

Are Women Superior to Men?

Sue Burris

IT is, indeed, sad to relate that the evident superiority of the female over the male is not universally accepted as fact, but merely looked upon as the statement of an egotistical female. Although I am classed as an egotistical female, I should like to settle, forever, the question of who is superior to whom.

I do not, of course, allow my sex to influence my attitude, and do not base my conclusion on mere hearsay. I refer only to specific events in history and do not arrive at my conclusion in

the hare-brained manner which is said to be symptomatic of my sex. I employ only the scientific method in reaching my deductions and developing my proof.

Down through the ages, one statement has been consistently true: "Behind every man, there was a woman!" Eve was the first woman behind the first man. It has been suggested that Satan also was on hand, but obviously Adam could not keep Satan behind him, and even if he had, it would be impossible to determine the sex of Satan by scientific methods. Hence, I pass on this matter briefly. Nevertheless, it was Eve's act of temptation which led to the expulsion from the Garden of Eden, which led to the development of an ancient society, which led to the development of a modern society, which led to the development of television. For this reason alone, man should bow in humility before the shrine of "womanhood."

Old Man

Jane Barbman

THE rain came softly and ran in little rivulets down the window until it reached the sill and dropped with a splash. Here an old man sat stiffly and solemnly watching the storm. Each drop of rain seemed to increase the pounding of his heart and the nagging fear in his brain. He had decided not to let his anxiety show outwardly. Things like this had never bothered him before and they wouldn't now. It had all started one spring day a year ago.

His thoughts traveled back along their worn path, and his body slumped perceptibly in his chair. He had been walking home when some children playing nearby noticed him and laughingly ran to him. He had smiled at their merriment and gone on. But their laughs turned to taunts as they pointed to his clothes, his hair, and his funny, worn-out shoes. This, then, had been the first awareness. As he had gazed at the toes of his shoes, he had wondered at their shouts. They were not good shoes. They had never been expensive, and because he had no overshoes to protect them from the rain, the leather had begun to split, and the soles had begun to curl up at the toes. His trousers were too short, for he had a tall straight figure; his coat was too short in the sleeves and not very warm. His clothes had been given to him by his brother, so he had known they would be too small, but it was useless to argue with his brother.

On that day long ago he had finally become old because of the taunts and his brother and that persistent little fear. On that day he had finally realized and understood what his brother was