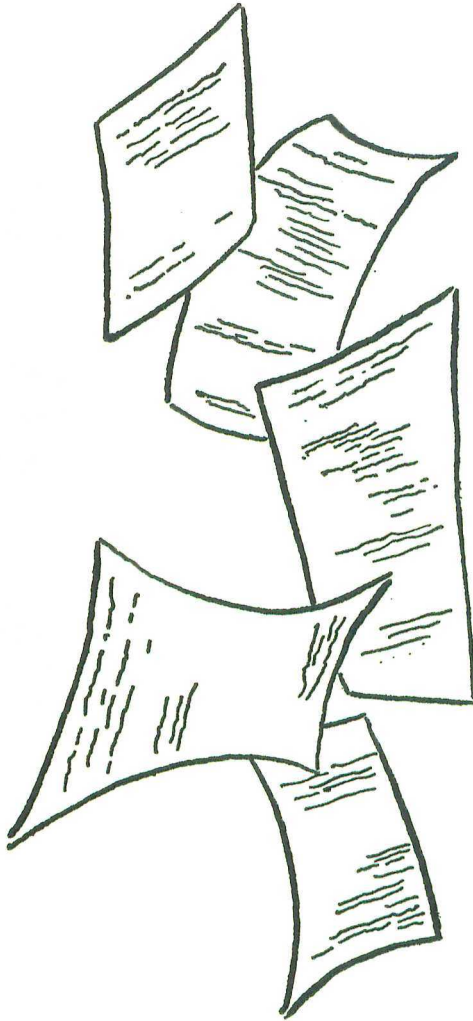


MSA



BUTLER UNIVERSITY



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I Love You, Scotty

Elsye Mahern

IF I OPENED my eyes as wide as I could and wrinkled my forehead, I could look at the dog through my bangs. Whenever I could do that, I knew it wouldn't be long before Mother sent me to the barber with two dimes tied in the corner of my handkerchief, and I'd have to tell him, "Just to the tip of my ear, please." He'd cut my bangs too, and then for a while I couldn't look at things through them. Everything looked different, and better somehow, when I looked through my bangs. Everything looked enchanting, but I had to be careful not to say so.

Once just after I'd been given the dog—I can't remember who gave him to me—I said, "That dog simply reeks class!" Mother heard me and she pointed her face at the ceiling and laughed. "Reeks," she said and laughed some more. I don't know why she pointed her face at the ceiling and I wished that she wouldn't do it. She did the same thing when she coughed, only it was worse. When she coughed her face and her throat were like one thing, the throat long, and the cheeks flat, and the mouth open and the lips out. It made me think of some kind of animal—like a wolf, maybe.

By the time she stopped laughing, I knew the word reeks was spoiled. I couldn't be happy anymore even thinking the word. I'd been happy saying, "That dog simply reeks class!" It was true. He was a real Scotty, and that wasn't just an ordinary dog. But mostly I'd been happy saying it because it sounded like something someone in the movies would say.

I went to the movies almost every Sunday afternoon, so I knew how real people are supposed to be. In the movies, people looked at each other and talked to each other. In the movies, children came home from school laughing, and their mother laughed and fixed them sugar bread, and took them shopping, and they bought a red coat or patent leather shoes, which came up high in back, and had five straps in front which buttoned on the side with five shiny black buttons, with a little, pointy, silver thing in the center of each button. Or their parents tucked them in bed, and wound up a music box which played tinkly music, while they snuggled under soft covers.

But we weren't like anybody in the movies. Once I came in from school and said, "My face hurts." Daddy was sitting on the register playing his ukelele. "You think it hurts you," he said, "what about us—we have to look at it." It hurt mostly when the wind blew. Sometimes in the winter it hurt softly, all the time—not like the hurt in my side, from running—but just easy. Then when the wind blew,

or the sun on the snow made red dots in my eyes, it hurt bad.

Daddy was a car-knocker on the Big Four Railroad. He worked the second trick, and I couldn't go to bed until mother called him at 10:30. When he got out of the bed, I got into it and tried to go to sleep right away, because I didn't like the way the bed smelled. When I was littler, I'd just crawled over him and slept next to the wall. But no matter how still I tried to be, I wiggled too much. So I had to wait until he got out of the bed.

Mother sat at the dining room table, painting a picture or doing a cross-word puzzle. "Alma!" My eyes flew open and I sat up straight. But it was like someone was inside of me, pulling me in and down, and I sank into the softness. "Alma, don't you go to sleep there!" My eyes flew open again and I tried to look at the Wallpaper—at the shiny stripe beside the dull stripe, with the flowers twining up between them. But the room wouldn't stay there long.

Once when she called me to go to bed, I got up and got the funny paper and squatted on the register to read it. They laughed at me and the sound woke me up. I didn't like to wake up to the sound of people laughing at me.

You can see that we weren't anything like people in the movies—we weren't like real people at all, and that's why I wanted the dog. Well, I didn't really want it—but I knew that you were supposed to want a dog, and I thought that I could, maybe, practice wanting it.

It helped some to look at Scotty through my bangs. They made everything break up into separate little rooms, and when I looked at Scotty all the rooms were black. His hair was stiff and like it was going to be curly, but it ended too soon. And it was like somebody burned it, on the end, with a curling iron which was too hot. And every once in a while, one of his hairs was gray. I don't know how old he was. Maybe he was too old to act like a real dog. Or maybe it was us. But he didn't act like a real dog at all.

I put my arm around him and put my face against his body. "I love you," I said. But it didn't sound right, because I couldn't say it very loud, because I didn't want to have that spoiled, too. He didn't move. He just stood there and made a kind of grinding noise when he breathed. I didn't know what to do after that, so I went out and sat on the step, and bet myself that a model T would come by before a model A.

Scotty never jumped around, or wagged his tail, or acted like he was happy. But mostly, he wouldn't follow me. I wished I had a leash, so I could take him walking. But at least, I thought, he could have followed me. There was a field right beside our house. And I could have walked in the field with him at my heels. That's what Katherine Hepburn would have done.

I wanted to put my face against him again and say, "I love you," because I would never get to be a real person if I didn't practice, but

then I remembered that he just stood there making that grinding noise, and it seemed that anyone, even a dog, should do more than that when you say those words.

One Sunday afternoon, I started to the show. I only got four or five houses down the road, when a car drove past and stopped in front of me. A man got out and he looked kind of scared. He forgot to close the car door. He started walking back past me.

I turned around. Scotty was laying in the middle of the road. I started to run to him, but the man grabbed my arm. "Better not touch him," he said. Scotty's front legs jerked and his head moved back a little.

"He's *my* dog," I said—and he was. He'd been trying to follow me.

Mrs. Pence came out of her house, and the man stood with his hands on his hips, looking down at my dog. Scotty's mouth looked pale pink. I don't know if it always looked that way or if being hit by the car made it like that.

He didn't move anymore after that one time. Mrs. Pence put her arms around me, and it was like going into a warm, sweet-smelling room. "He was her dog," she said, "her beloved dog." Then I began to cry—because I was real. He was my dog, and he'd been killed. But he was a real dog, and I was a real girl.

Sometimes, after that, when Daddy got up and I got in the bed and it smelled like beer and tobacco and onions, I'd curl my legs up inside my nightgown, and put my hand up aside of my face and whisper, "I love you, Scotty."

Reflections

Sue Geringer

EVERY summer that I can remember has included trips to the lake. This place is far removed from the bustle and business of the modern city. The pace is slower, more relaxed, even static at times. But this external calm allows the imagination to take over. One takes note of little things and becomes involved in a more subtle activity—the rhythm of earth and sky, sun and moon, water and weather.

Early on a morning the rising sun casts tremendous shadows onto the lake, shadows etched by the trees lining the high banks. The lake is calm and peaceful, the atmosphere is fresh, and soft breezes rustle around in the treetops and play over the water. As the sun climbs, the deep blue of the sky is bleached to a lighter shade; and the shadows shorten until the sun is directly overhead. It is suspended over the water, breaking up the surface into bits of glitter. The air becomes hotter and heavier, and the insects in the woods are furiously sawing with a coarse buzz. The breezes have retreated to the shore where they shuffle about the foliage.

After a time the sun gives up its lofty perch and begins its

journey to the western shore. The winds spring out from their hiding places and whip up the waves. The shadows start to lengthen; and soon the sky and water become very blue, the trees and grass very green. Taking on a golden hue, the sun strews its precious path on the water. The very atmosphere suffuses a golden glow, making every detail of the surroundings stand out in sharp relief. The sunlight filters through the canopy of leaves in jagged spotlights on the grass. As the sun sinks lower and becomes orange, then red, the clouds in layers reflect gold, purple, and pink. The sun disappears, but a rosy glow lingers until the curtain of ever-darkening blue steals over to meet it. The lake has calmed to the flatness of a mirror. Free from the competition of city lights, the stars reveal that their numbers are legion. An occasional ripple laps the shore in a slow rhythm, breathing as if in a deep slumber.

Tomorrow the pattern may change; perhaps rain will drive in herds of clouds. There are many variations to the theme, for the view is ever-changing. But the rise and fall of the waves and the rise and fall of the sun in its course continue day after day. Here the passage of time is marked by days and seasons, by the rhythms of nature.

LINES FOR A YOUNG GIRL—SOMEWHERE

Of you, oh delicate flower unfolding,
Who lies, all unsuspecting, unknown
For the troth of my first born,
The child of my fads and foibles,
The school of my motherhood.
Of you, I have things to beg.

Be not yourself a first born
A steady third child perhaps (could you manage that).
Be true, perceptive and stoic,
Just a little.
O flower for whom he'll leave all others
Be better than I.

But may I ask you, woman to woman,
Let it not show too much.

ELSYE MAHERN

The Poetry Contest

Nancy Baxter

IF IT HADN'T been for Robert Southey, P. S. 61's Girls' Softball Team probably would have won the City Softball Championship in 1946.

Seven games the team had won, with my sister, Estelle, her long braids flying at right angles to her head, grimly flinging the ball at Helen Schwartz, who cowered behind the plate.

Estelle did everything intensely. When she made up her mind to win the competition for pitcher of the team, she spent twenty-eight days throwing a ball at a purple bullseye she had painted on the shed door. She wasn't even surprised when she was chosen. When she made up her mind, she was as determined as a truant officer at the Bijou matinee.

Another thing she took seriously was the Poetry Contest. It was a reciting competition, and in her eight years at P. S. 61, she had won it three times. Her best friend and bitterest competitor, Felice Pangrell, had also won it three. This was their last year, and April, the contest time, was approaching.

Estelle's nerves were beginning to fray, and so were the nerves of the rest of the family. She never said much; she just banged doors and rattled dishes at us. Her slightly buck teeth were set in a little tight line as she petted the dog or read *Clarissa Harlowe*, her great literary love at the moment.

"I don't think Estelle is going to let Felice beat her in the contest this year," my brother said one Sunday night. He had been trying to tune in "Amos and Andy" and Estelle had switched off the program with a testy snap.

My mother just sighed. She was used to the gale-like fury which roared through the house at the time of the Poetry Contest each year. It had been an institution in her own days at P. S. 61. It seemed to be as eternal and irrevocable as the Principal, Miss Hildebrand, who picked her way like an inflated hen through the halls and classrooms and screamed into a megaphone with an astonishing voice for a person her size, calling for one moment of silence in tribute to our boys on Armistice Day.

The Poetry Contest had sprung from the brain of Miss Hildebrand over twenty years ago; and each year she announced it anew at assembly time, her fuzzy, honey-colored hair standing out like a halo around her face.

The rules were always the same. Each room would choose two representatives by vote; there would be ribbons awarded for first, second and third in three age categories.

I stifled a yawn as she announced it; the contest never excited me. I always recited something easy like "Abou Ben Adhem" or "Oh Captain, My Captain."

Besides, the Poetry Contest always seemed a little the same to me. You could predict. Joey Lanski would do "Gunga Din," pointing his finger wildly on the "Din, Din, Din," and leering and smirking on "I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din." Two girls, at least, would choose "Still sits the schoolhouse by the road, a ragged beggar sunning," and their voices would crack a little on the part about "dear girl, the grasses on her grave have forty years been growing." We would be ridden under our desks with "Sheridan's Ride," "Paul Revere's Ride," and "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix."

The day Miss Hildebrand announced the contest, Estelle came whirling in and slammed her geography and arithmetic books down on the oilcloth-covered kitchen table. I was sitting having a peanut butter and pickle sandwich. Mother started to ask her about her plans for the contest, but she shouted, "I've got a game at the schoolgrounds," and took the stairs two at time.

She reappeared in two minutes with her blue jeans and sweat-shirt on and dashed off. The softball game was to be with Pear Tree Academy, and although they were supposed to be "easy outs," Estelle wanted to be there early for warmup.

She was elated when she returned. P. S. 61 had swamped the Pear Tree Girls 10-3 and Estelle had six strike-outs. She bubbled at the dinner table. "I won't have as much time to practice my poem because of the games, so I intend to start learning it tonight. That way I can have a head start on Felice."

"What makes you think you and Felice will be chosen?" my father asked. "Aren't there any other declaimers in the eighth grade?"

"We're the only ones who have had elocution lessons, and they always choose us," Estelle said with a shrug, adding a request for more meat. Winning always made her hungry.

My father gazed at the blue morning glory wall paper behind the kitchen table. "Let's see. Didn't Felice Pangrell win the contest last year? What was it she recited?"

Estelle stared darkly at the cauliflower on her plate. "She did 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.' It took her twenty-two minutes, and she didn't miss one line."

"Oh, it was dumb," our older brother Jerry interpolated gallantly. "Sing song prissy, 'Water, water, everywhere,' I felt like dropping a bag of it on her head."

Estelle looked at him with a flash of gratitude but felt she must protest some sort of loyalty for her friend. "Well, it wasn't as good as the year she did 'America, America, America for me.' She kind of leaned over the audience then." Estelle was lost in admiring revery. "Tis fyeeen to see the oeld world and travel up and down," she muttered to herself.

"You did win that year with 'The Wreck of the Hesperus,'" I reminded her.

"Yes, but now you have to have something new and different to win." The teachers were the prize committee and they were getting tired of Longfellow and William Cullen Bryant.

"What poem have you chosen, dear?" asked my mother, starting to clear the dishes away.

Estelle put her hands on the edge of the table and looked at us intently sensing our expectation.

"The Cataract of Lodore," she said, her black eyes flashing.

My father looked puzzled. Then he probed his memory. "By Tennyson? No, Southey. But Estelle, that thing is a freak. All that weeping and creeping and falling and calling and rhyming and chiming."

"That's exactly it! It's so strange it will hold their attention. And the trick will be to get expression in all that endless description of the brook coming down." She flung down her napkin and picked up her book. "I'm starting on it now. Take my turn at dishes, would you, Maria?" We sat looking after her in contemplating silence. Estelle always left a certain humming vacuum hanging over a room she left.

The Poetry Contest went its routine way in my room at school. The only new thing was that Miss Potter decreed, after five boys chose it, that "Casey at the Bat" had struck out in our room and was no longer available for selection. So we all began to practice in preparation for the final secret ballot before the contest. I could hardly get excited over the day when I would race tonelessly through "The Village Blacksmith" while staring at a gray glob of chewing gum on the floor, then sink grateful and red-faced into my seat. Elocution was not my line.

But it was Estelle's. The days she didn't have a softball game she spent marching up and down the hall with a glassy expression in her eyes, muttering, memorizing.

The trouble was, she was having to split her time, and it was making her as nervous as an outfielder with a bee in his hair. The Poetry Contest and the softball championship were running a race and Estelle was trying to drive two carts at once. And it looked like both would cross the finish line at once and run her over if she wasn't careful.

She almost lost a game, and the coach had sent in a relief pitcher. Her other schoolwork was suffering. All she did was wander up and down the stairs like a ghost murmuring "flittering and frittering" and bumping into dressers in her distraction.

The contest was a week away. The word around the school was that Felice Pangrell was reciting "The Highwayman" by Alfred Noyes. The grumbling that Estelle did about how long it was and how she "overdid" it made us realize Felice must be very good indeed this year. Her classmates voted her into the contest as expected, and we all breathed easier when Estelle was chosen from her room. She had fumbled two verses. Southey had made the poem too



repetitious; it was difficult to remember. She didn't have time to worry about it, however. The decisive game for the softball finalists was being played the same day. The team managed to win easily and Estelle began to feel some of her old confidence.

We got a soggy start the day of the Poetry Contest. April torrents slanted and sluiced over the cracked asphalt in front of our house, and Mother insisted on taking Estelle and me to school. Estelle bit her fingernails and rehearsed silently as the Plymouth chugged over the slippery streets. She came booming out with the last line, "And this way the water comes down at Lodore," with something like gratitude.

"If I can just get through this and win, then I can concentrate on the softball games," she sighed sadly, watching the windshield wipers cut a swath through the droplets on the window. I looked at her. She seemed tired, with a few wisps of her chestnut bangs in her face; and I felt sorry for her for the first time in my life.

I didn't see her until the contest at one o'clock. The younger children had gone through Rose Fyleman and "The Raggedy Man" earlier. Now the older grades assembled. Douglas Paden, with his earphones tucked beneath his horn rimmed glasses, was operating the intercom as we filed in. The poems were to be piped to the other rooms over the P. A. this year.

Miss Hildebrand introduced each of the contestants. Her blue knit suit reached far below her knees; size fourteen was too long for ladies four feet ten. She beamed at us as she introduced Jerry Hocker for his rendition of "The Charge of the Light Brigade." It was a disappointment. He rolled his eyes around from the basketball backboard to the sign marked "Exit" intoning all one phrase, "Halfaleague halfaleaguehalfaleagueonward." His voice was high and strange. Ellen Browder stood up and minced up to the podium, then grasped the microphone and began "Barbara Fritchie." She marched Stonewall through Fredericksburg well enough for a third prize, I guessed.

All this time, though, Estelle wasn't paying much attention. She had her feet twisted around each other (she had worn her red strapless slippers for the contest and they were too big and slipped off) and she kept looking out the window at the drizzle, then back to the podium. I sat up to see what it was she stared at. It wasn't Sonia Smeedescamp, who by this time was nasally urging, "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Estelle was staring at the microphone. She wore a look of bewilderment and mounting fear. She had never spoken into a microphone before, and she was shaken by it. I knew she was wondering whether it would boom or rasp.

She didn't have long, however, to consider its inscrutable mechanisms because with a self-assured, bouncing gait, Felice Pangrell was mounting the steps to the podium. In her best elocution class style, she waited "to get the audience into the palm of her hand"

before she began. Finally she said, " 'The Highwayman' by Alfred Noyes" slowly and clearly.

The wind was a torrent of darkness
Among the gusty trees
The moon was a ghostly galleon
Tossed upon cloudy seas. . . .

Her voice became stronger as she unfolded the story of the daring robber, his love for Bess, the landlord's daughter, and their doom.

One kiss my bonny sweetheart
I'm after a prize tonight.

She flung out her arms with gay bravado as she tossed the highwayman's lines at us; she tlot-tloted the horse's hooves. She shrieked her curse to the sky and finished in a ghostly whisper.

Bess the landlord's daughter
Plaiting a dark red love knot into her long black hair.

She stood for a moment, still in the spell, then sat down. Girls in my row nudged each other and shook their heads knowingly. Boys cleared their throats in token appreciation. Miss Hildebrand's toothy smile gleamed yellowly as she preened herself over this fine product of her continued experiment in poetic appreciation among our young people. Estelle was going to have to be very good indeed to outdo Felice's shriekings and ghostly whisperings.

I was watching Estelle. She sat stiffly, with an imitation smile of applause frozen on her face. But she seemed calmer and I saw her sigh and straighten her skirt. It was her turn.

"Estelle Hovitch will conclude our program," Miss Hildebrand breathed and swept aside like a dying swan. Looking blasé, Estelle advanced toward the microphone. I felt in a panic that she might trip over the cord, but she arrived safely. Instead of looking at her audience, she gazed at the rafters in a kind of other worldly inspirational moment. It was very effective, like St. Stephen looking into heaven or something.

"The Cataract of Lodore" she said slowly and clearly, her eyebrows raised and a bright expression on her face to set the tone of the poem.

How does the Water
Come down at Lodore?
My little boy asked me
Thus once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.

She started confidentially, almost matter-of-factly. As she began the description of the river's descent, she emphasized each

word, allowing her audience to absorb the repetition of rhyme and the galloping rhythms.

Here it comes sparkling
And there it lies darkling
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in

Her voice began to rise with a frenzy, and I thought included a little too much tension.

Rising and leaping
Sinking and creeping
Swelling and sweeping
Showering and springing
Slinging and flinging.

She spat each word at the audience, and leaned at them.

And tossing and crossing
And flowing and going
And running and stunning
And foaming and roaming
And dinning and spinning
And dropping and hopping
And working and jerking

Terribly exciting, her voice rose to a pounding pitch until she nearly shouted, "glittering and frittering" when the microphone gave a terrible shriek about a half an octave below high C and hissed unmercifully.

"Glittering and frittering, flittering and . . ." she said blankly, and with a brief wild look around, collapsed in a faint at the base of the microphone.

I couldn't see her anymore. The podium became a bright sea of bobbing heads and bodies, of Felice Pangrell, Miss Hildebrand, and leaning over all of them, into the microphone, the owl-eyed figure of Douglas Paden, calmly announcing to the third and fourth graders waiting for the rest of the poem, "Due to circumstances beyond our control, this program cannot be continued."

Frantic action was going on around me, but I wasn't budging. During all the calling for smelling salts, wrist chafing and head-propping, I sat there thinking about Samuel Richardson, who always allows ladies to faint when things are not going their way.

What Estelle had not counted on, however, was Miss Hildebrand. No bird brain lodged within that chicken-shaped exterior. They carried Estelle to her office, and after she had "revived" Miss Hildebrand looked quite shrewdly at her.

"My dear, I can see that you are feeling a little poorly." Estelle nodded her head encouragingly.

"We must not try you too much. You must conserve your

talent and energy and, of course, you WILL NOT BE ABLE TO PLAY ON THE GIRLS' SOFTBALL TEAM FOR THE REST OF THE SEASON."

Estelle was crushed, but after all, she could never admit that the faint was all dramatics. Miss Hildebrand insisted that during physical education Estelle should stay in the Principal's office. So Felice Pangrell triumphantly bore home on her beanie the blue ribbon, P. S. 61's Softball team with Helen Schwartz substitute pitching was smashed in the championship, and Estelle spent a sticky spring answering the phone in the Principal's office. And the cataract never did get down to Lodore.

Miss Hildebrand, however, did grant Estelle one boon. She was to be allowed to memorize and recite for her the poem which hung on the wall, "Ain't God Good to Indiana."

This, of course, was a great consolation.

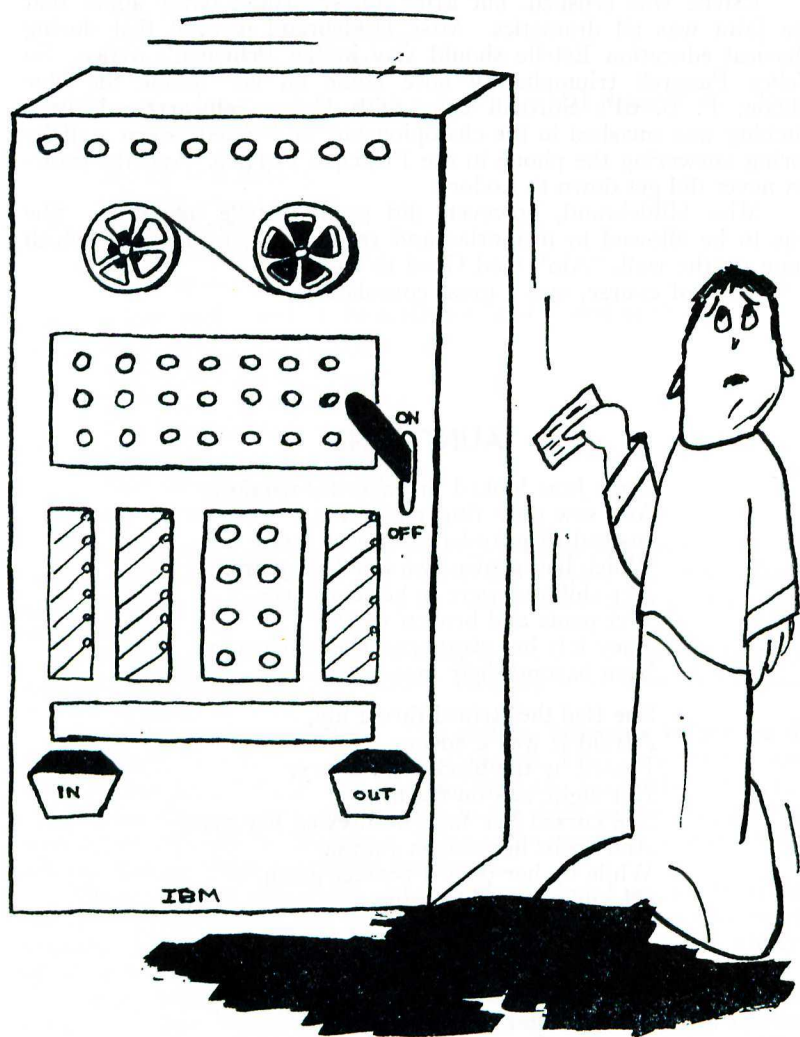
AUNT JANE

Aunt Jane looked through her window
And saw only finger smears,
Instead of gray-barked beech trees
Which had grown two hundred years.
Her children were to her cut knees,
Wet pants and broken vases.
They left her strangers, she had never
Seen beyond their faces.

She fled the striped throat lily,
Afraid it was a sneeze,
Passed by the black wild honey,
Her sight was on the bees.
She cursed her fate, beshrewed her mate
And spent her season fuming
While by her door a perfect patch
Of violets was blooming.

Aunt June cast pearls beneath the feet
Of swinish passing years,
Refused the bread of hope to dine
On sour and tasteless fears.
And so, she passed away from us
And sleeps in unbenightedness.
"Here lies a lifelong victim of
Her own-imposed nearsightedness."

NANCY N. BAXTER



A Computer Operation

David Swimmer

THE FURIOUS debate was one of the few things that has ever out-played the juke box at the C-Club for pure sound.
"It works!"

"Are you kidding? That survey is a waste of time and money!"

"But it works!"

"Then there's only one way to find out, big mouth, and can you guess what that is?"

I had done it again. I was extolling the innovation of the new computerized dating system, about which I really knew precious little, and now I had talked myself into the position of parting with three whole dollars to prove my point.

The mailbox was under my constant surveillance until the form was returned. If a machine was going to pick women for me, then I wanted to meet them first. Practically every night of those three long weeks that I waited, I had terrible nightmares. I would casually ring the doorbell, flowers in hand, and then grin ecstatically at whatever pulled open the door. In those interminable weeks I dreamed I'd dated at least six werewolves, four gargoyles, a "girl" I actually was fixed up with once, and my kid sister. It was a trying time, indeed.

But I re-enacted the first part of the dream as I checked out my first "computer prospect." The doorbell rang, and I held my breath in anticipation as the product of the machine's choice answered the bell.

Shocked as I was, I have never seen a more beautiful creature. My heart started pounding like a runaway IBM machine; and it seemed almost as if she could tell it, for her steely-gray eyes lit up as I entered the room. She wore a dark, full-length gown that night, crossed with shimmering buttons. She stood still as a tender doe while, with some temerity, I walked over to shake her hand. Here was something truly undreamed of.

"How do you do," she finally sighed in a gorgeous alto, "I am very glad to meet you . . . to meet you . . . to meet you . . . to meet you. . . ."

The Idol Grows Up

Marilyn Sladek

CHILDREN are the world's greatest idolizers. Nearly every little boy who has ever donned a baseball cap has worshipped at least one hero in the Baseball Hall of Fame. And what little girl has never watched, starry-eyed, as her favorite actress carried her young imagination into the realms of ecstasy?

Most children do pass through many stages of idol worship. Observing the glamorous, thrilling lives led by famous athletes, TV and movie stars, or story book heroes, youngsters begin to wish they could share in such adventures. In their minds these characters become images of perfection and endless strength, flawless personalities who never make mistakes. These people are adopted as idols.

But idol worship nearly always ends in disappointment. The day finally comes when the lovely star is pictured out of costume and without her stage make-up. Perhaps the athlete's good fortune begins to wane, and he is soon replaced by a new hero. These are disappointments to a child. His image of ethereal perfection is brought sharply down to a very common level.

This type of disappointment is not terribly difficult for a child to accept, and soon it is forgotten. It will pass from his mind, leaving practically no scar—with one exception.

When a child learns to love he has progressed a long step from his childish world; for when love enters into his idolizing, the child has discovered an ideal.

Ideals are pillars of permanence that can be used to fashion a life. Ideals are living, growing things that must constantly become deeper and stronger. Idols with clay feet are quickly discarded, but ideals are clung to and held fast despite the tempests of life.

An ideal may exist in several forms. It may begin as an idol and grow up, matured by love. A boy may idolize his father as he teaches him to ride his bicycle or hold a bat. But as the boy grows up to recognize his father's strength of character, wisdom, and loving willingness to sacrifice for his family, this idol achieves the status of an ideal—a model worthy of imitation.

An ideal might also be a philosophy. The discovery and development of an approach to life, with its contradictions and complexities, is often embodied in an idealistic behavior goal. Or an ideal can be that goal itself, the attainment of a wonderful dream.

Idealism, unlike idol worship, is fully able to withstand challenge and even failure, able to sustain a hurt and try again. It is not easily discarded, and, when it is, leaves a mark that even the sands of time could never obliterate.

Idol worship is part of the world of children; idealism is fully grown. The birth of idealism may be painful, for the world does not deal gently with the idealist who will settle for nothing short of his ideal. But an idealism built on wisdom and nourished by love gives man a goal and a dream. Without these two, life is without purpose.

LA PIETA

Alone, washed calm by tears, 'neath gath'ring gloom,
She held Him, still and cold, the child of God.
Again she saw the child within her womb,
Betrayed, the trial, the cross, the path he trod.
He lay upon her lap so pale and still;
She smoothed his brow, removed the crown.
As darkness massed, 'twas night on Cal'vry Hill,
And hark! As Mary gazed in sorrow down
The pity, grief etched deep upon her form
Erased, and sat a maiden young and fair,
Embraced her man-child, tranquil through the storm,
He, in deep repose; she, unmarked by years of care.
And thus, at Cal'vry Hill, fore'er it be,
That death lives not in all eternity.

VERONICA WALOWY

Somewhere—Like Here

Rosemary Roberts

THE NIGHT is deeply beautiful . . . peaceful. It almost makes standing out here in the vacant cold not so awful. I guess I am just about the only living thing out here just now, except for Tom, but he is clear out at the other end. I do not even mind too much being here—by myself—I can think. I guess men do a lot of thinking out here. War can be awfully lonely, awfully cold—like winter, dark—like night, painful—like . . . thinking. And how is it all going to end? Who cares. Sometimes you start wondering if even He cares. But it is not His fault—we started it. Just men . . . and we seem to think that we, each of us, holds the truth, the realness, the absolute in this false, damn world. That is where we are wrong—nothing is real. We are part of a game. No, not a game—a balance . . . because it is always going to be the same—tomorrow, today, yesterday. . . . Some are going to win, some are going to lose. Some laugh, some cry. And it never stops. Always ends the same—the middle, that no one ever quite touches, stays while the ends battle each other for as long as the sky is. Sometimes I wish it would stop—be over—that one side of the balance would be heavier. That this whole damn mess would burst into flames and fall into oblivion—like that star last night. Then we would be free . . . from the games, balance, ourselves. And what is left—nothing. An empty spot, like that hole in the sky, and something to wish on. I miss the star—but who would miss us. That is a laugh—who would be left. . . . Only stars, and we would be just another one like last night, another Earth.



A Reflection of Suffering

Franky Cohn

FROM childhood I have known that many people suffer. It was, however, not until I was fifteen that I began to perceive the implications that suffering brings to man. Before, I had escaped or avoided seeing the world as it really is. I saw it only as I wanted it to be. My perception began to change the day I witnessed a young crippled boy experience defeat and disappointment in a world of suffering that he knew too well.

It was afternoon. All seemed bright and alive in the fresh spring air. As I strolled down the walk, I occasionally glanced back at my high school. It was there that I had won the council election. I was the new president. Everything was wonderful! I hurried down the street toward home and even passed by the alluring window displays, which usually caused me to delay. When I approached my old, motley grade school, I peered at its entrance and briefly recalled several exciting experiences I had once had there. As usual I intended to pass it by, but then I saw him. That day I stopped.

He was crouched beneath the huge oak that adorned the otherwise vacant school lawn. Each limb of this strong, straight tree was motionless, yet full of life with brilliant green leaves. In sharp contrast, he was tiny and ugly. His limbs were withered. His body was dwarfish. As I looked at him, his body began to tingle. In an instant his whole frame jerked uncontrollably, causing his head to roll violently from side to side. His ugliness was repulsive, but for some reason I could not leave. Moments passed. Soon the crude movements subsided. I continued to stare at him and saw that he stared too, but not at me. His attention was focused on the streams of yelling, prancing children that abandoned the school and raced toward the new asphalt playground. As we watched, the children gathered in a circle and began a wild game of dodge ball. The children never threw the ball accurately. It bounced everywhere, often rolling outside of the circle. He watched all of this activity without excitement. He looked sullen. His expression reflected that the game confused him. Suddenly, his throat worked and his whole body convulsed. For the first time his eyes left the children and fixed on an object much closer. The ball lay only inches from him. He responded with a weak grin. Then he awkwardly protruded his withered arms. He uttered a terrible moan as he desperately strained forward, but he could not grasp the ball. Unnoticed, a child from the playground had run after the ball. He stopped directly in front of the cripple. In an instant the child grabbed the ball far away from the straining limbs, cast a glance of hatred at the crooked figure, and impulsively ran back to his friends and the game.

After the departure the cripple hesitated only a moment before he tried to stand. His tiny fingers grasped for the bark of the strong oak. His feeble arms tried unsuccessfully to pull him up. He fell. Again he struggled for a firm hold. I hardly dared to breathe for fear of creating a motion that would cause him to fail a second time. After employing many wild gestures, each accompanied by an agonizing moan, he managed to pull himself up. Without warning, he violently turned toward the children and screamed, I can! I can! Yes I can! It was a pitiful sight. His cries echoed in my mind long after I watched him stumble away.

And so it happened that I was brought to the correct perception of human suffering and sorrow at a time of personal success and joy. Now, when I pass that oak, no matter how great the beauty of its motionless branches or how wonderful I feel, I see the dismal reflection of a tiny, crooked figure beside the huge trunk.

AFTERWARDS

A thousand trusting souls,
Bidding lasting farewells to loved ones.

A thousand angry cries,
Wailing, shrieking with lasting beats.

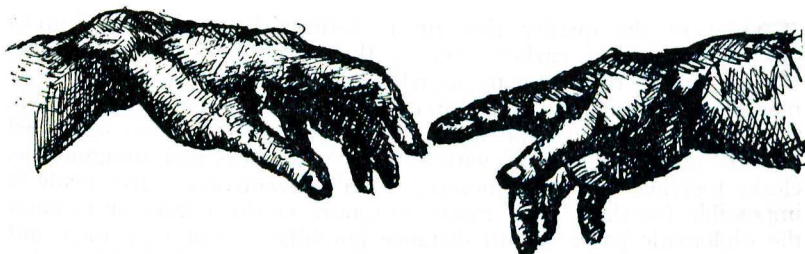
A thousand voices ringing,
Shouting, singing out war!

A thousand heavy footsteps,
Treading steadily on the beach.

A thousand silent bodies,
Lying quietly on the shores.

A small and quiet voice ringing out peace!
And peace shall be forever more!

MARGARET BEASLEY



CREATION OF MAN

Based on Michelangelo's "Creation of Man"

Two hands stretched out as if to say good-bye,
Now God and man would never be as one.
Their fingers parted and each breathed a sigh—
Their life together ever more was done.
The Father's face bore lines of strength and love,
A mighty man on earth He would place.
Yet would His child of flesh from high above
Be strong and true and ever run the race?
The boy was young and brave to start anew,
The dreams and plans for the new world had he.
With work and toil and sweat all he could do—
Just like his Father, that's what he would be.
Now hands no longer touch, nor lives combine:
The boy is one apart from God Divine.

REBECCA FLEMING

World Affairs: Its Place in the College Curriculum

Don Vassallo

PERHAPS the quality that most distinguishes twentieth-century societies from earlier ones is their interdependence. Almost everything that happens anywhere in the world today affects all men in all places. Technology, in creating the steam engine, telegraph, telephone, radio, and airplane, has for all practical purposes abolished distance and brought men, with all their prejudices and antagonisms, closer together than ever before. Man's inventiveness has made it impossible for the United States to ignore world affairs or to shun the diplomatic game. With distance annihilated, not only men and their goods move with ease around the world, but their ideas also travel fast and far, and they have given rise in international affairs to a new phenomenon—global ideological warfare. The values of democracy are on trial in the twentieth century before a larger jury than has ever before assembled to hear the case for freedom, and the cold war has made it such that a twentieth-century democracy cannot ignore it except at its peril.

Citizen responsibility is not simply a matter of theory. It flows from the truth that the shape of the world affects every man, so that all who would be free must help to mold it. It is not enough in a democracy for engineers to design bridges, physicians to heal the sick, lawyers to prepare briefs, and businessmen to spin the wheels of commerce. They must all be more than merely competent in their specialties; they must also be intelligent citizens concerned with the major issues of their time in all fields.

Colleges, no less than individuals, must take account of our interdependence, and some are doing so realistically. Knowing that man will survive only if he understands the political and social forces in his world, many colleges and universities require their students to take certain courses specifically designed to prepare them for their role as citizens in a democracy. In spite of these developments, most students graduating from American colleges have not encountered world affairs as a cohesive unit within existing requirements. As a result, many schools are graduating a significant number of students each year who are ignorant of world affairs.

Actually most colleges have never really asked themselves specifically if their present offerings do equip students to participate in the great debates of their own time; and many believe that they are at present doing all they can to carry out their responsibilities when, in fact, they are not. The question has perhaps been posed too recently for colleges to consider it thoroughly. But what America's role is and how to play it are questions of the utmost importance; they are questions of the first importance for colleges and universities to consider!

The primary obligation that college faculties have in improving education in world affairs is to determine whether the traditional approaches to the subject, adequate and useful in their own time, still meet the needs of our undergraduates. Just as scholars at the turn of the century had to make room for colleagues seeking to understand and interpret world politics in terms larger than those of law and history, so must scholars today allow for teaching and research in world affairs in terms larger still.

To learn about world affairs, students need an atmosphere where they can begin to see the wholeness of knowledge, where they can take courses that relate the areas of knowledge to one another, and where they understand that even if it is impossible today to take all knowledge to be their province, they can still derive something significant from the entire range of liberal arts and sciences.

Though faculties cannot by themselves remove all the obstacles between them and an ideal world-affairs program, there are some steps they can take toward this objective. They can, for instance, provide courses giving students the opportunity to analyze international problems. Each faculty must determine in the light of its own curriculum how best its students may examine the issues they need to understand as citizens, but some required courses in world affairs are an indispensable part of liberal education in the twentieth century. The conventional introductory course in international relations, offered as it is now primarily with the needs of future majors in mind, is not, however, the most appropriate course for colleges to require. A course in problems of world affairs or in problems of United States foreign policy would, on the other hand, be invaluable.

Scientists alone cannot build a peace; we need also the knowledge, insights, and abilities of philosophers, historians and social scientists. It is the special mission of the liberal arts college to help these insights and abilities, and in a college performing this mission, those who would educate for world affairs can confidently take their places.

A Hero a Day . . .

Greg Shelton

TO FIND a hero, to locate some person after whom one can pattern his life, to create a super-being from the mundane. These are goals of many fine Americans. We are told that many people who are famous today owe their success to the correct choice of a childhood hero—Walt Disney, Paul Terry; Lyndon Johnson, Abraham Lincoln; Charles DeGaulle, Napoleon Bonaparte; Cassius Clay, Cassius Clay; Richard Nixon, William Jennings Bryan; Bobby Baker, Tom Jones. To this list I should like to add my personal super-hero, an outstanding figure from history, a most industrious President of the United States, my soul's idol, Millard Fillmore.

Perhaps the reader will forgive me for recapitulating a few well known facts about our illustrious thirteenth President, for in everyone's experience, I am told, one sooner or later hears the biography of Washington, Lincoln, and Fillmore. But, to start at the beginning. Millard was born on January 7, 1800 (now the nationally celebrated Millard Fillmore Day). Millard, named for his mother's family name, was from a poverty-stricken family. His father farmed clay soil in New York. About the only crop he could harvest was the clay. Things were bad. So Millard took a position at a lawyer's office. He dusted the law books. One day, much to his surprise, Millard found himself using lawyer language like *habeas corpus* and *writ of mandamus*. Millard was at last successful. Soon he entered politics in the Whig Party, famous for such stalwarts as William Henry Harrison and Zachary Taylor. And, as fate would have it, Zachary and Millard ran on the same Whig ticket in 1849, a tough combination to beat. Millard's ascendancy to the office of President was tragic, though, for Taylor died. And the years 1850 to 1853 saw as President one of the true greats—Millard Fillmore.

His achievements were many. For example, Millard Fillmore was the very first President to have a bathtub in the White House. For this outstanding contribution, one feels incapable of expressing his gratitude. Millard was the last Whig President, and seeing that the party was dying, far-sighted (politically, not optically) Millard was instrumental in forming the now famous Know Nothing Party. Rumors have it that his Know Nothing campaign song from 1853 is going to be revised and recorded by an English singing group:

"There's a Right and Wrong in Parties,
And the Right is on our side.
So let's hitch up the wagon boys
And go for a ride.
The Nation is the wagon,
The people are its springs,
And every True American
For Millard Fillmore sings:
Wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon,
And we'll all take a ride."*

*To the tune of "Wait for the Wagon"

He lost the election.

But it is not of his triumphs or defeats that I write, it is of the man. It is the things for which he stood—clean politics and clean bodies—that are most admirable. It is for these reasons, therefore, that I have chosen Millard Fillmore as my personal hero. By remembering him in everything I do, I hope that some day someone will point to me, with a pleased smile on his lips and a jolly twinkle in his eye, and say, "He reminds me of Millard."

I Walked in the Sun

Peggy Prelepa

WHEN I was very young, I walked in the sun. I loved to feel its warm rays tickle my scalp and make my hair become warm and alive. The sun could set my soul on fire. I was always happy in the sun, and everyday was a sunny day—when I was very young. I walked alone.

And I began to grow, as everybody must, and I became older. But still, in my heart and in my mind, I was very young. And everyday dawned and showered me in sunlight and happiness. Nothing could harm me in the shelter of my sun. And still, I walked alone, as I had not yet found anyone worthy of sharing the joy and peace of my sunlight with me. There were no tears as I walked in the sun; only the bright light of childhood and hope.

Finally, after ten years of walking alone, I found a companion worthy of my sun. We became very close—almost as one—and we were very happy together. We loved to feel the sun tickle our scalps and make our hair become alive. Everything was “ours,” not “hers” or “mine.” We shared all: joys, tears, hopes, dreams, laughter, love, lunches. Even a butterfly we found once. We each took half, and then, together, we mourned the destruction of such a thing of beauty. That day, we learned hatred; not for each other, but for ourselves for such an act of stupidity. We even shared our blood one day and became blood sisters. We were very close and very happy. We lived and walked in the sun and shared our childhood. We could not be hurt in the shelter of our sun. It had set our souls afire, and merged them into one. We walked together.

And we began to grow, as children do—not just physically, but intellectually and spiritually. We became very brave and, from time to time, dared to leave the shelter of the sunlight of our childhood. We began to share confidences rather than secrets. We were still very happy together, and after each bold adventure we would retrace our steps and run, giggling, back into our childhood and walk alone, together, in the sun. Nothing could harm us in the shelter of our sunlight. We lived neither for the past nor the future, but took each day as it came, and we were very happy as, each day, we ventured a little further out of our shelter.

Then, one day, we ventured too far, and our sun went out. It tried so hard to come back. I could not understand the suddenness of its disappearance. I could not see her in the darkness, so I stumbled about—alone. I was very sad in the darkness. I wondered why it hurt so to be there, and I hated the cold, stinging dampness wetting my brow. I searched very diligently and waited impatiently for our sun to come back. I knew that when it did, we would be together again and very close—almost as one. And we would walk in the sun. Finally, I saw a flicker of light, and I knew the moment

was coming. Light piled upon light to create a dim glow, and I waited and watched for her reappearance. I knew that she must be looking for me, too. I could hardly wait. Our childhood was fleeing. I had to find her so we could go back before it was too late. And then I saw her, not in the luminous glow of childhood and life, but in the dull, cold, shrouded glow of death. And then she was gone away, and I began to weep—adult tears that racked my body and dampened my soul with true grief. I could not understand why it was this way. Our sunlight went with her, as did our childhood, and I was left alone. I was very unhappy, and I tried desperately, but in vain, to beckon my sunlight to return to shelter me from the pains of the world.

From time to time, the sun returns: much dimmer now, as it is far away. It returns, not to shelter me, but to call me, to invite me, to come to it, where, once again, I could walk in the sunlight as it tickled my scalp and made my hair become alive, and I could be very happy. Someday, I will follow the plea of my sunlight. Someday I will go and we will be together in the place of ultimate beauty and happiness that we spoke of so often as children, but until that day, I must walk alone, here, where pleasure is mingled with pain, where I have only fleeting memories of a beautiful childhood; memories of when I used to be very happy as I walked in the sun.

The Search

Marilyn Sladek

RASPING voices grate on the stagnant air. Humanity is a crushing, smothering mob, pushing, hurrying, clutching at an unknown goal. Compassion and human worth are lost, trampled beneath feet that scorn their existence. My heart is filled with terror; I am lost in a surge of movement without direction.

Hundreds of people surround me, yet I am alone; my heart and my God are my only strength. All around me people predict doom and destruction. We are all separate existences, united in nothing save our insignificance and confusion. Faces without features, voices without words—all are engulfed by the whole.

I struggle to free myself from the mob. People push past me, crying desperately, striving to be free. A hand touches my arm, ever so lightly, ever so briefly. It beckons me to follow. My heart stirs strangely; I sense a flicker of warmth.

I turn my collar to the chill wind, and a path seems to part the crowd before me. Resolutely I follow it, past the angry mob, past the terror in the masses. Pausing in the shadow of the glaring street lamp, I can see the whole panorama of human greed and hate, cancerous and ugly.

The air out here is still and clear. I walk, almost as if in a dream, leaving the smoke and the mob far behind me. Auroral streaks have begun to color the sky. All around me are the sounds of silence; only my lonely footsteps can hopefully touch its outer perimeter.

But the silence is broken, broken by a golden dawn. Somewhere a child is crying. As I turn to the sound, it is joined by a gentle voice, soothing it, telling it not to be afraid. In the distance I watch two lovers; no sound passes between them, for a single touch speaks all knowledge, all hope for their tomorrows. I pass a very old man leading a little girl by the hand; a tear glistens on his wrinkled cheek as he watches her. The child's laughter sings forth sweetly, all the joy of morning in a single sound. A little boy catches up his squirming puppy, hugging him close. A man turns away; he goes back to the mob to fight a war he does not understand, in a land he does not know, to preserve an ideal he can not explain.

I look up, and suddenly I see the source of the gentle touch that freed me. It fills me with hope for tomorrow, joy for today, with the miracle and wonder of being a whole person, nevermore fragmented. It demands all I have to give; it asks for nurture by trust and faith and a desire to keep it alive. But it promises all; for it is purpose, beauty, and fullness, the single thing that allows a person to truly live and create. It envelops me gently and silently.

Love comes quietly, but I know that it is there. Suddenly I am not alone any more. . . .

Confessions of a Test-taker

Carol Clay

I AM KNOWN to several worthy organizations as 312125/31181-512/19! This rather staggering numerical nomenclature, combined with my percentile rank and profile, identify me as a not-especially-unique college freshman. In my slightly more than thirteen years of education I have been tested, analyzed, scrutinized, pigeon-holed, and categorized to an absolutely alarming degree of thoroughness. The extent of my intelligence and knowledge, my capacity to learn, and every minute psychological quirk have been ferreted out and exposed by the systematic testing process that is the pride of the modern educational complex. Intellectually naked I stand before the various boards and committees of learned men who compose and administer these examinations.

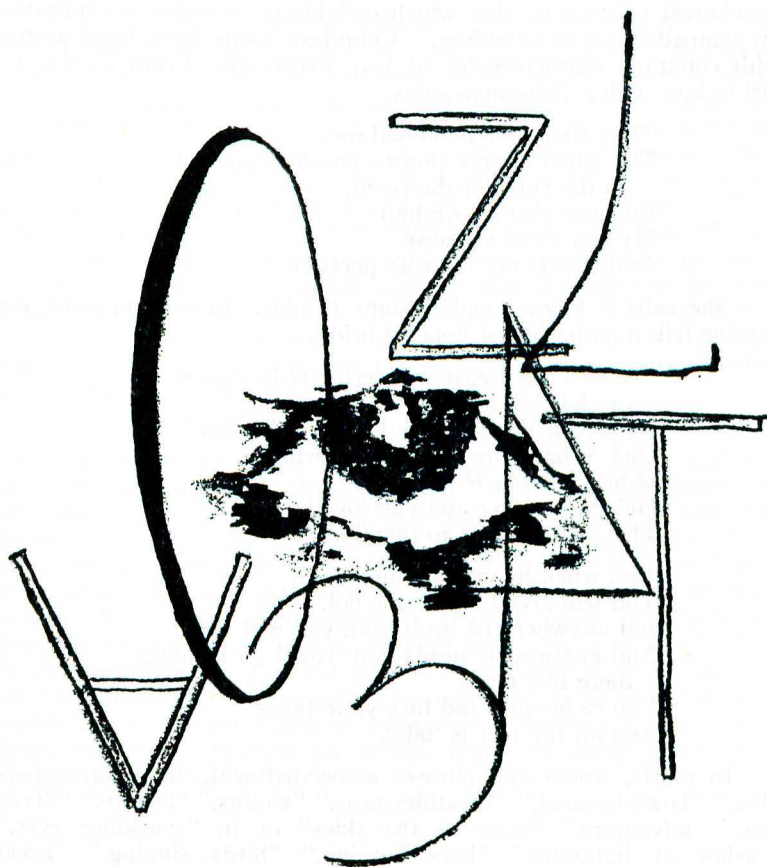
The diabolical stripping of my brain began before I had even entered kindergarten. Although they are disguised under such varied euphemisms as "Educational Capacity" and "Mental Readiness," intelligence tests are for one purpose only—to prove that one is as smart as his parents have been bragging he is for so long. Naturally, these tests are hardly an accurate measurement of ability, because most young children consider them a game. Since the examiners keep assuring the child that the tests are just that, the conclusion is hardly surprising. Besides, any child worth his building blocks will try to fit a round peg into a square hole from sheer perverseness and the challenge of it.

Unfortunately, this initial experience with testing was only the beginning of a life-time of test-taking. Through the Iowa Tests of Basic Skills, I was introduced to the unbelievable complexity of the mechanics of these tests. In fact, the measure of achievement on these grade-school brain-twisters seems to be primarily the neatness with which one can color in the answer spaces. "Using only the special, Grade-A, Number Two pencils with which you have been so graciously provided by the test bureau, indicate the correct answer by blackening the space provided completely. Make no marks at all outside this tiny circle! Erase carefully any stray bit of lead on the paper!" On and on continue the directions until the zeal with which one answers the questions is greatly exceeded by the care with which one indicates the answer. There is a real test of intelligence!

In high school, however, test-taking becomes a deadly serious business. I review my high school days through a maze of abbreviations—NEDT, CEEB, PSAT, SAT, OSPT, NMSQT, and NHSSQT. Of these the most important, of course, was the Scholastic Aptitude Test, better known as the college board. On this fateful examination the skill I had acquired in making neat circles and rectangles was put to definite use; however, I soon discovered an even greater pitfall to the seeker of good test scores. Translating the statistical information they request into numbers and symbols that identify my individual paper to the almighty grading machine is a much greater test of ability than the mass of grammar, analogy, and mathematics on the test itself. "Place your name, or as much of it as you can in the small boxes." (Which small boxes? There are forty-three on the page!) "Go down the column beneath each letter and blacken in the corresponding number." (That is why I am known as 312125/31181512/19!) "Answer the following questions: When were you born? In what county were you born? Do you like chocolate pudding?" (These questions are for identification purposes, but only fifty million other people like chocolate pudding, too!)

These achievement and college entrance examinations were, by no means, the only way by which my brain has been picked. In my junior year the school administered the Ohio State Psychological

Tests to catalogue my psyche, a reading test to measure the speed of my eyeballs, the National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test and the National Honor Society Scholarship Qualifying Test to qualify my scholarship, and lastly, a national French test for a hundred dollar prize—the only sensible test of any, I thought. Finally, having steeled myself to the necessity of suffering through all the various examinations, I rejoiced, after graduation, at the cheerful thought of no more tests. Lovely as the prospect seemed, this utopia was not to be my fate, for after only two days at Butler University I was once more pinned to the board, struggling like a biology-class frog, and dissected for my attitudes, beliefs, status, and family relations. I just cannot win!



What Is Love?

Karen Baker

ON SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY most of us received Valentines from our favorite person. The cards ranged from comic contemporary folders decorated with absurd little stick-figures to lovely, filigree cards inscribed with the words "I love you." But what is love?

The dictionary defines "love" as a "feeling of strong personal attachment induced by that which delights or commands admiration by sympathetic understanding." Countless songs have been written with countless characteristics of love expressed. From *Carousel* a girl in love with a fisherman sings

"The first time he kissed me,
The whiff of his clothes knocked me flat
on the floor of the room.
But now that I love him,
My heart's in my nose
And fish is my favorite perfume."

She calls it love; I call it sinus trouble. In another song our heroine tells a gathering of hopeful brides

"What's the use of wondering if he's good
or if he's bad,
Or if you like the way he wears his hat?
Oh! What's the use of wondering,
If he's good or if he's bad?
He's your feller and you love him.
That's all there is to that."

"So, when he wants your kisses,
You will give them to the lad,
and anywhere he leads you, you will walk
And anytime he needs you, you'll go running
there like mad!
You're his girl and he's your feller
And all the rest is 'talk'."

In music, words and phrases associated with "love" are "paradise," "bewilderment," "breathlessness," "violins," "beauty," "dizziness," "adventure," "stars in the skies" or in "sparkling eyes," "flashes of lightning," "bees buzzing," "birds singing," "great strength," "gentle flame," "hungry yearning," "flight to the moon," "apple blossoms," "April roses," and "helpless as a kitten up a tree."

A person in love is "joyful," "jaunty," "purring," "cooing," "flying," "floating," "bedeviled," "trite," "corny as Kansas in August," "gay as a daisy in May," "high as a flag on the Fourth of July," unable to speak because of a "lump in his throat," and unable to walk on the ground because of "wings on his heels." These characteristics are all beautiful and ideal, but can you picture a person in love by the definitions so far given? He (or she) would have wings on his back and heels. To hear all the minute twittering and buzzing of the birds and the bees, he would have ears like an African elephant. He would be constantly reeling in circles like a top, making incoherent sounds like a member of the animal kingdom. He would be unable to speak because of the huge lump in his throat, and he would never be seen lower than the top of a flagpole.

For a more meaningful definition of "love" one has to turn to religious books. The JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA defines pure love as the "suppression of all care for the self." Love is divine bliss and should regulate the conduct of man toward man. The CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA states that "love is the third and greatest of the Divine Virtues and is usually called charity, which is a divinely infused habit inclining the human will to cherish God for His own sake above all things and man for the sake of God." The RELIGIOUS ENCYCLOPEDIA defines "love" as "the unselfish relation between persons in which the personality of one is lost in the other and in which each esteems the other to be better than himself." True love can exist only between rational beings. To speak of love for animals or of love for a thing is to use improper language. "Love" for wealth and "love" of the world are perversions of love to its destruction.

Turning to the HOLY BIBLE one finds such passages as "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your might," and "You shall love your neighbor as yourself." I believe that the true meaning of love, both heavenly and earthly, is found in the passage that begins "If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels but have not love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal." It goes on to say that prophetic powers, knowledge of all mysteries, faith to move mountains, and great generosity mean nothing without love. What is love? "Love is patient and kind; it is not jealous or boastful; it is not arrogant or rude. Love does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice at wrong but rejoices in the right. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never ends."

MY WALK IN SPRING

I walk among nature simply because I treasure
my right to do it.
To breathe the crisp spring air,
To see huge white clouds sail above me,
To feel the cool green grass under my un-clad foot.

To hear the birds sing and jabber in the noisy
lyrical racket of spring.
To feel the wind playing with my hair,
Or drink in the beauty of a magnolia tree, just blooming.

And, as I walk, my mind wanders over people and events.
People that I have great affection for,
Newly-won friends who have not yet known my love for nature,
And those close, close friends who do know and respect my love.

And I walk among nature,
And wonder if some day I will meet someone else walking.

Someone who will understand and feel the same way,
And feel an identity and closeness to nature,
For sensitivity is a lonely road.

DIANNE FELBER

