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# *The* **Campus**

DENISON UNIVERSITY



*Football  
Issue*

A QUARTERLY PUBLICATION  
GRANVILLE OHIO

OCTOBER 1946

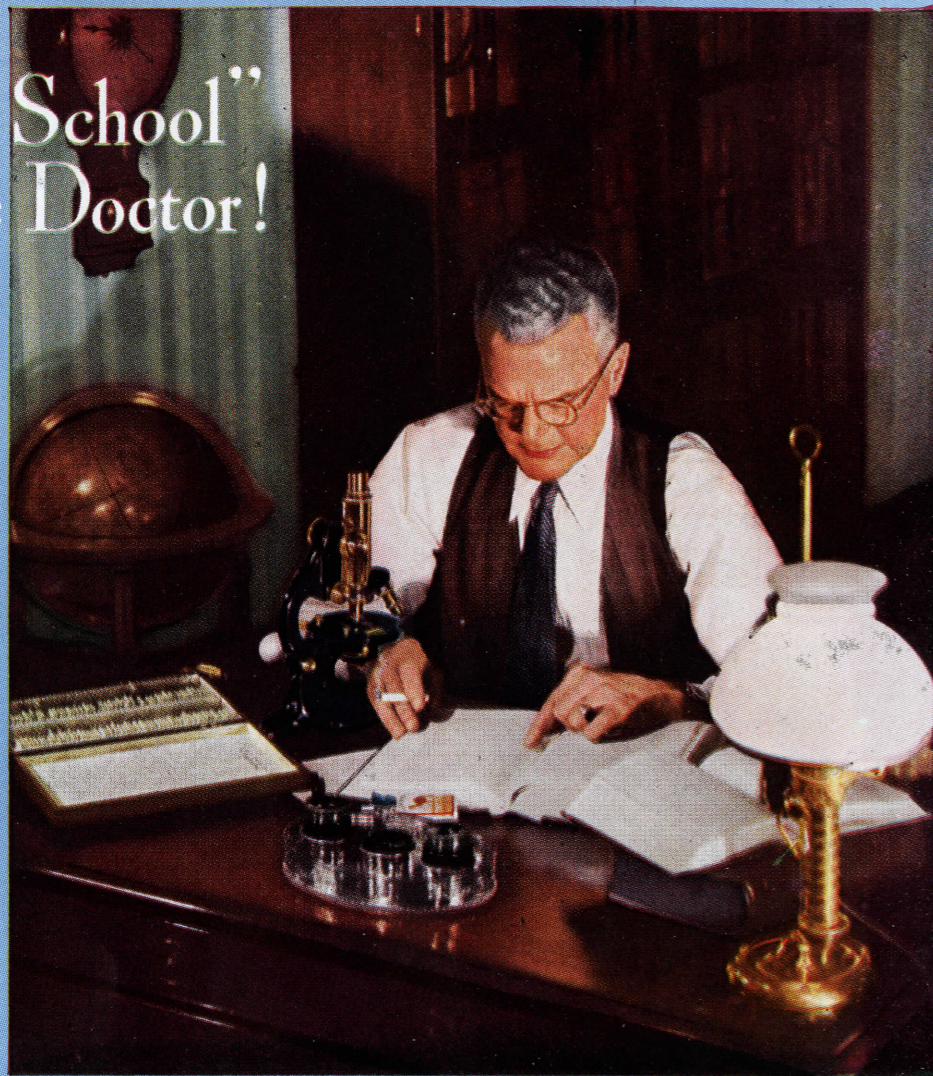


# "Night-School" for the Doctor!

*His years of study are never finished... for the practice of medicine is one of constant change... and every change is for the better... for you!*

SEVEN long years he studied before those respected initials "M.D." were affixed to his name. And that was only the beginning!

For every day brings discovery in the field of medicine. New methods of treatment, of protecting and prolonging life. All these the doctor must know to fulfill his obligation to you... to mankind. That's being a doctor!



## According to a recent Nationwide survey: **MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS** THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

● "What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"

That was the gist of the question put to 113,597 doctors from coast to coast in a recent survey by three independent research groups.

More doctors named Camels than any other cigarette.

If you're a Camel smoker, this definite preference for Camels among physicians will not surprise you. If not, then by all means try Camels. Try them for taste... for your throat. That's the "T-Zone" test (*see right*).



Your "T-Zone" Will Tell You...

The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat—is your own proving ground for any cigarette. For only your taste and your throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

# CAMELS

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OCTOBER, 1946

Volume I, Issue I . . . the heading seems to brand us as a brand new publication, and that we are. Several people have asked me what the CAMPUS Magazine is in actuality so I'll try and explain our policy.

CAMPUS is the rejuvenated PORTFOLIO known so well to the school. With the last year's literary magazine's stories, we are combining timely features and announcements that would prove of interest to the Denison student. As far as we are able, we are trying to cover every phase of the school's activities.

\* \* \* \*

In this, our fall issue, we have tried to adhere as closely to the seasonal atmosphere as possible. Autumn is naturally associated with football, skuffing leaves, bonfires, and Indian summer days. AUTUMN NOCTURNE captures in two pages the scenes familiar to all of us here on the campus. The photographs by Rolan Thompson are a typical cross section of Denison in the fall.

\* \* \* \*

On the literary side, we have John Saveson's SEGUILLE, an unusual and inspiring story and we hope to have many such contributions from you who have decided to give the pen a try.

\* \* \* \*

As Dr. Brown told us in chapel, Jean Brokaw's prize winning essay THE RESPONSIBILITY IS MINE is well worth the reading and makes one think a bit.

\* \* \* \*

BEHIND THE SCENES by Glenn Bammann will take you backstage at the opera house and really let you know what goes on. His explanation of the work that goes into a production will make you appreciate the plays to a greater degree.

In closing, I say that I hope more of you students will contribute poems, short stories, and the other bits of penmanship you have jotted down in your spare minutes. The rest of us on CAMPUS might like to read them too.

Betsy Wallace,  
Editor-in-chief.

# CAMPUS

Literary-  
Feature  
Magazine



Denison  
University  
Granville, O.

Vol. 1, No. 1

October, 1946

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# Seguille

by  
John Saveson

This is the story of the poet Seguille, on whom the Holy Mother bestowed the seeing of a miracle. It is told in Casaba and in the border towns. Its fame has spread through the country south of the Caldes. When the afternoon sun has emptied the tourist shops along the Calle Juarez, the fat shopkeepers tell it over and over. Their voices fade to a whisper, and they speak piously as befits an appearance on earth of the Holy Presence. There is a shrugging of shoulders and a raising of Latin brows. "Eh bien, the ways of the Holy Mother are mysterious. It is not for us to know why one who is not of the true church, a rude foreigner, received so great a blessing."

The story has it that Seguille came to Casaba at the beginning of the year, only a short time after the Americans came in great numbers, visiting the town merchants with unheard-of prosperity. Seguille was a big man and his movements were awkward and violent. In addition he was very rude; it is not charitable but one might say he was a pig. He called the shopkeepers, and to their faces, a pack of "Thieving Shylocks." The merchants were uncertain as to the meaning, but from Seguille's tone they believed it to be the most enormous of insults. He argued with them in so loud a voice, he threatened, and he looked indeed like the devil himself with his strange eyes and his ugly face. They were literally frightened into selling at three or four the value of their merchandise. It was unreasonable of him when the other Americans were satisfied to buy at the fixed prices, which sometimes rose to ten times the value. When one thinks of it and with due respect for the Holy Mother — holy and infallible is the Mother of God — still, por Dios! — what a pig.

When Seguille was drunk, and this was often, it was impossible to do anything with him. One afternoon he broke the legs off all the chairs in the Mona Lisa, one by one, when Ramon the bartender, he was a thief, one cannot deny that, tried to overcharge him for the liquor. No one could stop Seguille then. When they tried to dissuade him, he said he wanted to see the customers sit on the floor where they belonged. "Hah," he said, "now Garcia that fat thief, will have to sweep the floor. No one can sit in this heap of filth." The customers sat back and roared with laughter. Garcia was beside himself. He ran from one end of the room to the other trying to hide the chairs that were still standing. The sweat poured down his face. The apron he had tied around his large belly flapped against his short legs, threatening to trip him. He clasped his hands and called on God the Father and the Virgin to deliver him from this madman. Garcia lost his money eloquently.

But Jose, the stunted son of old Maria, who in a drunken fit had twisted his legs while an infant and made a beggar of him, worshipped Seguille. The poet saw him as he waled through the streets one day. And caught perhaps by the nobility of the beggar's head, he carried the beggar child like a king's son through the streets of Casaba while the child laughed and waved his arms to the people who watched from the dark windows.

More than a few of the scarlet ladies who live in the houses below the town and receive so many visitors, one wonders indeed such inexhaustible hospitality, begin to take a certain pride that they were so well acquainted with the receiver of the miracle. These capacious ladies go to the Cathedral, which bears the name of the saint-king on the Holy Days with their long-lidded eyes holding a welcome under black veils. There they receive their penance and shiver piously as they think of the miracle which has given so much prestige to Casaba in the Caldes country.

The little Dolorez, one does not call her senorita or senora, truly one is at a loss, was unfortunate enough to be a favorite of his. The Dolorez was a fiery one, so small yet so exquisitely shaped. She should have been a dancer. She had a quickness when she moved that was delightful.

She alternately loved and hated Seguille with unbounded passion. And both extremes she knew one day he burst into her house in the street of the scarlet ladies. He flung the door open, as he always did, no matter how embarrassing this might be to the Dolorez, and found Gezaro Lopez, who had ten children and a fat wife. Seguille threw him through the door and into the street. Gezaro's hip was bruised so badly he had to limp home. And his wife, truly a terror, she was half Indian, kept him in the house for a month. It was a great joke in Casaba.

Then was Seguille terrible indeed. When he frowned, his black brows lay low over his eyes. He was the devil's own. "These swine," he yelled at the Dolorez, "these filthy swine. I'll break the backs of everyone of them and throw them in a hog wallow where they belong. You slut, I hope you burn in hell."

(Continued on page 14)



# Behind The Scenes

by  
Glenn Bammann

It all started a long time ago. Back in Ancient Greece the only people who had to rehearse a play were the actors. There was no stage. There were no props. There were no lights. In fact there was no acting; it was just a recitation of lines.

Things have come a long way since then. For every play presented down at our own Opera House, no matter how small the cast, there are always twenty to thirty other unseen individuals who make the complete presentation possible.

Let us follow one of these modern productions through all its stages, from the time the play is chosen all the way to the final evening of its performance. As a definite example, let us use the most recent one, "Papa is All," written by Patterson Greene.

This comedy was chosen by Professor "Ed" Wright, director of Denison Dramatics. Tryouts were held on registration day, September 11th. In trying out for a part, the would be thespian reads in competition with from two to five other aspiring actors. Various scenes are read with as much characterization as is possible for the first reading. The final cast is then selected by the director on the basis of the reading and also previous experience, if the part is to be a major one in the show. A drama enthusiast usually starts out with a small part and works up to the larger roles.

When the cast has been selected rehearsals start almost immediately. It usually takes about four weeks of preparation to complete the finished product. "Papa," however, was assembled in three weeks' time.

Even this early, students in charge of the box office have their work cut out for them. Ads must be inserted in the Newark paper, posters allotted to the local merchants, and notices sent out to the former theater patrons. A certain budget has to be maintained, the tickets have to be marked, and mail orders and telephone orders must be filled. Their job may not be as glamorous as the actors, but it is just as an integral part of the final production.

While the cast is rehearsing from two to three hours a day and the publicity staff is heralding the coming production, the technicians and other backstage people begin their work. A set has to be designed and constructed. The play itself and the limitations of the Opera House are two of the many features which have to be taken into consideration. Peg Collins was the technical director of the show. She had many assistants with Dick Adams as her right hand man being in charge of the actual construction of the set. All students who are taking dramatic art courses are required to put in a certain number of hours working in their oldest clothes at the theater; these hours like others count towards admission into University Players and Masquers.

Like all other things the costumes have to be planned for and ordered in advance. The few costumes needed for "Papa" came all the way from Massachusetts. Marge Nevons and Dixie Campbell

had full control of them and upon their arrival it was up to them to see that everything fit and also to keep them in repair if they became torn or dirty.

After two and a half weeks of rehearsal in Doane Assembly Hall, and after the set had been practically completed, "Papa" was taken down to the Opera House for three or four final rehearsals trying to make the actors coincide with the stage and lights, and the lights and stage coincide with the actors. It's a process which usually involves many laughs for both the visible actors and the invisible technicians. Doors have been misplaced and the actors find themselves in many and embarrassing situations that always make these first nighters very humorous.

But finally, opening night arrives. The cast straggles in and begins getting into costume and character. The usual banter flies about the dressing rooms as the make-up is applied. Dick Adams is running around seeing that everything is ready. Phyl Cross, in charge of properties, checks her prop table while Char Heffron gives a final check to all the lights. Ed and Peg give the whole stage and actors the final once over as curtain time draws near. The hands on the clock creep toward eight fifteen as the audience jitters in expectation of seeing something new and home-made.

The curtain is drawn, and the show is on.

As the first act is gradually setting the scenes and getting the audience in the proper mood, Inky and Char are continually working on the control panel dimming the lights suggesting the advent of evening. When Emma lights the lamp at the stage left the spots are brought upon that side. When she crosses to stage right, and lights another, the spots are brought upon them. Later in the act when Mama turns them out, the spots go out too. The same holds true when Emma enters carrying a lighted candle and as she crosses the stage the spots follow her. Imagine the amusement of the audience if the time wasn't right. Yes, the person handling the board has a large share in making the show a success.

After the curtain goes down on the first act, various props are removed or added to the set by Flo Conrad and her crew. During the second act the light crew keeps adding to the atmosphere by addition of blue and green border lights or the cutting out of them.

To signify the supposed death of Papa and the charge on the household in the third act, a telephone is nailed to a flat and the curtains change from Menonite white to a flowered print. When Mrs. Yoder speaks offstage to Jake who is supposedly hammering away on his improvements, it's actually Donnie Arnth pounding a piece of pipe with a hammer. Donnie is also responsible for the ringing of the doorbell and telephone.

Papa finally returns to his now worldly home, is arrested, and taken to jail for his crimes. All ends well, and the curtain goes down on another University Theater performance. The audience files out and to all outward appearance everyone's work is completed. But such is not the case; the grease paint has to come off (costumes must be returned to the costumers, props must be given back to their owners, and the complete set struck or taken apart, before thirty tired Denisonians can call it a day.



# AUTUMN

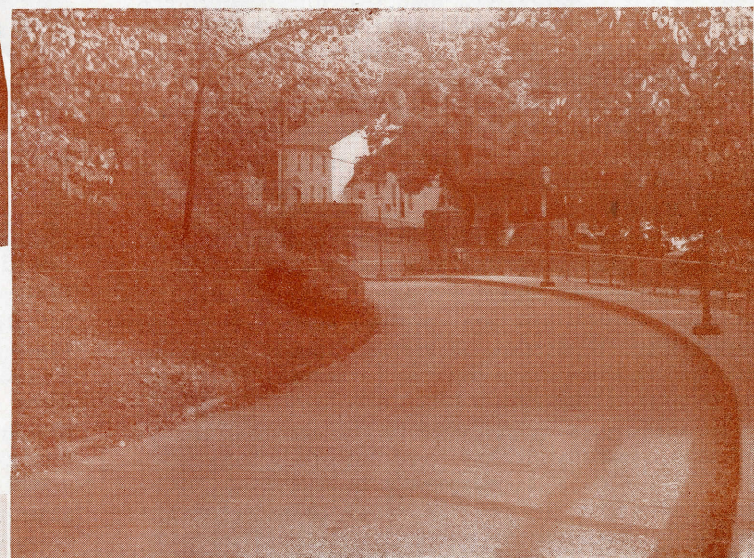
In a hike around the campus one Sunday afternoon, looking for some representative fall views, Rolan Thompson and Betsy Wallace decided on these. When it came to taking the picture on the Drag, it was a job to decide which would be better. The result was a double-take — for you to decide.

This feature is the first in a series of four the staff plans to run, depicting various school and town views during the different seasons.

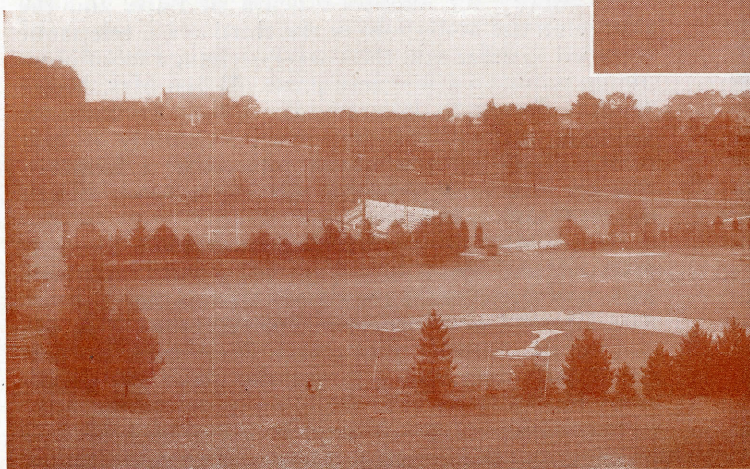
**A good place for a Serenade is Burton's Balcony.**



**Up or down . . . it is still beautiful**



**A view reserved for the girls . . . and their dates.**

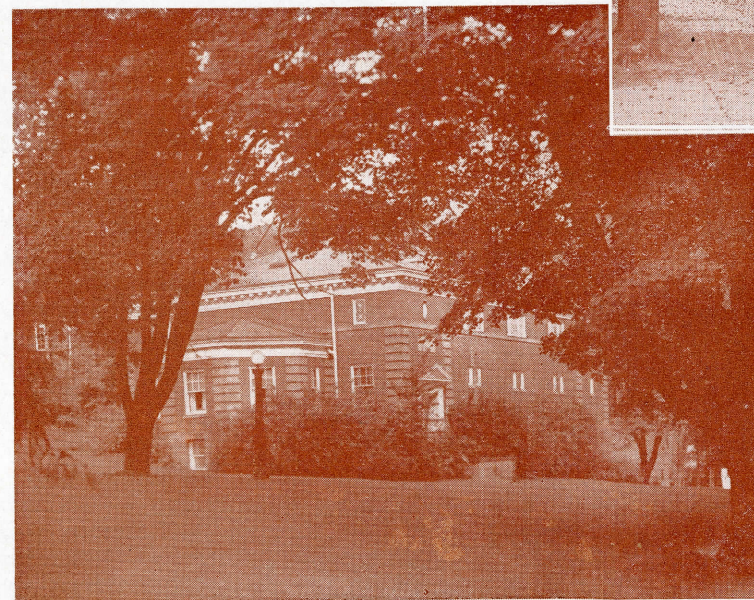


# WINTER

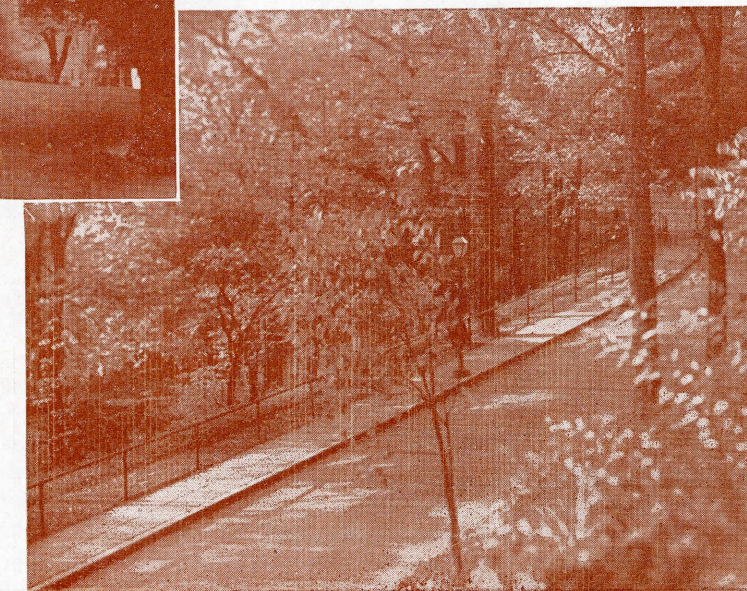
**Looking towards the Kappa Sig House, the columns make it a stately view**



**Miss Barr's home for relaxing tired muscles**



**This is our choice . . . how about yours?**





# rhyme and meter...

## THREE QUATRAINS

### Autumn

Autumn's gallant horseman  
Gallop through the air,  
Setting the flaming leaves alight  
From the flame of his auburn hair.

### Dragonflies

Fairy Creatures, rainbow-hued,  
Gauzy winged and crystal eyed,  
Flit and flicker o'er the pool  
Through the lilies dart and glide.

### You

The song of you I cannot sing  
For my poor lute has but one string.  
It cannot voice with its one key,  
Your great, majestic symphony.

—Marjorie Little.

## INLAND SPRING

Across the mild blue sky of an inland spring  
Has never flashed the arc of a seagull's wing.  
The branches of these valley-sheltered trees  
Have never bowed before an offshore breeze;  
And echoes, in these hills, will never wake  
To the deep voice of the billows when they break.

Far from the spirit that thunders in his breast  
How shall the sea-born spirit come to rest?  
How shall he sleep when all the night he hears  
The surge of waters beating in his ears?  
How shall he rest when yearning to be free,  
Wild as the seagull, tameless as the sea?

—Marjorie Little.

## TRIOLET

I hear the crickets calling  
Where the willow tree bends low  
And the fountain's spray is falling.  
I hear the crickets calling  
And there music is enthralling  
In the mistic twilight glow.  
I hear the crickets calling  
Where the willow tree bends low.

—Marjorie Little.

## MAGIC

Wish on the moon —  
A burnished penny  
Dropped into the limpid well  
Of the sky.

—Marjorie Little.

## INVITATION

Here, upon the dappled grass  
Where slow drops of sunlight fall  
Filtered by the leaves that spread  
Fans of green lace overhead;  
Lie and listen to the call  
Of gentle winds that pass.

Lie and listen in the peace  
Of the drowsy summer day,  
To the dreamy drone of bees  
And the sighing of the trees.  
Here all care will pass away  
And troubled spirits find release.

—Marjorie Little.

\* \* \* \*

If the fishin' season's over  
And the huntin' ain't begun  
If the tackle's in the hallway  
And ya trip upon a gun —  
Dad's home.

If the water pipes are broken  
And there's mud upon the floor  
If the bathroom towels are dirty  
And fingerprints on the door —  
Dad's home.

If there's a ring around the bathtub  
And a pool upon the floor  
If the mirror's all steamed up  
And ya can't see in no more —  
Dad's home.

If ya smell an awful odor  
And ya think the house on fire  
You're sure to find — it's not the house  
It's Daddy's favorite brier.  
Dad's home.

But . . .

If the evening's kinda lonely  
And you really need a buddy  
You'll find that he is waiting . . .  
Just sitting in his study.

Dad's home.

—Betty Jane Dancy.

\* \* \* \*

I've exercised all my muscles  
I've twisted, I've doubled, I've bent  
I've rolled, I've pulled, and I've beaten  
And still there's no visible dent.

I've eaten no cookies or candy  
I've existed on spinach and greens  
I've counted the calorie I've swallowed  
And still I'm letting out seams.

Instead of losing I'm gaining  
And all the "experts" agree  
It's the girl with the wasp waist that gets 'em  
And mine is now thirty-three.

—Betty Jane Dancy.

# The Responsibility Is Mine

Jean Brokaw

I am an American citizen, living in the year 1946. These are glorious words. They mean that I have more freedom, more opportunity, more security, more clothing, more food, than anyone else on earth. They also mean that I, with my advantages, have more responsibility for building the United Nations than do the young people of any other country on earth.

Einstein will tell you that the United Nations is inadequate. It does not have the power to enforce its decisions; it can only talk. It is not a sovereign world power, with every national state subordinated to it. It does not include all the nations of the world, and there is bitter strife, even among its members.

Yet the UN has done these things. Fifty-one nations, from China to Yugoslavia, have met at the conference table to stop war; to reaffirm faith in human rights, to establish the dignity of international law and to promote social progress. These fifty-one nations agree to practice tolerance, to unite their strength for peace, to abolish the use of armed force, "save in the common interest," and to employ international machinery for the advancement of all peoples. A coalition of war has become a coalition for peace. The members of the Security Council are beginning to feel a higher allegiance to the Council than to their individual nations. In short, United Nations holds up the one hope of our atomic world for survival and for great peace.

The organization is, as the perfectionists realize, a tiny baby, squalling in its mothers arms. If the UN is to conquer the dragons of selfish nationalism and imperialism, breathing the fiery air of war, it must grow soon to strong manhood. We must delegate it to our sovereignty, reserving a smaller part to each national state. We must give it to our fighting men; that power to conquer the world shall belong to the world, not to a militant nation. Above all, we must nourish this precious child with faith and courage.

Of fifty-one parents, the United States may take the leading role. This is a matter, not of pride but of responsibility. Because we have more economic resources, because we have suffered less, because we are strong, because our people have more voice in government, we must assume the largest part of this child's care.

I, an American citizen, am part of that we. It will no longer do to say "we." "I," myself, must read and think and talk and act, for the 130,000,000 "I's" of the United States are the "we."

What can I do? I am a woman, who will bear children in this world that UN must make strong and hopeful and constructive. I will not say "safe." Safety is a retreating, deceptive, passive word like security; like a soft, warm quilt under which I may bury my head. The world will not be safe from a backward plunge unless it is striding forward. What shall I do to make it so?

First, I must know what's going on. The papers will tell me something. Magazines, reports, pamphlets and books are all a part of this first step in action. Reading has a correlary—thinking. When I know what I believe, I can start to persuade others.

I work in a factory with other citizens, other members of that important "we." They live in this world, too, and think and talk. Our ideas can help each other and, from my reading, I may add to their knowledge.

I am a teacher. My boys and girls in fifth grade will study and memorize the preamble to the United Nations Charter. My high school English classes will study it as world literature, written in the language of fifty-one countries, equally authentic in Chinese, French, Russian, English or Spanish. Every pupil in my history classes will study the structure of the United Nations. They will think about how to improve it and, on graduation night, the valedictorian will startle a complacent Board of Education with his ideas.

I am a mother. My children must learn to govern the world only as they learn to govern themselves. I shall teach them tolerance, justice and mercy, understanding the history of wars and the building for peace.

I am president of our Wives' and Mothers' Study Club. We are not going to spend our time reading *Twenty Years Under a Beach Umbrella*. We are concerned about world problems, and I'll see that we study them. Or, I am a member of Kiwanis or Rotary or the Grange. We will discuss international relations there.

I am a citizen of the United States. Two senators, a congressman and the President represent me. It won't do much good for me to know about UN and talk about it, if it doesn't get through to the people who do the legislating. Congress might decide to save money by eliminating the appropriation to the United Nations. That's why I'm ready to deluge these my representatives with letters and telegrams, urging them to support the UN and everything that will make it stronger. That's why I keep in touch with the major bills pending in the Senate and the House.

We are the YWCA—or the United States Student Assembly, or the Federal Council of Churches. It's our job to set up a study program for our members so that, as a group, we will be informed and able to take action. As a group we are much more powerful than individuals. Our resolutions will be published in newspapers. We can send delegations to lobby in Washington for a stronger UN. The weight of an organization like ours will have a real influence on those who act for us in Washington and New York.

I am a member of a YWCA—just a member in one small college. If the Y is not carrying on any program to educate people and to act on the UN, it's up to me to get busy on this particular campus.

(Continued on page 16)



# Dig and Drive

"What, no hamburgs or cokes? Just no use in livin' I suppose!" If the D. U. co-ed only knew what it took to be the "Big Red Hero," she would surely appreciate him much more. But as we say in Tahiti — that's the life! In order to acquaint our fair-haired, limpid eyed beauties with the terrors and rigors of football training, this article (so-called) attempts to set forth an untainted account of just one day in the life of our "hero."

Bonecrusher N. Slaughterhouse ("N." for Knucklehead) is just a typical country boy — one of many here at Denison. He arrived at D. U. a week or so early to be sure to let the fraternities look him over. Naturally he was holding out for the best, the one that always got the athletes — Dispepsia Dispepsia Dispepsia (Tri-Disp for short.) But that is neither here nor there, so let's get on with "the day."

The alarm goes off with a clang at five a.m. and Knucklehead bounds out at six fifty-five for a nice cold shower, which he decides after all he can get down at the locker room after practice. By seven thirty, after laboriously pulling on his Tee shirt and dungarees (oh yes, and shoes — after all it is Friday) he slides down to breakfast. The young freshies fall back as he passes into the dining room and seats himself behind a nice big tubful of nut-brown, crispy "Crunchies" — which the Coach advises.

As he slips out the door (seven fifty-eight) he remembers he forgot his books, so bucks his eight o'clock in order to arrive in time for his nine o'clock adequately equipped. As he enters Chem Cottage he respectfully removes his cap in front of spot on the lab wall where his roommate flunked Chemistry 111. Lecture goes fine, but who cares **who** discovered oxygen, as long as it's around! Ten o'clock is a free hour, so he shuffles down behind the library and slips out a packet of weeds and cautiously lights up. "Boy, if Woodie could see me now." So the morning dragged on. If there was anything that Bonecrusher hated more than classes, it was more classes. Then like a bolt of lightning it hit him — there was Ophelia! Ah, Ophelia! Never had there been a girl like her. Slaughterhouse's pulse quickened as he saw her tousled golden and brown locks bumping up and down on her wide shoulders. "Boy, those shoulders, what a guard she would make. 22-14-7-11-hike! If she would only come out for practice."

Instead of eating at the house, he and Ophelia head for the Grill, hand in hand, as she carries the books. Ophelia isn't hungry, she has Slaughterhouse; but boy, what he couldn't do with a nice big tubful of nut-brown, crispy "Crunchies" — which the coach advises. They sit there till three thirty talking over several of Bonecrusher's new plays (football, that is!) Soon it's time to head for the field. Reluctantly he lets Ophelia pay the check — and he shoots down to Deeds.



by WILLY LORANGER  
(with apologies to Max Shulman)

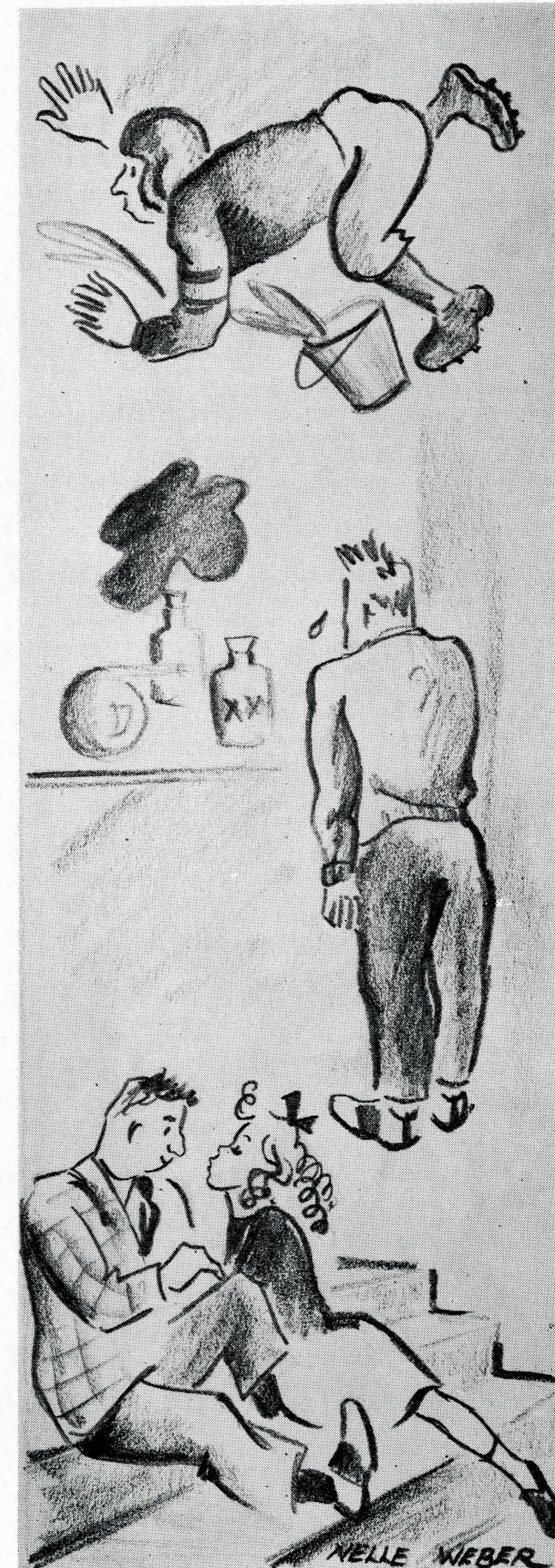
What a lovely day. The sun is bright on the soft green grass of Deeds Field. Bonecrusher knows Ophelia will be up on the hill watching for him, so he quickly slips into his jersey and dashes out onto the field. But as luck would have it, someone left a bucket by the bench, and sure enough, you've guessed it! Of all the 18,000 square feet in Deeds field, Bonecrusher N. Slaughterhouse puts his foot right into that nice cool bucket of water. One of the nicest tailspins you ever wanted to see was the result — and Ophelia saw it. Picture the pathos. She quickly brushes back a tear, sees the other women glance at her (oh sweet hole, quickly swallow me now) and she bravely smiles as Bonecrusher picks himself up and wrings out his shoulder pads. "Enough of your showin' off, Slaughterhouse. I know your woman is up there. Dig and drive, you hear," says Woodie, understandingly.

So all afternoon, in that hot, blazing sun, the team practiced and practiced. Everyone watching knew there was only one real man on the squad — and he knew it too. Well, to get down to the routine: first, he'd line 'em up and take roll. Then he would space them, and start calisthenics. Calisthenics is something the Department of Physical Education dreamed up in a mad moment. "Up, down; up, down; one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four. Now we'll do 551 pushups (a lovely device for developing practically all kinds of muscles, except for the neck, back, chest and arms.) O.K. boys, one, two; one, two. And as I said — the sun was nice and warm.

By this time the boys were ready for a few plays. So they flipped the ball around a little, had some scrimmage until Woody noticed that a few (including our hero) too, weren't sharp on this signal business. So he promptly dragged them into the locker room for a little instruction. Now Bonecrusher had no use for all this scribbling on the blackboard. He knew what had to be done, and that he was the one to do it. All you have to do when you get the ball is **plunge!** Yes sir, it's brawn, not brains, in this man's game. Well, after twenty minutes of talking Woody sent them back to the gridiron (and just as hot) — but practice would soon be over, then he could see Ophelia again. Suddenly, seemingly out of nowhere he heard a voice, "O.K. boys — just a short hour of scrimmage and we'll call it a day." Picture the pathos!

Practice over and eight pounds lighter, Bonecrusher was sure it was time to eat. Ophelia was waiting for him, so arm in arm, they trudged once more towards the Grill. The silence was wonderful. All that could be heard was the chirp of an occasional bird.

(Continued on page 11)





# THE BARGAIN

BOB JAIN

The smoke from the cigar curled up and almost hid the sign on the wall behind the stubby little man. The sign said, "We Love Our Country," and it looked across the tiny room to another which said, "We Are Proud to be Americans."

The stubby man was wearing a derby, which he kept sliding back and forth as though by so doing he could induce an even brighter luster on his naked scalp. He was figuring on scraps of blue paper, from which he occasionally glanced up, taking in the area outside the open window by his desk, and then the figure of his assistant, who was playing solitaire on the only other desk in the crowded little room. "Jack," he said finally, perking his head toward the door.

The sunlight was dazzling after the dim interior of the shack, but the man called Jack knew his way around well enough. There were used cars in the lot, and it was his business to sell them. To be sure, there were very few used cars, but the prices he was allowed to charge more than made up for the lack of volume of his business.

Two young men stood under a gaudy swinging sign that advertised the lot. "100% American Used Car Lot" it said. The young men were looking at an ashamed-looking wreck that had been pushed into one corner of the lot. One of them, tall, heavy, and blonde, wore a Navy uniform with the gold eagle of discharge stitched conspicuously across his right breast. The other was shorter and in civilian clothes. He had a gold discharge button in the lapel of his coat, and his left sleeve hung empty. Jack sized them up quickly. Obviously brothers, and obviously not too well off, to judge from the car at which they were looking. "Can I help you gentlemen?" he asked, pleasantly, as he approached them.

"Well, yes," replied the tall blonde, "we do need a car very badly."

"Have you one to turn in for a trade?" asked Jack.

The blonde shook his head. "No, we haven't," he replied, "we sold ours before we went into service, but it's absolutely essential to have one now."

"Well," said Jack slowly, chewing on his upper lip thoughtfully as he let cigarette smoke dribble from the corners of his mouth, "Prices are high, you know, but I'm an ex-service man myself. I'll try to get you something within reason."

The man in civvies spoke up then. "I'm glad to hear that," he said. "I know that a service man can always count on another service man. Where were you?"

This was treacherous ground, but Jack had trod it before. "I was in Europe," he said. "We were among the first outfits to cross the Rhine at Remagen. Where were you?"

"I was in the Philippines," said the one-armed man. "That's where I got this thing," nodding at his empty sleeve. "I had a buddy in Europe. Maybe you knew him. What was your outfit?"

"37th Division," responded Jack proudly. "Finest outfit on the line, if I do say so myself. Of course," he waved his hand with a depreciatory gesture, "every man believes his outfit is best." He stopped, knowing somehow that he had blundered. He was not a man easily embarrassed, but something in the look of the two men told him that something was wrong.

It was the sailor that spoke. "The 37th Division," he said, "was in the Philippine Islands. My brother here," nodding toward the shorter man, "was in it."

One cannot be a used car salesman without a certain gift in the use of the tongue, and Jack had that gift. "Sure," he agreed, "I know. I went from Europe directly to the Pacific. I was in another division in Europe. Never even saw the States between theaters," he added reflectively, examining his fingernails.

The sailor opened his mouth as if to say something, but then he thought better of it, and the talk turned to cars.

"How much for this one here?" he asked, curtly nodding toward the car by which they were standing.

"Well, now, gents," said Jack, pushing his hat to the back of his head in unconscious imitation of his boss in the office, "this car isn't exactly streamlined, but it's not bad looking. It's not what you call new, of course, but you know, they built 'em solid in those days. Yes sir, give me an old car any day, for dependable transportation. Of course, if you want something that is a little more stylish and goes a little faster—" he started to walk toward a car a little less decrepit.

"How much for this one?" asked the sailor again, and his tone was not as cordial as it had been.

"This one?" Well now, let's see," said Jack, fishing in his pocket for a notebook. He flipped the pages over rapidly, although he could have quoted the price of any car in the lot from memory. "This car, gentlemen, is three hundred dollars." As an afterthought, he said, "That's a hundred down and a hundred a month for two months." He looked directly at the sailor.

The atmosphere had become distinctly unfriendly, but Jack was not worried. He knew the shortage of used cars, and these fellows were apparently greatly in need of one. "Want to listen to her?" he asked.

"No," said the one-armed man. "We're wondering how you can charge that much when the OPA price for this model is only two hundred ten."

Jack shrugged. "If you want to stick to those prices, you won't get anything. Nobody will sell for those prices. It's a take-it-or-leave-it proposition." He folded his arms and leaned against the front fender of the car, whistling softly to himself. Feeling the fender begin to crumple, he stood up straight again. "New tires, gents," he said.

"Retreads," said the sailor.

"A good retread's the same as a new tire."

The two brothers glumly examined the car. They noted the burst spare tire and the cracked top. They pushed on the fenders with their fingers and watched the metal fold in. They moved the steering wheel and noted its looseness.

(Continued on page 15)

# Have You Read . . .

By Charles Youngblood

THE ANATOMY OF PEACE by Emery Reves

This is a marvelous work which presents with irresistible logic, the case for world government. It is a remarkable book in that the reader is allowed to cover a complicated subject in such a thorough and graduated manner as to be able to surrender easily to the author's ideas. Mr. Reves considers the nature of peace by analyzing the causes of war down through the ages. It is the author's contention that conflict has always resulted when governmental units of equal power or "sovereignty" have come in contact with each other without a superior force to control them. We see that this condition has, at different times, existed between individuals, tribes, cities, states and between nations. In every case equal sovereignty without superior force has caused conflict. The conflict ceased between units when the controlling force moved to a higher plane. Reves demonstrates to one's satisfaction that the means of preventing future wars lies in a unit of government which must have control over all the nations.

If you have different but reasonable ideas on the subject, this book should cause you no dissatisfaction; if your ideas will not oppose Reves' contentions satisfactorily, why resist? I think every citizen who wants to live, should read THE ANATOMY OF PEACE.

THE DARK WOOD by Christine Weston

Mrs. Weston is exceptionally adept at the ticklish sort of writing involved in a book covering the personalities subjectively. Her principle characters are Stella Harmon, introverted, sensitive, widow of a private killed in Italy, and Mark Bycroft, thirtyish colonel, just back from the wars, whose wife has left him. The behavior of both is normal but unusual due to the distress they suffer. Stella is the type whose life can only have meaning in the complete dependence upon and love of another. Mark is normally a sensitive, stable type but his war experience and the loss of his wife have rocked his world and his sense of values. The love and security these two find in each other make one think that it's a case of the blind leading the blind, which it is. In this fact lies the credibility and warmth of the story. Never does Mrs. Weston say too much or too little. In the stories of this type the author is usually vibrating between these two extremes but such is this author's gift that she senses the desirable.

I recommend "THE DARK WOOD" by Christine Weston for highly enjoyable reading.

THE NEW VETERAN by Charles Bolte

In 1940 Bolte left Dartmouth College to join the British army. He became an officer in that branch, fought in North Africa; an injury acquired in the desert fighting required the amputation of one of his legs. He returned to this country in 1943. Bolte became interested in the work being done toward the formation of a veterans' organization to be composed of men and women who served during World War II.

This organization is now large and is growing constantly.

It bears the name of THE AMERICAN VETERANS COMMITTEE.

Bolte is no hazy idealist, he deals in the concrete, and the nebulous concepts of liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, usually so characteristic of this type of work, are completely lacking. He states definitely the problems which all organizations must face if they are to help the nation and the world. Bolte gives many specific reasons why the Veterans of World War II should not join the old organizations and he devotes a satisfactory amount of time in analyzing the methods of THE AMERICAN LEGION.

Charles Bolte is a young man of exceptional intuition and foresight and my recommendation of this book is by no means reserved for veterans.

Please forgive me for yawning,  
It's not that I think you're a bore.  
Really your line is quite charming,  
It's just that I've heard it before.

—Betty Jane Dancy.

# DIG AND DRIVE

(Continued from page 9)

No coach hollering, no horrible thud of body against body (shoulderpads, that is), no noise — just Ophelia and the birds. "Darling." She quickly glanced up into his face, "Yes," she said eagerly. "I forgot my wallet — did you bring enough?" Her answer, as it always was, was a sly little wink.

Dusk falls quickly over Granville in late October. What nice long evenings. Ophelia was glad, she liked long evenings; Bonecrusher didn't, just more time to do homework. But not this evening — it was Friday. So our happy pair walked up to the Union and spent many long, carefree hours looking at the pictures in the "Life" magazines.

Eleven fifty-five finds the pair in front of Shaw Hall — where we notice a few others seemingly parting for quite some time to come! The day is almost over. Suddenly, as only lights can do, the housemother's friendly warning of "time's up" tells our hero that it is time to go. He squeezes her hand extra tight, and opens the door for her. Once inside, she leans against the door, closes her eyes and sighs. Picture the pathos.



# Happy Days Are Here Again!

Betty Harman, Joe Alford, Dawn Jackson

Well, men, this is for you! After a long three years you're back and you're just what everyone has been waiting for. But need we tell you that? You who haven't been back for a year or two, and probably more, may not know how grim this campus has been. That's from the male angle as well as the female. Needless to say there have been many groans in the women's dorms on many a Saturday night while you were gone. There has been much letter writing to fill in those dull, lonely nights. There was no incentive to go to classes — an excess of bucking seemed to run rampant on the campus. Routine was the keynote of all activities.

And men! Those poor defenseless creatures who by chance happened to wander about campus alone in the face of hordes of females. Do you realize what your return means to them? At last there's safety again in numbers. At last you can look at a woman again without feeling compelled to explain why. You can speak to her too without the rumor raging that you're "going together." You can even be a woman hater now and get away with it — almost.

But for those of you who have come back and find it hard to get a date for Saturday night, well, that is a sorry plight. You will just have to face the fact that now you have competition and the best man wins. You'll simply have to think ahead and get all those dates figured out on your calendar and plan — for the future. Don't forget, for the first time the gals are beginning to see what college was supposed to be like. It looks good too.

Once again you can actually look at your brothers in the bond and call yourselves a fraternity. You're not seeing things when you see more than five of you wearing the same pin. You can start your old parties again and know they'll be a success. Best of all you can have **real** stag parties again. You've actually got your own house back and you can call it your own. Of course the gals may have left a few dents in the walls but you can say it will never happen again. You can say fraternities are here to stay and see it materialize. More than a start has already begun. Figures don't lie and here are a few of them.

Phi Delta Theta this time last year had 7 actives and 11 pledges. At present they have 52 actives and 24 pledges. Quite a difference in those numbers and they look good. Furthermore the Phi Deltas this year have quite a showing on the football squad with 10 of their members showing up. Dave Owen, president of the chapter, is also acting captain of the team.

Kappa Sigma this year has their house full with 26 of the actives living there. The total score for the fraternity is 59 actives and 27 pledges which is quite a comparison to their 4 actives and 5 pledges of last year. Big things are expected of the Kappa Sigs in the line of serenades. They have many out for glee club and choir which gives us all something to look forward to for group singing has been at a premium in the past years.

Beta Theta Pi this year has an outstanding addition — Candy, their little cocker spaniel mascot who keeps the 22 actives in the house busy. There are 31 actives in all and 20 new pledges. This time last year 4 actives alone kept Beta going. Out on the football squad there are 9 Betas and there would have been 11 if Strickland hadn't broken his ankle and Roudeshush hadn't lost his appendix. This year the Military Ball promises to outdo all others although this traditional affair was continued during the war years.

The Phi Gams this year have already held their annual Fisticuffs which was new to a lot of the boys and rather rough on some. The Fisticuffs tradition, however, is here to stay. The Fijis have a full house of 30 actives out of 43 and a pledge class numbering 25. Last year they stood by with 7 actives and 6 pledges. Four of the Phi Gams are out on the football squad. It looks like a big year.

The ACC's are back in their house again close by the "Pines." Thirty of the actives are now living there and 21 pledges have been added to their list. Last year they had 23 actives and 9 pledges. Two of the boys are also out there on the football squad. This year the annual Fowl Ball will take place again — a strictly stag affair which is slated for sometime in February.

The Lambda Chis are finding themselves this year in an entirely new abode — directly across from Stone Hall, no less. Out of 32 actives 16 are living in the house. Twenty-one can be counted in the pledge class while this time last year it was 4 pledges and 5 actives. The annual Ranch House Party well known in pre-war days, will occur again this year. This is not stag so the gals will have a chance to sport their favorite blue jeans.

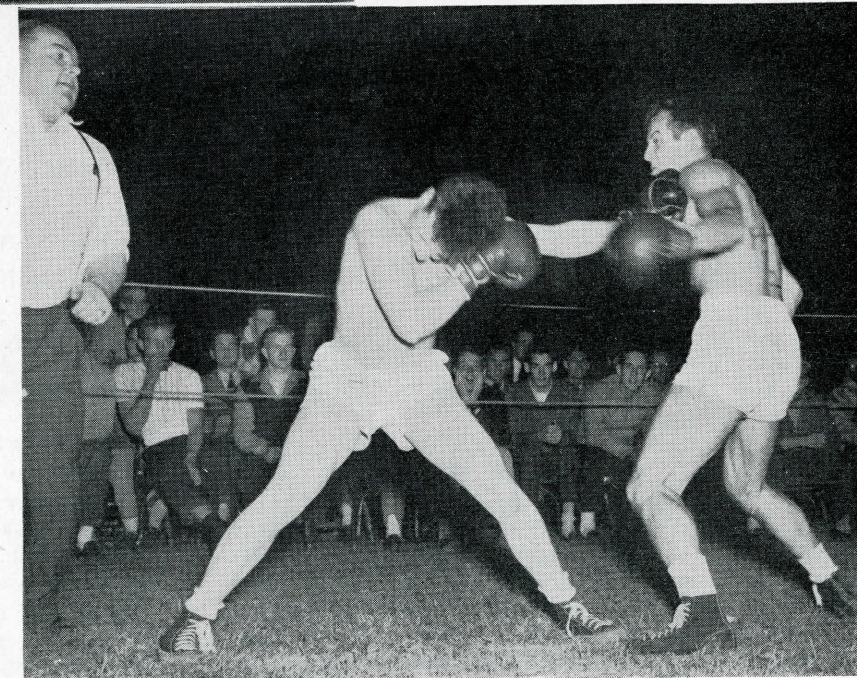
The SAE's are now sporting 16 pledge pins with 39 actives standing behind them. This time last year there were 10 pledges and 21 actives. Twenty-three are living in the house. Two Sig Alphas are out for football and a third, Luke Green would have been there if an injury during practice hadn't kept him away. The Sig Alphas will again hold their Monte Carlo Party which they plan to make traditional. The Monte Carlo Party is just what its name implies.

The Sigma Chi's have set themselves up this year with the largest active chapter on campus. The last count was 63 actives, 37 of whom are living in the house. A pledge class of 27 are now wearing their pledge buttons. This time last year there were 36 actives and 16 pledges. Seven of the Sigs are out on the football squad this year. The annual Sig Derby and Bloody Bucket which were both held last year will of course take place again this year — only more so.

So there you have a few of the statistics. For those of you who may not have seen the campus while in the service you may now have a good idea of what it was like while you were gone. Now again each of you can stand up as a whole fraternity and not just an oddity on campus. You can really uphold your separate ideals and bring forth your individuality through your fraternity. As a body each of you can do the things you did before which made you unique. This should be the greatest of all years!



It was impossible for us to identify this group.



Little does he know that that "left" is on the way.



## Seguille

(Continued from page 2)

And she, no less fierce than he, told him to get out and screamed a series of filthy names at him. Her repertory was large. She was a tigress.

Then Seguille laughed, an exulting laugh, for he loved her and he loved to see her like this, so fierce and angry. He mocked her. "You should have been a dancer, a fiery one; you have the ferocity and passion for the dances of Spain. Ha, you're a casket of wine, rare wine, my love; but more you're a sword with a fire on the blade."

She screamed at him; she threatened to call the police.

At this Seguille laughed again. He hung on to a door and heaved with laughter. The sound of it could be heard up and down the street. The "below town" ladies ran to their windows. They saw the open door at the Dolorez's house. It had happened before; they shrugged their dusky shoulders and returned to their amours saying, "That pig Seguille is here again." When the laughter was all out of him, he turned brooding and sat with his great head resting on his hands. He ignored the Dolorez; he had forgotten her. She sat with her eyes half-closed, sulking, and wished for a knife to kill him.

He sat for a long time and then sprang to his feet, striding around the room flinging his arms and muttering. The Dolorez, worn out by the struggle, fell asleep. The fierceness lay in her taut body and made her face fine as a breaking sun as she slept.

Seguille strode around the room for hours until at last he noticed the Dolorez. He crossed over to her with a touch of great sadness. He kissed her hands and feet and buried his face in her long hair. Humbly and in great tenderness he asked her to forgive him.

Each year on the 15th of September a celebration is held in Casaba. In the year 1690 Spanish Missionary Sebastian paused there in his penitential journey on foot from Goza to Peurto de Espana Baja. The people of Casaba were kind to Sebastian. They bathed and dressed his bleeding feet and listened with attention to his teachings. When he left, the holy father gave them his blessing and marked the location of a church which later became the cathedral of the saint-king. All the people of Casaba take part in the yearly celebration, which is marked by long processions of flowers, by holy ritual. The day is one of great mysteries and many blessings.

An old legend — it is now somewhat discounted; still it is difficult to say — has it that the Mother of God so loved the good father that on the feast night she walks through Casaba in disguise bestowing a rare blessing on those who are holy and exceedingly fortunate. This she does in return for the people's kindness to Saint Sebastian.

A week before the celebration Seguille rode off into the desert. The horse he rode was of Berber stock, a fine animal from the Ralges' farm, but it looked like a burro beneath the sprawling weight of Seguille. His going occasioned no surprise in Casaba. It was his habit, he might be gone for days at a time. The townspeople had ceased to comment on it; no one knew where he went or why. Perhaps he found in the barrenness of the desert a match for his uncontrolled and searching spirit. Perhaps so,

perhaps he had another reason; at best the man was a mystery.

His going was a relief to the harrassed shopkeepers. They brightened, they smiled, they displayed their merchandise with great effect. In the Mona Lisa Garcia relaxed and became so expansive and jovial as his silver-discerning eye allowed him. Below the town Dolorez, possibly the most grateful of them all, plied her trade without interruption.

The festival night was heavy with the beauty of the southern sky. Roses were in full bloom on the vines that climbed across the unpainted boards of the "below town" houses. Moonlight changed the eucalyptus leaves to silver and the line of trees moved in the wind along the silent hills like thin and fragile shrouds.

The Mona Lisa was crowded in anticipation of the appearance of La Paloma the dance. She was famous throughout the country. How she had acquired her name was not certain; no one was known to have seen anything "dovelike" in La Paloma. Garcia with rare good fortune had engaged her for one night and had gone to the cathedral three times to ask the saints to detain Seguille in the desert.

In spite of Garcia's requests the poet loomed ominously through the cafe entrance at nine o'clock and sat alone at a corner table rapidly making himself drunk with quantities of Baste wine. Behind the bar Garcia sweated profusely and alternately cursed and praised the saints, pleading for the safety of his chairs.

The smells of wine and taquila made sweet and holy the darkness of the room. And the light of the candles burning on the tables drew from darkness the gestures and expressive features of the natives. A mood of expectancy ran through the cafe; whether it was wholly the dancer's appearance or was of something more it is not told.

Having finished one bottle of wine, Seguille shouted for another. The bartender set the bottle on the table and backed away, watching the poet's hand on the back of the chair.

Seguille was drunk. The poet stared at the wine and through the wine at a candle which burned on the table beyond. His expression was one of despair as though the sorrow of the world and the mystery of death were revealed in the vision of wine and flame. After the episode of the miracle, the people of Casaba admitted Seguille had great feeling despite his ugliness. Perhaps like a saint he was too sensitive to endure life. Eh bien, the man was a mystery. Who knows but the Mother of God?

In his half dreaming state the flame was in the wine. It seemed to the poet that the wine burned. He spoke to himself fragments of poetry. "Ye hapless, behold the world dissolve into an ash . . . and in the dissolution we stand tormented, the indestructible . . . out of the flame, out of the wine, out of the flame-tinged redness of the wine . . . the ash will turn and shape again." The poet's voice ended.

Garcia wiped the sweat from his face and renewed his pious requests. The patrons of the Mona Lisa shrugged their expressive shoulders. No one can explain the actions of the pig.

Here to a rolling of drums a spotlight picked out the form of La Paloma before the curtain. She was greeted with an ovation. She smiled. To the slow rising music of the bolero she began to dance. By

degrees her firm body came into view. The tempo of the music increased. The body of the dancer was flung into the passion of the dance. The patrons were intent. The cafe was silent but for the music with its increasingly intensive rhythm.

Then Seguille's voice thundered over the music. "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi.

Behold thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair."

The Casabans were outraged. How long must one bear the vile manners of the pig? They glared at him; the poet ignored them. He seemed unaware of everything except the words he had just spoken. On the stage La Paloma lost her poise. She dropped two veils instead of just one. A titter of amusement went around the room. She collected herself, danced a few steps, slipped on the veil. The cafe rang with laughter. She turned to the audience as if to consume them with anger. She disappeared from the stage.

Garcia with clenched fists threatened to shoot Seguille. He ran to La Paloma's dressing room.

The patrons at their tables were in high spirits. They had missed the dancer, it was true, but what a thing to happen. The people of Casaba loved a joke, and this was indeed an exceptional one. They chattered and laughed. They drank glass after glass of the strong taquila that is made in Goza.

In his corner Seguille had fallen again into the dreamlike state of the flame and the wine.

Scarcely had La Paloma left the stage, then the back door of the Mona Lisa, the one that leads into the alley beside the cafe, opened slowly. A flower vendor stepped inside. She was a middle aged woman, dark and obese with pure Spanish features. The blackness of her hair was confined in a blue net. She wore a black dress and gold earrings. Her hands were well formed, the fingers long and firm. Her search around the room seemingly ended, she passed among the tables with her box of flowers. In spite of her heaviness she moved easily and presented the flowers with a Latin grace, smiling with an air of mystery and saying in a soft voice, "Flowers."

The people at the tables scarcely looked at her. She interrupted their conversation. They waved her on or merely shook their heads. A blond woman sitting on a stool, without glancing at the flowers, said peevishly, "I already have one, see?" The presence of the vendor annoyed and embarrassed her. The flower vendor smiled and passed on.

At the opposite end of the room Seguille stared fascinated at the flowers. It was a box of rare beauty. There were dark red flowers and in the center lay a single white rose. It was as large as a water lily. The white petals seemed formed of crystal. And out of the rose a thinly perceptible essence of light rose, an elusive radiance like smoke that filled the room. Seguille regarded the woman. She passed to another table smiling her mysterious smile, smugly as though a forgotten wisdom were concealed behind it.

She made her way around the room balancing the weight of the flowers. The box she presented so many times no one looked at it. None bought of her.

At length she stood before Seguille. "Although you have no lady to buy flowers for, I know that you will have the rose. She held the stem between

her firm fingers and laid it carefully on the table.

"Mother, I have not enough money to buy the rose."

"The rose is a gift," said the seller of flowers. She smiled again and started to leave.

Seguille caught the woman's hands and poured all the silver he had into them. He dug it savagely from his pockets. The people in the cafe turned to look at him. What was the pig doing now? Giving his money to a flower vendor. There was a great pile of the money; there must have been twenty pieces. The woman smiled and disappeared into the crowd.

Seguille looked at the rose; he held it in his hands. The radiance, which now grew steadily more perceptible, enveloped him. The poet felt the gaze of the people on him. He looked up. He shouted with a voice in which fury and a sob co-mingled, "Swine, you have let the beauty of the world go begging. Here is the summation of the beauty of life. O Holy Flower. O Flower from the heart of Jesus."

A murmuring ran through the room. This light that came from the rose. This radiance, this strange, this holy light. The people were awed. A woman near Seguille's table screamed. A red drop had fallen from the rose onto the white marble table top, a scarlet splash in the white radiance. Was it wine? It was heavier; it was blood! Another drop fell onto the table. Seguille laid the rose on the table; soon a spreading pool surrounded the rose. The people fell on their knees. "Mother of God, in Thy graciousness bestow Thy mercy. Holy Mother of God, hear the voice of Thy people." For three hours the blood ran from the rose onto the table and the people knelt. A crowd gathered in the room and in the night. The people seeing it felt the presence of great purity.

The fame of the wondrous even spread like a brush fire through the Caldes. Some were heard to doubt the truth of the tale, but there had been many there who had seen the rose and the light. After that night Seguille was seen no more in Casaba, but his name has become a legend in the Caldes and though none can deny he was a pig, truly he was a man of great feeling and beloved of the Virgin.

## THE BARGAIN

(Continued from page 10)

They picked at the edges of the shredded upholstery. They started the engine and listened to it carefully. It sounded good. Jack watched them unconcernedly. He knew that it would sound good. Ground cork will perform miracles in quieting an engine or a transmission or a differential, or even all three at once.

Jack guessed that they would buy it, and he was right. They approached him dejectedly. "Okay," said the sailor, "you've got us."

Jack led the way into the little shack and made out a short receipt. "You're getting a bargain," he said. "I just filled the tank with gas." The stubby man at the other desk jerked slightly.



"Hey," said the sailor, "how about this? The receipt's for two-ten, but you're charging three."

Jack shrugged. "Got to stay within the law," he said. "If I could sell it to you cheaper, I would. After all—" he broke off. He had started to mention again that he had been in service, but decided against it. One can push a thing too far. "It's too late to get the papers changed today, but if you'll come around about ten o'clock tomorrow morning, we'll go down and have them straightened out." He counted the roll of bills that the one-armed man had put into his hand, moistening each one carefully, and then put them into his billfold. He stood at the window after the two brothers had left and watched them climb into the car. It rolled slowly out of the lot, the big sailor at the wheel.

"Jack!" said the stubby man sharply. Jack turned around.

"Did you fill that thing with gas?" demanded his boss.

"Sure," said Jack indifferently, walking back to his desk.

"Don't get excited. I took all the tools out last night. Besides," turning over a card in his game of solitaire, "we ought to give servicemen a break."

Silence filled the office again, and the smoke from the cigar almost hid the signs on the wall.

## *The Responsibility Is Mine*

(Continued from page 7)

I can at least go to the president of our college Y and impress upon her the need for our supporting the UN. If I'm enough on fire with the idea, she can be convinced. After all, she's a good girl, with foresight and imagination, or she wouldn't be in office. She will see that our caring about the UN is more important right now than a Christmas tree sing! Then, if we have a bang-up meeting and get interest aroused and some action on our campus, other Y's will hear about it. If they don't, we'll see that they do. Our secretary can write letters to other colleges, telling about our program and urging them to do the same. Maybe they'll even want leaders from our group, who have read up on it, to stimulate their meetings. In time we can help to influence the national policy of the YWCA. All this won't be easy, but it's far from impossible.

There are some concrete steps I should take right now in matters that, while not directly concerning UN, definitely condition our country's treatment of it. I oppose peacetime conscription because it places the faith of the United States in itself, not in the United Nations. We are at a crossroads, and the road of military conscription and aerial supremacy is at right angles to the road of international cooperation. We cannot give lip service to the UN and, at the same time, put our trust in our own militaristic system.

The same necessity applies to the use of atomic power. Atomic energy in this country must be placed in the control of a civilian group of scientists and other leaders—not in the hands of the military. Any atomic secret which we possess belongs rightfully to the UN. That is why we support the Acheson report and the McMahon Bill and glad that the May-Johnson Bill of one-man military control was defeated.

There is another, less tangible but equally potent, force I wield. It is a question of attitude. In the postwar spiritual slump, it is more than ever easy to criticize. Yet I know that the success of the UN depends on my constructive thinking and on that of my friends. We, in the United States, have to be willing to cooperate to the fullest—even throw in a few second miles—and tell our representatives we want to cooperate. If we don't say anything, they'll assume we want to keep as much as possible for ourselves. We have to tell them that we want to ration ourselves so that our allies—or our potential enemies—will not be driven to the desperation of starvation. We'll take the lead in abolishing national conscription; in giving our far-flung islands to the UN or to self-government; in giving up national sovereignty, a process which really isn't giving up at all, but delegating to a more suitable power that which, in 1787, separate states delegated to the national government. We cannot expect anyone else to take the lead. They are waiting to see what we will do.

Then we must be patient if some other country does not give up her demands as quickly as we think she ought. This patience should come easily when we (1) understand the circumstances that make Russia or Poland, Iran or Greece or India want, what we feel they should not have for the good of all, and (2) remember that we refused to support the League of Nations and the World Court. We have reason to be patient.

I am glad to be a citizen of the United States in 1946.

To be alive in such an age . . .

To write on history's lightning page . . .

It is a thrill and a challenge to feel that, in our hands, lies the destiny and future of the United Nations, the hope of the world for international cooperation and peace. I am a part of that we. No one else will do my part if I go to sleep, and my part is a big one—to read, to think, to talk, to educate, to train, to lead discussion, to write letters, to influence legislators, to rouse organizations to action. Yes, I am important.

The Chinese character for crisis is composed of two words—"danger" and "opportunity." Here is the crisis—without the greatest the world has ever reached. On one side tower atomic death and destruction, a vision of black hell in place of civilization. On the other hand, there opens a road—rocky and uneven, going up and then dipping down, a hard road as far as eye can see, but a road—where light gleams ahead. In this bright vision, I see the child, UN, growing to the stature of a man, leading nations to a community finer, and better for the advancement of all peoples, than anything we have known. Seeing this road, thinking of the ways I can work to see that we plant our feet firmly on it, I begin to feel that, not only tomorrow but today can be strong, hopeful, constructive. "We . . . determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, . . . to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, . . . to promote social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom, . . . have resolved to combine our efforts to accomplish these aims."\*

\*Preamble to the United Nations Charter.



BASIL RATHBONE  
STAR OF  
"DRESSED TO KILL"  
another of  
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*Yes!  
it's Elementary*



**A** ALWAYS Milder  
**B** BETTER TASTING  
**C** COOLER SMOKING  
ALL THE BENEFITS OF SMOKING PLEASURE

**RIGHT COMBINATION OF THE  
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS** *Properly Aged*

**A** ALWAYS **B**UY **C**HESTERFIELD