

AWS Schedules May Day Friday

Highlighting May Day activities Friday will be the colorful coronation of Queen Sybil Enschede. Juris Maes will act as her escort.

The Adelphians will be present to entertain the queen and her court. There will be the presentation of the two traditional daisy chains by the Spurs and the new "baby-Spurs." Among other features on the program are a judo act and singing.

Princess Named

Princesses representing the classes of CPS are Carol Beeken, Marge Fish, Gail Attwood, Mary Louise Hansen, seniors; Elaine Brown, junior; Marylee Hamilton, sophomore and Donna Grant, freshman.

High school princesses are Daryle Peck, Olympia; Marlene

Kent, Lincoln; Nina Ayers, Franklin Pierce; Lois Peterson, Sumner; Kay Phillips, Federal Way; Connie Engbretson, Stadium; Susan Curran, Clover Park; Evelyn Strandley, Puyallup.

Escorts Listed

Escorts for the princesses will be John Damitio, Bob McGill, Spence Stokes, Tom Martin, Ken Marsolais, Howie Eastman, John Sherwood, Dick Shorten, Mel Henry, Don Cooley, Johnny Green, Ron Usher, Don Cramer, Harvey Denton, Don Moller and Bob Beale.

Other festivities of the day include the royal luncheon at 11:30, carillon concert, 1:30 p.m.; queen's reception following coronation; song fest, 7:30 p.m.; all-school mixer at 10:30 p.m.



SYBIL ENSCHEDE



AWAITING MAY DAY festivities Friday are Queen Sybil Enschede (with bouquet) and her court. The court includes (left to right) Gail Attwood, Marjorie Fish and Carol Beeken. Missing was Mary Louise Hansen.—Photo by Vilis Zirniss.

Campus Groups Will Compete For Songfest Trophy Friday

Campus social groups will compete for the Songfest trophy in CPS's 10th annual Songfest Friday. This year the contest will be held at 7:30 p.m. in the inner quad in front of the Music Building. Ed Dorn and Marilyn Sachs are co-chairmen for the festival, assisted by Anitra Lowman on publicity and Bev Sale on decorations.

Master of ceremonies will be Dr. Leroy Ostransky of the CPS school of music. Judges will be John Schartow, Robert Miller, Arthur Wickins, Leonard Jacobsen and Chapin Foster.

Each group entered in the contest will sing a fraternity or collegiate song plus another song of their own choosing.

Greeks to Vocalize

Sigma Alpha Epsilon will sing "Violet" and "No Man Is An Island," under the direction of Scott Strode.

"White Star of Sigma Nu" and "Gaudeamus Igitur" will be Sigma Nu's tunes, directed by Neil Oldridge and Ken Norman.

Sigma Chi will perform "Aura Lee" and "Buckle Down, Winsockee." Jim Elliott will be director.

Directed by Ken Marsolais, Kappa Sigma will sing "Mister, He Kissed Her." The group had not chosen its other song at press time.

"Vive La Theta Chi" and "Heab'n Heab'n" will be performed by Theta Chi under Dorn's direction.

Phi Delta Theta will sing "Phi Rouser" and "This Is My Country," under the direction of Darrell Kammer.

Sororities Perform

With Marylee Hamilton as director, Chi Omega will sing "Chi Omega Yours Forever" and "Great Day."

"By the Light of the Tri Delt Moon" and "Getting to Know

You," under the direction of Joanne Storer will be Delta Delta (Continued on page 2)

THE TRAIL

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND

1956-57—No. 24

Tuesday, May 14, 1957

Tacoma, Washington

Student Non-Use Cuts Swim Time

Because of lack of attendance and interest, 15½ hours of student recreational swimming time have been cut from the CPS swimming pool schedule, Pool Manager Don Duncan said. Six hours of student swimming time were added or telescoped with faculty and staff swimming time.

The new schedule, which went into effect May 8, is as follows:

- Monday: 5-6 p.m.
- Tuesday: 5-6 p.m.
- Wednesday: 12-1 p.m., 5-6 p.m.
- Friday: 12-1 p.m., 6-8 p.m.
- Saturday: 12-1 p.m., 7-9 p.m.
- Sunday: 3-5 p.m.

As an example, Duncan pointed out that Chinook club advertised and publicized for three weeks their co-rec hour, which

Spurs, Knights Will Picnic Wednesday

The annual Spur-Knight picnic will be held Wednesday, from 2 to 6 p.m. at Lake Geneva. Marilyn Hutchison and Fred Scheyer are co-chairmen of the picnic.

Knights, Spurs, Pages, baby Spurs and old Knight and Spur officers are invited to the function. The group will have a spaghetti and hot dog dinner. Activities will include games, baseball, swimming and volley ball.

was held with games, etc., April 24. Only 28 students attended. The other four Wednesday evening co-rec hours have averaged two students per hour, with none at all on two evenings.

Eleven students swam during the two-hour period that was part of Campus Day activities.

Recorded since Feb. 11, fig-

Literary Supplement, AUM, Appears With May 14 Trail

Entitled AUM—derived from a Sanskrit word meaning "ultimate reality"—the literary supplement appears with this issue of the Trail.

Financed by Trail funds, the supplement was edited by John Crawford, George Samuelson and Flo Thurber. It contains contributions from five CPS students.

"An Accident, I Presume?" is a review of Ernest Hemingway's "The Young, Happy Life of Francis MacComber" by freshman premedical student Randy Smith.

Mrs. Claire Hoffner's contribution is a critique of Stephane Mallarme's poem "L'Après-midi d'un Faune."

"Heralds" is a poem by Le-

ures released by Duncan showed the Sunday 3-5 p.m. period averaging the highest turn-out with 20, while the lowest turn-out was the Tuesday and Thursday 10-12 a.m. period, which attracted an average of 1.7.

Students are required to pay \$2.50 a semester fee for swimming pool use.

nore Somers, a seniors occupational therapy major.

Sophomore John Triplett's humorous essay "Vice and Virtue" lends a lighter touch to the supplement.

"Unarmed" is a short story by Samuelson, who is a senior composition and literature major.

Open Meeting Will Discuss SCC Report

An open meeting with the Student Christian Council investigatory commission has been scheduled for 7 p.m. this Tuesday evening in the audio-visual room in the library, according to ASCPS first vice president John Damitio.

The SCC commission's report, presented to Central Board May 2, contained some controversial recommendations, particularly concerning the Religious center in Jones hall. The meeting is "for those who desire clarification of the commission's report," Damitio said.

Members of the commission are Rusty Barber, chairman, and Ron Usher and Naomi Scruton.

Juniors Schedule Year-End Dance

"Dreamer's Holiday" will be the theme for the Commencement ball to be held at the Sportsmen's Chateau 9-12 p.m. Amidst a holiday inn atmosphere, music and entertainment will be provided by the "Ninety-Niner's" orchestra of Federal Way and a singer who has not yet been named.

Tickets for the semi-formal dance, which will be \$2.50 per couple, will be sold in the SUB the week preceding the dance.

The ball is an annual event sponsored by the junior class for graduating seniors and is the last dance of the spring semester. Co-chairmen June Baker and Bud Bond urge everyone to "come and relax after finals."

Committee chairmen are Sandie Webber, decorations; Lois Cameron, program and Karon Fountain, refreshments. Any juniors who would like to work on the dance are asked to contact one of the co-chairmen or committee chairmen.

Rushes-to-Be Should Sign with Panhellenic

All CPS coeds who desire to go through rush next fall should leave their names and addresses in the Panhellenic office. Information about rush will be mailed during the summer, Panhellenic President Arlene Brecht announced.

Next year's only formal sorority rush will be in September; spring rush has been eliminated, she stressed.

Fraternities View New Houses

By TRAIL STAFF WRITER

A detailed policy statement issued by the college administration proposing four plans to meet the problem of fraternity housing touched off a round of rumors as to what the local chapters plan for the near future.

A growing awareness among campus elements of the fraternity housing problem was brought to the surface by the report and by a Board of Trustees ruling in January which gave the green light to fraternities who are able to build.

Complicating the problem is a recent Congressional enactment which forbids the use of federal monies in fraternity construction.

The administration's four proposals, issued April 22 in a document entitled "Fraternity Housing Problem," are listed Plans A, B, C and D and are as follows:

(A) The fraternity would get loans from the schools and through the school from a local loan agency. The land would be purchased by the college, providing the Greek men agree to take their meals

in a centralized food service. This plan employs certain tax benefits, the report shows.

(B) This proposal calls for purchase of land and construction of the building at fraternity expense. The kitchen and dining space would be included in the house. Under this plan it is noted the fraternity facilities would be private property as opposed to administration-owned in Plan A. The document points out certain tax benefits which cannot be derived from this plan, however.

(C) This plan says the college would assume no responsibility for fraternity housing except in a supervisory capacity. Each organization would finance its own house.

(D) Under this plan there would be no further construction other than each house making necessary repairs on its present building.

As of this writing there are no formal or official replies on the part of fraternity spokesmen. In analyzing the array of rumors which consistently crop up, however, this writer lists these possibilities as considered somewhat accurate:

SIGMA CHI — probably the most likely to build in the near future; possibly by fall. Will build on property they already own, it is thought.

SIGMA NU — probably the most cramped for space of all the Greeks. A fast-growing house, Sigma Nu is badly in need of more adequate facilities, may build within two years.

PHI DELTA THETA — probably next in line as possible builder. This chapter has mortgage paid off and is considered healthy financially. Membership is opposed to centralized eating plan, as are most Greek men.

SAE—thought to be unable to build for some time. When they do it will most likely be on property they already own.

KAPPA SIGMA — still somewhat financially obligated, this fraternity is not too anxious to begin building plans in near future.

THETA CHI — generally thought to be letting building talks take their course. May be biding their time to see what comes of administration proposals.

ROTC Crowns Bette Birkland Coed Colonel at Military Ball



BETTE BIRKLAND

Bette Birkland was crowned AFROTC detachment No. 900's third coed colonel at the fourth annual Military Ball in the CPS Fieldhouse Saturday evening.

A sophomore from Tacoma, Miss Birkland is a member of Pi Beta Phi sorority. Other finalists for the honor were Eloise Engbretson and Joan Sauer.

Candidates were nominated by petition and elected by the cadet corps. Music for the dance, which was sponsored by Arnold Air Society, was provided by the second division band.

In charge of the dance was Erle Tallman, squadron commander of the local Arnold Air Society chapter.

THE TRAIL . . .

Published weekly with the exception of vacation and exam periods by the Associated Students of the College of Puget Sound. Entered at the postoffice of Tacoma, Washington, as second class matter.

Editorial and Business Offices—Student Union Building. Main address—Box 50, College of Puget Sound, Tacoma 6, Wash. PR 9575.

Advertising Rates Upon Request

EDITOR Dale Wirsing
ASSOCIATE EDITOR Joan Wandesforde
SPORTS EDITOR Ed Bowman
BUSINESS MANAGER Franz Nelsson
CIRCULATION MANAGER George Swayze
ADVISOR Ed Garrison
PHOTOGRAPHER Fred Rabel

EDITORIAL STAFF: Bette Birkland, Don White, Liz Patterson, Kathy Flood, Ross Trunkey, Al Gunns, Steve Mackey, Pat Yeager, Noel Owens, Tom O'Leary, Barbara Keevil, Pat Harrington, George Swayze, Ivan Shaw, Mel Bullinger, Marjorie Peterson, Pat Jeide, Quentin Edds.

Represented for national advertising by the National Advertising Service, Inc., College Publishers Representative, 420 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

about budgets . . .

In spring a young Central Board's fancy turns to thoughts of budgets. The 16 Central Board members who meet around the big table in the library's McCormick room every Thursday will soon face the task of carving up a \$24,000 pie.

While considering budget requests for next year, Central Board should concern itself with more than just debits and credits. Budget time provides an excellent opportunity to review and to re-evaluate the programs and performances of ASCPS-sponsored activities.

It is doubtful, for example, whether the men's intramural program reaches as many men students as it might because of its emphasis on team participation by organized groups. Stressing individual participation in individual sports might prove beneficial.

To continue, the Trail carries a smaller volume of campus information than do similar publications at colleges of comparable enrollments. If Central Board approves the Trail's requested budget increase, it will provide much-needed aid in the Trail's losing battle against limitations of space.

As Central Board delves into the red and black ink of the budgets, hundreds of other questions will arise. But they will all be reducible to one single question—how to provide the student body the most value, dollar for dollar, in events and activities.

GREEK ROW

Members, alumni, and friends of Sigma Nu fraternity dined and danced Saturday evening at the ninth annual Sigma Nu "White Rose" formal dance at the Chateau.

Highlight of the evening was the crowning of Marilyn Breidenbach as the "White Rose Queen of 1957" by Dan Grogan. Queen Marilyn was attended by her court, Misses Jaelyn Carmichael, Evelyn Maurmann, Helen Lahti, and Judy Guelfy.

The Forest McKerman Award, given to the outstanding senior member, was received by Dan Grogan. The intramural inspirational award was given to John Louderback. Boyd Lyle was the recipient of the Ralph Olson Memorial trophy, as the outstanding pledge.

Pi Phi gathered Friday evening at the Clear Lake beach home of Sally Kalhagen for a house party that included singing, swimming, eating, and most of all no sleeping.

New pledges of Delta Delta Delta gave the active members a Marshmallow Roast at the Point Defiance Park Wednesday evening.

Songfest

(Continued from Page 1)

Delta's tunes.

Directed by Janis Parten, Alpha Phi will sing a melody of "Twilight Fantasy" and the "Alpha Phi's Goodnight Song," along with "June Is Bustin' Out All Over."

"So This Is Love" and "Whistle a Happy Tune" will be sung by Pi Beta Phi under the direction of Susan Sprenger.

Indees to Sing

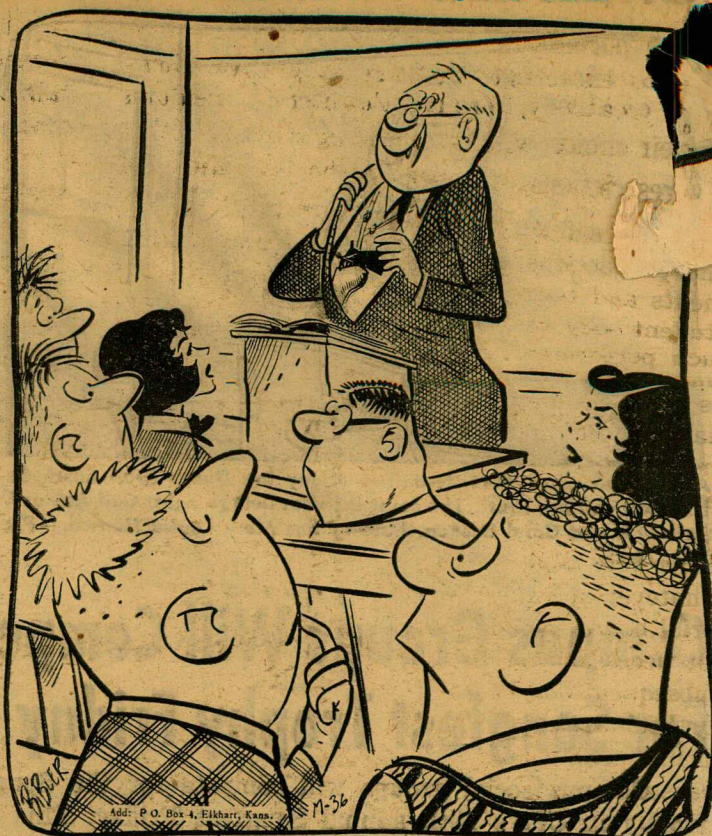
Under the direction of Bob Norman, the male Independents will sing "Sweet and Low" and the "Whiffenpoof Song."

The Independent women will sing "Halls of Ivy" and "Lullaby of Broadway," under the direction of Sylvia Funk.

Dr. R. Franklin Thompson, CPS president, will present trophies to the winners in the men's and women's divisions, after which a dance will follow in the women's gymnasium.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS

By Dick Bibler



"I'VE WAITED FIVE YEARS FOR SOMEONE TO ASK ME THAT QUESTION."

Independents Name Corner President; Elect Other Officers for Fall Semester

Dave Corner, sophomore from Tacoma, was elected president of the Independents for the fall semester Monday evening.

Serving on Corner's cabinet will be Naomi Scruton, vice president; Setsu Yonekawa, recording secretary; Carol Weeks, corresponding secretary; Rollin Stierwalt, treasurer.

Other officers include Dave Peebles, sergeant-at-arms; Marlene Buck and Bob Cummings, co-social chairmen; Lois Erickson and Mel Henry, co-historians.

Elected representative to the Student Christian council was Jeanne Ball. The Indee of the year trophy was awarded to Annette Burk.

The pinning of Miss Ball to Stierwalt was announced, as was

the engagement of Rita Stierwalt to Leroy Calbom.

ROTC Plans Review

Twelve CPS AFROTC cadets will receive awards Monday at the annual President's Review to be held in the Fieldhouse parking lot.

The entire detachment, numbering 270 cadets, will take part in the noontime review.

IRC to Name Officers

The International Relations club will hold its last meeting of the year at 7 p.m. this Tuesday evening in the SUB. Election of next year's officers will be on the agenda.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Make friends with Winston!

WINSTON wins the cheers for flavor!

WINSTON TASTES GOOD!

LIKE A CIGARETTE SHOULD!

Winston KING SIZE FILTER CIGARETTES

WINSTON FILTER CIGARETTES

FINER FILTER FINER FLAVOR

■ What's all the shouting about? Winston flavor! It's rich, full — the way you want it! What's more, the exclusive Winston filter does its job so well the flavor really comes through, so you can enjoy it. For finer filter smoking, switch to Winston!

Switch to **WINSTON** America's best-selling, best-tasting filter cigarette!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Loggers Face Glads, Must Win Twin Bill to Tie Western

Friday afternoon it's do or die for the CPS baseballers as they meet Pacific Lutheran in a conference double-header at Western State hospital. Game time is 1:30 p.m.

The Loggers need the two wins over the Gladiators to assure themselves of a first place tie with Western Washington. WWC has finished their season and have a 6-2 record while CPS is 4-2 and the hapless Lutes, 0-6.

"If (when) we beat the Lutherans on Friday then we will have one nine-inning playoff game against Western on a neutral field sometime next week," Coach Joe Hemel explained.

Jerry Burke, the strong arm righthander and the ace of the CPS mound staff, will hurl the first game Friday. After that

Conference Standings (Western Division)

	W	L
Western	6	2
CPS	4	2
PLC	2	4

Hemel will have to reach far down into his bag of tricks for the second game hurler. Both John Barnett and Ken Brock have been bothered by sore arms and Ken Palmer has been troubled by a bad back.

Last Friday the Loggers took both ends of a non-league twin bill from Seattle Pacific 11-9 and 11-8.

Late Rally Wins

CPS spotted SPC a 9-0 lead in the first contest and then rallied in the late innings to score the 11-9 victory. A collection of 13 walks, three hit batters and five hits accounted for the 11 runs.

The Hemelmen scored three tallies in each the fourth and fifth frames and added five more in the sixth to garner the win. Burke was the winning pitcher giving up six hits. All nine Falcon runs came off him in the third.

Todd Hall Leads Intramural Standings

Going into the final week of intramural softball play, Todd hall holds only a half-game edge over their nearest rivals.

Intramural Standings

	W	L
Todd Hall	4	1
Kappa Sigma	3	1
Sigma Chi	3	3
S A E	2	2
Sigma Nu	2	2
Veterans	2	2
Theta Chi	0	5

PATRONIZE YOUR ADVERTISERS

DILL HOWELL SPORTING GOODS

WILSON
Athletic Equipment
929 Commerce St. MA 5665

BUDIL'S FLOWERS

★
2616 6th Ave. MA 3890

When You Want Office Supplies
C. FRED CHRISTENSEN
— STATIONER —
932 Pacific Ave. - BR 4629
Tacoma, Wash.

North End Bowling

We Welcome Bowling Parties
BOWLING INSTRUCTION
ANY TIME

26th and Proctor Sts. — PR 9155

Larry Pentecost Leads CPS Bowlers to Win Over Lute Keglers in Cross-Town Contest

The power-laden CPS all-star bowling team out-distanced PLC in a challenge match played Sunday at the Lakewood lanes. The match was a four-game affair with total points deciding the winner.

The CPS quintet, led by Tacoma all-star Larry Pentecost, amassed a total of 3,612 to eas-

ily defeat the Lutes by 358 pins, PLC's total being 3,254. The Parklanders won only the fourth game rolling a 904 to the Loggers' 882.

Pentecost had a four-game aggregate of 762 with a high game of 204. Following him was Vern Krohn with a 738 series and a 200 game. Big guns for PLC were

Terry Sverdsten, with a 671, and Bob Timm, a 670.

Other members of the winning CPS team were Bill Basil, Jan Terry and George Booth.

This is the first meeting between CPS and PLC in bowling.

Results:

CPS — 965-877-888-882 — 3612
PLS — 744-832-774-904 — 3254

CPS Athletes Get Diplomas

Graduation is just around the corner, and for 16 CPS athletes it means the completion of their collegiate eligibility.

Coach John Heinrich will lose three footballers. Starting guards Bob Mitchell and Wally Thompson and reserve center Ron Angus will leave the vacancies on the gridiron. Mitchell, of course, will be the hardest to replace as he has garnered numerous laurels, one of which was a Little All-American first team position.

Bob Bafus, John Barnett, Ron Brown, Frank Olson and Ed Bowman are the five hoopsters who have played their last games for the maroon and white. Each, at some time during the past season, was a starter on Heinrich's cage squad.

Joe Hemel, whose team has had a successful baseball season, loses three, and possibly his most important three men via graduation. Hardhitting Jack Umbriaco, who plays almost any position, pitcher Barnett and utility man Ken Palmer will play their last college games this month.

Jerry Schalin, who has captained the Logger tennis team the past two years, is the only netman to leave.

On the golf team Dale Platt, who has played both baseball and golf during his college career, will leave along with Leland "Bub" Waite who this year acted as assistant coach because he had used up his eligibility and Ray Aest who graduated last January will leave the golfers' lineup.

The ski team will lose Dick Shorten and Dick Price, both of whom were steady performers while at CPS.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

PROCTOR UPHOLSTERY
Fred Breidenbach, Owner
SK 2271 — 2513 No. Proctor

Chapman's . . .
Monarch Drug Co.
PR 6627 — Cor. No. 26th and Alder — Free Delivery.

TOP

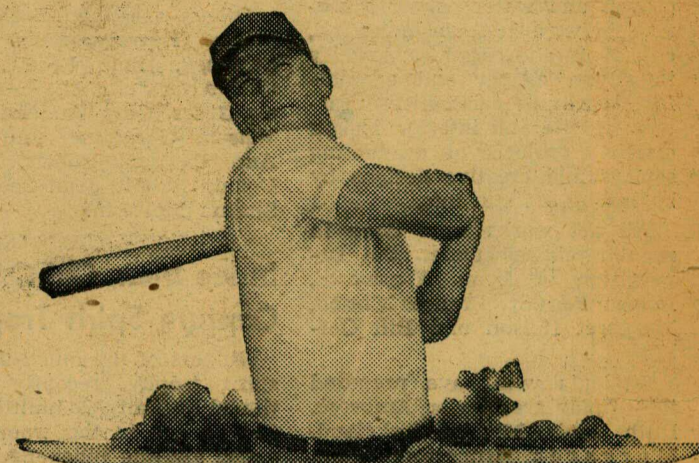
of the

OCEAN

We remember to save for you ask about automatic savings

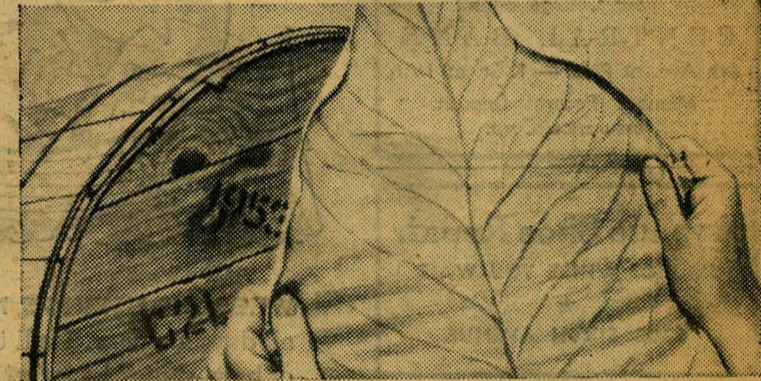
PUGET SOUND NATIONAL BANK

Main Office and Convenient Neighborhood Branches
Free Customer Parking
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation



Mickey Mantle,
HOME-RUN CHAMPION, SAYS:
"VICEROY HAS THE SMOOTHEST TASTE OF ALL!"

SMOOTH! From the finest tobacco grown, Viceroy selects only the Smooth Flavor Leaf . . . Deep-Cured golden brown for *extra smoothness!*



SUPER SMOOTH! Only Viceroy smooths each puff through 20,000 filters made from pure cellulose—soft, snow-white, natural!

20,000 FILTERS

MICKEY MANTLE'S ADVICE:
"SMOKE SMOOTHER VICEROY!"

VICEROY
Filter Tip
CIGARETTES
KING-SIZE

Art Exhibit, Opening Tuesday, Home Ec Food Fair Features Foreign Foods To Show CPS Student Work

CPS student art works will be shown in the Jones hall galleries at the 10th annual Art Exhibit opens this Tuesday in upper Jones hall.

The galleries will be open from 7 to 10 p.m. this Tuesday evening only. For the remaining dates—through May 23—visiting hours will be 1 to 5 p.m.

Included in the exhibit will be original drawings and paintings in pastel pen and ink, oil, crayon and water colors; sculpture in wire and plaster, wood, cast stone and ceramics; jewelry in silver, copper and enameling; handbuilt earthenware pottery; textile and interior design; original projects of graduating seniors and creative designs by beginning art students.

All art works were done in regular classes under the supervision of Lynn Wentworth, Robert Feasley, Frances Chubb, Margaret Nelson and Bill Colby.

Students who have prepared the display are Marian Ambrose, Ruth Houtz, Mildred Birkeland, Margaret Hannesson, Sonja Koehler, Kaye Hamlin, Marilyn

Siska, Barbara Marzano, Eileen Miller, Carol Whyllie, Miriam Laukers, Roy Stenger, Paul Armatas, Gil Holcombe and Evadne King.

Others are John Eccles, Jane White, Beverly Sale, Patrick Sweeney, Sue Lacey, Karen Snelgrove, John Mitchell, Francis Greer, Gary Anderson, John Wilson, Geraldine Mark, Lou Ann Paulsen, Robert Paulson, Donald Babbit, Jean Cooper and Sharon McIrwin.

Indee Men, Chi Omega Capture Spirit Trophy

Winners of the much-discussed spirit trophy, recently discontinued by Rally Committee, were Chi Omega in the women's division and the Independent men.

Following Chi Omega, were (2). Pi Beta Phi, (3). Delta Delta Delta, (4). Indee women, and (5) Alpha Phi.

Runners-up in the men's division were Phi Delta Theta. In order, other men's groups placed (3) Kappa Sigma, (4) SAE, (5) Sigma Chi, (6) Sigma Nu, and (7) Theta Chi.

Kappa Phi Awards 'Degree of Light'

The Degree of Light, which is the Kappa Phi initiation ceremony, will be held from 6 to 8 p.m. this Tuesday in the Jones hall chapel.

Receiving the degree will be Pat Kent, Karen Barclay, Sherry McIrwin, Elaine Johnson, Katie Howe, Kay Wagner, Marilou Waterhouse, Jo Ann Peterson, Susan Holman, Janice Johnson and Bette Gierke.

After the initiation ceremony a reception will be held in the Anderson lounge in honor of the graduating seniors and the new initiates.

The graduating seniors are Arla Chamberlain, Sybil Enschede, Yvonne Crouse, Mary Louise Hansen, Nancy Wagner and Jeanette Wilson.



PREPARING the India booth at the CPS Food Fair Thursday and Friday are (left) Mrs. H. W. Fleming, a Steilacoom resident who came from India 12 years ago, and Celia Venneberg, home ec student and co-chairman of the fair.

Pi Phi Nu, home economics honorary, will sponsor the annual CPS Food Fair Thursday and Friday. Everyone is invited to sample foods from Denmark, Scotland, Sweden, Germany, India, Hawaii and Greece.

The samples will be displayed in the home economics section of Howarth hall. Visitors will also receive recipes of the foreign dishes and will enjoy articles representing various countries on display.

Open house will be held from 7 to 9 p.m. Thursday, and will commence Friday immediately after the coronation ceremonies. Home economics classes and faculty members will assist at the fair. Celia Venneberg and Carol Whyllie are co-chairmen of the event.

The Food Fair has been held for four consecutive years at CPS. Pi Phi Nu publicity chairman Marilyn Siska stated 400 to 500 visitors are expected this year.

Miss Siska also said that assistants in the Hawaiian booth will be wearing full costume. Not only will the visitor get an international flavor at the Fair, but he can eat a full-course meal. The Food Fair will serve everything from "soup to nuts."

Last year the Food Fair featured recipes from Japan, Italy, Iran, the Philippines, Latvia, Argentina, Mexico and Hungary.

Flames Raze Anderson Hall--Almost

The time was exactly 1:32 p.m. It was a cool, quiet Saturday morning. Some of the girls in Anderson hall were asleep, others were talking to their friends while others were still out with their dates. It was the usual early Saturday morning on the CPS campus and no one suspected Fate would lay her heavy hand on the college.

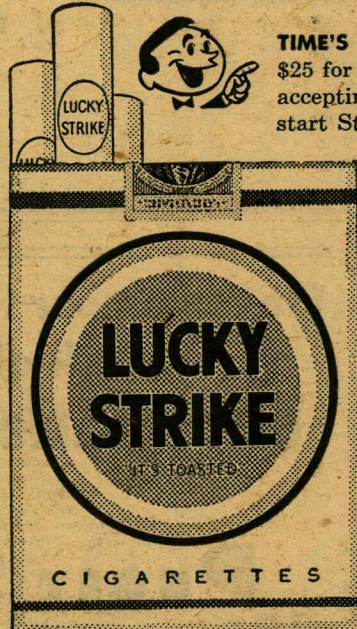
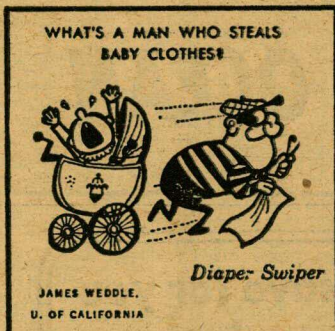
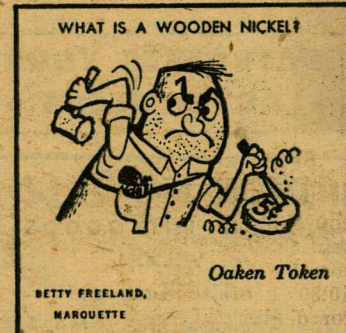
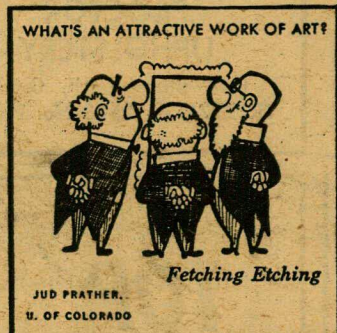
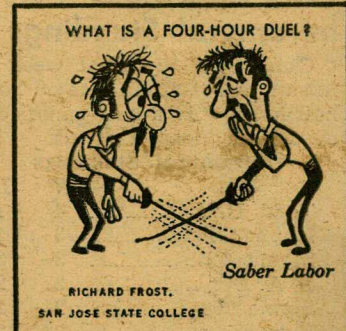
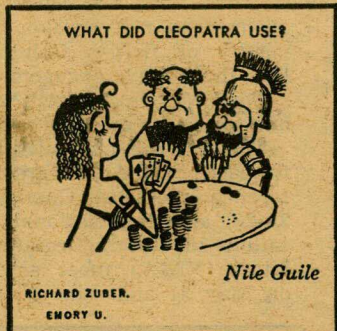
Then it happened! Anderson hall was on fire! The shrill alarm shattered the still, peaceful morning. The fire department and the police, always quick to the rescue, were in front of Anderson within seconds.

The policemen and firemen rushed into the building, ready to fight the ferocious fire—only to find that the "fire" was a short in the dryer system.

Sticklers!



WHEN THE FISHING'S FINE, the gent in our Stickler spends all day in a dory. He'll take along tons of tackle and buckets of bait—but if he forgets his Luckies, watch out! By the time he gets to port, he'll be a mighty Cranky Yankee! You see, you just can't beat a Lucky for taste. A Lucky is all cigarette... nothing but fine tobacco—mild, good-tasting tobacco that's TOASTED to taste even better. So why fish around? Try Luckies right now. You'll say they're the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!



TIME'S RUNNING OUT! We're still shelling out \$25 for every Stickler we accept—and we're still accepting plenty! But time is getting short—so start Stickling now! Sticklers are simple riddles with two-word rhyming answers. Both words must have the same number of syllables. Send your Sticklers, with your name, address, college, and class, to Happy-Joe-Lucky, Box 67A, Mount Vernon, N. Y. And send 'em soon!

Luckies Taste Better

"IT'S TOASTED" TO TASTE BETTER... CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOTHER!

"Your College Bank"
CENTRAL BANK
6th Ave. at Pine — K St. at 19th
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.

Avenue Shoe Repair
SERVICE WHILE YOU WAIT
★
2703 SIXTH AVENUE

CHARLESON'S
Fountain and Dinner Service
Groceries
915 No. Lawrence — PR 3818

Give a
Collegiate Dictionary
FOR GRADUATION
COLLEGE BOOK STORE

WASHINGTON HARDWARE
SPORTS SHOP
Sweaters for Guys and Gals
920 PACIFIC AVE.

TAYLOR'S
2614½ Sixth Ave.
BR 1077
OFFICE MACHINE
Sales and Rentals
Typewriters
Portables - Standard Models

PURPOSE AND PLEA . . .

The purpose of this supplement is twofold: first, to encourage students to express themselves creatively, through the literary mediums of their choice, without imposing on them either the restrictions of space or the limitations of time and subject matter which so often stultify the productions obtained through class assignments and term papers; second, to give to the student body an opportunity to read and to judge such performances as appear here, to create a kind of literary display window in front of which its members may stand and through which they may project their admiration or their dislike, in short their critical judgment, with an eye to determining and evaluating the presence and the quality of whatever literary talent this campus either may have fostered or may have absorbed. Whatever of value we, the members of the editorial board, have achieved toward this end will not necessarily be apparent in this first issue. Subsequent boards and future issues, if such are forthcoming, may, through perseverance in securing contributions, succeed in far greater measure than have we.

We firmly believe that the selections included in this edition for the most part fall short of the quality which we originally expected them to embody and toward the achievement of which we dedicated our efforts. At the risk of usurping and anticipating by prejudgment some of that opportunity for critical appraisal that we earlier spoke of, we must confess that while the contributions printed here are inherently worth-

while so far as choice of subject matter is concerned, they at the same time manifest in certain cases a distinct lack, even on the part of the more talented writers, of lucid, coherent, succinct modes of expression. The fact that, of these contributions, the more incisive and better controlled pieces, with perhaps one exception, are the work of mature students, some in their late twenties and older, implies that the younger students either lack the incentive to contribute or in truth have nothing to contribute. More than likely this dearth arises from a combination of both factors.

However that may be, we nevertheless feel, in the light of our exhaustive search for manuscripts, through cajoling students and with the help of certain faculty members, that we have

A
U
M

औं

EDITORIAL BOARD:

John Crawford, George Samuelson,
Flo Thurber

By JOHN TRIPLET
Class of '59

VICE AND VIRTUE

I have always held the opinion that those gallant knights who used to go charging around the country with their magic swords were not gallant at all. To put it bluntly, it seems to me to have been a pretty cowardly thing for a man to have used a magic sword, for the very idea behind it strikes out at the spirits of fair play, free enterprise, and a good fight.

The last of the knights put his sword back into the crevice in the stone and rode away to Valhalla a few hundred years ago, but his modern counterpart lives on, and is operating in precisely the same underhanded way—by using a similar magic implement. The coat of armor has been replaced by a tweed jacket; the singing sword by a pipe. If a man lies, cheats, steals, and wears dirty socks, his faults are overlooked if he smokes a pipe. No appliance, talent, or invention, from a mastery of Scrabble to a wardrobe of Ivy League sport shirts, can do as much for a man's social standing as a pipe does.

It is really an unjust situation, for the air of enchantment surrounding a man with a pipe in his hand puts cigarette and cigar smokers and non-smokers at a definite disadvantage. This stands as an undisputed fact: a pipe smoker attracts women to himself just as a light attracts moths. The majority of all broken engagements can be traced back to involve as the third party a man who smokes a pipe.¹

Why anyone would want to smoke a pipe in the first place is beyond the scope of ordinary reasoning. A well used pipe is one of the most foul smelling things known to mankind, and there can be no wholesome reason for a man to want to smell like a pile of smouldering rubbish. An upright man who is above using unfair tactics, and who refuses to resort to smoking a pipe in order to impress women, quickly realizes this fact; but school girls, young women, and even grandmothers seem casually to dismiss it.

Each pipe smoker pretends to have a secret formula for a rare blend of tobacco and speaks knowingly of Egyptian Polk, Kentucky Broadleaf, and Marocaine Red. In his home we see a collection of tobacco boxes that are covered with impressive looking labels and seals that are printed in Syrian and Arabic script. He would have you and me believe that he actually purchases these exotic tobaccos and skillfully proportions them in order to achieve the nauseating aroma peculiar to his own pipe and person. Well, I am going to tell you what really happens. The trickery practiced by pipe smoking bank clerks, insurance salesmen and college pro-

1.—See Triplett, "Vice and Virtue."

fessors is quite simple and utterly dishonest. Every one of those impressive looking boxes is a dud, and is purchased empty from a nefarious tobacconist! The "secret blend" that is so jealously guarded is nothing more than a hodgepodge of several standard brands of common commercial tobacco that have been mixed together in a cooking pot. College men are much less subtle and frequently favor the more brazen method of diluting a cheap commercial tobacco with coffee grounds and shredded leaves. The inexperience of youth is not a valid plea in cases of this nature, for the practice of such hypocrisy will certainly lead to the commission of other dishonest acts.

It is disgusting to see a pipe smoker in operation at a mixed party. His favorite trick is to select a comfortable chair near an intelligent, well-dressed, cigarette smoker who is pleasantly conversing with a beautiful girl. The pipe smoker appears to be bored and just sits quietly, but all the while he is listening to the conversation. Just as the intelligent young man has the girl convinced that he truly needs someone to understand him, the pipe smoker goes into action. Casually, he withdraws his pipe, loads it with the alleged secret mixture, and lights up. Clouds of blue smoke and a foul odor pollute the air, and before you can say "straight grained white briar," the intelligent young man is sitting there all by himself, and the pipe smoker is telling the girl the story of his life.

For wholesale enchantment of the ladies, the pipe is sometimes lit with a candle taken from the dinner table, and every female eye in the room is directed toward the man in the tweed coat. A real exhibitionist will take a burning knot from the fireplace and apply it to his pipe. This flaming fagot method is extremely effective for gaining attention; also extremely messy and dangerous. Flames reach out hungrily for curtains and draperies as cinders fall to the carpet, but even the hostess does not mind, for she, too, is enthralled by the sight.

A pipe smoker cherishes and displays his pipes with loving care and pride, and will go to any lengths to obtain a desirable briar or meerschaum. Because of this passion for collecting, at least one pipe smoker is known to have gotten his just due. I refer you to the factual case of Gertrude Schultz:

Gertrude was engaged to be married to a likeable, cigarette-smoking chap named Clarence, a man above reproach who had a good job and a promising future. They were a popular couple and were much sought as dinner and par-

AN EDITORIAL

succeeded in gathering a fair representation of such talent as exists at present and we hopefully suggest that the very absence of any works of genius here will serve as a tacit encouragement to those who were too timid or too self-deprecating to contribute to this first literary supplement. Of course, the ideal dilemma for an editorial board should be that it is forced to reject even some of the very best contributions, reserving them, if necessary, for inclusion in subsequent issues, in order to provide variety and to take the initial faltering steps in the direction of offering something which appeals to reserving them, if necessary, for inclusion in selves placed in the anomalous position of having little in the way of variety to choose from, of admittedly having been hard pressed to find and select material offering such diversification.

As if to hurl our defiance full in the teeth of these difficulties, we are nonetheless optimistic about future issues. Such optimism asserts itself primarily because we have received contributions which we did not actively solicit, contributions which indicate that interest in our endeavor is not conspicuously absent, that what we present in this issue is but an augury of a future interest in it which will be at once pervasive and even, we hope, enthusiastic. If, as a solid support for the structure on which our optimism is reared, we can mold and construct such enthusiasm, we will then feel that our frustrating, albeit personally rewarding, spadework will have been a worthwhile labor of love.

ty guests. At a party one evening, Clarence was smoking a cigarette² and telling a humorous story as Gertrude clung to his arm. While Clarence was speaking, a slovenly dressed man wearing a tweed jacket and tennis shoes—one Bancroft Beckman, who, uninvited, had sneaked through the back door—walked to the fireplace, pulled out a blazing two-by-four, and touched it to his pipe. Right then and there poor Clarence lost his audience and his fiancee, and never did get to finish the story, which, by the way, was a very good story, too. Every woman in the room watched breathlessly as Beckman slowly passed the piece of burning lumber back and forth over the bowl of his pipe. He gave the two-by-four a final flourish; then threw it back into the fireplace with all the arrogance of a prince flinging a crystal champagne saucer. For Gertrude, it was love at first smell, and Clarence was left all alone with his cigarette, which he snuffed out in an ash tray.³

Gertrude and Bancroft were married two days later, but even with the imposition of responsibility, Bancroft refused to get a job; he preferred to spend his time placidly smoking a pipe and reading the biographies of famous pipe smokers of history—Chief Sitting Bull, MacArthur, Spragg, etc.⁴ Though Bancroft thought more of his collection of pipes than he did of Gertrude, she blindly adored him, and so it went for a while. Until one day, when, with the pantry empty, the bills unpaid, and Gertrude walking barefoot on a patched linoleum, Bancroft spent the rent money for an antique meerschaum with a built-in music box. This finally brought Gertrude to her senses, and she walked out of the house to breathe fresh air once again. As she paused at the doorway to bid Bancroft farewell, she at last recognized him for what he really was—a bank clerk who had once short changed her on a withdrawal slip many years before.

But it was too late, for Clarence had married another. He also had become chairman of the board of a cigarette factory and had accumulated the finest collection of humorous stories that was to be found anywhere in the state. It was the finest in the nation, some peo-

2.—C. was such an unpretentious person that he disdained even to use a cigarette holder.

3.—Dr. T——, president of C.'s ALMA MATER, has told me that even during his college days, C. was never known to dispose of a cigarette butt except in a proper receptacle.

4.—It should be noted here that B. attended the same college that C. did and was an ardent devotee of one Dr. O——, a pipe smoker of the psychology department.

L'APRES—MIDI D'UN FAUNE

By CLAIRE HOFFNER

When the title of Debussy's inimitable work appears in simple declaration on a concert program or is announced to us in the cultivated baritone of our "radio intermission commentator," we are generally asked to accept a brief parenthetical note of translation as sole introductory to the music. Fortunately, for more than 60 years, the delicate beauty of the music itself has survived its imitators, as well as the indifference of those who might choose not to listen or understand.

For the less aesthetic listener the title in its English translation, "The Afternoon of a Faun," may suggest scenes of tranquil glades, sunlight shafted through evergreen, the gentle browsing of tawny forest animals. But the music would seem to convey more than this. Its mood is too poignant, the implication too personal to permit so banal an interpretation. Intellectual curiosity may demand greater penetration of the composer's intent.

The work owes its origin to not one, but three arts. Debussy found his inspiration in a poem of the same title by Stephane Mallarme, who had, in turn, based his poem on a painting by Boucher. The poem preceded its musical counterpart by 16 years, but because of its difficult language achieved little recognition until Debussy provided the musical setting.

It is significant that these two artists, Mallarme and Debussy, should have sought expression of the same theme, for in time they came to be recognized as leaders in establishing wholly new techniques in their respective arts. The one work represents the convergence of two new languages in artistic utterance: symbolism in poetic literature and impressionism in music. Pronounced as singularly characteristic of both, "L'Apres-midi" demands for its understanding some acquaintance with the one, for the "text" it lends the music, the other for the fullest appreciation of Debussy's artistry.

Both terms can be said really to identify the same trend in creative techniques: a growing revolt against established tradition and the stereotyped form it demanded. From the seventeenth century in Europe, the artistic pendulum had swung almost predictably from conservatism and restraint to the free and more liberal expression of man's artistic imagination. The Classicists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries reflected in all phases of their art the new progress in mathematical and physical scientific development. They didn't concern themselves with human nature and the individual—these were discounted as incidental in the mechanical order of the universe.

But Classicism excluded too much of life; the meticulous precision of Racine and Bach grew confining and the Romanticists of the early eighteenth-century sought to reinstate man, his perceptions and feelings, as the rightful first source of artistic revelation. They saw man as one with his surroundings and regarded Nature as one great entity embodying planets, mountains, vegetation, and people alike; and they set about describing things as they really are. Hugo, Coleridge, Chopin, the legacy of Beethoven were all part of this "Romantic Revolt" which characterized itself by its individualism, its determination to portray first the strength and frailty of man, his triumphs and endless struggles.

By the middle of the century, however, the pendulum was swinging again. New revolutionists, calling their movement Naturalism, rejected the "looseness and sentimentality" of the Romanticists and took impassibility as their banner, vowing to exclude forever "Romantic sensibility and Byronic egoism." The result was a near-return to the objectivity and severity of Classicism in art forms. It was at this moment that the French symbolists and impressionists emerged, again to redeem the individual, and to inflect the idiom of artistic media with accents not yet heard.

The symbolistic movement in French poetry actually had its beginning in America. The exotic and misty verses of Poe were finding greater acceptance in the Paris of 1846 than they enjoyed at home, for the new French poets recognized in his works many characteristics that

they sought to emulate. Charles Baudelaire, the most noted forerunner of symbolism, had become acquainted with the works of Poe in which he discovered romances that had, he said, long existed in his own brain but had "never taken shape." To him, Poe was the "master of the horrible, the prince of mystery." Baudelaire devoted himself to new versions of Poe's works, producing what are deemed masterpieces in the art of translation. None did more to persuade the world, and indeed America, of Poe's greatness than Baudelaire, and later, Mallarme. They hailed Poe as the "wizard of letters who had intimation of immortal truths and the divine faculty of calling up an other-worldly thrill," an observation significantly prophetic of what they themselves hoped to achieve.

While Poe and Baudelaire pointed the way, Mallarme was the direct master of the moderns and the acknowledged founder of the symbolist school. Just as the Romanticists discovered a new perspective of man in the universe, Mallarme's lesson was the extraordinary penetration of his gaze at objects in the universe, and in his world. He and his followers began a quest for "purity" in poetic expression and attempted to "spiritualize" literature, both of which were simply new terms for the poet's will of all ages to break with daily concrete life, to pass beyond the real and the pressing problems of the moment into a subjective world of the senses.

Mallarme and his symbolists found the established literary techniques deficient in mystery for this translation of sensations and emotions into words; the mind was too often deprived of the "delicious joy of creating." For the symbolists, the mundane language of everyday literature, "plain words" in their conventional connotation, were an inadequate medium for these unique feelings. In the words of Mallarme, "If the poet is to name the object (of his soliloquy) he is to do away with three-quarters of the enjoyment of the poem. To suggest, to evoke, is what charms the imagination rather than to state plainly.

To accomplish this, the symbolists liberated themselves from the confines of rhetoric and materialistic tradition. They threw out completely the clarity and logic of the French Classicists which, though modified by the Romanticists, were always respected. As each poet invented his own language of symbols which best expressed his particular personality and feelings, each new work contained its own formidable system of complexities. Words were chosen arbitrarily by the poet, not for their fixed meaning, but seemingly as a disguise for his ideas.

The symbolist attempted also to make the effects of his poetry approximate to those of music, utilizing the artifices of music, and constructing sentences for the musical sounds they suggested. The symbolist spoke in terms of the "instrumentation" of a poem, of cadences and resolutions, and of Mallarme it was said that "his was the art of bringing verse to the song of an orchestra." Whether or not Mallarme attained this in just the way suggested, with "L'Apres-midi" and Debussy's music, he was to accomplish it literally.

Mallarme's belief that there is no such thing as immediate poetry, that of the external world of appearance, moved him instinctively toward the eternal myths. The myth is man's triumph over matter. It is his creation, the world of poetry just beyond the event, which he is able to see and comprehend far more easily than the real world.

The faun then, is a natural subject for symbolistic expression. Quite another kind of faun from the familiar animal we know (anyone noting the spelling may avoid this confusion), he is of the world of Pan, of nymphs and naiads, and picturesquely described as a half-human, half-animal, with the pointed ears and feet of a goat.

The poem is a languorous description of the Faun in a delicious state between waking and dreaming. As he drowns in the noon-day heat of some Mediterranean valley long ago, he clings to his amorous dreams of nymphs. With eyes still shut, he prolongs the voluptuous vision as long as possible, perhaps to immortalize it.

"These nymphs I would perpetuate."

Presently he opens his eyes, but the illusion is so strong that he still sees the luminous forms of the goddesses shimmering through the shadows.

"Was it a dream I loved?"

He awakens, and sees only the rustling branches above him—

"the true wood itself"—

he had merely dreamed.

But he must recapture this ecstatic fancy and, choosing to abandon reality, he follows his own inspiration and sings of his dream. Only his flute knows the key to the enigma,

"Try then, malicious Syrinx,"

you who alone know how a nymph escapes us and vanishes in music, try to flower again as naiad of the lake.

The Faun continues his fanciful recital of erotic pleasures until, abruptly, he is silent:

"Void of word and my body weighed down

Succumbs in the end to midday's proud silence."

The Faun consoles himself with the thought of future reveries,

"No more, I must sleep,"

surrenders himself to the heat of the afternoon and, stretching himself on the sand, goes again in search of his nymphs,

"Adieu both! I shall see the shade you became."

The poem has been called an erotic obsession, but a literary one: both are "transfused" in dream. The amorous desires of the Faun do not attain satisfaction, for he is only dreaming; and when the evocation becomes too sharp, the nymphs again become phantoms, slip from his arms, and disappear. It would seem that here, Mallarme proves beyond question his mastery of the transcendent and elusive phrase.

With the work, one critic insists that "Mallarme's desire had achieved itself; every word is a jewel, every image a symbol and the whole poem is visible music." Others state with considerably less eloquence that Mallarme's intended obscurity "approaches the unintelligible and so veils the meaning that it recedes into indefinable distances." Whatever one's views of the rhapsodic flights of the symbolists, if, as Charles Mauron suggests, these obstacles to the understanding are self-imposed by the reader's own "stiffening of the mind," he would do well perhaps to follow Monsieur Mauron's advice to "let himself go," and yield to the persuasions of this word music.

If the principal aims of symbolism were to synthesize the arts, and specifically, to approximate in words the "indefiniteness" of music, it was natural that composers of that period should become especially sensitive to contemporary literature.

During this period, Paris had become the focal point for the many theories and creeds which agitated the European world of the arts and literature. Symbolism and impressionism, (until Debussy, identified solely with the innovations in painting), were united in one great contest of enthusiasm, curiosity, and intellectual theorizing. Painters, poets, and musicians alike were engaged in de-composing the raw material of their arts, examining, questioning, and re-composing it as they pleased, intent on endowing colors, words and sounds with the new shades of visual and audible emotion. Critics of the day condemned them all equally and, smarting under the abuse, the artists became reconciled with one another; the poets and painters became avid concert goers, and the musicians endeavored to understand the new experiments in poetry and the plastic arts.

While the new concepts in poetry and painting were developing as singularly French, contemporary music had failed thus far to discover its national basis, bearing as it did the heavy mark of Wagner and the German tradition.

Ironically, Wagner had thought he was constructing the great new art of the future when, in reality, he was restating in more lavish terms the idiom of his own day, and he is grouped today with the last composers of Romanticism. What Wagner would have considered monstrous, however, was that the means which he designed as a vehicle for his own deepest musi-

(Continued on Page 4)

UNARMED

From the first moment I saw him, I took a liking to him. He arrived in Tokyo with a small group of replacements in July of 1949, and out of the dozen or so men in the group who were assigned to B Company, I singled him out as the boy who might have the makings of a competent soldier. He was a little stout, but tall enough to turn that stoutness to advantage in a solid, stocky frame; the physique of a farm boy. As it turned out, a fairly intelligent farm boy and, as I later discovered, having almost a private sixth sense, through which he read for himself the doom in his future. Although he had obviously been out of high school but a short time, his high forehead indicated that the beginning of a receding hairline eventually would lead to premature baldness. His button-like, pug nose, squarely placed in the middle of his face and set off against his thick, sensuous lips, gave him a Teutonic look of the sort which attracts the father-confessor type of confident and which, once he got his first pass and his initiation into the iniquity of Tokyo, might thrust him either into the clutches of a wench or under the wing of the motherly type of girl, if such a woman could be found by a G. I.

I watched him closely as the first sergeant called the roll. His was the last name on the list and after he answered "Here!" when the first sergeant called "Wright, Joseph F., Jr.," I suddenly revised my original guess about his soldiering ability. While he had that subdued fright in his voice that I had seen in so many young boys who were facing for the first time, the unhappy prospect of assignment to an infantry company, his fear was not just that of an M-1 rifle or of forced marches. It transcended that and I watched him look frantically through our group of non-coms standing to the side of the rookies until he spied me. In his expression I read pleading, a mute cry for help, an appeal to save him from a rifle, almost I thought from the army itself. I guess I took pity on him.

I motioned to him. "Wright, fall out over here." I walked with him to the reviewing stand of the battalion parade ground where all formations were held.

"Are you a high school graduate?" After the nod which I had expected, I continued: "Are you any good at figures?" Another nod. "Come on man, speak up. Haven't you ever talked to a sergeant before? Look," I said, trying another tack, "My name is Lovett and I'm the supply sergeant here. I need an assistant, a man who can take care of stock records without making too many mistakes. Do you think you can do that kind of work?"

At the words "supply sergeant" the boy relaxed, as would a condemned man on learning that he had been granted a reprieve, and he grinned at me, reminding me of the way a small Japanese boy had grinned at me once when I had stopped a group of older boys who were teasing and torturing him.

"Well, I always had pretty good grades in math and my last teacher even helped me get a scholarship. But I couldn't use it. I guess it'll have to wait."

"I guess it will," I answered. "You'll also be my armorer. You already know how to take care of an M-1, or at least your basic training should have taught you that. How many weeks have you had?"

When I mentioned the additional duty, the grin left him, suddenly and without will and terror usurped its place.

"Eight weeks," he faltered. "That should be sufficient. The first sergeant will assign you to a squad room. After you draw your bedding and foot locker from me and get set up, come back down to the supply room and I'll show you what you have to do."

The apprehension refused to leave his eyes. "Or would you rather be assigned to a rifle platoon? If that's what you want--"

"Oh, no!" he almost shouted. "I'd rather work in supply."

"All, right. Get back in formation and I'll see you after you get settled."

I went to the supply room to wait for the group to draw its bedding. When Wright came up to the counter, I issued him his equipment, marked it on his clothing form, and had him initial it. I said nothing to him and, as he held the pen over the form, I surmised that he wanted to ask me something. However, I ignored his questioning look and called over his shoulder for the next man to step forward. As I watched him hoist the mattress to his shoulder and bundle the sheets and blankets under his left arm, I somehow couldn't help wondering if perhaps my judgment in choosing this boy might not have been amiss. After six years in the army, though, with four and a half of them as a non-com, I felt that I knew enough about human nature to choose the right man. As far as the job itself was concerned, my judgment, or perhaps intuition, was correct. It was not I, but the army who had been wrong in even in-

ducting him, in even classifying him 1-A. But the enormity of that came out later.

It was almost time for retreat when he finally came down. I was in the arms room, unlocking the rifle rack. The rays of the late-afternoon sun, attenuated, forced themselves through the grilled window, funneling the fine dust unerringly to the oil on the rifles.

"I'm ready to go to work, Sergeant."

Slanting obliquely off the side of his face, one of the rays illuminated on his cheek the golden down of youth, a down which one would expect to find on the face of a woman. So well proportioned was he, physically, with delicate features—a look of cleanliness about him that even weeks in the filth of a foxhole could not efface.

"You can help me issue these rifles to the men who are standing retreat."

"Do I have to stand retreat?"

"No," I answered, "that's one of the more pleasant aspects of working in the supply room. We're excused from retreats and parades, courtesy of Sergeant Cleveland, except perhaps when we parade for MacArthur's benefit. Then no one is excused. The men will be lining up in a few minutes. As you can see, each rifle is numbered. Each man will ask for his weapon by the number assigned to him. Have him sign his slip opposite that number before you hand him the rifle."

He performed the act with almost no difficulty whatever, never faltering but still handling each rifle gingerly, delicately, as if he expected it to burst in his hands. In the succeeding months I was to see that action refined, to see him make almost a ritual of it, as if he worshiped most that which he abhorred and feared.

After everyone had drawn his rifle and left, I put him to work cleaning and oiling the remaining weapons in the rack. I sat near him and began the first of the many talks which I was to have with him.

"You're from the middle West, aren't you, Wright?"

"Yes, from Kansas. But my folks came to California during the war. The farm was in poor shape, so we left it and my father went to work in an airplane factory until he was drafted. Got killed at Saipan by a sniper."

"I guess your mother had a tough time after that."

"Not for a while. We had his G. I. insurance and she worked in the aircraft factory too. When they changed back to peacetime work, though, we had to use the insurance money. Had it pretty tough until she got another job. She was out of work for almost two years."

He had been automatically oiling the rifle which he held in his hands, talking and rubbing oil into one spot on the barrel over and over. Suddenly he realized what he was doing, got up, put away the rifle, and took another from the rack.

"She finally went to work as housekeeper for a man in Berkeley, whose wife had died. Polio, I think. Anyway we went to live with him."

I watched him again fall into his mechanical wiping. "How long did you stay with him?"

"Right up until I was drafted. In fact, Mother married him last year."

"It's funny how often that happens," I mused, "the housekeeper marrying the widower."

"I suppose so," he answered, looking out the upper half of the arms room door into the hallway. I knew he wasn't paying much attention to what I said, so I stopped prompting him. The sound of the recorded bugle blowing retreat and the slapping of the stocks of rifles at present arms brought him out of his reverie.

"He still treats her like she was his housekeeper, even though they've been married over a year. But she seems to love him—not in the way I always thought a wife loved her husband or in the way she had loved Dad. I asked her once if she did it just for me. She said, of course not, but I believe she did. I don't know what for. He never even said a word when I told him about my scholarship. Just grunted and went on reading his paper."

"Well," I said, "at least you were able to finish high school."

"Oh, sure. But I was almost glad when they drafted me, except for--"

He fell into his reverie once more and I thought it best not to question him further. There would be plenty of time to get that fear of rifles out of his head. And there was plenty of time, too, almost a year; but I never did anything about it. He worked hard and well for me, especially the next spring when the regiment moved to Camp Drake, about nine miles outside of Tokyo. I had the moving plan for the supply room all set up beforehand and a detail from the stockade came over to help. I let Wright supervise the moving while I helped the first sergeant move the orderly room. Everything went off perfectly. When I walked into the supply room at Camp Drake late that afternoon, Wright had everything set up and ready to go. The next week I talked to Cleve and got him to ask the Captain to put Wright in for corporal. When I told him later of his promotion, he didn't seem to care much. But he had other things on his mind. It was the end of June and we were all busy drawing combat equipment and getting ready to go to Korea.

It wasn't until after we knew definitely that we were going that the boy began to go on pass regularly. Since I had known him, he left camp very rarely, only when he wanted to go to the Tokyo P. X. or to the Ernie Pyle Theater. Now he went out every night and one night came in so drunk and sick that he could barely stand up. Instead of going to his squad room he staggered into my room, which I had to myself and which was down the hall from his. Rather than try to haul him back to his room, I undressed him and put him to bed in the extra bunk I always kept in my room. I couldn't get him up the next morning, but I didn't report him absent at reveille. When I came back from chow I tried to find out what was bothering him. As far as I knew, he had never before drunk anything stronger than coke.

"You were pretty well loaded last night, boy."

"So what?" he snapped. "Can't I take a drink if I feel like it?"

I said no more about the matter, but in the next couple of weeks he got to the point where he was drunk all of the time. It was pretty hard sometimes to hide it from the captain and the first sergeant. Several

By GEORGE SAMUELSON

Class of '57

times I lied for him when he passed out during the day, saying that I had sent him to draw supplies at Division Quartermaster. One night, however, he didn't come in at all. I covered up for him until about nine the next morning and then had to report him AWOL. He came back three days later, drunk and diseased. We had only five days left before leaving for Korea, so the Captain gave him a summary court martial, busted him to private, and restricted him to the company area until we embarked.

The day before we were to leave, Captain Valdez was inspecting the squad rooms and caught Wright passed out cold on his bunk. He called me into the orderly room.

"Lovett, I don't know what's happened to Wright. Maybe you've figured it out. You've known him for quite a while. What is it?"

"Captain, I don't know," I lied. "This didn't start until a couple of weeks ago. But he's not a talkative kid and I can't get anything out of him."

"Well, I'm fed up with him. I'm having him transferred to C Company today. Maybe a little duty as a rifleman will straighten him out. What do you think?"

What could I think? I knew what it would do to Wright. But how could I tell Valdez that the boy was rifle-shy? It was silly. Besides line duty would help him to snap out of it.

When I returned to the supply room, Wright was sitting at my desk, shaking so badly that he couldn't hold a pencil.

"The Captain wants to see you. Right away."

He got up without a word and lurched out of the room before I could say anything more. I locked the supply room, went to the N. C. O. Club, and stayed there until after midnight. When I came back to the barracks I looked into his squad room, half hoping to find him there, but his bunk had been stripped and his foot locker was gone. He had turned in his equipment himself. As I went past the orderly room the C. Q. saw me and gave me Wright's key to the supply room.

After we arrived in Korea, I looked for him at every opportunity, but he was always up front with his platoon and I was too busy in the rear to have any time to get up to see him. Eventually I heard that he had been transferred again, this time to the Second Battalion, G Company. As they were in reserve at the time, about fifty miles back, I gave up trying to find him.

They stayed in reserve for almost three weeks. The day that they went back into the line Cleve stuck his head through the flap of my supply tent.

"Say, Lovett, you remember that kid, Wright, the one who went all haywire and we had to transfer him out?"

"Sure, why? Have you seen him?"

"No. But I was just talking to Early, the first sergeant of G Company. He said the kid got it this morning."

It's strange how the report of death is sometimes more telling than the actual death itself. I have seen men die agonizing deaths in battle, their faces distorted, their bodies mangled, and I thought little of it, expecting it as a natural consequence of war. But hearing the report of the kid's death, I felt as I imagine one would feel if someone told him that his brother had just been killed.

I guess I must have looked pretty well shaken up, because Cleve looked at me strangely, inquiringly for a moment, then closed the flap. Wanting to know more, I got up to go after him. Before I could take a step, he again poked his head in.

"I forgot to tell you the rest of it. Early said that the platoon Wright was in was charging a hill and the kid was in front. Funny thing. Early said they found the kid's rifle after they brought him in. It was still in his foxhole. I always knew he was a little nuts. All those gooks up there on that hill shooting at him and he forgets his rifle."

But I knew he hadn't forgotten it. He had been unarmed, that was all. I think that he had always been unarmed.

VICE and VIRTUE

(Continued from Page 1)

ple said, but Clarence himself was not one to boast.

The only employment that Gertrude could find was with the fly-by-night firm that printed counterfeit Turkish tobacco labels to be sold to bank clerks, insurance salesmen, and college professors.

Bancroft moved into a small apartment that had a huge fireplace and constantly practiced lighting his pipe with pieces of burning firewood. One day while doing this, he accidentally set the room on fire and perished trying to save his pipes from the blaze. A shoe box filled with his secret mixture caught fire, and firemen were unable to rescue him because of the choking blue smoke that poured from the door and windows.

He was buried in his favorite tweed jacket and tennis shoes, with a Turkish water pipe in his hand.

Fortune was indeed kind to Clarence: he was known far and wide as a businessman of integrity; his repertoire of humorous stories commanded international fame (which he modestly declined to acknowledge). He continued to prosper and to smoke a package of cigarettes every day until he was 98 years old, when he died of indigestion.

AN ACCIDENT, I PRESUME?

Grant Mr. Hemingway that boys become men overnight; that one minute they cringe, and the next they eagerly race to the attack. Grant him this, and "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" becomes a fine story. A story of conflict between a man, and another man, woman, lion and buffalo. All achieve some sort of victory.

Macomber is hunting in Africa for the same reason he keeps himself fit and is good at court games and fishing. Killing beasts is another way for him to show that he is a man. But from the first, the reader realizes he is not. His speech and actions, characteristic of a seven-year-old boy, gives him away. When Mrs. Macomber questions Francis's judgment, his answer is, "Wilson says so." When the wounded lion is in the brush waiting for him, Macomber wants to leave him there, to forget about it. When he has run from the lion, he wants to hold his wife's hand. After she has slept with Wilson, Macomber's greatest remonstrance is, "You promised there wouldn't be any of that."

But through the throes of hunting, Macomber suddenly becomes a man. A man in spirit if not in accomplishment. Wilson really kills two of the three bulls they are hunting, but he gives the credit to Macomber. Francis is so eager to become a man that he believes Wilson, and the "man" is established within him. Now even the fact that the bull he did fell had risen and lumbered into the brush can not shake the new established "man" from him.

But becoming a man is Macomber's undoing. While still a boy, his conflict was with the beasts and Wilson, but now, as a man, it is also with his wife. I say "now" because before it was a mutual agreement: "You be a good wife and I'll be a good husband." As Macomber becomes a man, the Mrs. must be more than a good wife. She must be a woman that can hold him with love and personality, things not included in their

definition of a good wife. So now the two are in conflict, but it is rather one-sided, as all three, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, know that Francis will drop Margot. Macomber as a man is "putting away the things of a boy."

Will Margot be dropped? It is against all female nature. If women could be dropped, as Francis will drop Margot, without reverberations, the whodunit novelists in this country would starve. No, Margot won't be dropped, at least not without action on her part. She drops Francis—in his tracks. Francis had left her, but not legally or publicly. She prevents the legal and public (save Wilson) loss, but she knows she really lost. She is left applying her panacea—tears.

Earlier, I vaguely referred to a string of conflicts. Between two men because Macomber must rise to the standards of Wilson, those of being a man, or else Wilson must drop to those of Macomber, of being a boy. The latter is an absurdity, so Macomber rises. Of course he could quit and go home and remain a boy, but then we would have no story. As I have said, there is a conflict between Macomber and his wife, once he is a man, that Macomber both wins and loses. He would have left her, legally and publicly, but he didn't. He wins a soul-satisfying victory in knowing he can leave her, but he loses his life. Who is the ultimate winner? Hemingway thinks it is Macomber. Better to die as a man than live as a coward, etc. It was a severely short life though—sometimes the price of being a man.

There is a conflict between Macomber and a lion and a buffalo. Kill or be killed. Hemingway's lion is so real as to move the reader to compassion. However, the conflict is between men and beasts, and the men should win. Macomber does, morally, but what does a lion or a buffalo know of morals? I have said the beasts achieve victory. They do, though indirectly via Mrs. Macomber, for one man dies as do two

beasts. One man, two beasts: a figure far in favor of the beasts at the present rate of exchange.

Wilson, the bed-sharing, Shakespearean, white hunter, is a man's man. He is a multi-rolled personality, beautifully employed by the author. He is a contrast to the boy-Macomber, and a striking similarity when Macomber becomes a man. He is a convenient bed-partner for Margot, the whole incident starkly pointing up the childishness of Francis and the personality of Margot. He is the necessary guide, but also an observer with character. He sees the Macomers, although not completely, as Hemingway would like the reader to see them. He is a gentle nudge to the reader, a nudge hinting at the point that Hemingway connotes by his story.

What is his point? What is he saying? He makes three points. One, that a man is not a man until proven so. Proven it to people, and more important, to himself. What an inferiority complex Macomber achieves around Wilson! Second, that people will do the damndest things rather than lose their possession to others. The servant boy would rather take lashes than lose some of his pay, Macomber, at first, would rather run than lose his life, and Margot would rather see her husband dead than have him leave her. Third, boys do not become men until they must. They may fail at their first try, but it is only a real failure if they try only once. Maybe the continuous trying of boys is one of the ingredients of manhood. Behind a fishing pole, a tennis racket, or his desk, Macomber looked like a man, but in the African bush, facing the charge of a wounded bull, a man is a man because he is one, not because he looks like one. True, Macomber is behind a gun, but it is what it has so long been called, an equalizer. He proves himself as brave as a beast, and in Africa, that is how we define a man.

L'Après-midi d'un Faune

(Continued from Page 2)

cal thought were to be employed, discreetly, to express quite different needs; for, just as the writings of Poe had provided the first scriptures for the literary symbolists, it was Wagner's music which gave intimation of the theories that were to follow him; those of Debussy and the new French impressionists.

From the days of his earliest studies, Debussy's musical intuition had been of a very different kind, leading him away from the classical forms. He railed at the shackles of the pedantic tried-and-true devices in composition: hackneyed chords and progressions, ever predictable cadences and tone colors that denied subtlety. All of his life he had visualized and experimented with a new concept of harmony, tonality, and form. Yet, at twenty-five, his experiments lacked clear distinction and in the face of his colleagues' bitter criticism, conviction. It was with Debussy's discovery of the symbolist movement that he found the path toward clear articulation of his genius.

Debussy first became acquainted with Mallarmé and his followers in a small Parisian bookshop that was the meeting place for the city's literary and artistic elite. As the guiding spirit of the movement, Mallarmé had assembled around him such men of letters as Henri de Regnier, Pierre Louys and Varlaine, men who were creating the new literature of France. Mallarmé's prominence at this time is reflected in his famous "Tuesdays," les mardis de la Rue de Rome, as they were called, at which he would preside as accomplished raconteur, not in the conventional sense, but in the familiar pattern of pedagogue and disciples. His house was one in which "art was the very atmosphere, and the master of the house, a priest."

Debussy became a frequent visitor at these gatherings and grew to prefer the company of these "literary innovators" to that of his musical contemporaries, who were still devoting themselves to elaborate symphonic works in the grand Wagnerian style and adhering to the mathematical rules of composition. As he listened to the discussions of the new aesthetics, he suddenly realized—possibly with the excitement

HERALDS

The dawn is chill,
With icy drops
Upon the grass.
The trees are still,
Save for a shiver,
Heraldic, sent
At dawn's advent.
The night-song stops,
Though, clears as glass,
Gurgles the river.
The silent shapes
Of trees assemble,
Gazing into the stream;
Reflections tremble.
The sky, dark blue,
With hidden gleam,
Brightens a shade;
The stars begin
From earthly sight to
fade.
Now night escapes
Before the breath of
day.
The light is dim—
Yet stars have slipped
away.
Pale clouds are soft
With a reflected glow;
The sun's bright rim,
With warming beam,
Lights up the world
below.

By LENORE SOMERS

of an explorer coming upon a new world—that these men were formalizing what he had long felt instinctively, a world of academic and emotional freedom in art. Certainly these ideas were applicable to music as well, or, at any rate, to the kind of music he felt impelled to write.

Quickened by the enthusiasm of these compatriots in rebellion and stimulated by the fresh inspiration of their writings, Debussy moved forward to the fullest outpouring of his originality to create a music which would, in his own words, "express that which only music can ex-

press, beginning at the point where words become powerless, where inadequate words fail."

It was in 1892, five years after his first meeting with the symbolists, that Debussy was to conceive the idea for his first orchestral poem, to be played as a prelude to the work he had greatly admired. Mallarmé had "composed" the original "Faun" in 1876 to be recited as a monologue on the stage and it is probable that Debussy's scoring was intended as incidental music to accompany such a performance.

Debussy called his setting a free illustration of the poem and said that his music merely sought to evoke "the successive scenes of the Faun's desires and dreams on that hot afternoon;" not to translate the poem literally but rather, through music, to set its mood. One critic quotes Debussy as declaring that in composing the work, he followed the poem verse by verse. If this is true, it is certainly possible to find in the music the sleepy hesitations of the opening, the monotonous line of the pipes, the naidas flight, the voluptuous ardor of the central theme, and finally, the return to solitude and the unconsciousness of sleep.

Called a masterly scoring, the work shows the refinement and sensibility which characterizes all Debussy's scores, and, in this, filters the music throughout, leaving "delightfully superficial, almost phantom-like impressions." The score is as subtle as the poetical text and is clearer, seeming to fulfill Debussy's hope of resuming the illusion "where words become powerless." As in the poem, too, the mood is transitory; no sooner are the themes stated than they are dissolved and stated again, sustaining a delicately nebulous atmosphere from first bar to last, and creating its "impressionistic picture" with exquisite grace. For, justifiably, it was with this work that the term "impressionism" first introduced itself into the musical vocabulary.

"The Faun" can well be considered a landmark, in Debussy's development certainly, but also in the history of western music as well. And to the poem we owe not only a deeper understanding of the music, but its very existence.