

It is evident that something must be done to correct this situation. Perhaps conditions will improve with the completion of the new women's residence hall, which, combined with the men's dormitory, should give strength to the unorganized students on campus. However, I feel that the student body of Butler University should not wait for time and progress to bring about the inevitable deterioration of the caucus system; there should be enough feeling of pride in the school and desire for a united student body that the students themselves should take the initiative in destroying this undemocratic practice. One organization has taken the lead in this movement by withdrawing from the caucus; however, if the movement is to succeed, it must have the support of all the organizations on campus, as well as the support of each Butlerite as an individual. When the caucus system no longer exists on the Butler campus, the social and political life of this Midwestern university will once again move forward.

Allan

Lucia Walton

WHEN Allan Haywood first arrived at Stonycroft Camp two years ago, we of the staff had no idea what to do with him. We are all very dubious about the situation, since the camp was run for normal children and none of us had any contact with a totally deaf person. During the winter the boy attended a special Detroit school, but his parents wanted him to have an opportunity to associate with ordinary boys and girls. The arrangement was mutually experimental: Mr. and Mrs. Haywood wondered how the association would affect Allan, and we were curious about the effect it would have on the other campers. Allan looked like any eleven-year-old boy—wiry, with a sandy crew cut, narrow freckled face, and mischievous blue eyes. Only his gestures and facial expressions betrayed his congenital handicap. Though he could not talk and his education was on a second-grade level, the boy was amazingly quick to convey his ideas to other people and to understand theirs. At first we all felt as though we were playing a constant game of charades, but gradually everyone at camp found conversing with Allan far easier than one would think.

Allan never missed a thing; his eyes darted about perpetually as if trying to do the work of ears also. The campers found him so fascinating that he rapidly became one of the camp's most popular individuals. They loved to try out their gesticular skills on him, and he never tired of amusing them with the hilarious expressions of his remarkably mobile face. By watching the others' actions, Allan soon adapted to camp life and even had the boys at his table asking for food in sign language. Endowed with good intelligence, superb physical coordination, and a naturally happy disposition, he enthusiastically participated in all the camp activities, even dancing. Though

he could not hear music, Allan was seldom out of step since he watched other dancers closely, and he danced well for a boy of his age. He learned physical skills more quickly than did a great many normal children; he swam like a fish, sailed reasonably well, was a good shot, and handled a canoe beautifully. The counselors considered themselves fortunate in having the opportunity to work with Allan, and he was very proud of his achievements.

During his first summer at camp, Allan's behavior was beyond reproach, and he was unanimously voted an honor camper. Last summer he began to indulge in the usual amount of twelve-year-old mischief, since camp was no longer strange to him. He had the distinct advantage of being able to choose what he wanted to "hear." If Allan happened not to want to obey a gesture, he would either turn his head the other way or let the message go in one eye and out the other with a studiedly innocent face—a practice which caused his frustrated counselors to wonder on which side the handicap lay. Though he has not yet learned to talk, Allan is far from mute. He can, and often does, emit a shrill weird sound with which he loved to frighten unsuspecting victims suddenly. Allan adored movies, and always brightened breathtaking moments with a series of odd squeals. Another of his favorite tricks was staring fixedly at people as though something about them was terribly peculiar. That was especially disconcerting, since one had no means of discerning Allan's thoughts.

I think camp must have been a wonderful place for Allan, for the setting was beautiful, and there were many activities in which a deaf person could easily participate. The boy and the camp gained a great deal from each other. Allan always seemed to enjoy himself and never brooded about his misfortune—his attitude earned him much respect from everyone. It seemed so pitiful that a boy with so much talent and intelligence should have had such a handicap; but I have heard that no one is handicapped unless he thinks he is. If this is true, I believe that Allan never will be.

Gossip, an Evil of Society

Cynthia H. White

GOSSIP is an injurious social evil which continues to exist without inhibition and which does more damage than many of the more notorious foibles of humanity. At one time or another, to a marked or an inconsequential degree, most individuals have been guilty of indulging in the odious practice of spreading gossip. I prefer to think, optimistically perhaps, that the majority of those who gossip engage in the practice without the intention of causing real harm. However, there are others who actually enjoy passing along an unsavory account of the behavior of an acquaintance. Whatever be the purpose of the one who gossips, he is committing an act of