The Old Man

WILLIAM L. PITTMAN

Seated in the conning tower or standing on the bridge dressed in a suit of nondescript khakis with his cap set at a rakish non-regulation angle, he is perfectly at ease. He seems to be as much at ease there as in his house in California.

A picture of the Admiral shows the benevolent grin by which he is recognized. The rugged, lined face, with the tiny blue eyes and overhanging brows, reflects the life and disposition of this genial master mind of naval warfare. His body is as rugged as the life he has led. His clothes hang on a compact, powerful frame. He once proudly wore the coveted N of the naval academy and now, just as proudly, shows some of the country's highest decorations.

The respect he receives from his men is not derived from the four stars he wears on his shoulders because they salute him, and not his rank. They know he has the skill, the determination, the intestinal fortitude to carry out the most demanding assignments. They know he would not ask of them more than he himself would do or has done.

This little man with the strong chin has become an almost legendary figure to the men in his South Pacific squadron. He is a "good Joe" to thousands of men, and in the Navy this is one of the highest compliments paid. To the men under his command he is "The Old Man." This means not only that he is the commander, but that he is father, mother, and guardian of their safety.

I do not believe there is a more familiar or beloved sight in the whole South Pacific than the wrinkled suit of khakis and battered sun helmet housing the robust body and fertile mind of Admiral William F. Halsey U. S. N.

I Examine My Instructors

JEANNE SUTTON

The room was deadly quiet. The sound of scratching pens was the only noise which dared to break the silence. Someone sighed once, and four heads turned accusingly toward the offender, who dropped his head and hid his crimson cheeks in shame. Outside the door, which was padlocked with an enormous ball and chain, a pin dropped, and six professors jumped from their seats; but they sank back again, remembering that they must finish before I should declare their time was up and should decide, on the basis of unfinished papers, to flunk them all.

This was the greatest moment of my life. I had under my absolute power six members of the Butler faculty, and I was giving them the toughest and the hardest examination that my brain could conceive. I remember one question very well; it concerned the exact number of
iambic feet reaching from Jell Hall to
the School of Religion. I didn't expect
them to get that one.

I had required a written, notarized
statement that they had each studied
from seven o'clock the preceding evening
until three the next morning, and so I
knew they were in no condition to under­
go one of my tests. My . . . professor
looked terribly haggard. I remember
she bothered me constantly by asking me
what I had written on the board, pret­
tending that she couldn't read my writing.
I took her grade down two points for that!
But the one who was really under the
weather was my . . . professor. You
see it was such a strain for him to have
me do the talking, and he was so unused
to writing. He probably hasn't done a
thing but talk for so many years that he
was really suffering. In fact his face
was actually red from the effort of hold­
ing back his words.
My assistant had frisked the profes­
sors for possible cribs before they started.
She must have missed one or two, though,
because I caught my . . . professor
holding out his foot to the . . . profes­
sor, and discovered that the date of the
end of the war was written on it. When
he saw me descending with my horsewhip
in hand, he scuffed it off on the floor.

As the time grew shorter, I got a big
bang out of their frantic gasps and their
furtive looks at one another's papers. It
was in some ways a big shock to me as
I had previously supposed professors to
be so honorable! But live and learn. I
know which ones cheated, and they will
suffer accordingly. I have arranged for
all their classes next semester to be filled
with Grade C morons. It may not be
much of a change, but at least I can try
it out.

Finally the last second had arrived.
With concerted effort they wrote down
the last word. Pens stopped their hide­
ous noise. They began to breathe like
human beings again. I went to the door,
unlocked the padlock, and let out my pro­
fessors. The examination was over.

The Unconquerable Hero

JEAN HANCOCK

“Eek! Bang! Ouch! Don't get excited,
Mother; I just skidded on that rug again.
Isn't it all possible to buy a new one?
I don't think I'll be able to stand this
little specimen any longer.”

This rug that I call the Unconquer­
able Hero resides between the kitchen
and the dining room. Of course, the rug
always reclines in the doorway—his
favorite napping place and my favorite
landing place. Betwixt the two of us we
do not get along so well. But try to
explain this to Mother. The little rag
rug is her pet of all the rugs in the
whole house since she spent many pre­
cious hours stitching him together.

I have thought of several ways by
which to avoid the undesirable conflict
between the rug and portions of my
anatomy. Why could I not put a sign
cautioning me, as well as the many other
victims, to slow down for the dangerous
crossing? Another idea, which might
accidently work, is to build a pontoon