

ing around I overheard an elderly woman exclaim her dislike for "jazz." Once again I must defend jazz to those who mistake it for the base music produced in myriad quantities and passed off onto the vulnerable masses of teenagers.

Recently Great Britain, France, Holland, Switzerland, and other countries allied themselves with communist states in order to denounce "dissonant contemporary music and tendencies of extreme subjectivism." I hope this country will never join in such a union. This country must remember the artist under communist styled supervision is not free, since he is denied the irremovable right of being wrong. The need to be "right" is undoubtedly the heaviest burden such an artist can carry since an artist learns as much from his mistakes as he does from his successes. If the United States were to join this union, it would be denying many men one of their basic and most precious rights—the freedom of expression.

The Return of the Chinaman

Melva Sissom

SITTING in my upstairs study, I watched the darting silhouette of my little Chinese servant as he saddled my guest's horse and helped him mount. His pidgin English carried up to my ears. "Good night, Missy Blake. Careful ridee horsey."

As the horse and rider began to fade from sight and sound, I returned to my desk; and lighting my pipe, I waited for Chang to enter the room. It was ironic, I mused, that around most people Chang had to use pidgin to be understood. It was expected of him, as was the queue he wore.

My thoughts wandered to my two little girls and then to their mother, who had been the strength of my soul. When she died eight years ago, I was left crippled. Had it not been for Chang, who one lucky day came rattling up to my front door in an old peddler's wagon full of pots and pans, I would still be going through the motions of a pretended living; and God only knows what the fate of my daughters would have been. Chang was a remarkable man. Of a first Chinese generation to be born in America, he had attended Stanford University. Believing the life of a servant to be the refuge of a philosopher, as well as a position of power and love, he had, thus far, been content with making my life and my daughters' as comfortable and enriched as possible.

"Missy Stephens, I bling Chinese blandy. Stlong dlink. As a matter of fact, it's brandy with a dose of wormwood in it. Taste it at the back of your tongue," advised Chang as he entered the study.

Lifting the translucent China demitasse to my lips, I tilted my head back. "I see what you mean. That is good."

As I finished the brandy, Chang stood stiffly before me. "All right, Chang, out with it!"

Somewhat taken back by my sudden remark, he began, "Faith-

fully have I served you to the best of my ability for the past six years, and now I. . . ."

"When do you want to go?" I asked, interrupting his memorized speech.

Sadly Chang smiled. "Am I so obvious?"

"I heard you rehearse in the kitchen last week."

"I must leave as soon as possible. If I don't, I'm afraid I'll lose my intention."

"But why must you go back to China? You know you will break the girls' hearts and mine. Aren't you happy here?"

"To the American definition of happiness, I must say no. I am called to China just as a salmon is called to his spawning waters. Richard, you weren't born in America, were you?"

"No, I came over from Sweden when I was eighteen."

"Yet today, you have blended in with the surroundings, and no one knows or cares that you are an immigrant. I was born and educated here; yet, I still must speak pidgin and wear a queue because I have never blended into the melting pot. I must go to China to see how I mix there."

Thus ended our conversation for the night.

The next morning during breakfast, I was outraged at the apathetic way my children received Chang's notice of departure.

"Is he?" asked Ruth. "Ellen's having a birthday party tomorrow afternoon. Can we go?"

"Yes, but did you hear what I said?"

"Sure," answered Mary. "You said Chang's leaving us."

"But he's not coming back!"

"Oh?" queried Ruth. "Where is he going?"

"To China."

"Have a nice trip, Chang. Come on, Mary, we're going to be late for school. Bye."

Chuckling, Chang began to clear the breakfast table. "Don't worry about the girls, Richard. Children are remarkably free from the pretensions that mark their elders. I know they'll think of me from time to time, though. Don't forget to buy two birthday gifts. Be sure the girls do their homework. There's a chicken in the ice-box."

"I'll walk to the depot with you, Chang."

"No!" he replied sharply. "No, I don't want that. Good-bye, Mr. Stephens. Good-bye Richard."

As he hurried out the door, I shouted after him, "Be sure to write."

One, then two months went by; next, a whole year passed. I heard nothing from Chang. One evening as I was scraping at the thick black crust that marked the remains of what was supposed to be Mary's birthday cake for the next day, the back door suddenly opened. As I wheeled around, in walked Chang. Taking the pan from me, he put it in the sink and ran cold water over it while I stood

motionlessly. "Let it soak."

"Chang . . . Chang . . . what happened? Is anything wrong? Did you run out of money? Are you all right?"

"Yes, yes, calm down," replied the dignified little Chinaman. Taking two little porcelain cups from the cupboard, he said, "I'll pour us some brandy."

"Well, stop studying your cup, and tell me what has happened," I demanded.

Slowly placing the demitasse on the table, Chang began, "You see, Richard, I set out on my quest to find out where I really belonged. My trip proved successful. I found it, and it's not in China. Would you believe it? I was more foreign there than I am here. They laughed at my accent; they ridiculed my looks; they called me an Occidental."

"Then you are home to stay?"

"Yes," answered Chang. "I have given the matter much thought, and I've decided the key to acceptance of different peoples must be education. If this is true, then someday the power of America's educational system will wipe out those disagreeable elements that mark me and similars an inferior." Saying thus, Chang arose from the table and went over to his sewing box that lay dusty on top of the cupboard. Opening it, he withdrew a pair of scissors, and, with the aid of the reflected lamp light that shone from Richard's shaving mirror, he snipped off his pigtail.

The Spirit of Religion

Evelyn Jones

I WAS ALONE. Gradually I became aware of my surroundings. Grass six inches high tickled the bare portions of my arms and legs. A matted bed of grass lay beneath my body. I breathed deeply. A fresh scent of clover and apple blossoms filled my nostrils and lungs. I was one with God, my Father. I rested my head in the cradle of my arms. I closed my eyes so that I could see. I envisioned a meadow, a brook, a blue sky, a cloud—a single cloud. We waited together.

Perfect health, spirit, and harmony were mine alone. My every need was fulfilled by Him, my God! My Creator! I was at peace. I was not in my body. I was the realization of the divine image of the One Soul, the One Mind, the One Spirit, the One Love, the One Life, the One Truth, the One Principle. I was a church, a temple, a monument of happiness and strength. "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." My life knew nothing of a material birth. I knew nothing of death. My life was eternal as the everlasting endowment of God's origin and being. This reality was ever present in consciousness.

The cloud and I were not alone. God waited with us.