forgotten by the military, with only a tombstone and a dusty personnel folder to prove that he had ever existed. He will linger on in the hearts of those who loved him most as a resurgent agony. In time, this agony will petrify into a cold numbness which only death can bring. He will be enshrined in the hearts of his friends, but even as a shrine becomes tarnished and tattered when it is exposed to the elements, so will a shrine in the hearts of people when exposed to the vicissitudes of life. He was a cog that had been broken and replaced. Even if he had been a general, he would have been replaced with relative ease.

Is anyone so indispensable that he cannot be replaced? I think not. Rich or poor, powerful or picayune, loved or unloved, a man will surely die, and he will most assuredly be forgotten.

My First Concert
Janet L. Cox

On March 29, 1954, I gathered up my long black skirt in one hand, grasped my horn with the other, and hesitantly made my way down the long corridor of Caleb Mills Hall. As I neared the warm-up room, the beautiful, impromptu concerto of symphonic instruments tuning up for a concert greeted my ears. Flute and clarinet players played sweeping runs, trumpets rapidly tongued technical exercises, and trombones sonorously announced their presence. Above all this, I could hear the golden melted-butter tone of the French horns. My heart gave a great leap as I realized that tonight I was playing with an orchestra made up of college students and professional musicians—all infinitely better players than I, a high school sophomore. My weak knees swayed a little as I took my horn from its case and began running over passages from the selections we were to play for the concert. As I played, the polished, bell-like tones emitted from my teacher’s horn reached my ears, and the black ink spots blurred as I realized my inadequacy among these musicians. However, my teacher sensed this and smiled encouragement to me as we filed onto the stage.

The house lights dimmed before the conductor walked briskly on stage and stepped up to the podium. With a wave of his baton, the first soft strains of the violins sounded, and we were off to the glorious land of “Les Preludes.” Gradually, as the music rose and swelled around us, my fear vanished; I became just another musician lost in the trance of helping to create ethereal sounds. The music swelled to a soul-searching climax. Then, as I stood with the other orchestra members to take my bow, the ink spots, the conductor, and the audience again became blurred. My teacher’s dark eyes sparkled as he looked at me with understanding. He knew that I had just realized that I belonged in that orchestra, even though my experience was less than that of my fellow musicians.