

parasitic characters of the community. He knew it would never be returned to him, not in cash, anyway.

As I review my apprenticeship under George from time to time, I am amazed at the amount of his philosophy of life which has become a part of me. His influence has gone out in many directions from his little community in the form of partially trained printers and partially developed philosophies.

Point Blank Observation

John Roberts

THE small black pit made a deep impression upon my mind. I thought of its great power and its ability to do great destruction. I wondered about its attributes and came to the conclusion that there were none. The opening had a radius of only a quarter of an inch, but it was sufficient to snuff out life. Peering down the hole, I could see the grooves that lined its inside. When I thought that just a flick of the finger could make me an immortal, sweat dripped from my brow. . . . Not everyone can be fortunate enough to have the end of a loaded gun barrel stare him in the face.

Footprints in the Sand

Jean E. Rees

ON THIS still, cold, misty morning, while strolling down the beach, I see a figure, who stands dressed entirely in black, surrounded by the glistening gray sand. Only the slapping, lapping of the hungry, salty sea can be heard, each wave trying to outdo the other in order to overtake the stooped, desolate man. The man seems conscious only of the song the sea sings. He soon loses even this contact as he becomes more and more engrossed in thought—a thought which seems as if it will shatter into little pieces and never give him peace of mind from the grief he bears. He feels that if he could be by himself for a while his grief would be cast aside, setting him free once again.