

how anyone could eat hot dogs on a day like this.

But suddenly the juleps, hot dogs, and thirst were forgotten as the sharp, clear notes of a bugle sounded above the dull murmur of the crowds swarming in the infield. The notes spilled out into the hot air with precise, staccato rhythm. "Ta-Ta-ta, ta, ta-Ta." Even as they played, the crowd's murmuring grew greater, and multitudes of brightly hued race fans moved toward the track. Stripes, plaids, checks, polka-dots melted into a solid sea of excited humanity swarming toward the rail. Folding chairs, blankets, and food were abandoned for the more immediate interest at hand. The man asleep shoved his racing form aside, arose and roused the drunk before moving on. The latter staggered up to join the thousands preparing to watch the race.

To assure myself a view of the track, I wedged between a woman standing on a bright red cooler and a gentleman loaded with movie equipment. It was impossible to stand upright, squarely facing the fence that separated us from the rail, so I pushed myself in sideways and crouched as if preparing to sit. The man beside me unintentionally swung around, his camera banging my head and sending me face first into the cool, wire fence. Though my head stung from the blow and my back ached from the cramped position, it was all worth it to see that track—brown, smooth, and fast.

As I crouched there, hemmed in on three sides, I could see the mobile starting-gate rumble across the track to park in my view. The padded doors were open and ready for the horses to enter at post time. The people on the roof tops across the wall were cheering excitedly. The television cameras on top of the grandstand were turned on the main attractions, the race horses. Then the first thoroughbred, dark, slender and spirited, pranced into view. The silk-clad jockey perched high on his back. The sweet haunting melody of "My Old Kentucky Home" floated through the sunlit air and above the hushed voices of the thousands gathered along the track. It was then that I became part of that sea of faceless thousands who melted into the bright and gaudy scenery of Churchill Downs. The Kentucky Derby would soon begin.

My Unpretentious, Beautiful Bug

Tom Bose

I AM A SUBVERSIVE threat to the American economy. In an economy based on periodical obsolescence, frequent major breakthroughs in progress, and rapid turnover a few citizens refuse to cooperate. These individuals of questionable allegiance find it unbearably difficult to part with the old and embrace the new. In an unsympathetic society a few people become attached to a possession, while the forward looking majority eagerly scraps the outmoded or outdated and purchases the very latest and most advanced. As a member of the persecuted minority, I have developed a deep attachment to a little

black automobile that a calloused member of the majority decided to cast away four years ago.

It is absurd that anyone should become emotionally attached to his means of transportation, yet I often find myself willing to defend my little black bug against the most severe criticism. From the moment I first saw it, I felt a paternal tenderness for the bug as I gazed at it parked in a crowded two-car garage next to an evil-looking Detroit monster. The unwanted little three-year-old British Austin sedan squatted on its worn treads as if it had been evicted by an unsympathetic landlord. My compassion was so great that I disregarded any serious thought and soon adopted the bug.

Perhaps in the mind of a coldhearted accountant I made a mistake. To date some three hundred fifty dollars have been spent on maintenance, and an itemized list of maintenance and repairs covers two full pages in my records. The market value fell from over six hundred to under two hundred dollars within one year. As a seven-year-old British car it often must do without the proper replacement part, or else I must pay premium prices for the special, seldom stocked items it frequently needs, such as sixty-dollar-per-pair shock absorbers. Yet knowledgeable people confidently tell me these little British automobiles easily last over one hundred thousand miles and save money in the long run. If so, I can confidently expect seven more years of feuding with the dealership and constructing home-made replacement parts. My bug often may not run "jet smooth," may not be powered by a "super torque" engine, and may not give me this year's "get up and go" feeling, but I am heartened whenever I see a certain seldom-serviced, dilapidated old 1942 granddaddy to my bug still plodding down the street on a majority of its four cylinders.

My little black bug sports an immaculate red interior with leather seats that can be equalled only in a high-priced luxury car. Both inside and out she is not pretentious but genuinely beautiful and finished in detail. At a stop light more powerful cars, and it is hard to find a car that does not have more horsepower, accelerate past my bug and take advantage, which has helped develop a deep inferiority complex. Despite the many jokes she hears about the squirrels who run on peanuts under her hood, my bug churns along at eighty-five miles per hour if given enough room. Like a person of small stature, she makes up for her size by her nimbleness, finding holes and making maneuvers in traffic that leave the brutish Detroit monsters envious. People often laugh at her storage tray beneath her dash, but after they see how handy it is for feet or books they wonder why their car is not equipped with a similar feature. Although very modest, my bug wears a flawless coat of paint that seems to become more beautiful as she matures. Like the woman who does not overly expose her beauty but keeps it to herself, my little bug holds her head high whenever a stranger makes jest of her, for she knows she radiates a charm and beauty for those who can see through

her superficially plain appearance and remain to become acquainted with her.

She has her faults, just as no human being is perfect. As many people are prepared and ready for a task except at the moment they are needed, my little bug provides warmth and comfort from her heater in the summer, but in the winter the heater struggles vainly to warm the cold air. As any person might favor a leg or an ankle or an injured arm, my bug favors her second gear, for the proper touch is needed to shift into second without a protest, a rebuke perhaps, from her gearbox. She has defects in her personality, but now that I know her well I respect her for her modesty. I admire her unpretentious design combined with her deepseated beauty. And if some winter day when I drove her to class her heater vigorously poured forth warm air, and she made not a protest as I gingerly shifted her into second gear, she would not be the same car.

A Memory of Silence

John Greene

As I stood before that high wall of age-worn stone, a nervous chill passed through my body. The gate, two wooden doors darkened by weather and age, cracked open at exactly twelve o'clock. There, in the warm sunlight of a summer afternoon, stood a monument of peace, Catholic Christianity, and silence. The gate shut behind me, and at once I felt as though I were far removed from the world I had just left. The tall buildings which faced me seemed as silent as death itself, for from none of the open windows did I hear the angry shouts of impatience, or the clanging and banging of slamming doors, or even the rustling of papers by the fingers of a tired and bleary-eyed student. The quiet was frightening at first, but as the purpose of my coming here arose in my mind, the peace of these surroundings seemed at least proper, and even magnificent. I thought to myself, "So this is that other world, the world of the Trappist monk—how beautifully simple it is. For three days it's going to be my world too."

Immediately, I was taken to my room, which was quite small but nevertheless very cool and comfortable. Beneath the large French window overlooking a multi-colored flower garden, was my bed, which was surprisingly soft and inviting. At the foot of the bed stood a high desk made of some light wood and stained with a light-oak varnish. Opposite the window was a sink, and above that a towel rack, mostly covered by two white, fluffy towels. The walls were a pastel blue which, when the sun shone brightly, cast a light tint over everything in the room. Hanging on the wall at the head of my bed was a large cross with a plaster of Paris corpse of the crucified Jesus on it. That crucifix, unadorned yet modern in artistic design, suggested to me the austere but never stagnant life of the Trappists: as they live in simplicity and silence, they also grow