overplayed, "boy meets girl" routine. This combination has been forced upon movie patrons for so long that they no longer see anything wrong with it and never bother to analyze it to see how silly are some of the pictures produced by Hollywood. As long as the profits keep coming in, the producers will not risk making cultural pictures, in which there is a chance of a loss.

The movies have great educational and cultural possibilities. They should make people more clearly aware of man's real needs and should not exclude man's inner life. If people would not attend cheap pictures, Hollywood would be forced to raise its standards and maybe realize that culture is not just a form of entertainment but that it is a way of life.

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"Thou Scorer of the Ground"

Robert Petty

Many people seem to go about their lives in a shell of cold, insensitive hardness. They would believe that such hardness is a necessary part of being mature.

The phrase by Shelley, "thou scorer of the ground," brings to mind an incident which shattered the shell of hardness of one person. It was a bleak, cold day in late December. A boy, somewhere in his teens, stood on a hilltop, ankle-deep in week-old snow. In his hands was a new .22-caliber rifle. He stood a few moments, looked about him, took several steps, then stopped abruptly. He gazed far out and down across a cornfield which had been reduced to a withered brown stubble by the cold December wind. He saw three crows scratching through the snow, searching for overlooked corn. Suddenly there was a sharp crack and whine, as an ounce of lead whistled down riflings, and sped on its deadly errand. Simultaneously, angry caws and defiant cries echoed back. Down amidst the corn stubbles an old crow hobbled along dragging a badly crippled wing, while a few feet above him two other crows cawed and cawed, trying their best to help him fly. He managed to reach a small tree at the edge of the field, and climbed to the highest branch. As the boy came toward him, he saw the other crows fly away, leaving the injured one to the mercy of the stranger. The boy stopped and watched the frightened bird make one last bid for freedom. As he saw the crow wheel and clamor to
the ground, fruitlessly flapping the broken wing, trying pathetically to fly, it was as if the boy heard a voice whispering from afar: “Even as ye do it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye do it unto me.” A sharp pang of remorse sprang from what tenderness and sympathy lay within him, and all false sense of hardness and coldness vanished. Should that boy outlive Methusaleh, he will not forget what he saw.

My Brother

Marjorie McDowell

Everyone should meet my brother, Barry. He is thirteen, and he is the typical little pest that so many big sisters complain of. Bang! The slam of the front door announced the arrival of my brother. Even if this noise did not mean Barry’s entrance, I would soon have known that he was home; for he shouted. “Mother, where are you? I’m home.” Then, in his noisy clodhoppers, which he insisted on having, he stomped out to the kitchen to find something to eat. After rummaging around in all of the cabinets and drawers in the room, in the pantry, and in the icebox, he at last emerged with a jar of peanut butter, some jelly, and a piece of bread. When he had finished spreading the peanut butter and jelly all over the bread and all over the table, he left by way of the back door, leaving it wide open. I knew where he was going—to the vacant lot behind our house to dig foxholes and to have a mudball fight with the other boys in the neighborhood. In the afternoon when I was studying, he turned on “Captain Midnight” as loud as possible. During dinner we suffered through “Superman,” “Jack Armstrong,” and other such radio serials. While I was studying for a history test that night, he ran in and out of my room asking me to give him his spelling words and to help him write a story for English class. Later that evening he went down to his workshop in the basement, where he was trying to make a toy motor. He had often come in to ask Mother or me if we knew where he could find some B. S. gauge magnet wire, or if we knew where he could find some old liquid cement or scrap iron lying around the house. He had finally acquired all of the needed equipment and was working diligently in the basement. After an hour or so of hard labor, during which time he had followed explicitly the direc-