

with his withered forefinger. The guilty person would vanish into the two-by-four prison for the remainder of the period. To the boys of the class this looked like great sport, and so they proceeded to antagonize Moffat in hopes of being sent to the dungeon. But as usual, Moffat had other ideas. One day he quietly and deliberately drew circles, two inches in diameter, on the blackboard. Then he turned on the agitators and marched them to the board ordering them to insert their noses in the circles. The girls and Moffat enjoyed a good laugh.

Like the hundreds who had gone before me, I too, by the end of the semester, had learned respect not only for this educator but also for the subject material. For through his unconventional teaching techniques, Moffat was able to make students retain material far longer than the colorless school-marm could ever hope to. In fact, never have I seen an educator who makes a more perfect subject for the old Italian proverb, "Whoso would kindle another must himself glow."

Hiroshima

J. W. Stilwell

AT EXACTLY ten minutes past six in the morning, on August 6, 1955, Japanese time, Mr. Osyki Kamura stepped off the train at the Hiroshima station and joined the crowd of businessmen and schoolchildren who were politely pushing their way toward the exit. Before leaving the building, he stopped to buy a package of Golden-Bat cigarettes, and was puffing on one as he stepped out onto the sidewalk. The crowd had almost completely dispersed, and he easily made his way to the corner where he would catch the trolley. The traffic, which was made up of every type of vehicle from rickshaws to two-ton trucks, was exceptionally heavy on the six-lane main street; but by bluffing the driver of a late-model Chrysler he was able to dash to the trolley's safety zone. As he stood there waiting, his glance fell on the clock of the new eight-story department store, and he was pleased to find that his own Omega was in agreement with it. When the trolley arrived, he dropped his twenty yen into the box and walked to the rear of the car, where he found a seat by the window, complete with a discarded newspaper. He flipped through the first few pages of the paper, paying only slight attention to the picture on the front page when something made him turn back and observe it more closely. Suddenly he realized that it was a picture of the very street he was now on, taken two months before the Americans dropped the bomb. Why, if it hadn't been for Toyami's fish-market in the foreground, he would never have recognized it as being the same town. How depressing was the sight of the old, crowded, two-lane street with no building over three stories high. Even the old Kyo bridge looked as if it was ready to crumble and float on out to the sea. As the trolley hummed on down the street, he began com-

paring the scene that was moving past the window with the picture which he held in his hands. A feeling of pride rushed through him when he thought of the marvelous job his countrymen had done rebuilding the once-devastated town. He was sure that no other people in the world would have had the determination to turn a charred, twisted waste into this useful, modern business-district that he now observed. Only an unyielding desire to live and work where their forefathers had lived and worked could produce results such as these.

Just before the trolley started across the Kyo river, it passed the one remaining, obvious reminder of that horrible day, now ten years past. The sun glinting on the shiny bronze plaque made it impossible to read the inscription from where he was, but he knew what it said, word for word, from previous visits. "Let there be no more Hiroshimas." The words rang in his head. Behind the plaque, the razed skeleton of what had once been the most impressive building in town, stood like a filthy scar on an otherwise beautiful face. During the remainder of the ride his mind drifted back to the war, and he briefly recounted the griefs he had known, including the loss of both his sons. How easily we forget the horrors that war brings and the price that victor and loser alike must pay, he mused. How he wished that everyone in the world could carry, in his mind, the picture of mass destruction and human suffering that at this moment was dominating his thoughts. Were we right in rebuilding our city, or should we have left it untouched as a warning to any nation who is considering war as the answer to its problems? He decided he didn't know the answer, but he resolved to include in his prayers, that very night, a plea that there would never be another Hiroshima.

MUSIC

Music is a love song
Singing in the breeze,
Music is the wind's song
Whisp'ring through the trees.
Its tones are clear and lovely,
Spreading o'er the earth;
It may be played on instruments
Or sung with joy and mirth.
Few of us can understand
The beauty of each phrase,
But music is God's own way
Of bright'ning all our days.

—DAVID D. GRAF