

A Memory of Straubing

Ann Schmidt

As I glance backward at the many and varied events of the past eighteen years, the memories of far-off places and of glorious moments come crowding into my mind. The recollection of a faraway place is the most significant of all in my vast sea of memories. This place of which I speak is a very small town called Straubing. Why a town would be given such a name is something I do not know. Straubing, located on the beautiful blue Danube River, is in Bavaria, which is a state of Germany. It is quite a colorful town and is one in which a person immediately feels at home.

This serene, quaint little town is one with which a person falls in love at first sight. The streets are extremely narrow and dark, but still they have an air of neatness and of untold beauty. The main street of Straubing, unlike the others, is very wide, bright, and gay. Situated in the center of the town and also in the center of the main street is the town's fabulous clock tower. It is a massive brick structure which lends to the town a quiet dignity. This gigantic tower can be seen from a long distance away, and the sight of it is very precious to a native of the town after a long journey. In the lower section of the tower are small shops. On the north and south sides of the clock tower are monuments built in honor of two Holy Saints. Both of these monuments are very handsome and are held sacred by the people. There are small trees and shrubs surrounding them; and all of this together forms an island in the roadway. The island is split by another street which crosses the main street at the tower; however, the tower acts as a bridge and brings the two sections together as one. The street passes through the bridge—like arch made by the huge clock tower. When a person looks westward down this tiny street, a fountain in a small pool encompassed by beautiful flowers and comely trees is what the eyes will see. The people of Straubing are proud of this bewitching sight.

Winding its way through Straubing en route to the Danube River is a tiny sparkling stream. The trees which stand straight and tall on the banks of this little stream seem to be embracing it with tenderness and affection. The water gives life to the trees, and they in turn protect the crystal clear water from the deadly rays of the sun. This little stream also provides water for the birds and for the many little animals that live in the trees. It brightens the atmosphere of the parks; and in the quiet solitude of evening the water plays cheerful little tunes as it trickles over the small rocks and tumbles into the tiny crevices to form miniature falls. God took this

and many other beautiful sight and molded this little town. These sights give to a citizen of Straubing the same feeling of hope and happiness as the Eiffel Tower gives to a Frenchman and as the Statute of Liberty gives to an American.

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Justice or Injustice

Carolyn Wilson

FROM Stephen Crane's "The Open Boat," I gather that the author considers individuals to be pawns which are moved about by a merciless and arbitrary power. This theory of determinism implies that there is little man can do to control his destiny. However, such a belief violates the ideals which I hold essential. The system of free enterprise is based upon man's will to work and could not endure long if men thought their labors might not be justly rewarded because of some arbitrary mechanism's whims. Distinction between right and wrong could be discarded because the cruel power might, according to its fancy, turn upon the right and protect the wrong. The personal sense of ethics belonging to man would become distorted and dulled, for we cease to struggle against the odds of life when we cease to believe that justice lies at the end of the fight. With this impersonal power that has man's destiny tightly in its grasp, there can be no real justice. A curious creature, man will beat his head against a stone wall of obstacles and failures and of human-dealt injustices if he believes that his labors will be rewarded when the final count is taken. We mortals will take these wrongs from our equals, but when we come to expect them from the top force of the universe, we have lost everything.

In the light of what has been said, one might ask what I do think men should believe about this question. In answer I can only state my views on the subject. Mr. Crane intimated an insignificance of man in the universe, but I cannot agree with him. Man is a noble creation worthy of being dealt with in a thoughtful manner. Man was given a brain with more capacity than any other known form. He was given the important power of distinction to guide him, and a conscience to keep him on a high moral level. At the very center of his being was created a soul that is the glory of the race, that is the power man fighting for his ideals, that is the real person. Why and by whom are we given these cherished treasures which have enabled us to rise from the skin-wearing, cave-dwelling beast; to bear great, profound mortals who are worthy of their endowment; to discover the secrets locked so securely in and around our planet? My answer