

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.