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EDITORIAL

Few freshmen, and few upperclassmen, are aware of the literary contests held during the year by various organizations in or outside Butler University. We feel that this lack of information is unfortunate and should be remedied, since participation in the contests may be both profitable to the would-be writer, or pleasurable to those who merely enjoy writing.

There are several contests listed in the University Catalogue. One is the literary prize competition, offering three $25.00 prizes to undergraduates who submit short stories, poetry, drama, or essays. Those who are interested in submitting manuscripts should see Mr. Sparks, the adviser of the contest, early next semester.

The Joseph Allen Minturn Award is made available by the Indiana Society of Mayflower Descendants. It is a $25.00 prize given to the undergraduate who submits the best literary treatment of the Plymouth Colony.

Another is that sponsored by the Indianapolis chapter of American Penwomen, a prize of $50.00, for the best piece of sustained writing submitted during the year.

We feel that in the past, students of Butler University have not participated in these contests actively enough. It is our hope that with this information more literary effort will be forthcoming for the contests.
Buttonville---Population 2,005

PATRICIA SYLVESTER

The calendar in Grandpa's general store, filling station and grocery reads 1939. His store is the first you see when you come into Buttonville, a town right in the center of the United States about a mile from Sugar Crossing and running along side of Catfish Creek. You can't miss it for, as you enter, there's a sign saying "Buttonville - Population 2,005" (They crossed out the two and changed it to five when Mrs. Blanchy had the town’s triplets, Minnie, Winnie and Sam, Jr.). As you leave, there’s a sign reading "Come again when you can stay longer — B.Ville Chamber of Commerce". You’ll come right in on Main Street. It goes straight to the town square where all the stores except Grandpa’s grocery are located and where, not the court house, but the Buttonville Button Factory stands. The factory occupies the entire great square except for the corner across from Peabody’s Picture House and the Buttonville Ice Cream Parlor. On this corner is old Mrs. Biddle’s house. It is a big yellow place with a long side porch and a wide front porch. There are two pointed towers stuck, one a few feet higher than the other, on either side of the house. The factory heads gave up long ago trying to buy this land. Mrs. Biddle likes to be in the heart of things. If people want to know anything at all about the town they always go to her. She is the source of most of the news that goes in the Wednesday Morning Gazette which is delivered every Friday evening. When you knock on her door, Mrs. Biddle will drop the curtain on the front window back in place and come to the door just as if she didn’t know who was there. If you’re a stranger, after she’s brought you sassafras tea and ginger cookies, she’ll always get out her button string to show you. She has on it every style of button made since the factory began, and they are all coat buttons, for the factory manufactures only overcoat buttons.

Starting with the very first button Mrs. Biddle will tell you the story of the town. Mr. Peter Adams (his family is the first button) lives in the large white house on the hill at the north end of the street that runs parallel to Main Street. His great grandfather was one of the town fathers and founded the factory. Mr. Adams has three towers on his house and a prominently situated two car garage where he keeps all the old license plates, tire tubing, a woodcutting machine (he makes wooden buttons as a hobby), bicycles, lawnmowers, etc., in fact he keeps everything but his cars in the garage. He wants people to see them, and they are always parked in
front of his house. He walks to work.

The vice-president and secretary-treasurer of the factory, Peter Adams III and James Adams live in the second largest houses in town, on either side of their father's home. Peter Adams, the fourth, is now in love with Mrs. Biddle's niece, Sally Thomson. Mrs. Biddle says that if Sally has sense enough to say "no", three times before she says "yes", they will probably get married. Mrs. Biddle would like very much to have an Adams in the family.

Peter drives the three blocks down to Sally's house every night at seven. Her home is very much like all the others on the north side of the town. It is a yellow bungalow with a half side porch. There are spirea bushes and petunia window boxes in front and a big flower bed in back. The rear border of the flower garden is made up of tomatoes and bean vines, and Mr. Thomson's irregular patch of corn and onions, which ruin the whole bed because he just throws the seed and gets onions in the roses and corn all through the delphinium. He won't let Mrs. Thomson plant them because she doesn't like corn and onions and they won't grow for her and besides he doesn't like a bed so neat. There is an old tire swing hanging from a large maple tree and Billy's red wagon is overturned on the best zenia plant.

Most of the people in the north part of town have the job of watching over the people in the south part of town who operate the button machines. The houses in the south part of town are small and bursting with children. They have narrow front and back yards and some of the yards have a tree or flowers in them. On a whole they are neat and clean-looking though a bit barren.

All these southsiders go to the Methodist church and all the northsiders to the Presbyterian. Mrs. Biddle alternates between them, going to one Sunday morning and to the other on Sunday evening, she always eats at the Methodist though, because they have the most and the best food.

All week, except on Sunday, the men of Buttonville spend most of their day at the factory and the women spend most of theirs at home cooking and gossiping over the clothes line. There are no fences except the one between Mrs. Murphy's and Mrs. McGinty's houses. Every fall, Mrs. Murphy throws all her rotten tomatoes into Mrs. McGinty's yard and Mrs. McGinty's throws all her rotten apples into Mrs. Murphy's; other than that they have nothing to do with one another.

In the evenings almost everyone drives to Sugar Crossing or Granville unless they want to see some of their friends from those towns, in which case they go to the Buttonville Ice Cream Parlor or the Peabody Picture House. Morning and evening, and even on Sundays everyone laughs and jokes with everyone else (except, of course, Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. McGinty). Oh, they are sad at funerals, but then most everyone lives to be very old and there aren't many funerals. In fact, there are so few that Mr. Johnson, the undertaker has to run a filling station and grocery store to make a living.

* * * *

The only thing new in Grandpa's grocery is the calendar with a picture of a girl in a bathing suit sitting on a rock holding a parrot. The date on the calendar reads 1942. The sign which you see as you enter town says, "Buttonville — Population 700." Driving on up a funeral Main Street you come again to Mrs. Biddle's. She drops a tattered curtain as you knock and rustles to the door in her black taffeta. You come in and sit down, and she sinks with a sigh in the chair by the window.

Though his wife is dead, Mr. Adams
still lives in his three towered house. The grass has grown tall in front of it. Mr. Adams has to walk to the factory now. His sons have moved away and the empty windows of their houses stare blankly at an unpeopled street. The Thomson’s bungalow like most of the rest is forsaken. Billy Thomson’s wagon is rusted and broken brown stalks are all that remains of the zenia bed. Mr. Thomson dug up his onions when he left. The Thomson’s didn’t even put a “For Rent or For Sale” sign in the front yard.

Mrs. McGinty who lives three houses from the Thomsons, has had the fence taken down between her yard and Mrs. Murphy’s. She went over herself and picked up all the apples she had thrown into the others yard and sent roses to Mrs. Murphy’s funeral. For Mrs. Murphy like many of the town’s people died from the shock. Mr. Johnson, the undertaker, had to give up his filling station and grocery because he had so much business.

However he is the only one who prospered by the fatal event. Most of the stores in the town square are closed. The Peabody Picture House still has a faded advertisement for a show popular in 1941 hanging partly torn from its “Now Showing” board. Though a great many of the people on the south side are still living in Buttonville they can’t afford to go to a motion picture. Mr. Adams doesn’t pay the laborers much and so they’ve let their roofs sag, their yards become mud and dirt and they seldom have curtains at their windows which are frequently patched with paper. The workers go grumbling to work each day in the fourth of the factory that is still running and pack buttons in boxes labeled “Klever Kiddies Klothes.”

Mrs. Biddle has the buttons for the children’s clothes added to her string. Just before they start she has a neatly clipped headline glued on the last overcoat button which reads:

Smart Style Dictates Zippers for Overcoats.

Flamingos

LUCY KAUFMAN

Far through the jungle, bird cries mark night’s end.
Eastwardly the sky is streaked with pink,
and near the water’s edge black orchids bend
beneath webbed-feet, as white flamingos drink.

Deep among the spindling silent stalks
which border banks surrounding the lagoon
wet reeds stir, and a tall flamingo walks
infringing on the sleep of afternoon.

Flamingos showing silver in the night
fly far above the jungle toward the west,
and following a star’s transluscent light
at length reach home, and white flamingos rest.
The Barrier Between

RICHARD MOORES

It was one o'clock in the afternoon, and the crowd in the restaurant was thinning. A dark-haired woman played on an elevated organ, and the waitresses walked wearily between the empty tables, collecting dishes and silverware. Big electric fans moved back and forth with sluggish precision, and stirred the rising cigarette smoke. The restaurant was slowly, almost imperceptibly, becoming enveloped in an atmosphere of languorous silence that would last until dinner-time.

Two young men sat facing each other across a linen-topped table, and a woman looked at them through the twisted iron grill-work that separated the two tables. The woman, sitting alone at her table, lighted a cigarette. She blew a thin stream of smoke between the lacy bars of the grill-work, and stared at the bright blond heads of the two young men. She looked at the tanned smoothness of their faces, at the slope of their broad shoulders, at the moving muscles in their arms. Her heart pounded painfully, and she felt a tender warmth spreading over her entire body.

The two young men talked about the war, about politics, about sex, about college, about girls. They talked about the trip they would take to South America, when the war was over and everything was all right again.

They got very excited talking about the trip to South America. The woman listened to the talk of the two young men, and she wanted to say something to them. She wanted them to notice her — she wanted to be a part of them and their talk. The young men suddenly stopped talking and lighted cigarettes. They were both eager and breathless, and their eyes shone with happiness. The woman ground her cigarette out in her plate, and lightly pushed the plate against the iron grill-work. The two men turned their bright heads at the noise, and looked at her with mild surprise. The woman smiled slightly and lowered her eyelids. She said, "You know, I've just been sitting here and admiring you two boys".

One of the young men laughed uneasily, and said, "I'm afraid there's not much to admire."

The woman said, "Oh, I think there's a great deal to admire." She made her smile wider, and her eyes were very bright. Both of the young men felt uncomfortable, and one of them looked at his wrist watch and said, "Good God, Jack, it's one thirty."

The other young man said, "We'd better leave."

Avoiding the eyes of the woman, they pushed back their chairs and picked up their checks. The woman looked at their bright heads and broad shoulders as they moved towards the cashier's desk. She felt a tear run down her carefully powdered cheek, and she reached across the table for her purse.
ENGLISH TEAPOT

John Herron Art Museum
APERITIF

BY HENRY LEE McFEE

John Herron Art Museum
These Things She Loved

JANET JARRETT

Nancy McIntire lay quite still in the great four-poster bed. Her tiny shrivelled frame was huddled beneath the covers and her eyes had lost their old sparkle. She knew that what everybody said was true, that she would never again leave her bed. For Nancy McIntire was nearly ninety.

There was a narrow band of sunlight streaming through a crack in the shade. Dumbly she watched the particles of dust caught in its rays. Bits of matter suddenly snatched up in their idle drifting by a slim golden shaft, turned into a thousand shining little worlds, and then dropped back into the darkness.

“Maybe that’s what people are,” she thought, “tiny things suddenly bathed in a lovely light and then ceasing to be. Or maybe that’s death, a step from out of darkness into a dazzling light.”

As she lay there waiting for the shadows and mist to overtake her, she could see in her mind’s eye all the things she treasured. During her long life she had learned to see beauty in the things about her and, because of this, she had also learned to love them. She could see her fields in their neat checker-board patterns and the pasture lying like the heart of a great emerald scarred only by the tiny foot path and a sluggish little brook which loitered near one corner.

She saw her corn storing golden sunshine inside cool green sheaths and the pumpkins at its feet which would soon begin to show a brilliant orange. She saw green fields dotted with white starlets of clover and the orchard where sturdy trees stood knee-deep in the luxuriant growth of grass, and she realized anew how good the lives of the trees were. Each year they awoke to the clarion call of spring drawing their vitality from the storehouse which nature provided. They developed and matured through sultry summer days when the sun was a glowing white-hot ball and finally brought forth their fruit in the ripe golden days of autumn. Their life each year was ended in a glorious triumph of color and richness. Not for them was this slow wasting away at the end of the road.

Thinking of these things she was engulfed by a tide of memories. She could see the cows in the fields surveying the world with a calm unquestioning gaze. She had not always felt so about them. There had been a time when to her unaccustomed eyes they had appeared as savage beasts waiting for her to stumble. Her mind wandered back to the time when, more than half a century ago, she had cast her lot with that of Steve McIntire and come to live with him on his farm.

She remembered her terror at the silence, the silence through which each of nature’s tiny voices could be heard. She remembered how she had closed her eyes to the shattering white sun-light, so different from that of the city, and how grateful she had been when the lengthening shadows across the fields had foretold the coming of the cool purple dusk. Now she loved the day-light best. Those piercing white rays cheered her, and her body seemed to plead for their hotness. She dreaded the dusk now. It was pale and cold; it seemed to prophesy the time when she too would be pale and cold.

As she counted over all her cherished landmarks, she remembered the barn. Its walls long since having lost their coat of
paint, looked silvery gray and brown in the light. Even from the first she had loved the barn. It was a cool, dark retreat, its floor criss-crossed with pale bars of sunlight filtered through cracks in the walls. She remembered its draughty loft which the pigeons claimed, its pungent door of freshly cut hay, its corners filled with mysterious odds and ends. It had been a long time since she had ventured all the way down to the barn, but even yet she could recall all those things and love them.

Then in her mind's eye she saw her house as it had been when she came to it. She had loved her house too, and now as her life was nearly finished she knew she would leave in it, indelibly stamped, her own personality. It was here in her house that her domain lay, and here more than any place else were the tangible reminders of her life. She could visualize her kitchen where she had spent so many hours, its walls lined with pots and pans which caught the early morning sun in bright dancing points of light.

Filling one corner and crowding into the room stood a great cupboard painted apple green. In its vast bosom it held countless good things to eat as well as the best dishes with their bold blue and white pattern. The center of the room was dominated by an oversized table. It had always been covered with gay red and white tablecloths except on Sundays and when company was expected. On these occasions it proudly bore the thick damask cloth which age had made an ivory color. The table was supported by enormously large pillar-like legs which bore jagged scars from the many battles waged about them. (Here in her own kitchen the threads of her life had made their headquarters.)

Then she saw her pantry. Even more than her kitchen she loved this tiny room which the rows of preserves and jellies transformed into a color-filled fairy land. In stocking its shelves she had created beauty as surely as an artist. And because it was all her own she had loved it best of all. She could see yet the jars which seemed to catch the few stray beams of light and to hold them in glorious ranks of glowing ruby and rich amber.

As she cherished the memory of all these things she could see as from a great distance the pattern and meaning of her life. She knew now it had been a good life. It had been a busy one too; all her days had been filled with the countless duties required of one who looks after a large family on a farm. It was not an illustrious, shining life. Instead hers had been a life of faithful steady service. She had uncomplainingly served those people and things she loved best, and as a reward she could hold in her mind a treasury of beautiful things.

Now she was no longer needed and it was time she rested from her work. She was very tired, all she wanted was to lie quite still and watch through the ever-approaching mist the tiny flecks of dust caught in the sun's light.
Dry Leaves

MARY MARGRETTE SCHORTEMEIER

In stealth
Stalking its prey
Winter is creeping
Groping its way.

Today
Summer is reignning.
Only the dry leaves
Show it is waning.

Too soon
Comes one final leap
For winter — for summer
Only to weep.

Today
My heart is young.
Dry leaves for me?
From mortals I'm sprung.
A Very Short Story, or The Amazing Case of Mr. Ex

LUCY KAUFMAN

For the most part it was a lazy day. The drowsiness of afternoon was thick as honey over Central Park. Warm sunlight splashed the world like white wine, and the sky was an uninterrupted blue, except for powdery whiffs of clouds which were urged along by the wind. Men, having finished their noon meals, stretched out on benches and slept or endeavored to. Women strolled down the paths, miraculously unmindful of gossip. Only a group of children frisking among the trees and their frantic attendants who pursued them were untouched by the midday lethargy.

Apparently the boy and girl were in love. They passed his bench, unaware that they were followed by eyes which for a moment seemed puzzled. As the couple rounded a clump of bushes, they disappeared, and his eyes turned to the trees heavy with summer, to the grass shining with pools of sunbeams, and finally to the sky, a pure bright sapphire. In that instant perhaps the spell was caught. Perhaps a door was opened. His lips formed the words, I wonder if .... But it was a lazy day for the most part, so the spell was broken and the door closed. Besides he was not profound .... Presently he slept.

Augustus Leonardo Ex was a small round man who wore spectacles and was bald. There are men who excite interest under even these conditions, but Mr. Ex had only his name to offer in respect to the unusual. However, that had been in the family for three generations, and the singular spark of genius which conceived that appellation had long ago flickered and died.

Augustus (His close friends, had he enjoyed any, would have doubtless derived something shorter.) was a clerk in a law firm, as had been his father. Although he did his work consistently and adequately, neither the clerk nor the firm would ever know fame. He was a bachelor, having been embittered toward women during childhood. When he was eight years of age, his great aunt Bertha came upon him one day as Augustus was devouring the better half of a chocolate pie. Unfortunately, the pie was intended for dinner, and as guests were expected that night as well as pie, Aunt Bertha's rage was excited. Deeply vexed, she struck Augustus soundly. As a result he had never married.

On the particular day of which I write, Mr. Ex, having grown, in his case dwindled, to manhood, fared forth from his office at twelve-fifteen. For nine years he had lunched at twelve-fifteen, except for Sundays when he dined with his two sisters, Stella and Doris. (They too were unmarried, although for reasons slightly different from their brother's.) He always spent Sundays with Stella and Doris, as he felt that he owed it to them. Returning however, to this summer day, we find him headed toward Central Park. With him was his lunch which he prepared at home, for he considered dining at a restaurant an unnecessary extravagance. His repast had been highly standardized. In fact his lunches were as limited as the other habits of life common to Mr. Ex. The meal consisted of a pear, a bottle of milk, and two doughnuts. Today, unhappily, he had been forced to substitute an apple for the customary pear. This event had disturbed him.

In Central Park he established himself
at his usual bench and began to eat. As he was preparing to bite into the apple that caused him so much anxiety, a boy and girl arrested his attention. Love occupied a very insignificant place in the heart of Mr. Ex, and he was not given to daydreaming. Nevertheless, his interest was held by the couple. Perhaps some stifled chord of sensitivity in his soul responded to the combination of young love and the beauty of the afternoon. He was wondering about it when the drowsiness of the stillness and the sun overtook him.

The couple passed from sight, and Mr. Ex closed his eyes. New York and Central Park became forgotten things. A robin sang from the shaded branches of a maple. Down the path danced the children’s laughter as they played tag among the tall trees. Far to the left the traffic of Manhattan groaned under the load of lunch hour, its baritone rumble scarcely audible to one in Central Park. But these sounds escaped Augustus Ex. He was remembering a summer when as a child he was taken to the seashore. He was thinking of how he had gone off by himself to watch the restless water and of how the moonlight looked as it spun across the tiny waves on the night he had left. He remembered that he wept for days after he returned to the city. He had missed the ocean . . . . Suddenly there seemed to be a link between the feeling for the ocean and the twinge of loneliness at seeing the couple. Somehow the beauty of the day was related too. He couldn’t understand. “I wonder if . . . .” he thought, but before he could answer the unasked question something had destroyed his consciousness . . . .

Mr. Ex was asleep.

Definitions of Liberty and Freedom

VIRGINIA SKIDMORE

Almost any discussion of the present war will involve the use of the terms “liberty” and “freedom.” They are used interchangeably so often that it is difficult to make a distinction between them. Both “liberty” and “freedom” in their primary significance refer to the state of being free or the absence of restraint, compulsion, or subjection of the individual and his actions. The idea of liberty often contains the added implication that such restraint or subjection had existed previously.

“Liberty” is commonly used in a political or legal sense. There are three common types of liberty included under the manifestations of this meaning—civil liberty, political liberty, and individual or personal liberty. Civil liberty refers specifically to the rights and immunities of citizens in an organized society with a guarantee for the protection of such rights. The right to share in the forming and in the conduction of the government under which one lives is called political liberty. Individual or personal liberty, according to modern political usage, involves such privileges as freedom of movement from place to place and equality before the courts. Thus, “liberty”, in this sense, refers to a body of rights which the individual in a modern constitutional government possesses.

While the term “freedom” may be and
often is used in this sense, in my opinion, freedom is less dependent on such external conditions of a particular type of society. Freedom might be called a quality of the mind or soul. Thus the freedom possessed by an individual is dependent on the extent his mind and soul are freed from the limitations of his own senses and desires as well as the limitations of ignorance, superstition, prejudices, and even conventionalities of society. Freedom in this sense means a capacity of control and overcome the limitations and restrictions of physical desires and prejudiced, intolerant attitudes. A person possessing such a quality of mind has a very great degree of intellectual and spiritual freedom.

One says "a degree of freedom" because both freedom and liberty, as used here, refer to relative rather than complete absence of restraint. One enjoys his political, civil, and individual liberties within certain defined limits or laws to prevent their abuse.

Complete freedom can perhaps never be attained by man. Even if society and one's personal limitations did not impose some restrictions on one's actions, nature itself would always impose some limitations. The type of freedom mentioned previously must contain an implication of self-discipline and self-control to prevent abuses and excesses resulting in license.

Thus, one sees that a difference between liberty and freedom lies in the fact that the former most often refers to a condition actually experienced by the members of a society, while the latter is a characteristic which each individual desires to possess.

The significance and effectiveness of our present day liberties depends to a great extent on the possession of such freedom by the majority of people. As long as the individuals are restricted by their own intolerance and prejudice, their society will have the same limitations.

The Blue Pincushion

JEANNE GASS

With a flourish of the shiny old shears, Dora snipped the last coupon from the latest copy of the Ladies Home Journal. She pushed the magazine aside and made a neat little pile of the slips of paper. She breathed a sigh of pure, undiluted bliss.

Her soft white hands fluttered over the papers, almost tenderly. Her lips formed the numbers silently as she counted the coupons with all the eagerness of a miser.

"Twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine." She paused, and counted again. "Twenty-nine." Her trimly-shod foot hooked around the table-leg, and she settled herself in the chair. Her chin was propped on one fist. She stared out the dining room window into the dreamy dimness of the fast-settling twilight. Her eyes were fixed on no particular point. She was seeing only things which were not there.

Perhaps it was a minute, perhaps an hour, later that she heard the front door-knob rattle faintly, and her mother's footsteps resound hollowly on the hardwood floor of the entry hall. A moment later,
Norma Lewis snapped on the lights in the dining room.

"Dora, what are you doing, sitting here in the dark?"

"Mmm?" The curly black head did not more. Norma set her bag of groceries on a chair.

"I say, what are you doing? What's all this paper littering the dining room just before time to get dinner?" Scarcely waiting for a reply, she seized the tattered magazine. "And Dora, my new Ladies Home Journal. It's all cut to pieces." She remembered her continued novel, and murmured half to herself, "I never will know if Effie marries that preacher . . . Dora, what on earth did you cut out of here, anyway?"

"Coupons."

"Coupons. What kind of coupons!"

Her mother picked up the little slips, and read them aloud.

"'How to Protect the Beauty of Your Home.' 'The Busy-Bee Embroidery Book.' 'Planned Menus for Small Families.' 'Our Book of Exciting Recipes, free upon request . . . .'

Her voice drifted off into nothingness. She saw that the foolish scraps of paper were shaking in her hand. Feeling for a chair, she drew it close to the table and sat down. She deliberately made her voice light.

"Well, Dorie. So you're ready to be a housewife." The contours of the face which would remain ever childish to the mother, softened, as the daughter turned her head. Norma could see the dreams still misting in the blue eyes. Dora hesitated and spoke in an abashed tone.

"Sounds ------------, well, silly, when you talk about it. I guess it seems childish to you, especially when you consider that Jerry and I can't be married for so long." The girl paused, cleared her throat.

"No. No, Dora. I don't think it's silly." Norma's voice was gentle, even a little sad. There was another pause, longer this time. Both women lived for a moment in separate worlds which existed only in their separate minds. Dora roused herself again.

"I thought recipes would be a nice start. You have to have, you need something to make a dream real . . . And I thought as long as they didn't cost anyone anything . . . ."

"Yes, I know," said her mother. "I made a pincushion when your daddy and I got engaged. I covered it with a piece of pale blue silk. Your great-grandmother gave it to me, and I embroidered it with white scallops. It's still around here some where . . . ." The older woman looked about the room vaguely.

She saw the bag of groceries, stood, and picked it up. Gently she touched her daughter's shoulder. "Free upon request," she thought. "Dreams . . . Dreams are . . . ." She left the thought unfinished in her mind. The bag of groceries was suddenly tremendously heavy, and she was relieved to walk to the kitchen and set it down.
Do you recall the morning on Nantucket Sound
when white wind whipped our sails against the August sun,
when we stood tanned and laughing, loving the sea, and bound
for any port or none?

Do you recall that out from the tiny towns which lay
along the coast, came salty strangers seeking cod,
tanned and laughing as we, plundering the bay
with net and fishing rod?

Do you recall that when the west waxed pink again
homeward we turned the tiller, and as we came around
with sails set full for shore, lights flashed from a world forgotten
on Nantucket Sound?
D Minor

JEAN SISKEL

With stealthy passion
The music filled the room,
Brushing with mystic melody
His throbbing heart.

Outside the stony window frames
Were trees,
Rustling excitedly,
Bowing with frantic grace.

Do trees have hearts? Can they too
Feel the stirring touch of tone?
For trees, there is wind;
For men, music.
Aptitude Tests

Bob Dyer

One of the devices most commonly used by universities to overawe incoming freshmen and to make them conscious of the tremendous amount of knowledge connected with the institution, is the college aptitude test. The test, presumably, is to serve as a key to the student's ability along various lines. How this purpose is served remains a mystery to the poor subject. The average college freshman cannot see how such a garbled mass of nothing can lead his instructors to a better understanding of his educational needs.

An interesting theory has been advanced recently by a group of prominent freshmen concerning this test. They profess to doubt that any information of any kind is obtained from the results. The theory is based on the remark of a faculty adviser to the effect that the poorest student is very likely to be the student who thinks that he knows more than his instructor. These learned men insist that the test is merely an attempt to impress the student with his own stupidity. He is told how the results of the test are to be used, and convinced that his own density prevents him from seeing how this can be done. He is from that moment a mental recluse awed by the magnificent glow of knowledge which surrounds the faculty members.

For further information supporting their claim, our theorists go to the test itself. An examination shows that the questions are progressive in nature. That is, they range from simple calculations at the first to involved and complex problems at the end. The first question is often something like this: "K. had eight apples. He ate one, dropped two down a manhole, and was given five. How many had he then?" To even the most dull-witted of high school graduates, the answer is obvious. The questions become more and more difficult, until the last few are far too involved for anyone. "Potatoes are 50c a bushel. If they sell on the open market at ten for 5c how many would be necessary to fill the number two hold of the Queen Mary?" Obviously, it would take more than a genius to solve this. Therefore, the gentlemen continue, we know one thing. The person being tested is somewhere between a moron and a genius.

While this new theory of aptitude tests is most interesting, I do not quite agree. I think that results are obtained through Black Magic.
The Influence of The War on Me

THOMAS HAYNES

Wars wreck everything. A happy home, a lover's dream, a commercial manager's contract, and even politicians' plans suffer from the dire consequence of war. War, inevitable war, has broken, shaped, and reshaped maps and men's lives since the dawn of man.

In 1942, this day, I look with apprehension upon this world of conflict, and wonder (with no less apprehension) what will become of me. I had plans, yes. I've done my share of dreaming. I've even earned a large share of money at one time or another. I've seen a bit of the world. I've gained a considerable amount of experience, both the hard and the easy way; but what good is all this if I must go to war, perhaps never to return again? War, ignoble war — why do men and nations behave this way?

Do you see those creases in my forehead? Do you see that grave expression on my face, and that bewildered gleam in my eyes? Have you heard those glorious tales of heroism and those equally repugnant tales of woe, and crime, and shame? Do you see that half-defeated soldier to be? That's me! What influence does the war have on me in 1942? I tell you I just don't know what to do. I may be here today, but tomorrow?

The realities of life have changed: superficiality and celophanic artificiality have clothed this world of mine for 1942. Because of the present war the clashing, the clanging, and the bloodshed have led me to take a different perspective on life. I walk around in a stupor, half-dazed, bewildered, and amazed. My movements are only mechanical, because I am constantly thinking in terms of war; youthful spirit and zest have left me. I represent a portion of American youth — the eighteen and nineteen year olds.

Big money paying jobs are scarce, that is, for me. I am between the ages of eighteen and twenty. "Uncle Sam needs you worse than we do," so says the manufacturer, but I have to live and so do all the other youths of my age.

Don't get me wrong. If I could win this war, I would gladly render my services to this, my great country's cause. I'm as patriotic as you or the next fellow! There is nothing I'm more proud of than this, my native mother land. I've been clothed and reared and fed in her glorious sunshine, and on her own soft bosom of dewy grass and fragrant field. I've lived a good life, but today — 1942 — I'm in such a dither that I don't know what to do.
Why Americans Like Baseball

WILLIAM ROBERTS

On Monday afternoon two weeks ago, men who were at home sat glued to their comfortable chairs beside a radio; people who were in the business sectors crowded around radios on the sidewalk in front of stores; college students carried portable radios with them; sailors were standing near short wave sets on ships at sea; and soldiers on distant battle fronts gathered around short wave radio sets also, while 70,000 lucky people were able to crowd into Yankee Stadium.

Although at that very moment Americans were engaged in a war for survival, in what historians claim is the greatest war of all time, and official Washington was sending out vast amounts of important up-to-the-minute news, the newspapers on that Monday afternoon carried in two-inch bold type as the banner headline: "CARDS WIN SERIES."

The American people as a whole go for baseball in a big way. They like baseball because it stresses fair play and decency. Baseball can transform players into skilled players and presents the superiority of mind over matter. Baseball offers the use of chance, contains psychological attributes and puts a green rookie on equal terms with an experienced veteran. This is why Americans show a keen interest in this sport.

Baseball is the pioneer game for Americans. It originated one hundred and two years ago in Cooperstown, New York, fifty years before the creating of basketball and hockey. It was one of the first competitive games that brought both mind and body into play. This gave baseball quite an edge in popularity over the sports which followed later.

People like baseball for the opportunity it offers as a career. Boys in their teens rise from the sandlots with hard work and ability that only God can furnish to climb that long ladder to success in the major leagues. They can make from $5,000 to $40,000 a season — not bad, if money is the athlete's goal. It makes no difference from where the lad comes. He may come from the sandlots, from a college campus, a coal mine, a steel mill, or a farm. That is the American way.

Americans are machine-minded. A ball team playing together represents a well developed machine, with each man a unit. However, this machine is far from perfect. One day a team may look unbeatable. The next day an underdog rises to great heights and defeats the supposedly invincible club. Ball players make mistakes. That is only human. Fans forgive and forget and like the players all the more.

Competition is a trait all Americans admire. Competitive spirit and courage form baseball's finest characteristics. It is true that baseball has suffered from corruption and graft. Baseball has produced its scandals and disgraces. All this, however, has been apprehended and foiled. Law and order have come to stay on the ball field. Jurisdiction is maintained over players on the diamond, no matter how difficult it seems at times. This assures Mr. and Mrs. Gus Fan that they are probably seeing the most honest professional sport that exists today.

Undoubtedly, the main reason why we who live under the Stars and Stripes like and enjoy baseball is that this game is as American as apple pie and the hot dog.
Snowfall

NANCY RODECKER

Dusk was enveloping the city when the first tiny flakes began to fall. I remember looking through my bedroom window and noticing that the naked redbud outside was clothed in a powdery robe of snow that lent it a fragile and ghostly air. Since first snowfalls had always interested me, I curled up in an easy chair and viewed the frosty process from the warmth of my room. Outside, the atmosphere was brittle and clear. The bitter wind of the day had retired for the night, and the snow sifted through the trees in an unbroken pattern, as if it had been poured from a giant flour sifter in the sky. Serenity was everywhere. No sounds penetrated the still air. The lights in the houses seemed to wink at me and tell me that they were warm and comfortable, too, far away from the cold black and white night. Gradually the rough stones in the driveways became blanketed in soft white, and baby drifts were born in the corners of the neighbors' house, a house whose lines were becoming indistinct as the flurries increased in speed and intensity. Soon the wind, having become tired of resting, entered in a flurry of snow and leaves and knocked on my window. Then it turned and brushed past the redbud, leaving it bare and shivering again.

Solliloquy

DORIS DALEY

The northern day was drawing to a close, and as I watched the sun slide down behind multi-colored clouds, its satellite rays trailing after, it seemed that with it went something of the human quality of this earth, leaving me alone in the presence of the unknown.

Standing topside in the prow, I could look down and watch the slender ship cut the never-ending swells. On either side, the smooth hull sent the backwash sliding along its sides, crested with foam at first, and gradually spiralling out into shining ripples amidships, all the while roaring like a hungry beast. But the water's rest was not for long, the pounding propeller catching and churning the mass up again, and then, their savagery gratified, leaving it to lose itself in the immensity of the ocean.

As the gray of the sky deepened, a wind came up, blowing away the clouds and leaving the sky a smooth, velvety black, but still, somehow, not a warm black. Now it was dark enough to see the reflection of the port lantern upon the rolling eddies below — a huge brass lantern, glistening from many polishings, with a ruby-red glass — a fat and comfortable looking lantern, the only bulwark of civilization out on the cold, bleak water. For a time its presence was rather comforting, but to each constellation that burned through the last of the dying day the lantern seemed to lose a little of its brilliance until both lamp and ship disappeared, leaving me suspended between two infinities.

Star after star added its cold, white spark to the heavens, until it seemed impossible for another to find room, but still the earth was dark and chill. A driving wind was pushing the ship onward — onward over the brink of the world.
Peace Through Prayer

W. S. McLean

As far back as he could remember he had been afraid of storms. Back there in the early years, some member of the family had set the pace of fear when a storm came. There was an old belief — probably a superstition — that if one sat on a feather bed, lightning wouldn't strike. Anyway, there was a general migration to the bedrooms during a storm. Mother became nervous if the storm was severe, and sister would have a fit of trembling. Brother made a vain show of bravery, which only intensified the uneasiness. All through his seventeen years the boy had had a dread of storms. Perhaps the psychologists would say it was conditioned by those early experiences.

So that night he lay huddled among the covers, as the storm raged. The room was dungeon-black, lighted only by the vivid flashes of lightning. All other sound was swallowed up in the crash and rumble of the thunder. He could feel the house shake as the wind dashed against it, seemingly in a mad effort to tear it apart. The rain beat against the window pane in a solid phalanx. And he was scared — a pointless, unreasoning, foolish fear.

The storm would slacken a little, but just when he thought it was about over it would renew its attack with added vengeance. He was afraid to stay there alone. He might go down the stairs. No, someone might hear him, and tomorrow they would make no end of fun about it. So he slid deeper among the covers and tried to shut out the sound of the storm.

As he lay there, trying to forget the storm, he began to try to understand this feeling. What was he afraid of anyway? He wasn't afraid of what the storm would do. It wasn't that he was afraid that he would be killed. He was prepared to die — or was he? He had joined the church and attended more or less regularly. He prayed — not as often as he should perhaps — but he did say his prayers now and then. He had prayed tonight.

What good was praying anyway? His mother prayed long, earnest, tearful prayers when he had been unusually vexatious. As he looked back now, he wondered why her prayers hadn't done more good. Wonder if Mother prays during a storm.

Is that the secret of her calmness? With all the worries and tasks of the home since Dad died had prayer helped her face the days with her customary smile and gentleness? She used to be afraid of storms. How did she get over it? Had her prayers helped her? Maybe prayer would help him.

The preacher had said that if you prayed for something, and really believed, it would be answered. But he'd prayed and nothing had happened. Maybe he hadn't believed strongly enough. What was faith anyway? How can you believe any other way than just believing? Then he remembered something else the preacher had said, “Just forget yourself and think of the Lord. Believe His promises as you believe the promises of a friend.”

He had never thought of it like that before. There are different ways to believe. So his thoughts went from his part in the prayer, to God's part in answering. He had made the motions and said the words, but he had not got the meaning. Finally, he began to see the truth — that prayer was not a charm to work magic, but a means of strength and courage.
Well, he certainly needed courage now, with the storm steadily mounting in its fury. Could prayer free him from this senseless fear? Had he ever really believed? Had he ever expected anything to happen? Then, in the darkness of his room, while the storm continued its boisterous campaign, he prayed: “Lord, I don’t know how to pray right. Maybe I don’t know the right words, but I’m afraid of storms and I don’t want to be afraid. I do believe you can help me. Take away the fear and give me courage.”

And it happened. Before the prayer was finished, before the storm had lessened its force, there was a difference. There came a sense of relaxation, of unloosening, which started at the top of the head and moved down his body. He could put his finger on the spot, almost, it was so distinct. Gradually it moved down his body, as though someone were pulling the covers from over him, until his whole body was alive with a new feeling of freedom. He tingled all over with the wonder of it. His heart stopped its painful pounding; his head wasn’t filled with the noise of the storm; the darkness was not so oppressive. A real sense of peace and courage enveloped him. He wasn’t afraid of the storm!

Infant Climbs A Mountain

PEGGY O’DONNELL

Ever since they’d left New England behind to come west, Infant had been excited; there had been so many things to see, all new and different. At first she had thought that Indiana would be like it was in her first grade reader; that they’d live in a log cabin, that she’d wear a coonskin cap and deerskin breeches just like Dan’l Boone, (only smaller, because Infant was only six) and that there would be real live Indians with tomahawks. Mother had explained that that had been a long time ago, and that Indiana now was just like New England. But that, reflected Infant, was not strictly true.

Her big sister had turned around a little while ago and said, “Infant,” (everyone called her Infant, which wasn’t her real name at all) “we’re almost there.” She had looked out the window, interested in seeing what Indiana was like. There were endless strips of grass and weeds beside the road, long lines of telephone poles, farmhouses between fields of corn and wheat, and animals in pasture. All these things were the same, but it wasn’t as Mother had said, just like New England. There was something wrong. She removed her head from the window and scooted back into the corner to meditate. What was wrong? As the wheels kept turning, rolling them farther and farther away from New Hampshire, Infant’s thoughts turned back over the miles toward home.

She remembered the New England village made up of clusters of spotlessly white houses on the green hillside. She recalled how it looked at dusk as she was going up the hill toward home, when the lights began to pop out of the darkness one by one, like stars, until the twinkling hillside looked like the sky turned upside down. It always seemed that when she got up close enough she’d be able to reach out and pluck a star for her very own.

Infant lived in a big cream colored house, way up high on the hill. From there she could look out over the village...
Peggy  
by Evelyn Longman

John Herron Art Museum
FAWNS AT PLAY  
by Anna Hyatt Huntington

John Herron Art Museum
and the surrounding countryside, and see everything. She liked to be up high.

That was why she liked her swing. At the right side of the big yard, in the row of pine and evergreen trees, there was one great tree, which, to such a little girl, looked as if it grew up so far that it must surely poke a hole in the sky. From the lowest branch, possible twenty-five feet from the ground, Father had hung a tire swing. Infant spent much of her time there.

It was like the poem her Mother read that started, "Oh, how I like to go in a swing, up in the air so blue." She loved to swing way up and out — up almost as high as the roof and out so far that she could see the dim snow-capped peak of Mt. Kearsarge in the distance. It was a grand feeling, almost as if she were floating on a cloud, way up in the air and looking down at the world — only her cloud stayed up but a second, then dipped quickly, so that she had to pump it up again.

It was the hills and mountains of New England that enchanted her — the delicious "up high" feeling, as if she were on top of the world. In New England you didn't measure height by how tall you were, but by how high you could climb.

Just then Mother said, "Why so quiet, little mouse?" and brought her out of her reverie. She decided to have another look, got up on her knees, and stuck her head out of the window.

As she looked she began to feel queer again. She could see farms up close to the road and farms very far off. She could see everything for miles and miles. That was funny; you couldn't do that in New Hampshire; the houses there were always half hidden behind hills. It must be because . . . . why, that was it! That was what made her feel so funny. It was level, just as if a great steam roller had gone over the land and flattened out all the bumps. There were no mountains, not even any hills.

A great glistening tear rolled down Infant's check. She'd expected that there'd be a new school, a new house, and of course there would be new friends to make. Only this morning she had heard her Mother say to Dad, "I do hope Infant will understand about moving and having a new home and new friends. I'm so afraid she won't. She's so little."

Well, she hated to disappoint Mom and Dad, but she'd have to explain that they must turn around and go back home. She couldn't live in this horrid, dreadful, flat place where she could never get up high. Why, there weren't even any little hills, just small bumps in the ground.

They'd been driving through a city and now Dad had stopped in front of a big white house. "Well, Infant," he said, turning around, "How do you like it?"

Now was the time to tell him. They were waiting, smiling, pleased and expectant. A wave of homesick longing for the green grassy hills and high pine-clad mountains of New England swept over her. She'd tell them now. Infant looked up at the familiar waiting faces. In that moment she took her first step toward "growing up". She dropped her eyes and gulped. "Fine," she said, . . . "I like it fine."
Rhapsody In Hue
DOROTHY MASTERS

Always, wherever I am, when I smell wood smoke, a blanket of color waves before my eyes. I can taste the crisp, juicy apples bought at a crude roadside stand and sold by a toothless 'hill-billy' and his apron clad wife or tousled-headed children. I see the brilliant orange of bittersweet clinging to the fence posts, and I can see each article in the antique shops — especially the spinning wheel and trundle bed and the corn-cob dolls with their hooped-skirts. I see fields of corn stripped of their harvest, standing tiredly, waiting, bearing no resemblance to the proud tall-tasseled stalks that so recently waved gaily but sedately, to the breeze.

Everywhere I can see trees of every hue. I pity anyone who has not wound his way around those beautiful, treacherous curves of Southern Indiana to view Mother Nature taking her last gallant, defiant fling before the cold desolation and isolation which is to follow. I pity anyone who has not looked down from one of those famous hills upon tree after tree pressed closely together in a crazy patchwork quilt of brown and green and yellow and scarlet, leaf upon leaf piled in that vast expanse, gently fading away into the blue smoky haze from the pipe of Shawondasee, who "from his pipe the smoke ascending filled the sky with haze and vapor, filled the air with dreamy softness, gave a twinkle to the water, touched the rugged hills with smoothness, brought the melancholy summer to the northland." 1

This, then, is Nature's grand Amen — this rhapsody in hue — before the stillness that will inevitably follow.

1.Hiawatha by Longfellow.

Three Silent Things
ANN HOLLOWAY

Things that cause the eardrum to vibrate are relatively unimportant in the Universe. Nature's thunder, the boom of the cannon on the battlefield, or man-made machinery in operation create sound, but the very fact that they do so has no bearing on their significance in the world. Trees, wind, stupendous buildings, books, music, and art possess audibility or visibility, but these objects and elements in themselves are meaningless. The silent, intangible factors that allow the trees to exist, the wind to blow, or the artist to paint are the foundations on which the plan of creation is laid.

Who knows Nature? Who can exactly, completely explain who or what "Mother Nature" is? Who can see, hear, or touch the force which has created the elements and compounds or which causes them to act? The silent, unheard force of power which has shaped things in a physical state, a power called Nature, is far greater than the obvious thing in the state of creation. Nature is, therefore, more than what we hear or see, and is of greater meaning than that which can be listened to or looked at.
The artist's painted picture, the writing of a poet, the design of a building, the musician's rendition of a symphony, or the pianist's performance of a sonata are purely physical happenings. The genius in an artist, an architect, or a musician is silent. Yet, genius, the unheard force, is the shaping, determining factor in the physical production.

Everyone knows, or imagines himself to know, what love is. No one has ever heard love. The results of it may be audible, but love itself is a silent, powerful force that causes the very earth to rotate; that lets life continue, that makes souls sing or sob. Yet, love, known in some form to every heart, is something which, like nature or genius has never been heard.

The silent things are the forces of powers which create. The state of creation that appeals to sight, hearing, smell, taste, or touch is relatively insignificant because it is responsible to the other silent, yet far bigger forces for its very existence.

The Three Most Quiet Things I Ever Knew

DICK RUNNELS

In these turbulent, noisy days, I sometimes like to stop and think of the peaceful, the quiet things in my life. As a child, I suppose the most quiet things I knew were the great, silent hills of our farm. How often have I romped and scurried over these hills, independent of all restraint? Or how often have I wandered aimlessly through their protecting shadows while pondering my boyish problems? Always their vast silence offered no opposition to my mood. Like friendly old men, they sat about watching me grow, sometimes smiling, sometimes frowning, but always quietly understanding.

When I was thirteen, I moved to the city with my family, leaving my silent hills behind. Here in the city, however, I found a new quiet. I found it in a little churchyard about six blocks from our apartment. It seemed that here were shut out the disturbing noises of the city. Here were offered the peace and quiet so restful in time of stress. I remember evenings after I had finished my paper route how I used to stop in the little churchyard for a few moments to remember past joys or to dream of the future. It was in this quiet that I sometimes prayed, sometimes meditated my adolescent doubts. The quiet of that little spot will always live in my memory.

And now today I've found still another quiet: the twilight quiet of my campus. Jordan Hall, the Chapel, the willow trees—all these form the silent background for my thoughts. After a long day of study, classes, and work how comforting it is to walk about these restful surroundings. I consider as an essential part of my college years these quiet walks through my campus.

Where I shall find my quiet in the future I do not know — perhaps on a battlefield or aboard a mighty destroyer. What I do know is that in my memory there shall always remain a spot for my farm hills, my city churchyard, and my college campus — the three most quiet things I've ever known.
Evening At Juniper Knoll

Lois Jean Shipley

Oh, the glory of it all! The sun was a magnificent ball of flame as it descended low in the heavens. Small fluffy clouds of gold floated around the huge flaming ball, but kept their distance as though there was some fear of it. Occasionally, a graceful swallow flew across, lending his profile to the glory of the heavens, and the cry of night birds as they took to flight gave the woods that necessary note of evening time.

As I strolled through the woods, the sticks crackled beneath my feet and one little squirrel in the tree top took aim and fired his walnut at my head, which, in his estimation, made a very superior target.

The greenery around me was becoming wet with dew and as I neared the knoll, which was the most beautiful spot in that section of the woods, the sun had almost crept behind the farthest hill.

The lake was almost as smooth as glass and reflected the light blue of the heavens beyond the sunset. One lone sailboat was enjoying the peace and quiet of evening, taking one last at its exquisite environment before it went to dock for the night. The stately fir trees lined the lake reflecting their cone shapes in the crystal water and swaying contentedly with the sweet breath of the lake breeze.

By the time I had reached the knoll, the sun was behind that farthest hill and it was not long till all the hills about me took on a deep purple that the familiar shadows of evening bring. The sky became dark blue, the lake a still deeper blue, and the birds appeared no more, for they were at rest.

One lone star twinkled majestically over the tallest pine tree on the bank across the lake. The end of a perfect day had come, and God had again blessed us with the cool peace fullness of a summer evening.

Heaven, Hell, or Earth

Mary Elizabeth Donnell

Since my first days in the Cradle Roll Department of Sunday School, the merits of the bad place against the good place have been impounded upon my mind. In my childish fancy heaven represented a place where everyone wore water wings, balanced embroidery hoops on their heads, and sat all day on cloud tufts eating water melons. This connotation was no doubt derived from the picture Green Pastures. One of my first thoughts about heaven was that it would be very boring with everyone so good. I had never heard of night in heaven and wondered if the angels ever became sleepy. My grandfather once remarked facetiously that he didn't want to go to heaven because none of his friends would be there.

When I was very young, any mention of the word "Hell" was frowned upon as being something nice people just didn't talk about. Being very curious, I soon found out from the colored maid that hell was full of fire and a curious kind of stone called "brim". Again, at Sunday School I was told that whenever I told a lie a spot in my heart would become black, and that as soon as my entire heart became black...
from repeated lies there would be no heaven for me. This thought frightened me into becoming quite a George Washington, until I read the poem *Gunga Din.* The last line, “We'll all take a swig in Hell, Gunga Din,” made me think that perhaps it wasn't such a very bad place after all. At the Slangy age I learned one disadvantage of Hell, namely, “People in Hell can't have ice water.” At Hallowe’en I invariably shocked my grandmother by always wanting to masquerade as the Devil. An Abbott and Costello version of Hell, as a good place to be in a blizzard, fascinated me.

I hold a realistic and analytical view on life. I have always tried to make this life I am now living on earth the one that counts. I hold with Bryant's Unitarian views, as expressed in *Thanitopsis,* that the life that counts is the life present and that death is merely rest. Vividly painted pictures of Heaven and Hell are to me the epitome of asininity, useful only as an incentive to make the stupid behave. It has often been said that persons believing in no hereafter have no purpose in living. I believe that if they have the right ideals they will have the purpose of Edward Bok, “to leave the world more beautiful than they found it.” I think there is a Heaven and there is a Hell for the spirit, but in most cases it is experienced on earth.

**How To Amuse A Younger Sister**

DON GRIFFIN

Amusement for a younger sister depends upon her age. Suppose she is just ten months. There's not much to do for her when she cries except carry her about the house and change her diaper. But that isn't very amusing.

A few months later she will be delighted to yank on your hair, poke your eyes, or grab for your spectacles.

When she begins to walk, she will find many things to be amused with around the house. There will probably be broken lamps, torn clothing and paper, and many things damaged. You will not be required to do more than keep her little head and hands out of mischief and to keep them occupied in something that is entertaining but not destructive. This will prove to be very difficult because clay sticks to rugs, sand is never swept away to the last grain, and a toy will always be bumped into the furniture.

She will enjoy her first piggy-back ride. If you are in good health, you will probably recover quickly from the slashing blows of the imaginary spurs. Also, a peculiar buzzing will remain in your ears for some time because of her joyous shouts and over-enthusiastic commands.

After this stage has passed, she will amuse herself peaceably by playing with dolls or looking at pictures. You won't be required to do much except to cut the paper dolls and to rumage through all the back issues for the pretty pictures.

After several years of this, you will be relieved to see her happily on her way to school. But the amusing doesn't end there. You will still have to read the funnies aloud and take her along to the Saturday afternoon show.

You will be more than delighted when she finally tires of you as a playmate and decides she would rather have a friend over for the afternoon or evening; or better still, her friend would like your sister to come to her house. But you still have to take her and return for her.

When she finally has her first date, your amusing will be over.

(29)
I Like To Meet People

BETTY ALICE HODSON

I like to meet people of all kinds — old or young, famous or unknown, well-educated or illiterate, brilliant or stupid, good or bad, Negro or Chinese, foreign or American. They are all needed to make up this world in which we live, so why not get to know them? One can enjoy living much better if he knows those with whom he associates. There are so many interesting people to meet that I know I shall never tire of meeting them.

I used to think that there was no one of interest to know here in Indianapolis, and that only by traveling extensively could one find a person interesting enough to "write home about." But since that time I have traveled over the United States quite a bit and have lived in the West where, if anywhere, interesting people are to be found, and I have drawn the conclusion that there are just as many of them here, in this city, as in any other. By interesting, I not only mean someone who has made a record flight to Nome, or is a great musician or artist, but also the people who live next door.

Have you ever really tried to understand your neighbors, to watch the "kids" next door grow up and get married and move away, and to help them with their problems? Try it sometime, you will like it. Then, too, there are the interesting people who are famous, or have done something important, or different. Some of the more important people I have met are Tom Mooney, well-known labor leader, Alberto Sergio, Mexican singer, Cornelius Christian Zwaan, Dutch artist, Su Lan Chan, Chinese dancer, Dr. Kai Mimir Su, Chinese teacher and philosopher, Horace Heidt, band leader, and many others, not quite so famous but to me just as important and interesting.

I am just an ordinary person, not overly brilliant and yet not entirely stupid, from a family of which I am not entirely proud, but I have a good start on my way to meet all the people I can. There are just a few whom I should like to meet but probably shall never have the chance, such as Mohandas K. Ghandi, Diego Rivera, and Joseph Stalin. This much, however, I promise you; if I ever have the chance to travel it will be to meet the people — poor, rich, peons, slaves, and aristocrats — as much as to see the beauties of the land. For it is my own personal belief that there can never be peace in the world if people do not try to understand their fellow men.
Bunny yawned. Immediately a cloud of vapor rose and disappeared. Funny, where does it go? Can't go out the window . . . not open. Can't go through the ceiling . . . nor the wall.

Bunny yawned again . . . no solution. The icy temperature of the room grasped the vapor into its bony hand and sketched it on the window in long, thin jagged needles. The sun attempted to push its rays through the heavy frost on the pane but succeeded in only squeezing a few meager rays to reflect on the end of the golden bronze bed. Bed post looks cold. Frost on it. Real cold.

Bunny slid his small foot over the rough surface of the winter sheet and could see the blanket surface rise and swell with ripples. Pretty Indian blanket. His foot moved under the yellow, to the red, through the blue and green colors of the tee-pee pattern of the spread. Real fun.

Only the movement of Bunny's feet showed that he was awake at all. Below, right, and left of him were great areas of iciness. A foot, extended into these frosty expanses, immediately retreated back to the warmth and snugness within the restricted area of comfortable heat, and it was with great displeasure and reluctance that Bunny finally put his feet to the floor . . .

---from *Only Three* by Robert Mann.

. . . The city lies in a mass of perfect silence as if all inhabitants are at their final rest. Like some gigantic monster sprawled over many acres, the city sleeps . . . The soft light of the moon and stars seems to be a blanket muffling all sounds of the giant into a dead and complete silence . . .

---from *The Rise and Fall of a City* by Robert Holcomb.

. . . I aged a hundred years at every football game. Breathless with excitement, we screamed with all the husky strength and capacity of our youthful vocal chords. Each point was a matter of life and death, each score one of anguish or exaltation. The minutes dragged; would we ever live through the suspense? . . .

---from *Personal History* by Helen Wells.

. . . I was now introduced to fractions, and with this latest achievement, I felt that my education was certainly nearing completion. I endured countless sessions of handwriting classes with a wrinkle-browsed gray-haired teacher who seemed to spend all her time cutting invisible ovals in the air with a long, yellow ruler and splashing little blue check-marks all over our papers.

---from *My Biography* by Evelyn Petersen.

. . . Were I to look back on those high school years more carefully, countless other experiences which I value highly would come to mind. Of course, those three years did not pass without misfortunes and wrong decisions. Pleasures and regrets of the past, however, interest me only so far as they have laid a foundation for the future. I want to make more friends and acquire a broader understanding of the world. Still, I want to retain the peace of mind and sense of accomplishment that I enjoyed during that stage of my life. But
the future overflows with opportunity, and I want, above all, to make the most of it. I'm ready for a new adventure.

from *High School Years* by Donald Morgan

... with an enormous full moon, round and orange, suspended in a blue-black sky, and pine-tops, and maples outlined against that same sky inky background. ...

from *My Nearest and Dearest Years* by Jeanne Winters.

... The quiet stillness of fog, when it settles over a water front like a blanket thrown over the land to blot out all of the ugliness and dirt, brings with it a feeling of mystery and quietness. ...

from *Three Silent Things* by Clara May Masterson.

... The effect of a learning attitude is achieved with horn-rimmed glasses, a well-sharpened, yellow pencil, and bright red lipstick. The glasses add depth and intelligence to drowsy eyelashes, actually at half mast, and set the stage for the questions to follow. ... If all else fails, you will at least be remembered as the girl who listened but was too timid to voice her own ideas. ...

from *How to Make an A in Two Easy Steps* by Mary Elizabeth Donnell.