the wind over the lagoon. When that had passed another came flowing swiftly, and passed him calling,

'Pierre, Pierre, I am Truth, I fought for you and won.'
It kept on as did the other until it faded away with the wind racing out to the sea. And yet again out of a stronger wind that seemed to gallop skyward like a steed, another voice more soothing than the others to his disturbed senses called: 'Pierre, my little son, I am Beauty, I fought for you and we have won.'

As it left the earth, triumphant echoes trailed behind it.
'I fought for you and we have won.'

"And then dawn came with the sunlight flowing through the valley of El Teconche. Pierre, as he regained complete control of himself under the radiant light, found himself surrounded by an excited mass of Caribs chattering unintelligibly and pointing to him in admiration.

"A young Carib stepped from the crowd and addressed him. 'Welcome, Pierre, welcome to our tribe. You are now one of us. Ask for your birth-right and it shall be yours.'
'Why, what have I done, what is this all about?' he asked.
'Ah, you did not know? Any man brave enough to spend this night in the Carib burying ground and be found alive next day has by this act been born into our tribe. You have, therefore, a birth-gift. What then will it be?'

"He looked up in amazement and saw in the front ranks

of the crowd his beloved Naparaima, and holding out his hands to her, he whispered dreamily, 'Give me the maiden Naparaima to be my wife.'"

§ § § §

Sea Wall

Pausing beside the low sea wall,
Caught by the night,
I heard huge waves upon the beach
Spending their might.

The salty breeze that touched my face
Made the palms sway
And clouds hurry to mask the stars,
As in the bay

Red and yellow lights led ships.
I seemed so small—
My cheeks were fire—my fists clenched
I struck the wall.

The night was not for me to praise;
Its grace to charm
Created power that weak words
Had power to harm.

—Ina Marshall

§ § § §

Two Lives Merge

A long full train and fragile veil,
A white carnation on blue serge,
Two golden bands, some whispered vows:
Two lives merge.

The morning news, burnt toast with tea,
Two rooms created without art,
A bowling ball and love on film:
Two lives part.

—Ina Marshall

Carnival

With hands on knees, I sat alone
On the old pier
Beneath a leaning elm and heard
A cricket jeer.

Across the lake was carnival:
A yellow scrawl
Wrote on water, twice as deep
As I am tall.

Farm families and young lovers
Had their joy
And paid to throw for dolls or stares
At the girl-boy.

Roused by an owl's shrill call,
I turned damp eyes
Ashore where empty houses watched
The fireflies.

—Ina Marshall

§ § § §

Sappho's Apple

I yearn for Sappho's apple hung
Too high for animal hands to loot;
I strain and tell myself to want
A lesser fruit

That I can grasp, but it is tart
Or, worse, too sweet, and for the cow.
She thanks me as I strain to reach
The apple bough.

—Ina Marshall

The Doctrine of Imitation

Barbara Mattingly

Imitation is a critical term applied to a process of artistic production. The doctrine of imitation which is found in Aristotle's **Poetics** is an attempt "to adjust those proportions of nature and art which actually do exist in poetry." Aristotle's **Poetics** has been very influential in criticism since its rediscovery in the Renaissance. Also, the criticism of Aristotle has been frequently misunderstood. The purpose of this paper is to show what Aristotle meant by imitation, and how the theory of imitation was developed in the Renaissance and neo-classic periods.

At the beginning of the **Poetics**, Aristotle says that the different forms of poetry "are all in their general conception modes of imitation." Aristotle also says "the objects of imitation are men in action." In another passage of the **Poetics**, regarding character, Aristotle says that it must be true to life. This imitation of nature came to be regarded frequently as a realistic portrayal of life. The term 'imitation' even in the time of Plato and Aristotle connotated the absence of creative freedom and literal copying.

George Saintsbury says "by Imitation, whatever Aristotle did mean exactly, he most certainly did not mean mere copying." In this discussion of imitation, Saintsbury says that art is not a mirror reproducing nature slavishly without selection: "the artist selects, adapts, adjusts, and if necessary alters." There are passages in the **Poetics** which lend support to this interpretation. Aristotle states the problem confronting the artist in the phrase whether to represent men "as better than in real life, or as worse, or as they are." In a later passage of the **Poetics**, Aristotle praises Homer for not including all the adventures of Odysseus in the **Odyssey**. This might be interpreted as praising the selectivity of Homer.

Aristotle evidently did not mean that nature should be copied literally, for he cites the example of good portrait-painters who "while reproducing the distinctive form of the original, make a likeness which is true to life and yet more beautiful." Perhaps following Plato's concept that the world of reality is an imitation of the higher world of ideas, Aristotle says that:

The poet being an imitator, like a painter or any other artist, must of necessity imitate one of three objects,—things as they were or are, things as they are said or thought to be, or things as they ought to be.

The artist through intuitive powers is able to perceive this world of "things as they ought to be." The artist then tries to create a new thing, not patterned after the world of reality, but rather after the ideal world. Nature is itself rarely or never successful in reaching the ideal which is discovered by the artist. The ideal is what the real would be if it were not for the obstacles of chance. The ideal form present in real objects is imperfectly revealed, except to the artist, who tries to give the ideal form a more complete expression. Imitation in this sense is then creative rather than a servile copying. In the passage from the *Poetics* which says "the poet should prefer probable impossibilities to improbable possibilities," Aristotle shows that poetry does not necessarily deal with the world of reality.

The *Poetics* of Aristotle was evidently lost during the Middle Ages, for the criticism of this period reveals nothing of its influence. Also, the sixteenth century regarded it as having been "abandoned and neglected for a long time." Then in 1536, a Greek text of the *Poetics* was published by Trincavelli, and a Latin version and edition was published by Pazzi.

The critics of the Renaissance formulated their concept of imitation from the following passage of the *Poetics*:

It is evident from what has been said that it is not the function of the poet to relate what has happened, but what may happen—what is possible according to the law of probability or necessity. The poet and the historian differ not by writing in verse or in prose. The work of Herodotus might be put into verse, and it would still be a species of history, with metre no less than without it. The true difference is that one relates what has happened, the other what may happen. Poetry, therefore, is a more philosophical and a higher thing than history; for poetry tends to express the universal, history the particular. The universal tells us how a person of given character will on occasion speak or act, according to the law of probability or necessity; and it is this universality at which poetry aims in giving expressive names to the characters.

The first allusion in modern literary criticism to the Aristotelian notion of ideal imitation is found in the *Poetica* of Daniello, published in 1536. Daniello practically paraphrases the passage from the *Poetics*, but his *Poetica* shows that he did not completely understand the ideal element in Aristotle's conception.

Later, Robortelli says the poet, in imitating things as they ought to be, may either use actual facts, or he may invent his material. If he uses actual fact, he narrates the truth

not as it really happened, but as it might or ought to happen; while if he invents his material, he must do so in accordance with the law of possibility, or necessity, or probability and versimilitude.

The ideal in Aristotle's conception of imitation appears for the first time in a Renaissance critic in 1555. Fracastoro says the poet attempts to depict things in their essence, not by copying things as they appear in the world of reality, "but the idea of things clothed in all their beauties."

The later Renaissance in its literary criticism always conceived of aesthetic imitation in this ideal sense. Tasso says that art becomes most perfect as it approaches most closely to nature. But here he is talking of the appearance of reality rather than reality itself. Renaissance critics doubtless stressed the element of probability because of the impossibilities in mediaeval literature. Imitation remains for them, however, the imitation of the ideal, or of things as they ought to be. Minturno says that the nearer art approaches nature in her essential laws, the better it does its work.

Scaliger in his *Poetics* expresses a common Renaissance point of view.

Wherefore the basis of all poetry is imitation.

—Imitation, however, is not the end of poetry, but is intermediate to the end. The end is the giving of instruction in pleasurable form, for poetry teaches, and does not simply amuse, as some used to think.

Thus Scaliger makes delightful instruction the test of poetry in place of imitation as Aristotle had said.

It was not until 1623 that a translation of the *Poetics* appeared from an English press. Up to this time, most English critics had obtained their knowledge of the *Poetics* chiefly from Italian commentaries. It is believed that Sir Philip Sidney had examined the text itself. Sidney says that poetry is an art of imitation and that it is an idealization of nature. Thus Sidney's concept of imitation is that of the ideal. Speaking of the poet he says,

only the Poet . . . dooth growe in effect, another nature, in making things either better then Nature bringeth forth, or quite a newe formes such as never were in Nature . . .

Ben Jonson, usually regarded as the forerunner of neoclassicism in England, accepted the Renaissance concept of poetry as imitation. However, he thinks of imitation as the ability to "convert the substance, or Riches of another Poet, to his own use." Jonson says he does not mean servile imitation by this, but emulation in the sense in which Virgil imitated Homer.

The Pleiade was an important force in the French criticism of the Renaissance. The imitation of the classics as a literary principle was brought into France by the Pleiade. Du Bellay was the first to formulate this principle. He says,

... the great part of art is contained in imitation: and as it was for the ancients most praiseworthy to invent well, so it is most profitable well to imitate them.

Ronsard, too, advises the poet that he is "to study the writings of good poets." However, Ronsard's concept of imitation contains something of the Aristotelian concept, for he says, "the poet is to imitate, invent, and represent—things which are, or which may be—in a resemblance to truth."

During the Renaissance period, classical literature was revived, studied, and imitated. An important result of the imitation of the classics was that this imitation became a dogma of criticism, and radically changed the relations of art and nature in so far as they touch letters and literary criticism. Thus Vida says that the poet must imitate the ancients in order to attain perfection. For Scaliger, "the basis of artistic creation is imitation and judgment; for every artist is at bottom somewhat of an echo." John Sturm, the Strassburg humanist, also had an influential concept of imitation.

According to Sturm, imitation is not the servile copying of words and phrases; it is 'a vehement and artistic application of mind,' which judiciously uses and transfigures all that it imitates. Sturm's theory of imitation is not entirely original, but comes through Agricola and Melancthon from Quintilian. Quintilian had said that the greater part of art consists in imitation; but for the humanists imitation became the chief and almost the only element of literary creation, since the literature of their own time seemed so vastly inferior to that of the ancients.

The doctrines of imitation developed by Vida, Scaliger, and Boileau show the development of the neo-classic concept of imitation. For Vida, the imitation of the classics is a necessity even though he also tells the poet to copy nature. Vida evidently requires this imitation of nature because it was required by the ancients. Scaliger advocates the imitation of the classics because the nature created by the ancients is more perfect nature than that found in the world of reality. In place of the ideal world which is the object of poetic imitation in the Aristotelian concept, Scaliger substitutes the world of art created by the ancients. The ultimate neo-classical concept of imitation is found in the doctrine of Boileau. For him, truth is the test in poetry, and nothing is true that is not found in nature. Nature should therefore be imitated. But

in order to imitate nature correctly, the ancients are to be imitated because they knew how to imitate nature. Boileau thus shows that there is nothing arbitrary in the authority of the ancients.

Thus the neo-classic doctrine of imitation culminates in the doctrine of Boileau. For the neo-classicists, imitation of nature is to be achieved through the study and imitation of the classical writers. This doctrine is the result of the interest in classics which started to develop in the Renaissance. The Renaissance critics had accepted Aristotle's theory of imitation in the ideal sense, but Aristotle's meaning had not been fully grasped by some of them.

§ § § §

Port Moresby

Gilbert J. Otto

Perched high on the side of a lush, green, tropical hillside nestled the almost forgotten town of Port Moresby. As our lugger, *Sea Spirit* glided swiftly toward the island, I found my curiosity concerning the town rising to a feverish pitch. From the time I was a little boy I had heard stories of the gold island, and in each story some of the magic of Port Moresby had filtered in and set my imagination on fire. Little did the old traveler who used to stop at our house realize how much the words that rolled so easily from his lips were to mean someday to me. And now, at last, after years of dreaming and planning, I was actually going to see, and hear, and feel—yes, even taste Port Moresby.

Standing on the battered teakwood deck of the lugger, I watched my dream town come closer. While we were still beyond hailing distance, I could see the old mission standing on the top of the hill like an old but still serviceable hat on one of its monks. How many head-hunters and cannibals had been converted here? How many white men came here to their last church service of this world? Down from the church garden a few rods the old Hotel Kongrow beckoned with an air of invitation to welcome the weary traveler. While we

were still out in the harbor, the proprietor could be seen hustling about to make things a little more comfortable for the expected guest. In fact, everywhere one looked one could see the sleepy town slowly rouse itself and come to the dock.

A visitor to this tropical paradise is a novelty. No one missed the occasion. Off to the left, the rows of stately coconut-palms raised their green tasseled heads to the blue sky. Here was the life blood of Port Moresby. Here was the gold. Here was the only reason Port Moresby existed.

§ § § §

Prophecy

When I die,
I shall lie with the Earth
And from us shall spring
Some new green thing,

To say,
"I am life,
She has sent me to remind you of the love she
found."

And the body of the Earth shall be sweet
to me,

Even as a lover's;
But, perhaps, after centuries,
I shall tire of the same kiss,
Tire of the same dark arm.
So shall I rise, in other form?

A tree top seeing the sun
Or a vine of ivy fingering
The cool marble of an ancient pillar?
Or shall I remain dust, and wait
To welcome those who join me?

—M. M. Quinnell

Quaker Meeting

Esther Littler

We left the roar and swish of the main highway and entered another world. As we crossed the bridge over White Lick and came to the hill where stood the brick meetinghouse, the sunny silence of the September Sabbath closed in about us. The long, low building surrounded by a grove of maples had two doors, one leading to the men's side, the other to the womens' side of the meeting. A facing gallery consisting of three rows of raised benches ran the full length of the room. There sat the ministers and elders and any visiting ministers who might be present.

Meeting had "set" when we arrived. Both the men's and women's sides showed a goodly number gathered. The small children, distributed between parents according to convenience, scarcely squirmed on the plain, hard benches. Although the majority of the worshipers appeared to be past middle age, there was a hopeful minority of younger faces. There were, among both men and women, a few who still adhered to "plain dress"—black or gray dresses with bonnets and white neckerchiefs for the women and plain collars and wide-brimmed hats for the men. In the womens' gallery were several sweet faces beneath plain bonnets, and there were half a dozen men in the opposite gallery.

As the meeting settled into silence the twentieth century faded into the mists of unreality and the days of Woolman and Whittier came alive again. A breathing, vibrant silence hovered over the group. After a time, saintly-faced Sarah Mendenhall—one of the few in "plain dress"—rose and turning slightly towards the men's side, said in a clear voice that carried easily over the large room: "I say unto you, young men, be strong!" A short, earnest exhortation followed, after which the meeting resumed its silence. The fragrance of early autumn stole in through open windows; a lone cricket raised his voice above the rhythmic undertone of his fellow-insects. Aside from this, only the bird-songs in the maple grove intruded upon the atmosphere. Peace emanated from the "gathered" minds and spirits, enfolding all in its integrating power.

At length, in the men's gallery, aged Josiah Penington arose. Until now he had sat with closed eyes, yet with head up-raised as though seeing things hidden to us. His white hair softened the ruddiness of his cheeks and heightened the shining of his face. "Beloved," his quavering voice intoned, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of

man what the Lord hath prepared for them that love him.'” His words bathed the group in benediction. The ensuing silence was unbroken until the “heads of the meeting” shook hands, thus signifying the end of the service.

§ § § §

Society to the Majority and the Minority

Robert Malsberry

No one can deny that man has obligations to society, but how does man define his obligations?

There is a large group made up of individuals who interpret man's obligation to society as an obligation in trivial affairs. Certainly, they think it is their neighborly duty to keep their lawn the same height as the lawn next door. They would never burn trash when someone's wash was drying. They paint their house when the others do. To try to keep up with but not “out-do” their neighbors is their goal. They say they want to be accepted by society, but they have narrowed the meaning of society considerably. To them society is their own secure community. It is to a smaller group who have a vague sense of real duty to whom I appeal.

To them society is not their neighbors, nor is it solely the majority—it is mankind. This group needs re-vitalization and encouragement, for the hope of the world rests with them. They realize that trivial daily duties must be performed, but they also know that time must remain for more important accomplishments.

I felt horrified when I first began to realize that the larger group or majority are irresponsible. I became aware of this fact during the last war when, in a day coach, I chanced to start a conversation with a successful, seemingly intelligent businessman. As our talk began to include recent war news, I was shocked to hear him advocate the death of every German and Japanese as the goal of the war. When I asked him to elaborate, he grew quite boisterous and emphatically stated that every German and Japanese citizen, children and old people included, should be killed before the war ended. A few citizens around us agreed, but a greater number did not care to comment.

These persons are typical of the majority. They represent either the fanatical nationalists or the remote isolationists.

It is indeed surprising to realize how little man really cares about or understands his fellow men. He has little appreciation for the problems of others. How many Americans want displaced persons to enter our country? How many care about or even know about the plight of the Greeks? In the present world situation many persons can see little hope for peace. Instead of trying to develop an appreciation for all mankind, some have lost their sense of values. "Live today and die tomorrow" is their philosophy.

An escape from nationalism and isolationism in individual American citizens and the cultivation of general world-wide concern are necessities. Since the first step in any method is an appreciation of the problem, understanding and cooperation between the majority and minority are essential. Whenever opportunity offers, the minority must foster unification of the two factions by persuading the majority of their duty to mankind. Thus everyone may make and get a start on the road to world-wide understanding and good will.

§ § § §

Michelangelo's God

He stamped across the universe
And thrust His hand into a sun
That kissed His palm with ardent rage
Then glowing, blushed, and died a stone

He walked across the galaxies
Drinking stardust as He went
Debauching on the liquor turned
To bitter gall in a gentle mouth.

Great stars He burst in drunken blows
Split the mangers' vestal light
And over the years shewed flame
That rent the veil of blinded man.

—Basil Raymond

Episode

Barbara Croker

The room was large, yet it was oppressive. Though Margaret knew every corner, every piece of solid heavy furniture, she felt uneasy. The Swiss clock on the oak mantel chimed the hour. She listened to each stroke, concentrating on it, trying to prolong it for some reason she did not understand. The chimes were the only friendly sound in this unfriendly room.

Terry would be here soon. Perhaps today he would take her away. When she was little, he used to say that they would run away together. He would take her to China or Paris, and they would not ever come home. Terry had always been a wonderful brother; she had depended on him for everything. She was never even afraid of Father when Terry was around.

The clock on the mantel had stopped chiming now, the echo still trembled in the room. She walked to the window overlooking the quiet street. It was raining out, and streams of water ran in thin crooked lines down the panes. The glass felt cool against her cheek. Terry had said he would be here at seven o'clock. It was almost five after now.

She walked across the room and looked in the gold-framed mirror. Her image smiled back at her. She really did look pretty, she thought. She had bought the dress because Terry loved blue. He used to tell her she looked like the picture of a princess in their Grimm's Fairy Tales.

The clock struck seven-fifteen, and she started. The whole house was still. Suddenly she heard the front door knocker. As she smothered a cry and ran toward the hall, she heard the maid's footsteps on the marble floor. She leaned against the half-open door and listened.

"Why Mr. Terry! Welcome home!"

"Thanks, Ellen. I would like you to meet my fiancée, Miss Pembroke."

A soft eastern voice said sweetly, "Hello, Ellen. I'm happy to meet you."

Margaret didn't want to hear anymore. She tried to shut her mind to the laughter and voices until she heard Terry's voice.

"Tell Marg we're on our way to a party, would you, Ellen?" it said. "I haven't had time to see her. She'll understand, because we have to leave for Boston at eleven. I just wanted to stop by home to leave these things."

"Yes, sir, but she's been looking forward to—"

"Marion, you'll love Marg," Terry broke in. "She's really a good kid. Well, goodnight, Ellen. Just leave these boxes in my room."

Gay laughter floated into the room until the front door slammed. Margaret stood with her hand on the heavy knob. Her knuckles stood out white and hard. She kept hearing the deep voice saying, "She's really a good kid."

The chimes rang seven-thirty, and she began to sob wildly and uncontrollably. Outside it still rained as the streetlights flickered on.

§ § § §

Echoes

And on the pool faint ripples then appear.
With pensive heart I go
Where velvet-petaled pansies grow
And humbly turn their faces from the sun.
The blazing sun

Imprisoned lies within a pool
Of emerald: deep, silent, cool.
The water like a jewel
Reflects both sun and patterned bough
That drips a frieze of greenness now.

A joyful bird
Strings jeweled notes into a song
And drops the notes down one by one.
The heavy notes
Dispel the quiet stillness of the air

—Joan Myers

AWOL

Thomas B. Miller

When Captain Johnson entered the Orderly Room after a quick drink at the Officers' Club, Sergeant Connelly was waiting for him. He stood looking out the window at the ordered rows of white barracks which seemed to stretch forever across the hot sand. In the distance the heat waves rising lent a dream-like quality to the troops drilling on the parade grounds.

Hearing the quick firm steps, the First Sergeant turned.

"Sir?"

"Yes."

"I'd like to speak to you about Corporal Jenkins."

"Oh?" said the Captain, raising his brows, "I wasn't aware there was anything to talk about. The O. D. told me all about it. His leaving can't be excused."

"A body don't think so good when he finds out his kid's got infantile p'ralysis," replied the Sergeant, the lines on his leathery face growing deeper.

"All he had to do was wait for the Red Cross to clear him for an 'emergency'." The Captain was becoming angry.

"Like I said, sir, sometimes a body don't think so good." The sergeant's voice was more growl than respect.

The two men stood facing each other, faces red, breath fast. A vein throbbd alarmingly on Captain Johnson's temple.

"I got the orders all writ." The non-com was interrupted by the telephone. While he was occupied the officer strode on into his office, where he sat for several minutes staring at the green blotter. Hesitating, he opened his mouth, then instead, walked slowly out to Connelly's desk. "About Jenkins," he opened.

"Don't matter about Jenkins." The Sergeant's voice was tired. "They picked him up as he was goin' into the hospital. The kid died an hour ago."

From the direction of Headquarters came the boom of the cannon, and then the faint notes of Retreat wailed across the desert.

The Execution

Bruce Hamman

When the boy first felt the hand gripping his shoulder, he did a quick half roll and fought to his hands and knees. The pressure was released, and he slid forward on his stomach and buried his head under the pillow. As if the pillow and the hand were connected by the same nerve, the jarring returned. He raised an arm, twisted again, and bent his head toward his feet. The shaking persisted until the boy sat upright and threw himself at his antagonist. In the cold early morning light, he recognized the hand as his grandfather's.

The boy slid to the opposite side of the bed, walked around the bed, and followed his grandfather down the cold stairway. He stumbled through the living room, past the dining room entrance, and into the kitchen where his mother was stirring a skillet of gravy. He nodded to his mother and grandfather; sat on the chair nearest the stove; retrieved from behind the stove his clothes and forced them on. He dressed and shuffled to the table to get something in his mouth to kill the musty taste of sleep. After the first few chewings, he fell into the hungry-farm-boy habit of thrusting his mouth full and washing it down with milk. When the gravy soaked bread and milk were gone, he slid from the table and moved toward the back room to get his coat and boots. On the way he muttered a boy's curse at the farm, hamburger gravy, and stupid old men who insisted on rabbit hunting at five o'clock in the morning.

The cold outside air made him feel half like living and when he heard the pup barking in the corn crib, the strength and complete joy of the bark awakened the boy completely. He hurried to the sound. He released the latch on the corn crib door which in turn released a brown, black and white dog with an intent red tongue. The boy fondled the dog until he could tolerate the tongue no longer and then moved toward the house where his grandfather was waiting with two larger, heavier, and more sedate dogs of the same coloring. The hunters and dogs began the day's business.

"Now look," said the old man, "anytime that gun of yours is pointing anyplace except at the ground, you'd better have game in your sights."

The boy had heard the caution many times before, but nevertheless respected the old man with a grunt and continued giving his attention to the pup who was displaying all the uninhibited feelings of the young doing something they like.

"We'll hit this corn field and then the weed patch at the end and then work on down toward Ellie's orchard and the huckleberry marsh," the old man said.

The boy grunted his acknowledgment and laughed at the tricks the pup was playing on the older dogs. The pup would first rush at one dog until a growl and a snap warned it away, and then bowl the other over with a quick rush. The boy marvelled at the effectiveness of the strategy.

"That crazy pup will have to learn to behave himself or you might better teach him to chase chickens out of the garden," the old man said.

The boy wondered if the old man had ever considered training one of his dogs to run chickens. The boy knew that when the old man saw the pup work, he'd wished he'd trained both of his fat old hounds to run chickens or ducks or anything besides rabbits. The boy said nothing.

"The way she looks now you couldn't make a decent stick retriever out of her," the old man said. The old man said this last thing with little conviction because both he and the boy knew that the pup had good possibilities. The pup came from good stock. She was out of Stanley Held's Jane by a six-time field trial winner. Stanley had offered the pups for sale at fifty dollars apiece for the three males and sixty dollars for the four females and the boy had worked part time for Stanley (except on Saturday when it was full time and on Sunday when he did the morning and evening chores) for five months to earn one of the females. Stanley had figured out that at the regular rate of exchange he sold the pup at about forty dollars but he was depending on the boy's dad to give him the balance in a trade some day even though the dad didn't want the boy to have the dog.

The boy had taken the pup when it was eight weeks old. The first three days he had the dog, he wished he had followed his dad's and Stanley's advice and waited ten weeks because the dog was homesick for the litter and wouldn't eat. The boy finally got the pup to lick some milk from his fingers and soon the homesickness was past.

When the pup was four months, the boy found a rabbit in the road that had been hit by a car. He tied a string to the rabbit and draped it around the yard and barnyard to make a trail for the dog to follow. When the dog became excited enough to bark as she trailed, a dream began to grow for the boy.

The dream involved about a thousand acres of land. The fence rows were growths of multiflora rose or hawthorne which would make natural refuge and food for the wild life on the land. The boy would not harvest all of the crops as his father did down to the last grain, but would leave plenty of corn and

wheat and rye for the game to feed on. The thousand acres must have lots of woods but not too much, and a lake large enough for ducks. There would be wild rice planted for the ducks to eat. The house on his land would have lots of rooms. He didn't know exactly how many because his dream was not too good at details, but there would be enough for anyone who wanted to visit and no one would have to sleep with anybody like he had to sleep with his younger brother who kicked and pulled covers and raised general Cain when he was supposed to be quiet. The boy would have lots of friends, all of whom respected him for his accomplishments, although he as yet did not know exactly what his accomplishments would be. He and his friends would sit by the fireplace and talk about important things, and his wife would serve them good things to eat or fine hot things to drink. (His own father and his father's sat by the kitchen stove and drank coffee and talked of nothing but crops.) He hadn't yet made up his mind whether or not to allow his father into his house, but of course if he (the latter) showed the right amount of respect and stopped acting as if he knew everything even when he talked of nothing but crops, he would be welcome because of filial obligation. The boy would have a pack of dogs, all descendants of the pup, and people would come from all over to see the dogs and try to get him to sell them one, but he would sell none of them, but would give them to his friends and not let them thank him. . . .

The old man and the boy were nearing the end of the cornfield now and the pup had become somewhat more businesslike while the older dogs were in a near frenzy. Suddenly a brown shape hurtled out of a clump of grass, coiling and uncoiling and recoiling past the man and the boy. The man's gun boomed and the boy's rifle cracked and the old man's gun boomed again and he cursed and broke his gun and swore that it was never good luck to kill the first rabbit of the season anyway. The boy turned from the old man to reload his rifle and saw the pup running for home. The old man started to move in the direction the rabbit had taken and saw what the boy saw. The old man said, "Gun shy." The boy started for the pup and the old man continued in the direction of the rabbit which the old dogs had begun to chase.

The boy fought through the corn toward the dog which had slowed down somewhat after losing some of her initial fear. The boy called to the dog and thus forced the terror of the dog to subserve the command, and the dog stopped. The boy reached the dog and picked her up. The dog quivered and squirmed and tried to lick the boy's face, but the boy turned his face and started in the direction his grandfather had taken.

The rabbit had circled toward the huckleberry marsh, forcing the old man to climb two fences, so the boy soon came up to him. When the boy reached the old man, he placed the dog on the ground and started walking beside him.

"Can dogs ever be broken of gun shyness, Grandpa?"

"I never seen it done," the old man replied.

"Would it maybe do some good to tie him to my belt and shoot over his head like Bill said he did with that gunny dog of his?"

"A waste of shells," the old man answered.

The old man knew much about waste. When his father had died, he had inherited one of the better farms in the community. Over a four year span, the old man had lost a sizeable amount of the farm playing cards, and when he won it wasn't much better than losing because the drinks were "on him." He spent more than the farm could keep up with because while he was carousing he was not earning, so by the time he decided to "settle down", he had less when he needed more. He had seven children and what had been a wealthy farm for a family half that size had become a plot barely large enough for nine when it was halved.

Now the farm was in the hands of his son-in-law, and under different management its production was increasing. The son-in-law (the boy's father) considered the old man, at best, a fool. The old man had little left except six living children, four of whom thought as the son-in-law did, and some hunting tales about catamounts and wolves that nobody any longer showed much interest in.

So the old man repeated, "Nope, I never heard of a gunny dog ever being anything but a gunny dog," and by saying again the ancient axiom, pronounced sentence on the pup.

"You move on over by Ellie's side and I'll go around to the other end and we'll get that furry little devil when he comes out no matter which end it is."

The boy and the pup walked toward Ellie's orchard and the boy knew it was very unlikely that the rabbit would come out on his side. He quickly found a suitable stump to stand on where he could see not only one side of the marsh but also one end. When he climbed the stump, the pup tried to follow because she still remembered the sound of the gun, but the boy had chosen a stump that the dog could not climb. They listened to the old dogs chasing the rabbit, and the boy asked the pup why she wasn't with them. The pup looked at the boy quizzically.

The boy asked again, "Just why aren't you chasing that rabbit you cowardly, grinning, black and white bitch?"

The dog placed its front feet on the stump and tried to reach the boy.

The rage swelled in the boy and he aimed at the wide spot between the dog's eyes and shot as the dog attempted once again to get on the stump. The shot did not hit the dog where the boy tried to aim but broke its back, and the dog filled the orchard with sharp animal yelps of pain; before the boy could reload the gun the dog was moving away, dragging her hind legs. The boy felt horror and terribly sick, so he rushed at the dog. He swung the butt of the rifle in a frenzied arc so that it hit the dog with crunching, sickening blows, until the frenzy of the arc became rhythm, until the stock of the rifle broke from the barrel, and then the boy kicked the dog until the sickness became too great and he ran.

On the other side of the marsh the old man smiled and watched for the rabbit.

§ § § §

A Day Begins

Margaret Ellis

I woke up slowly, the sheets feeling smooth and cool under me. I heard the soft, pillowy coo coo of a turtle dove outside the window. I began to be alive again. When I breathed I could smell the pine and the water mixed in the breeze that puffed out the blue and white curtains. If I lifted myself a little on one arm I could see little flashes where the sunlight bounced around on the top of the lake. A boat cleared its throat, spat and then came nearer with a steady putt-putt-putt-putt. I tried to see it by sliding over to the edge of the bed, but the Christmas trees in front of the cottage were in the way. I turned myself back into the room.

Bud was already sitting up in the big bed at the end of the room, with his hair all spiked up on top of his head. He made a face at me and turned a somersault on top of the bed. He slid off and landed, splunk, on the floor with a big eyed look. I giggled and was happy that I was at the lake and that my cousin, Bud, was there, too. He always made me laugh, even just to look at him. Will jumped out of bed, and I sat down

with a pillow in my middle before I even saw him throw it. I threw it back, pushing it hard at him, but he caught it. The door opened and Fathers' head came in.

"Last one down is a ring-tailed monkey. Up and at 'em, kids," he said. His head went out again and I could hear his wooden slippers go off down the stairs, plip plop, plip plop. I hurried to dress and when my head came through the top of my shirt I could see Father out on the dock looking at the lake. He pointed his hands at the water and gave a little shove with his feet and went in. His head came up way out. He turned and started to swim back. Since I had to hurry and beat Will and Bud down so I wouldn't be a ring-tailed monkey, I couldn't wait to watch him hit himself on the head when he got back to get the water out of his ears. I tied my shoes and started out the door. Will grabbed me and shoved me back till he and Bud got down ahead of me.

"Mag's a ring-tailed monkey. Mag's a ring-tailed monkey," they shouted, and ran into the dining room. Madness started way down in me and when it got up to my head I couldn't keep it in.

"You held me, I could've gotten down. You cheated," I shouted. I wanted to pound and pound on them till it hurt. I made tight fists and ran after them. Ida, our cook, came thumping out of the kitchen waving a big fork at us.

"Now you all stop fussin' 'roun' my table. Git on. Willis, I needs coal oil fo' my stove, 'n' Marget, you knows you gotta git at them steps fo' brekfes. Go on wif you now. Bud, you sit on that there dufoe till brekfes. You hear?" She shrilled at us. She flipped a big pink-lined palm at us and gallumped back into the kitchen mumbling to herself. Ida always came to the lake with us, taking up more room than Will and I together with her big black body in the back of the car. She growled and threatened us, but always had an apple or a cookie to give us when we went into her kitchen. She had her own words for things that always made me want to laugh, like "dufoe" for davenport and "Rumbo Cleanser" for Roman Cleanser.

Will grabbed the coal oil can and was out the door and down the road with a slam and a clatter. I hoped he'd get bawled out for slamming the door, but nothing happened so I went into the pantry for the broom. The pantry was cool and smelled like raw potatoes and cold butter. I sneaked a forbidden sliver of ice from the big lump in the ice box. I let it melt in my mouth and the cold tasteless water ran down my throat. The broom thumped and scraped behind me till I got to the front door. Bud asked me if he could help me but I pretended not to hear him. It was my job every day to sweep the long stairway that

led to the seawall and the dock. The broom got hard to push after a little while, so I sat on one of the wooden benches on the landing half-way down. I let the wind tickle the back of my neck with a tree twig while I watched my father drip up the stairs from below. When he was part way up he stopped and called for me to come and see. I dropped the broom and went down to where he was.

Between a post of the banister and a bush was a thing that made me sit down all tight on the steps and just look and almost hold my breath. Tiny drops of dew were strung along each strand of a perfect spider's web. When the breeze moved the bush each drop had a million colors and they flashed and sparkled in the early morning sun. It was a beautiful fairy bed in a green room with a tiny princess asleep right in the middle. Was ever anything so pretty before? I watched it till Father's voice told me to finish the stairs and then I could watch it if I wanted. I worked as fast as I could, but I thought the stairs would never end. Finally I was done. I found the place again, but all that was there was a grey spider web and a very small brown spider that skittered away when I put my face down close to him. The fairy princess had changed herself to a spider, her beautiful jeweled bed to a web, and her pretty green room to the green leaves of a bush. I didn't care if I was the ring-tailed monkey. Will hadn't seen the fairy, so I was even. I went up the stairs to breakfast.

§ § § §

Panda

Allen Sutherland

It was December twenty-fourth, and they were returning from overseas. Hot, arid islands still waited far behind them. Standing near the lifelines, they watched the sun set. Gusts from the sea tried to sting them. The first seagull which perched on the stern promised the three that home was near, and a ghostly wake arrowed remotely toward the islands. When the harbor loomed, two little tugs tooted at the troop ship and it belched back an obscene greeting. Seamen heaved their chains and lines; and as the ship crawled into its berth, the men felt satisfied and secure. They were home on leave.

Reg made it to the gangplank first; he saluted the colors and leaped heavily to the ground. Max searched the sky for the north star; it seemed to be in the east. He tripped over Arnie as they disembarked.

"Excuse me," Arnie muttered. That was his way.

When they were together again, Reg grunted, slung his pack over his shoulder, and the caravan jogged away in search of a place to camp for the night.

The streets were dark, narrow, and dirty. The wind made them shiver; but two streets from the dock they saw a sign advertising rooms. The building was out of character with the waterfront, for it was decorated with cheap modernism but plushy chairs sat in its lobby. The clerk behind the desk was fat in his tee shirt.

"What in the name o' God—even on Christmas Eve! Do you want three or five buck beds?" He scowled as he shoved the register.

"One five buck" Max answered evenly as he signed. "We only want to wash."

"Zac!" wailed the clerk. "Where in hell are you? Room 405 for these guys."

Max beckoned to Arnie. He was playing with a little browneyed girl who gave him a friendly hug when he sat her down. Max had to come over and tap Arnie on the shoulder.

The lobby was plush, but the upper floors smelled. Arnie cringed when Reg squashed a roach on the wall with his fat fist. After the porter had opened the door and thrown the key on the dusty dresser, he stood with his hand out. Max threw a dime. There was nothing to wash with; the basin had cobwebs all over it, but the bed had been used. Max suggested that they try to buy some soap, so they banged down the back stairs and out onto the street.

As they walked, it began to rain—slowly at first, then steadily, downpouring. Max spied a light shining, and, in the rain, they ran for it. Hanging over the door of the building there was a sign, "La Tienda de Maria."

A bell tinkled once, then a second time when Reg pushed the door shut. The room warmed them. Tired toys which customer—children had jostled all day lay casually where they'd been left. Immense Maria came in from the back room.

"Good evening, senores."

The mantilla she wore covered her white hair, but the spark in her black eyes had not been pinched by the years. The mountainous little lady minced toward them on incongruously dainty feet. While she questioned them about being out so late, each boy stood entranced and thinking about his mother.

"No soap, senores."

"Could we—" Arnie mumbled—"Since we're here—Why don't we buy Brown Eyes a toy?"

"You want to buy a toy, boys? I call my husband. Jose, Jose!"

Jose calmly entered the room. He wore a carpenter's apron and had forgotten to lay his hammer down.

"Si, Maria, what you want?"

"These boys want a toy for Brown Eyes."

"What is Brown Eyes?" Jose asked.

"Ah yes," Maria echoed. "Who is this Brown Eyes, senores?"

"Does it matter?" Max wondered.

"Ah senores, we've just the thing. What about a tool chest?"

"But Brown Eyes is a little girl," Arnie protested calmly.

"A little girl—give her una muneca, a doll," chimed Maria.

Max looked at all the stuffed dolls, but none pleased him. Then he saw the black and white panda. It was lying in a makeshift cradle looking very real. When Maria saw that Max wanted the little animal, her cheeks paled a bit. She stepped to the crib, tenderly lifted the baby bear, and gave it a gentle hug.

"Bebe," she whispered, "you are leaving—It was so much trouble to get you," she said. "Mucho dolor, and Jose, he never really understood."

Reg, who stood nearest her, was the only one who saw a tear fall from under the blue mantilla and on the red ribbon about the panda's neck.

Jose took the panda from Maria's arms and handed it to Max, who reached for his wallet.

"No, senor. Felice Navidad to little Brown Eyes."

Max took the bear, and Maria and Jose, arm in arm, watched the three as they left. The little bell tinkled.

It was still raining; but as Max said, they were soaked anyway. Because he didn't want the panda to get wet, he wrapped it in his coat. When they reached the hotel, Reg and Arnie stopped at the desk and asked for some towels.

"Who's going to give the bear to Brown Eyes?" Reg hinted.

All three volunteered, then decided to flip for the privilege. Reg and Arnie saw Max dig into his pocket for the two headed coin; they remembered the old skin game, and told him to go ahead upstairs with the gift.

As he shuffled off with the panda Arnie jeered.

"Sentimentalist!"

"Make it snappy," Reg called, "and we'll get a cup o' java."

Just as Max reached the top of the second flight a blond who looked both young and old stopped him.

"Got a light?" she asked whisking out a cigarette.

Max handed her his lighter, and when he put it back into his pocket, he felt her hand run across his arm.

"What's your room number, honey, 405?" she whispered coarsely.

He excused himself, saying that he had to deliver a gift; he didn't notice that the girl was following him with her eyes.

He knocked on the door, and a burley man opened it.

"Whatcha' want?" he bellowed impatiently.

Max stood silent for a moment before he explained that he had a gift for the man's daughter. The woman inside drew away and shoved Brown Eyes into the bedroom so she couldn't see the soldier.

"How'd you know I had a girl, and what do ya' wanta' buy her something for anyway?"

"It's Christmas!"

"What're you after anyway, Bud?"

"We only wanted to give her the gift," Max repeated.

"We? Where's the rest of you, and why are you all wet? Just what did ya' buy anyway?"

Max unwrapped the panda and the man laughed.

"A bear! What in hell do we need with a bear?"

"Drunk!" With that the man slammed the door abruptly. Max stared at the closed door. Then he turned and started for his room. He felt that someone was behind him, but he didn't turn to see who it was. When he reached his room, he opened the door, tossed the panda into a corner, and stretched face down across the dirty bed.

§ § § §

The Gift

Betty Hawkins

The restless June breeze blew a tattered newspaper skittishly down the shabby street. It rested a moment before Amanda Johnson's front step, then as if afraid to tarry, whipped the struggling paper across the alley into a crevice in the wall of Frank's Meat Market. A nondescript gray pup lying in the shade of the grocery listlessly nudged the newspaper, but the merciless breeze whirled its captive away from the mongrel, past the store, and into the weedy lot beside the railroad tracks.

Amanda stood transfixed in her doorway, unaware of the newspaper's silent struggle past her home. She stood in the doorway and gave herself up to hatred. Fists clenched, body quivering, Amanda hated until her throat ached and her eyelids burned. Still the cutting words of her former employer repeated themselves in her tormented ears.

"Pretty child, isn't she? I mean considering she's a nigger."

How dare she! How dare she! Amanda's inner being screamed. Suddenly weak, she dropped into a worn green armchair near the door, fighting to gain control. She stared at the crisscrossing yellow and white checks in the skirt of her gingham house dress as if searching for some hidden strength in the confusion of colored blocks. Then she drew a long trembling sigh, forcing her tensed muscles to relax. Above all she must be calm. Debby must not see her mother like this. Debby . . . dear, gay Debby, already so enraptured by Mrs. Rudley's gift—a fragile pink and white doll.

Crooning a tuneless lullaby, Debby cuddled the creamy white doll against her own golden brown cheek. Debby's tight black pigtailed bobbed beside the long golden curls of the beautiful doll. Her eyes sparkled. Dimpled smiles flitted across her features as she whispered to her newest "baby," admiring its lovely pink silk dress. She clutched the doll to her, completely enchanted.

Amanda must not spend her bitterness on Debby. The doll was far more beautiful and expensive than she and Bill could afford. Bill . . . Bill mustn't know about Mrs. Rudley's words. And Debby must keep the doll. Rising resolutely and brushing rebellious tears from her eyes, Amanda walked out to her cramped kitchen to resume the day's work.

§ § § §

Summer spent itself uneventfully. July was hot; August hotter. Bill got a three-dollar raise and caught a six pound bass in Chad's Creek. Debby skinned her knees, bit the boy next door, and celebrated her sixth birthday. In the midst of it all, small triumphs and smaller disasters, Amanda smiled and rejoiced in her loved ones.

But now it was a golden September morning. Chattering about teachers, pencils, spelling, and new books, Debby patiently allowed her mother to button her new red coat. Then convinced, after much explanation by Amanda, that she must leave her cherished gold and pink doll at home, Debby skipped off gaily to begin her first day in school. Watching her beloved daughter hasten to join her friends, Amanda shivered with an inner chill that touched her heart and made her starkly fearful. Amanda suddenly realized that Debby, who had known only love, was going outside her own little world for the first time.

"Oh, God, don't let them hurt her. Make them kind," Amanda breathed.

She sank into a scarred kitchen chair, pillowed her head in her arms, and cried until her shoulders heaved. But a woman has not time enough for tears and soon she was at her work again, trying not to think, trying to lose herself in household tasks.

A few hours later while peeling potatoes in the kitchen, Amanda heard the front door open and close. She heard Debby's light yet slow steps as she mounted the stairs to her own little room.

"Debby, come here and tell mother about school," Amanda called.

There was no answer. Then Amanda heard a violent crash. Dropping her knife, Amanda felt cold in her heart as she ran from the kitchen, up the stairs to Debby's room. Debby stood in bewildered rebellion, tears coursing down her baby-plump cheeks. Her young body shook with enraged, hurt sobs. At her feet lay the golden haired doll in shattered pieces.

"I'm glad!" Debby screamed. "I hate it!"

Then holding her hysterical child against her, Amanda knelt beside the broken doll and wept, for Debby, for herself, for her people.

§ § § §

Integrity

James Cone

Integrity, a man's most important characteristic, is to be found in all of the great composers. These men were true to their ideals, and no one, no matter how important, could dissuade them from their ideals. Men like Bach, Haydn, Chopin, Grieg, and Liszt were true to their ideals; they sincerely believed in their work, and none of them ever composed for anyone else's fame. Although they were peaceful men, respectful of powerful and influential people, these men were never guilty of losing their integrity. Their music is persuasive, expressive of each man's greatness, and above all, rich in a type of individuality brought about by courage and a desire to please, but never tainted with the stain of falsity.

Not so long ago it was my extreme good fortune to become acquainted with several outstanding contemporary musicians. During this association, I was fortunate enough to hear them discuss the lives of many famous composers. The remarks which remain most vivid in my mind were about Beethoven and Debussy, who, although exact opposites in their styles, had one significant characteristic in common, that of integrity.

Beethoven was, for the most part, a very congenial man, although at times he was known to display a vile temper. This was shown quite dramatically when an Austrian prince asked Beethoven to write a number of works that might be published by the prince's son, who was a student at the Leipzig Conservatory. Beethoven was so angry at this request that he vowed never to write again. Fortunately he did. Less than five hours later, legend has it, he stopped in at a blind peasant's cottage to play for him. When Beethoven went home that night he had played, for the first time, the beautiful "Moonlight Sonata."

Debussy had an experience somewhat similar to that of Beethoven. Soon after Debussy had published the delightful "Afternoon of a Faun," he received the Prix de Rome, which would enable him to study in Rome for three years and one year in any country of his choice. He was undecided as to whether or not he would go, for he felt that France offered all that he wished to learn.

Almost a month after he received the award, he was asked to a dinner which was given by a rich and influential lady of Paris. Imagine his discomfort when the lady virtually ordered him to authorize her son to take Debussy's place at Rome. Debussy was not a man of temper; and this incident, rather than arousing an outburst of words, served only to lower him into the depths of melancholia. During this depressing period, Claude Debussy wrote one of the most beautiful compositions of any period of music history, his rapturous, dreamy "Claire de Lune." Debussy later went to Rome; and, although he did not remain the entire four years, he showed everyone that his integrity was not a plaything for rich people to toy with.

These men are famous not only for their splendid creative ability, but also for upholding their ideals, purposes, and standards of ability, while opposing destructive intentions, ambitions, and low objectives. They were forced to struggle through many hardships to preserve their integrity; this fact alone is enough to make them famous forever.

Effects of Modern Invention

Barbara Knotts

Despite the obvious advantages to civilization brought about by such innovations as the radio, improved printing and transportation methods, and the resultant wider dissemination of newspapers, these inventions have brought about a distinct decline in the subtlety and eloquence of language in the form of the written word. This is most vividly true in the field of political and social criticism. True, modern American literature has turned out such creditable factual exposes as Gunther's *Inside U. S. A.*, and such forceful criticisms as *Gentleman's Agreement* and *Knock On Any Door*, but these books are blunt, candid. In them no attempt is made at satirical fantasy or shaded implication. These books need not be entertaining; their readers, since they most likely have been informed of the general situation by radio or newspaper, expect only the impressive details.

Social evils have not disappeared, but a new Dickens has not appeared. Government is still corrupt, but another Swift has not yet arisen to write of the travels of a modern Gulliver. And though we have no social problem today to equal that of slavery, many other issues exist worthy of the poetical efforts of a new Whittier. But the type of literature which these men wrote is no longer the only means by which the people's social and political consciousness may be restored; therefore, it need not be so painstaking nor so masterful in its use of language. This literature is, in effect, actually unnecessary because much that it says is more easily conveyed to a wider audience by radio broadcasts or by terse newspaper articles. Thus the radio and the wider-reaching newspapers, although they undoubtedly effect the desired reform more quickly, have a decidedly discouraging effect on reform literature and, consequently, on the eloquent employment of language.

§ § § §

Metropolis

Martha Pearson

I have visited New York City three times. Each visit was under completely different circumstances, and it would be difficult to determine which visit I enjoyed most. However, all things considered, I believe I should have to rate my first trip as being far more exciting than the others, and an experience

I shall not soon forget.

It was summer, 1945. My telephone rang one morning, and in answering I was surprised to hear the voice of my high school music teacher asking me if I could arrange to go to New York with her the following Sunday. I most certainly could arrange to go. I had had previous plans, but they were immediately forgotten. I had always wanted to see New York City, and here was an opportunity to fulfill my desire.

We left Indianapolis on Sunday, June 26, at 6:00 p. m., on the **Knickerbocker**. Miss Scherf, my teacher, had obtained Pullman reservations for us. This was also my first experience in sleeping on a train, and I was surprised at how comfortable and restful sleeping on a train could be—in spite of the fact that I was excited in the anticipation of arriving in New York the next day.

I shall never forget Grand Central Station. What a contrast to Indianapolis' Union Station! And where on earth was everyone going in such a hurry? We were thoroughly shoved about by the time a porter rudely grabbed our cases and hurried us to a waiting taxicab. I had never ridden in a cab with an open top (I was told one referred to them as Sky-View cabs), and how happy I was to be ushered into one my first minute in New York. As we slowly made our way through a sea of cabs, I became aware of the noises of the street. Noises, but they sounded beautiful to me—like music—George Gershwin's "An American in Paris." But I wasn't in Paris; I was in New York—and I was thrilled!

We had rooms in a comfortable but modest hotel in Greenwich Village. At first I was a little disappointed that we were not to stay in mid-town New York, but in the days to follow my disappointment changed to delight. As soon as we had arranged to have our clothes taken care of, we put on our walking shoes and set out to explore the immediate vicinity of Washington Square. I had read interesting stories about life in Greenwich Village, and thus I surveyed with interest the many peculiar activities going on in the square. I stopped at every artist's exhibit—in some cases more to observe the artist than his art. There was a woman who was making buttons from shells, and just two doors down from her, another woman was making earrings from buttons. On a corner a little old man was selling nylon hose (they were still hard to obtain in 1945). I had never seen anything like this before. It was extremely difficult to keep from staring at these characters. I noticed something else about the square. No one was in a hurry. Everyone seemed to saunter along the street, and the park in the square had an occupant on almost every bench.

We boarded a Fifth Avenue bus, and within fifteen minutes we were in mid-town New York. Again we were rubbing elbows with people who evidently had only one minute to get where they were going—and woe to anyone who got in their way. Never in my life had I beheld so many things of interest. It was like Christmas morning—so many presents that it was hard to decide which should be opened first.

In the days that followed, we managed to include visits to St. Patrick's Cathedral and the Little Church Around the Corner, a boat trip around Manhattan Island, a ferry trip to Staten Island and to the Statue of Liberty, trips through all the department stores, and dinners in interesting restaurants. I have to smile when I recall the restaurants.

Miss Scherf had been interested in my music activities in high school and, because of the encouragement she gave me, we became great friends. Her attitude toward me was motherly, and she wanted to do things for me that she would have done for her daughter. However, she operated on the strict principle that one should never permit a person to give him anything. That is, some compensation must be made by the receiver. We went to the best restaurants in New York, and after a \$2.50 lunch she would say, "Now, dear, that will be fifteen cents." Never before had I enjoyed such luncheons for fifteen cents, and, needless to say, I have never enjoyed them at that price since. My taxi fares were always five cents, no matter what the meter read. She was rather eccentric, as these incidents would indicate; but can you deny that, though eccentric, the idea had merit? One's companion on a trip, you know, has a great deal to do with whether or not the trip is enjoyable. Because my teacher was an individualist, she hesitated at nothing. I laugh when I recall how she would stop one of those pained-looking persons who was in a metropolitan hurry and ask, "Would you recommend a good play for us to see? We're from out of town." The responses were surprisingly patient. I really believe they enjoyed telling us.

Our visit ended too soon. Although I had decided I would not want to live in New York City, (the trip, I learned, was primarily to interest me to live there and go to school at Julliard) I left with reluctance. We had had a gay time.

Why I Enjoy Li'l Abner

Don Franz

Every day millions of American people pick up a newspaper and turn to the comic page. In this popular section of the paper they daily follow the adventures of a twenty-year-old hillbilly and his family and friends. One may ask what millions of people, regardless of age, race, creed, religion, or social status, should find of interest in the ridiculous antics of a twenty-year-old hillbilly who is all brawn and little brain. Lil Abner, the red-blooded American youth, lives with his parents, Mammy and Pappy Yokum, in fictitious Dogpatch, Kentucky. This town is a typical Kentucky settlement, having as its citizens many weird and nondescript characters, dreamed up by the creator of this delightful comic strip, Al Capp.

These millions of daily readers enjoy Lil Abner for several good reasons. Although most of our hero's adventures are utterly fantastic, there is a definite human and humorous interest story woven into every incident.

The content of each story is different from that of any preceding story. Only two subjects recur. One is the constant hypocritical indifference of Lil Abner toward Daisy Mae, a lovely, young mountain girl who loves him and would marry him at a moment's notice. This catastrophe has almost happened many times, but our hero is always saved in the nick of time from the clutches of matrimony. However, he is never saved twice in the same way. This narrow escape usually happens on the annual Sadie Hawkins Day which presents a new set of co-stars each year. On this particular day in November all eligible bachelors are chased by all fair maidens of all shapes and sizes, no holds barred. If caught, these hapless fellows must marry their captors on the spot. This method may seem a bit primitive, but it is nevertheless effective.

The characterization in this strip is unequalled in the comics. Capp's unique characters range from suave, big city millionaires to crude, penniless hillbillies lacking shoes and brains, and from the most beautiful specimens of human anatomy to hordes of grotesque creatures capable of anything human and super-human. One set of recently created creatures, the idealistic "shmoos," could solve all human needs, doing away with the unpopular word, "work", entirely. Another abstract creation was that of the "Kigmies", who loved to be kicked. These peculiar animals supposedly would solve all domestic and international problems because people would take their anger or disgust out on a Kigmy, who loved the punishment. Millions

of dollars were made on the Shmoos which began to pour out of the factories as balloons, banks, toys, puzzles, and hundreds of similar articles resembling those creatures in Al Capp's comic strip.

Unlike many other cartoon creations, Lil Abner's fellow characters seldom fade into nonexistence but may reappear several years later in another adventure. Lil Abner himself is absolutely indestructable, for he is constantly being thrown off high buildings, covered by an avalanche of boulders, or hit by a speedy freight train. He has swum the ocean several times, tugging barges, boats, and rafts; he has acted as ambassador to Lower Slobovia on many occasions; and he has traveled about the country in flying saucers, jet planes, and rocket ships. These incredibilities give the cartoonist a large span of diverse ideas for his work, which is always amazing and full of surprises.

Capp's use of current events also goes a long way to increase public interest. This point may be illustrated by the recent comical portrayal of the flying saucers which "any sane persons knows doesn't exist," according to Lil Abner. The statement of the pilot of these unique "interplanetary vehicles" that the earth is still in the "idiot era" is not entirely without justification.

After analyzing the preceding points, I am sure you will agree that "Lil Abner" will continue to live as an American favorite until Al Capp meets his mortal end. I don't believe that his seat at the drawing board could be filled satisfactorily.

§ § § §

Adventures With A Card Catalogue

Thomas Abrams

It was the last day of final examinations, and my head was glutted to the ears with a thousand and one facts. I had one more test to take, and then I was finished for the semester. My mind reeling, I descended the steps to the library stacks in hopes of securing a few moments of rest and quiet in that murky lair of learning. The library was empty, and I had little trouble enlisting the solace of a solitary table located in a shadowy corner. Secluded behind massive metal shelves, I cradled my head in my arms and slept.

"What in the name of fury is this?"

"What a singular looking creature."

In a state of semi-consciousness I detected the faint rumble of voices.

"I say it's a mortal!"

"What? A mortal? In here and at this hour?"

I awoke to find myself surrounded by ten hoary old men. One of them, a man with a most godly and righteous demeanor, stared at me appraisingly.

"What is your religion, mortal son?" He intoned solemnly.

"I have no particular religion," I answered.

"What?" he bellowed wrathfully. "If you have no religion you are not welcome here."

He turned abruptly and merged with the shadows, and as he did so, I observed that a large number 200 was printed on the back of his flowing white robe.

Next, a dainty old man with a precise, foppish gait stepped forward. He was followed by several slaves who gaped at him in adoration. He picked up my notebook which lay on the table and perused it.

"Bah," he growled. "Your style is atrocious."

As he turned, I perceived that his number was 800. The ancient who wore the number 500 seemed to remain aloof from the group. After throwing a few contemptuous glances my way, he turned and strode arrogantly away.

Number 900 was certainly the most handsome of the group. Although his face was old and wrinkled like the rest, his clothes were bespangled and gay, and he flaunted a gorgeous multi-colored periwig. For all that, he seemed diffident and shy; for when I surveyed his dazzling garments, he turned and dashed precipitately into the shadows. Following him were 600, 700, and 300, who was a mere child compared to the rest.

They had all left but one. He walked over to the table and sat down. He too was old and grey, but there was such an appealing quality in his eyes that I felt I was meeting an old friend.

"Well, what do you think of them?" His voice was kind.

"They certainly aren't very hospitable," I replied.

"Don't let them bother you," he said. "They are all children despite their age. Did you notice number 200? He's been haunting libraries longer than any of us here can remember. He was very useful at one time, but as he grew older, he became a bit senile and forgot that even mortals can resent too much abusive treatment. Ever since the 17th century, his influence has been negligible."

"Number 800 certainly thought little of my literary endeavors," I said, despairingly.

Literary people are always eager to despise unliterary people," he said after some thought. "Did you notice the slaves that followed him? They were all famous writers at one time. Writers are damnably independent fellows, you know.

They're above hell or heaven and follow their precious deity even after death.

"Speaking of independence," I said. "Number 500 was certainly above mingling with the rest of the group."

"Oh, yes," replied my friend. "Ever since a fellow named Darwin wrote a theory, 500 has been absolutely insufferable. He thinks that he is a world in himself, separable from all other 'numbers'."

"Number 900 was a handsome fellow," I observed.

"He's no better than the rest of us," the old man responded. "You mortals have just habited him in such finery that he seems to be much more magnificent than he actually is."

"And who are you?" I finally inquired.

"I'm a little bit of all of them," he mused. "I'm 900 stripped of all his gilded superfluities. I'm 800 stripped of his vanity and precision. I'm 200 stripped of his fanaticism; and like 500, I give knowledge; but unlike him, I also give wisdom." With that he turned and departed, and I saw that his number was 100.

The bell rang, and I rose to go to my last class of the semester, greatly relieved of the mental confusion which had driven me to that secluded spot. Needless to say, from that time on I have never regarded a card catalogue as a dull and colorless object.

§ § § §

On Losing One's Illusions

Connie Jenkins

Everyone has probably lost an illusion at least once before he leaves college, and it is probable that college itself is a major cause of disillusionment. Take the case of the brilliant English student who graduates from high school with nothing lower than an A on his written work. Small wonder, though; anyone who cannot write an adequate paper on "My Favorite Sport" or "The Best Movie I Have Ever Seen" must be a first class moron. Nevertheless, the would be genius thinks to himself, "College will be a cinch."

His first disillusionment comes during the first week of school, when his English professor, with a wicked gleam in her eyes, announces the topic for theme number one: "Why Reading Shakespeare is Preferable to All Other Forms of Recreation." "But is it?" the student wonders, as he sits waiting for inspiration to come or possibly praying for a bolt of lightning to strike him dead before the papers are collected.

"History should be easy, though," he decides; "I'll bet no one else in the class will be able to recite Lincoln's 'Gettysburg Address' from memory." Poor fellow, he'll never know. Assignment for tomorrow, says the professor: "I want a fifty page discussion on why an autociphalous form of government is preferable to a democracy." "It's not," the student decides and dismisses the professor as a radical.

Chemistry comes next. "Problem number one: discuss the relationship existing between auric ovide and the combustibility of a combination H_2SO_4 and any unknown solution." Oh, for the good old days of heating soda water over a Bunsen burner!

Nothing is left now but gym, and the student approaches the Fieldhouse with a sinking heart. The instructor looks like the "after taking" part of a vitamin advertisement. "Just a few simple exercises at first," he says with a fiendish grin.

"Very simple," the student agrees, "like picking yourself up by the neck and holding yourself at arm's length." As the instructor demonstrates the exercise, the student begins to wonder how a contortionist happened to be teaching school.

Social life is probably his major disillusionment. He had heard all about it from big brother and sister: a dance every weekend, with lots of parties in between, augmented by a generous amount of picnics and hayrides. But by the time he has finished his history paper, his chemistry problems, his English essay, and his French translation, he is too tired and discouraged for anything but bed. He wonders wearily how college students find time for all the recreation he had heard about, and which he had always had time for in the good old days, B.C. (Before College). Like Petruchio, he asks himself, "Where is the life that late I led?"

But a lost illusion is not always disillusionment. After a few weeks he begins to lose his scared-rabbit attitude, and he realizes that his professors are interested in him as an individual and not just as "the queer person who sits in the front row and bites his fingernails." He discovers, too, that most of them have a sense of humor, contrary to his first impression of college professors. And gradually he finds time for a minimum of social life, on the assumption that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. So out of the chaos in his frustrated mind finally comes order, and he discovers that even the dark cloud of studying can have a silver lining of pure fun.

Growing Up and Liking It

Alice Rose Moore

A recent issue of one of the nationally known teen-age magazines contained an article on how the modern young miss can make the change from childhood to adolescence as easily as a moth can shed its chrysalis. This bright young thing learns overnight to walk gracefully, to apply make-up artfully, to carry on a good conversation with adults, and to reply to all her date's remarks with a bright-eyed and interested "Oh, really!" She plays the piano and sings beautifully; she perfects her tennis backhand and swims like Esther Williams. She is a typical teen-ager.

In reading this article, I thought bitterly how I had made the transformation from childhood to adolescence. For a few seconds, I wished that I had had such a guide as this article when I started my new life. Perhaps I would not have been the stupid, awkward, blundering girl who required loving parents, patient teachers, and understanding friends to see that she survived successfully the age of being fat, sloppy, pimply-faced, and speechless. Of course, I realized that a miracle such as the one the article described occurs only in fiction. No article of that type could pull a young girl through "that age" in a few short days or even in weeks. The transformation from a sheltered violet to an unprotected orchid requires more than the reading of a few words written by a "woman of the world." It requires the neverfailing teacher—experience.

Experience was my unflinching, unyielding director along the new walks of life. When I was thirteen, I looked up with awe to the "queens" of the high school I attended. I thought that just such things as I recently read in this article put them in the position they held. I realized bitterly that not only would transformation have to occur in me, but a mental enlightenment as well. I tried all the diets and beauty preparations advertised and sincerely sought to become well-versed on international affairs. I must have expected miracles. And miracles do not happen. My mother warned me that the diets and cosmetics I tried might injure my health. She said, also, that I could not "cram" into my head information which I did not understand. She attempted to tell me that if I sincerely made an effort to grow up and would just take things as they came, I would not end up an unpopular, withered old maid, as I fully expected to do. Naturally, this attitude did not appeal to me. When, after another year, I remained unpopular and unwanted. I watched my friends blossom into

lovely belles, but I remained a wallflower.

My complexion and my figure grew clearer and slimmer as time wore on, but I still had not developed that "sparkling personality" I longed for. My case looked hopeless, but as I knew I could not continue through life moping and withdrawn, I began to participate in high school activities, particularly dramatics. I decided, even though I knew I would eventually end my existence with a parrot and a black cat, I might as well make the most of what I had at my disposal. This new attitude, of course, gave me the experience I needed. I made many grave errors along this highway, but each error taught me a little more, until I had a fairly good idea of what this society I lived in expected of its members.

I was taught that neither beauty nor a magnificent personality is an essential marker on the road of life. Either one would hardly be a blight on a person's career, but the really important objective in growing up is realizing that the world is made up of millions of people and that each one is an individual being. Understanding others and fitting ourselves into this huge society in whatever place our talents happen to fill should be the ultimate goal for everyone. The high school and college "queens" are usually pretty, but they are also vitally interested in other people, in what they are doing, and in what their problems are. Perhaps there is a modern Cleopatra who is beautiful, talented, gracious, and charming. Perhaps she became so overnight. In most cases, however, it takes a great deal of down-to-earth living to become an important part of our great society.

§ § § §

Watermelon Party

Martha Katzenberger

I shall never forget my first watermelon beach party, which was held at Myrtle Beach in South Carolina. The people with whom I was staying had dug a deep pit in the sand and had filled it with wood for the campfire, which also served as the light for the cutting of the melons. We sat on blankets spread around the fire, singing school songs and old favorites. The night was dark; there was no moon, only millions of stars in the vast, appalling space overhead. The beach at night is terrifying; you cannot see the surf—you can only hear the thunderous roar as the breakers pound the sand. It is so different at night from the gay, friendly beach of daytime

with its colorful bathing suits and beach umbrellas and the shouting and laughter of the bathers in the surf. The friendly, familiar faces around me were made eerie by the shadows from the campfire. During a lull in the gay banter and singing, the breeze from the south would carry to us snatches of music from the hurdy-gurdy and distant shouts of laughter from the crowds on the midway. Along the shoreline, stretching for two or three miles to the north and south of us, the large hotels and guest houses shone with hundreds of lights. They seemed so cheerful and full of life when you were a part of them, but so remote at night, viewed from the darkness of the beach.

There is nothing sweeter than a watermelon grown under the warm South Carolina sun; in order to enjoy it fully one must eat it as we ate it at the beach party. At first I rebelled—I could not think of submerging my face in that half circle of sticky sweetness, but I soon learned the technique. The correct position is of utmost importance in watermelon eating: dig your knees into the sand and rest upon your heels, so that your clothes will not be soiled by the watermelon juice. After the second or third piece, I learned to keep the watermelon out of my ears, and it did not matter if I got my nose in the stickiness. I happily allowed the sweet juice to run off my chin.

The rinds were tossed into the fire pit when they were finished, but they did not burn; and when the party was ended, the pit was filled with sand. The nice part of a watermelon party is the absence of any clean-up jobs; yet, thanks to the tide, there is never a trace of a beach party the following day. Since my first watermelon party on the beach, I have looked forward each year to the next one, and my friends at Myrtle Beach plan one whenever the folks from Indiana are their guests.