

pare the following generation for the fine arts." It was with such a philosophy in mind that he established Tuskegee Institute of Alabama which, with a roll of over six thousand students, is now successfully demonstrating his ideals. Bethune Cookman and Hampton Institute are other schools that were established on that utilitarian philosophy. The Afro-American students attending these schools develop what is within them to accomplish.

In a nation which still refuses to recognize his cultural achievements, the Afro-American has established rigid requirements within his institutions for educational developments, and conformity to these rigid principles gives him access to a greater freedom. The unjust criticism he often receives from his white associates only induces him to conform more rigidly to those standards of individual development. The results will determine the eventual trend of American civilization to a considerable degree.

The Afro-Americans are not a people given to boast of their cultural achievements; neither are they given to the expounding of elaborate discourse to disprove that they are a "benighted people." They are conscious of the fact that they will never be given a just appraisal of their quality and accomplishments, but individualism and conformity go hand in hand to their best interest. Thus they have a pioneering spirit of individualism disciplined by the reflecting zeal of conformity.

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Life Looking Up

Lucia Walton

IF I were given a chance to start my life over again, I'd commission someone to invent a stretching apparatus for me. If that sounds rather odd to you, you're tall. Don't try to console me with such pretty terms as tiny, petite, and diminutive; from almost every viewpoint except mine, four feet eleven and one-half inches is just plain short. Ever since my contemporaries first began to look down on me at about the time they learned to walk, I've been wondering what the world looks like to an average-sized person; therefore, if I could start again, I'd stretch myself five or six inches and find out how the weather is up where you are. I think I'll try it, at least in theory. Here I go! Stretch-creak-groan-stretch - there! I made it!

Now that I'm as tall as you are, please remember that my name is Lucia, not "shrimp," "pint-size," "small-fry," "midget," or even "Little Lucia." You no longer have reason to say if you bump into me, "Oh, excuse me! I didn't see you down there!" Neither are you justified in facetiously asking my pin-man if I'm his little sister. What a difference five inches makes! Now that I can look you in the eye without standing on tiptoe, you won't be complaining that you

feel like a giant beside me, asking me if I pay half-price at theaters, or offering to give me a pair of stilts for Christmas. I can see over people's shoulders now, and I don't get trampled in crowds. My feet touch the floor when I sit down, I don't have to drive sitting on a pillow, and no one asks me if I fibbed about my age to get a driver's license. At dances, I don't spend the evening with a beautiful view of nothing but my escort's belt buckle, and no bright boys wonder what cradle he robbed. I'm not too short to model, clerks don't try to direct me to the junior department when I shop for clothes, and I spend no more tedious hours putting hems a foot deep in all my skirts. Furthermore, I needn't climb on a chair every time I want to reach a high shelf!

That was fun—I didn't realize what I'd been missing! I have to come down from my high horse, though; what is, is, and what is not, is not. I'm still short, and I haven't found a people-stretcher. My head will still become sore from being patted and my neck stiff from looking up. People will continue to remark cleverly that I'm too small to be in college, that their ten-year-old sisters are taller than I am, that I ought to carry a stepladder in my pocket. Members of the opposite gender who fall on their knees before me will be teasing rather than romantic, unless they happen to be shoe salesmen. Simpering self-styled humorists will probably never cease inquiring if I shrank the last time it rained, if I'm dressing up in my mother's clothes, or if I also come in the large economy size. They'll go on alluding to me as "pocket edition" and "short stuff." So please remember, the next time you start to ask me whether I'm standing in a hole or sitting down, that you're not in the least original. I've heard that one before.

Lost to the World of Fantasy

Shirlee Smith

JAMIE JACKSON sat looking through the rain-streaked window of Mercy Hospital as he tried to think back through the preceding events of the year. Why should he suddenly be so alone and miserable? As Jamie listened to the rain falling on the tiled roof, he remembered some of the occasions that his family had shared together.

The Jacksons had been happy in their small community. Many friends liked them and considered the Jacksons to be a model family. Jamie now visioned the memories of the times in which the family would go up to the bluff on Sundays for picnics; he talked about the summer months that they spent at the lake; and he spoke wistfully of the hunting trips that he and his father had taken last winter. As they would walk through the woods stalking game, how new and fresh everything had seemed, and how it had almost been a wonderland, especially on late fall mornings when a thick coating of frost