

An old glass case in front of the medicines gave forth a sweet yet spicy smell. This case contained almost all of the many assortments of candies, mints, and gums which my uncle sold. On top of the case stood a large jar, the largest I have ever seen, completely filled with long, black, twisted licorice.

A little old pot-bellied stove, with a crooked stove pipe, was placed at a most inconvenient angle; it was not at the end, or at the side, but rose out of the middle of the floor to dominate the store.

An old worn rocking chair, tilted at a dangerous angle near the stove, made one believe that the two had stood many long years together.

After I had examined each item in the store, my uncle would give me a brown bag, full of my favorite candy, to make the long trip home more pleasant for me.

It is hard to explain how an old country store can hold a child in fascination. Then, I believed that the gift of the candy was responsible for my feelings, but I have since realized that the old general store represented the quiet dignity, and mellowness of age, that I have seldom found in the world in which I have grown up.

Environment

Roland W. Becker

THERE is a room. The walls of this room are of varied shades of blue. Heavy red drapes hang over the windows as if to shut the brightness of day from its occupants for fear of disturbing their tranquillity. The contents of the room are numerous. Two desks, a tennis racket, a baker's dozen pairs of shoes, a double deck bed, two chests of drawers, a radio, an overfilled wastepaper basket, towels and facecloths on their rack, half-used packets of matches, piles of phonograph records, a stuffed loon, and a partially opened closet door are just a few of the items that give the room a well lived in look. The only noise that penetrates the room is the measured ticking of an alarm clock. The hands of the clock point to seven when the shrill ringing of the alarm breaks the spaced beat of its power system. It is a new day, and the two occupants of the room proceed to make ready for the various activities that are to come.

One might wonder how a person could possibly say that he was, is, or will be influenced by a room. Do not misunderstand. It is not the same room for everyone. A million dollar mansion, a "buddy" foxhole, a four room bungalow, or one room in a fraternity house—each is of important influence to someone. It is within one's dwelling place that dreams are born, decisions are made, and future plans are devised. One relaxes from the rapid pace of outside activity, and

soon the atmosphere of his resting place replaces the indecisions of hurried thinking with a deep feeling of confidence and the ability to think a problem out with the least degree of rashness possible. One has a feeling of belonging which adds much to his ability to be happy. The room is a friend that will lend warmth in time of distress and will serve as a conscience that will not allow irrational thinking. It is a dependent that keeps one constantly reminded of his obligations. The room is the environment that partially decides an individual's character. The room is home.

A City

Janet Johnson

LIFE is a pattern of growth and development, and to grow is to change. If we look back upon a city a hundred years ago, we would not recognize it as it is today. What was once a small, peaceful town with a few houses scattered over the countryside is now a large, noisy, crowded metropolis throbbing with life. Where farm lands once lay are factories with hundreds of busy employees coming and going each day. The people of a hundred years ago were different from those of our busy city. Their interests, hopes, and aspirations, motivated by life in the big town, have changed. Looking back, we can easily see the progress the city has made. The change from town to metropolis did not happen by chance or, by a stroke of luck, but by steady growth and development. Each new invention and discovery added to what soon became an industrial city, a symbol of youth, growing and changing.