

he got it out his name might be in the papers and—maybe he wouldn't be so little for a while. He smiled—his eyes were wide open and in the folds of darkness he forgot where he was and imagined himself big and respected. His muscles jerked and he was back in the culvert, the silence buzzing in his ears. His terror was soft now, a fuzzy ball lying in his stomach. He raised his head. Slowly he brought his hands back and braced himself, then pushed forward with his feet and moved forward. The noise was so strange in here—like a ghost would make. His brother used to tell him about ghosts and halfway scared him to death. He wished for a flashlight.

The smell of water came to him and he could feel cool, fresh air on his face. He was puzzled, he must have crept clear through already—a quarter of a mile? It seemed impossible, but there was the water; the moonlight glinted off the water and threw a yellow light softly into the culvert. But where was the cat? Fear rose in his throat, no cat. Wildly he looked at the darkness behind him—no cat, those kids were wrong. There wasn't any cat. A pressure started behind his eyes—he could feel the big, hot tears in his eyes and cool on his cheeks. A rough wedge hurt his throat and then he closed his eyes to the yellow light and deep sobs shook his small body, throbbing in his chest and jerking up through his throat. Cheated again as always—cheated in size and looks and smartness—and now, no cat.

Russell Wilson, Ag. Sr.



A Solution

OUR STUDENT LEADERS have been galled at the fact that many students are completely indifferent to the activities on campus. This year they launched an ambitious new program to brain-wash the incoming freshmen and to indoctrinate them into "The System". And now, God save us, we also have a new institution designed to inform the

campus leaders of the slightest change in undergraduate whims. (This organization, the SOS, is not to be confused with the OSS, nor is it a distress signal.) Idiocy engenders idiocy, but it could never happen on this campus without a committee or two to supervise the process.

Despite these disturbances in the collegiate stratosphere, the average student goes about his business as unconcernedly as a sea anemone. What does it matter to him if the Vision Party sweeps to victory or crashes to destruction? The registration fee will still go up, the price of bread and board will still go up, and campus wages will still be forty cents an hour. What does he care if Veishea Central Committee (pomposity of pomposities) decides to install a battleship on Lake LaVerne? Union coffee remains at seven cents, and he still has to go to "Big Ames" for his miracle beverage.

To organize for a good purpose is good. To organize for an evil purpose is bad. But to organize for no purpose at all is insane. One organization of a hundred and thirty members was mortified recently when it was discovered that no one knew who they were or what their function was. They were more mortified still to find out that they themselves didn't know either and had to look in their constitution to find out.

What is the purpose of the so-called student government? I admit that I've only been here for four years, but I can't recall that the student government has ever taken any action of consequence in that time. They've worried over the parking problem, avoiding, all the while, the one inevitable action that will eventually be taken by the administration anyway. The only real function of a student government then becomes that of giving administrative decisions the appearance of being popular opinion.

Veishea has grown through the years until it now holds the dubious distinction of being the largest student-managed festival in the country. If one were a potential P. T. Barnum or a professional crepe-paper stuffer, Veishea would offer invaluable training. But to one as wretchedly untalented as myself, it appears to be "Much Ado About Nothing".

Worse than the extravaganzas like Veishea and homecoming are the myriad, pesky little organizations that continually clamor for our attention and support. Pep Council urges us to have pep. They incite us to maniacal manifestations of collegiate exuberance, but they lose sight of the fact that pep must be spontaneous to be pep at all. A man can't live with a group of men he likes without joining a campus organization of a thousand men and a national organization of a hundred thousand more. Huge banners exhort us to vote for our IFC-IFPC representative to the MRA Committee of the WRA-PanHel Conference on the Student Affairs Central-Steering-Joint-Planning-Subcommittee of the Science Council. We refuse to mar the beauty of our campus with "ugly parking lots and automobiles" but we say nothing of the idiotic signs gracing the campus trees, lawns, and sidewalks. It would appear that the theoretical limit to the number of student organizations is only the number of names that can be invented to differentiate them.

After giving this weighty problem much profound thought, I am prepared to offer a solution. I would reduce the number of committees to the sum total of one. Then, to fill the hole in May left by Veishea, I would recommend a huge Bacchic feast on central campus. There will be no preparation because everyone will bring his own. After it is all over, my committee of present-day egocentric big-wigs will organize to clean up the mess. The garbage business is a much more practical and lucrative field than the circus business anyway.

R. A. Upham, Sci. Sr.