composition.

An acquaintance with the "Moonlight Sonata" by Beethoven gave such personal satisfaction to me. The "Moonlight Sonata" was supposedly composed by Beethoven as he sat gazing at the shadows made by the moonlight in a moment of tranquility and peace, free from the terrible doubts that clouded his mind in regard to his increased difficulty in hearing. The resulting music is that of a soul at peace. The movement is free, simple, and pure, just as moonlight is free, simple, and pure with no imperfections. There are no tricky passages and no elaborate phrases to clutter up the beautiful simplicity of the main theme. It flows smoothly as moonlight on still water, but there are shadows of melancholy in the moonlight of the music. These same shadows filled the corners of Beethoven's life, which ended in a crashing symphony of silence—of total deafness to the music of the world around him to which he had added so much. All things of near-perfect beauty contain this hint of melancholy, however; for surely the creator, whether musician, artist, sculptor, or architect, must feel that he has reached a zenith of perfection which can never again be achieved.

Although most music critics would not claim Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" as one of his greatest works, there is something of its searching simplicity and melancholy which have captured my imagination and have set me dreaming. The flowing music has offered a peaceful refuge to me in time of emotional storms that come my way, for, as I play the rippling notes of the composition, a sense of peace and beauty flows from the music into my soul. I am able to turn my eyes from visions of the soft smoothness of moonlight to the harsh brightness of reality with a fresh perspective.

Waitresses

Ted Maier

In my travels I have had occasion to eat in public places very frequently. I have eaten in restaurants in many foreign countries. I have visited restaurants both large and small and therefore have had the opportunity to observe the habits of waitresses. Universally, the purpose of the waitress is the same; however, there are mannerisms characteristic of waitresses that cause me to classify them into three main groups: the Canis Lupa, the Pachyderm, and the Femme Dangereuse. All waitresses fall into one of these three groups, irrespective of nationality.

The waitresses in the Canis Lupa group are the most efficient of the three groups. They are always married and usually frustrated. They work well and are very sincere in their efforts to please. Usually they are very sleek and pretty, but feel that they are being mistreated because they have to work; however, they are sensible enough not to allow their domestic troubles to interfere with their job. In restaurants mainly employing women of this group, one does
well to eat only lunch and dinner meals, as these young ladies are no paragons of good nature in the early morning hours. They are sly and will always have a sharp retort for the practical joker. They do not discriminate against the small tipper because they are so preoccupied that they can never remember how much money any one customer leaves them. You will usually find them in the larger restaurants and all-night "eateries" because they are very good at handling people. Next time a waitress waits on you, look at the third finger of her left hand. If it's banded and she is pretty, if she gives you a nice smile and looks resourceful, you can be sure that she is a Canis Lupa.

The Pachyderms are grossly inefficient and overbearing. They are usually obese and outspoken. They rule their section of the restaurant like a mother hen ruling her roost. They have an amazing ability to remember which customer tips and precisely how much, and they serve accordingly. They act as if they are doing you a great favor by attending your table; oftentimes they can't remember who ordered what, and they care less. They spend as much time eating as they do serving, which probably accounts for the fact that they are obese. They are usually unmarried and realize that they probably will always be. They hate humanity, especially the married pachyderms. They bring their troubles to work, and therefore the customers suffer. They aren't neat in their appearance and they are often very clumsy. You will find this group mostly in small restaurants and hash houses where they can scream out orders and where service isn't at a premium. If you happen to be unfortunate enough to seat yourself in the domain of the pachyderms, calmly rise and run for the safety of the nearest Canis Lupa.

The waitresses in the Femme Dangereuse group are the middle-of-the-roaders. Their service isn't too bad and they don't concern themselves about the amount of tips. They are safe enough for most customers but extremely dangerous to the status of bachelors. They are never married, but are perpetually in search of a husband. There are two sub-types of the Femme Dangereuse. Type I is shy and awkward. Type II is not only awkward but talks like a magpie. Neither could be graceful, even if she could float.

Both want to trap a man but don't know how. Type I, while waiting on you, will act like a school girl on her first date and will turn pink at every word you say to her. She is nervous while waiting on all customers, but while waiting on a bachelor, she will be so nervous that she may spill something on him. The magpie is more forward but equally as awkward. She will flit from table to table, stumbling here and there, smiling and blinking her eyes at every single man in the place. This type is dangerous to everybody, for as she is flitting about, her eyes fixed on a marriage prospect, she may just as easily as not dump a bowl of hot gravy right in the middle of your table. These waitresses can be either pretty or ugly; however, usually Type I is prettier than Type II. Both types give good service, except
to the bachelor. He will get what I call the bachelor's dinner; that is,
two hours to have his order prepared, half an hour to be served, and
ten minutes to eat it. They will try to keep him around as long as
possible. Both types are found in restaurants everywhere. When
you go into a restaurant, look around. If you spot either type of
group III giving you that lean and hungry look, leave and don't go
back—that is, unless you happen to be a woman.

Let It Rain
Phoebe Diane Bowman

It was hot. It was dry. There was no chance of a change. There
had been no chance of a change for the last six years. But maybe,
the seventh year, the rains would come—they had to come soon.
Edgar remembered that in the Bible the slaves were freed in the
seventh year; and Edgar prayed.

He wanted to work in the cotton fields again; he wanted to sweat
the sweat of honest, hard work. He longed to see the white cotton
balls silhouetted against the black of the earth. For years his fields
had failed to yield a crop because of the lack of rain.

Yes, it was hot even so early in the morning. The mesquite tree,
which was thriving in the drought, cast an eerie and frightening
shadow across the bedroom floor. Edgar hated the superiority of
that tree which could endure the unbearable heat and dryness.

Edgar rolled from his bed and studied the sky; he searched for
a tiny cloud. There was no cloud. He pulled on his blue denim
overalls and slid his long, lean feet into high-topped brogans to face
another day.

He heard Ruth milling about in the kitchen. A feeling of guilt
passed over him. At one time Ruth had been the most beautiful girl
in the whole southern part of Texas; now there was no money to
buy face cream or perfume and no money for fancy clothes. Her
hands were beginning to crack just like Aunt Ida's after twenty-five
years' hard, hard work.

There was not much in the tin-roofed, weather-beaten gray house.
There was little water in the well. It was hot and dry and getting
hotter. The sun parched the earth.

Slumping to the breakfast table, Edgar ate and felt better. He
kissed Ruth on the forehead and left the small ranch.

Today he had a carpenter's job, building a garage for Mr. Bell.
Bob Bell wasn't suffering from the drought, for he had struck two
oil wells right in his own back yard—two miles from Edgar's place.

Edgar wondered if the black gold gushed beneath the sunbaked
acreage of his farm. He knew he couldn't drill in order to find out
because that takes money.

All day the sun beat down on Edgar's tired back. Each hour he
was more sure that the sun was hotter in Texas than anywhere else
in the world. Edgar regretted that he had labored so thoroughly, so