

To fully explain his nomadic habits, Mr. Davis was born into a family where Christmas was "just another day," so the quest for adventure hit him at the very early age of fourteen. Since the time he bid his widowed mother goodbye, he has exemplified the type of dissident described in Howard Mumford Jones' essay "The Iron String." Jumping from one occupation to another, quitting or being fired, making and losing literally fortunes, and not knowing where his next meal might come from, this wanderer has done exactly what he pleased with no confining commitments. To the unimaginative individual Mr. Davis probably appears as a glorified "Bum"—a jack-of-all-trades who could not settle down—but there are several hundred veterans in Richmond State Mental Hospital now enjoying television through the efforts of this "gadabout" who would probably tear this theory into pieces. Likewise, countless Lion and Optimist Clubs in almost every city in our nation have him to thank for their very being.

My adventuresome friend spoke openly to me about his lack of education (he did not finish the eighth grade). "I spent seven years studying nights and depriving myself of many pleasures because I was sick and tired of being ashamed," he reflected. He believes, though, that there is a difference between being educated and being smart. "If the determination is there one can learn through observation, travel, and meeting people without once setting foot inside a university, but if one lacks determination, initiative, and a sense of humor, he's lost," emphasized a man who is no longer self-conscious when addressing a group. An enlarged heart (he kids himself about being "big-hearted") has in recent years limited his escapades, but to my query of future adventures, Mr. Davis said he dreams of organizing a national sportsman club. At present his work is far more down to earth, for this unselfish individual is acting as a counsellor through the State Mental Health Association to aid patients in Madison, Indiana.

By his sincere manner Paul Davis made me feel that talking with me was just as much of a pleasure for him as meeting his famous acquaintances was, and I am certain I could not have felt more proud or impressed had I just interviewed Winston Churchill. Reluctantly I departed after promising faithfully to write him. All the way home I smiled to myself as I thought of his final words about the possibility of his retiring—"I've been to the matinee; now I'd like to witness the evening performance."

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Silence and Thought

Richard Fanestil

SILENCE seems to be provocative of thought; thought, of silence. Certainly, the greatest, wisest thinkers of times present and past are and were silent men. Many of those men must have become

silent before they thought. Christ, I am sure, was a silent and thoughtful man. In my quiet moments, I begin to think. Sometimes my thoughts are deep, profound; at other times, trivial and meaningless. When I think, I withdraw into a silent, still, sleepy world of my own. Nothing disturbs me. Thoughts of life, death, life after death, joy, sorrow, and grief drift aimlessly into my brain, linger a moment, and slither away like a ghost haunting its prey. The ghost is my memory, and I am its prey. This ghost—this haunting memory is silent, but living. May I ever be silent, living, and thoughtful! May I thereby become wise, instilled with the wisdom of a silent, thoughtful Christ.

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The Power of Words

Geraldine Hingle

WORDS have the power to enliven, to quicken, and to thrill. Words have the power to harass, to injure, and to wound. Words have the power to soothe, to captivate, and to heal. Because of words, friends have been made, compromises have been reached, treaties have been signed, and nations have been created. On the other hand, because of words people have become embittered, wars have raged, and nations have fallen. Mighty is the power of words!

Because of the power of words, used by adroit hands, one can visualize what others have seen. Edna St. Vincent Millet creates a complete panorama of autumn beauty in one line from her poem, "God's World": "Thy woods this autumn day that ache and sag and all but cry with color!"; Weldon Johnson in his poem "The Creation" gives one a vivid picture in these words: "Darkness covered everything, blacker than a hundred midnights down in a cypress swamp"; Thomas Wolfe makes the reader not only see but also experience dawn with his words, "The cool streets just grayed now with that still, that unearthly, magical first light of day which seems suddenly to rediscover the great earth out of darkness, so that the earth emerges with an awful, a glorious sculptural stillness—." Through these words the reader catches the vision of the author.

Also words can appeal to the sense of hearing. Listen to the sounds in the words—"the metallic click of ice-covered branches as they sway in the wind"; "silver bells, how they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle in the icy air of night"; and again in "an old opera tune played on a harpsichord." There are words that grate on the ear, such as *guts*, *shut-up*, and *vomit*. However, there are words that are soothing to the ear, such as *memory*, *music*, and *mother*. Yes, strident discords or great symphonies can be created through the use of words.

Authors, especially poets, use words to create their emotions in the mind of the reader. Sympathy wells in the reader's heart when he reads, "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand, and the smile of a