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Editors' Note: Due to inadequate space, we were obliged to omit some of the material originally intended for this issue. However, this material will appear in the next issue of MSS.

The Dog Who Played Mama

Shirli Swartz

Once upon a time Mrs. Archer Hemingway left her house and three children to go into the city overnight. She said to the dog, little thinking that he would take her seriously, "Take care of the house for me until I get back, Dog."

Then she laughed and went outside to say goodbye to the Children. As soon as she had closed the door, Dog sniffed in disgust.

"Humph," he said. "She doesn't think I can do it."

Then he looked around the house and sniffed again. He guessed he would show her! Mrs. Archer Hemingway had absolutely no respect for canine capabilities. In fact, that was the principle reason he had never bothered to speak to her. Instead, Dog chose only to speak to the Children, since they recognized true genius when they saw it. They were the only ones that knew that Dog read them books in the library after the grown-ups had gone to bed at night. Dog also could bake a delicious pie when he wanted to. He also had been known to help the Eldest out with the ironing when she was pressed for time.

Dog was standing in the middle of the living room when the Children came trooping in from saying goodbye to Mamma. They had expected to get out of their naps, but they knew that Dog was very strict in the matter of getting one's rest, so they did not register any excuses and went on upstairs. Dog smiled; they knew who was boss around here, he thought.

The living room looked dusty to Dog, so he put on a flowered apron that Mrs. Hemingway had left in the kitchen and started to clean. Dog really deplored the fact that Mrs. Hemingway was such a poor custodian of his home, as he himself was really a frustrated homemaker who had never found a soulmate as domestic as himself. He dusted the living room with his bushy tail, rearranged the china in the curiosity cabinet to suit his taste, and gave the living room a vacuuming which he privately thought had not been done well in some time. Messy, messy, messy was all that he could think about.

The living room clean, he thought that the Children had had plenty of sleep and called to all of them to get up. The youngest had braids all the way down her back, so Dog sat on one of the beds to plait them. He found an old curry comb that they had used on him and brushed the Youngest one's hair until it gleamed and shone the way his own coat did. Dog found the braids extremely hard to do, so he sent the Middle one to get some scis-

sors. The Youngest cried, but Dog insisted that all this bother about braids was nonsense, so he stopped crying and Dog cut all her hair off up to her ears. He thought she looked much less like an Afghan hound and told her so, which made her laugh in the mirror at herself.

The Children screamed and laughed until Dog said he could stand just so much, and made them lie down on the floor, Dog made the beds, using French corners. He sometimes suspected that Mrs. Hemingway just smoothed the bedspread over the sheets, as they were always lumpy when he took a nap on one of them.

When he was finished with the cleaning of the upstairs, Dog took the children down to the kitchen with him. He told them stories of Pooch Paradise and the dog afterworld as he prepared dinner. They did not like the canned horsemeat, they told him, and he got rather cross when they said they were to have the chicken in the refrigerator. He snappishly told them that chicken bones were bad for them, as they might splinter in the windpipe. They quieted down after that, because no one ever wanted to make Dog angry. But they all had to speak before they could eat. The Eldest said some lines of Shakespeare that she had memorized under Dog's tutelage, and the Middle one recited a poem that Dog had read to her from **A Child's Garden of Verses** (Dog approved of Shakespeare, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Sir Walter Scott, as they seemed to approve of dogs too), and the Youngest lisped out grace, with only a little coaching from Dog.

They ate horsemeat in casserole, with biscuits (Dog did not approve of white bread), and vegetable stew. The Children questioned Dog's dessert as it was ice cream with gravy over it, but Dog said he had been eating it that way all his life, so that settled the question.

After dinner Dog licked the dishes clean and dried them with his tail. The Children were happy about this, as they had no work to do. He let the Children play then for an hour while he read the paper, which was a pleasure he seldom could afford when Mrs. Hemingway was at home.

When the clock struck exactly seven o'clock Dog ushered the Children up to bed. They were always allowed to be up until eight when their mother was at home, but Dog thought this practice was most negligent on Mrs. Hemingway's part. The Children never objected to Dog's putting them to bed though, as they always liked to hear him howl them to sleep. Soon, when his songs were exhausted Dog left them, giving due warning that he would not listen to any pleas for drinks of water after he left. Then Dog went down to the library, where he was

reading Freud, and settled down to a long night's reading before Mrs. Hemingway came home.

* * * * *

The next day when Mrs. Hemingway arrived home from the city, she was amazed to find the household running smoothly. However, she was surprised that the chicken she had prepared for her children's dinner was untouched and that the waste basket was full with dog food cans. She also could not remember rearranging the china cabinet or putting Frech corners on the bedsheets. She then found her Youngest child's hair shorn and cried and said she would never leave them alone again. The Children told her it had been the dog's work, but Mrs. Hmingway said they were all born liars and had gotten it from their father.

Dog knew Mrs. Hemingway would never believe the Children, so he lay on the living room floor, surveyed his handiwork and smiled, his bushy tail wagging vigorously.

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Sixteen

Bertha Deschler

It was one of those delightful April days. As Ellen half-glanced at the delicate new watch on her dainty wrist, the big hand pointed to the figure one, and the little hand indicated the numeral twelve. Usually she ate her dinner very slowly and listened attentively to everything that came to be discussed at the table, but today she had hurried away. Out here under the rugged old elm she could be alone with her thoughts.

It was a queer feeling to be "sixteen." Suddenly she wanted to laugh and cry at the same time, yet, oddly nough, her heart was as light as the fairy clouds that floated serenely above. She contemplated them for a while, and now they seemed to her like little fairy boats frolicking on a placid sea of tender blue. The April day matched her mood, and she tossed her blond curls with a saucy jerk and lay laughing in the sunlight. This gradual transition from childhood to glorious womanhood was a trying episode in a woman's life. She wondered vaguely what Jimmy was doing at this moment. Tonight she would arrange her beautiful hair like the model's in the new beauty book that she had borrowed from Emily. Maybe her hair would look better in bangs—or how about a "Mae Murray?" "Dear me!"

she fretted, "why couldn't my hair have been red instead of blond?"

She thought of all the things she had started and had never finished. There was her room to be put in order. At least three books would be overdue at the library and she would have to fish out her hard-earned dimes and nickels with a case knife because she had misplaced the little key which belonged to the log-cabin bank. Three girls owed her letters, and soon it would be time for those free samples to arrive. She mused on her knitting, half-frowning and half-amused; she would have to rip out the whole thing and start all over again. Everything seemed so very complex, yet at the same time so beautiful. She fancied she heard heavenly music from the fairy clouds, and quite suddenly she was not under the elm tree at all, but in the eager arms of her beloved. Now she heard the sweet strains of "The Girl of My Dreams Is the Sweetest Girl of All The Girls I Know." Her lithe form moved with charming grace, and soon her silver-slipped feet were wafted into space. Around and around in the clouds they whirled, and never, never, in her life had she been so gay! If all life were like this! How dull to be only fifteen, fourteen, or just thirteen! She wanted always to be just sixteen!

Three hours had passed and Ellen slept fitfully in the hot, sultry air. The sharp barks of "Dusty," her Scotch collie, roused her from her daydreams. Quickly she jumped to her feet and shook the dust from her gingham skirt. It was five minutes after four and she had so many things to do!

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The Devil Dogs

William W. Haydock

Some people like Army khaki, some like Navy blue, but there is one other color that I would like to introduce to you. It is the prettiest green that you ever saw; and it has been dyed into a material, which in turn, has been fashioned into a uniform that makes everyone take a second glance. The wearer of this type of uniform is commonly called the devil dog, which is a United States Marine.

He was trained at Paris Island, the land that God forgot,

where the sand is fourteen inches deep and the sun is scorching. He has peeled many onions and two times as many spuds, and spent all of his extra time washing out his clothing. He is trained in every form of combat and given training in subjects that cannot be learned from books. He must know his rifle from butt to muzzle and keep it in excellent condition. He sweats and strains for a period of three months before he is ever classified as a Marine. During the course of those few months he cannot drink anything but milk or water; he can eat no candy nor gorge on ice cream; he must be in bed at ten o'clock and up at six; he must learn all the tricks that may some day save his life. From these few examples it is quite evident that he must be on the move from dawn till dusk.

When he gets up to Heaven, this is the story he will tell:

"Another Marine reporting, Sir; I have spent my time in Hell."

The physical appearance of a Marine is remarkable. He must be at least five feet eight inches in height, and possess no physical defects of any kind. He walks with the precision of a mechanical doll, and gives an impression of wearing a metal frame that holds his whole body erect. His face is always clean shaven, and his hair is always combed. The creases of his pants and coat give an impression of a sharp knife blade, and his shoes glisten like mirrors in the sunlight.

It is no wonder that the Marines are always highly esteemed by the people of this country, especially by the fair sex. The Marines have always been noted as ladies' men, as is quite evident from the stories that are always the topics of conversation throughout the barracks. Even though a Marine considers it his sacred duty to escort a fair damsel from time to time; the mortality rate at the altar is very low. Most Marines know that marriage is a fine institution, but very few are ready for any kind of institution. Confidentially, the Marine Corps is no place for a married man; he should be out working for a living.

The Marine Corps is made up of all kinds of men from all walks of life, but they become closely related after a few months of service. This is due mainly to the type of life they live, which eventually becomes the same kind of life for every man in the Corps. They begin to act alike, think alike, and certainly they begin to drink alike. Drinking Marines run in a continuous cycle. First the Marine takes a drink, then the drink takes the Marine. I have often wondered why Marines like to drink; but the only conclusion I can reach is that it was a woman who first prompted man to eat, and that he took to drink on his own account thereafter. Another striking coincidence is that the Marine Corps was founded in a tavern in 1776. Evidently as usual, they are just carrying on tradition.

No matter how much they drink or how much they swear, the Marine Corps is a good fighting outfit. They are usually the first to go, the first to fight, and the last to leave. They have proven themselves in the past to be exactly what the term "devil dogs" implies. They have fought and died for the United States since the Marine Corps was founded in Tung's Taern, in 1776. They proved themselves worthy of honor in World Wars I and II. And again in our troubled world of today, the Marines are showing themselves to be men of true courage.

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The Value of a Liberal Education

Claire Gaddy

Since the advent of Industrialism, the factory system, and the scientific method, American Universities have been given the added duty of preparing students for a vocation or profession. This is as it should be, for the purpose of education in a democracy is to prepare its citizens to lead happy and useful lives, and the assurance of proficiency in a vocation, by specialized study in a university, is one of the requisites in attaining this end. But in recent years we have become too concerned with the scientific approach—the frenzied search for realism—the idea that if something can not be proved in a laboratory it is not worthy of consideration or thought. The pendulum has swung from the extreme of romanticism in the nineteenth century to the extreme of realism in the twentieth.

The romanticists stressed the emotional, imaginative, the ideal life, while the biographers, dramatists, and novelists of the twentieth century, under the scientific impulse, have put heroes, history, society, and religion under a microscope and dissected them as a scientist would a frog. From this point of view such biographies as "Florence Nightingale" and "Queen Victoria," by Strachey, the play "Tobacco Road," and the novel "The American Tragedy" have stressed realism. It is not that I am condemning the exposition of life as it really is, but rather I deplore the exaggerated emphasis that it has received. Neither do I advocate a return to the ivory tower of romanticism. Somewhere between these two extremes lies the medium desired.

The idea for an airplane design may be the result of a daydream, but the details must be worked out in a laboratory. Thus the integration of ivory tower and realism brings about progress. We cannot live a good life in an ivory tower; neither can we live a good life in stark realism. I believe that the desirable mean can be reached through liberal education.

A liberal education is essentially cultural in content, and its principal function is to develop a student's intellectual, emotional, and spiritual powers, and to introduce him to his cultural heritage. It seems also to discipline and guide him to think clearly and evaluate wisely, to adopt a mature, responsible attitude. It helps the student acquire habits and instruments of investigation which he will need as he proceeds with his education. It is liberative; it gives him freedom of choice by making him aware of alternatives, thus widening the scope of his beliefs and actions. It is moral in a sense—the student is encouraged and helped to think for himself and to approach intellectual and practical problems in a responsible manner.

As to the content of a liberal education, I will attempt to survey briefly the main divisions and the roles they play. Mathematics promotes understanding of, and respect for, logical coherence, and it teaches the student to reason accurately. The natural sciences have in common an interest in the world of fact and are concerned with the structure and behavior of natural phenomena rather than with their significance for man. In the study of the natural sciences the student learns to observe accurately and to arrive at a logical conclusion. The social studies, such as economics, political science, sociology, and the like are partly scientific in nature, insofar as statistical investigation is carried on, but social groups do not easily lend themselves to the experimental method of investigation. This is the point where the social studies merge with the humanities, for the humanistic insights can help to determine the actual and ideal ends of human endeavor. The humanities, including language, the fine arts, literature, morals, and religion interpret and attempt to explain human experience. Through these mediums of communication, beautiful expression, and interpretation, an evaluative approach to reality can be achieved. History and philosophy are included in a liberal education because only through an understanding of the past and of timeless values can we understand the present. These subjects, with the humanities and their work of art, are timeless and universal and belong to all generations: they form our cultural heritage.

Many colleges have struggled with the complex problems of real education, and their programs provide excellent opportunities and guidance. The big word in the last sentence is

“opportunities”, for it is understood that the university can give the student only the opportunity and the student in turn is responsible for taking advantage of it. I am proud to say that Butler is one of the many universities offering its students such a program in which the student is asked in the first two years first to gain some coherent understanding of the culture (history, institutions, social and economic conditions, literature, philosophy, etc.) of some period—a time other than that of the major subject; secondly, to master the rudiments of some one science, with an attempt to understand its aims, its spirit, its methods, and also its place among the sciences and its relation to the general development of science; thirdly, to acquire a satisfactory equipment in one foreign language—an equipment that will not only become a tool but will furnish an insight into the nature and function of language as well as some understanding of foreign people. Thereafter, in the last two years the student is encouraged to acquire competence in some major field and some closely related minor field.

This then, is a partial answer to the questions commonly heard in the halls of any university: “Why do I have to study philosophy or religion? What good will history be to me? I’m just wasting my time in this English class; why can’t I take science instead?” A further answer to these questions might be expressed in negative terms. Do we consider a person educated who cannot express himself articulately, who is uninformed about the past, who has no knowledge of how to acquire knowledge, who is insensitive to aesthetic, moral, and religious values? On the other hand, we acknowledge and respect a person who is articulate, who is well-informed, who searches for more information, who is capable of appreciation of aesthetic, moral, and religious values, who is prepared to participate in a democracy and contribute all he can to his fellow men. This is a positive freedom which democracy should cherish and which a liberal education should foster. And it is our duty and privilege, as citizens, as human beings, to make liberal education in this country a powerful instrument for human freedom and a source of understanding human values.

Gush

Ann Montgomery

Whenever members of what is sometimes referred to in a facetious tone as the fairer sex gather, one can hear "gush," the elaborate adjectives, the often repeated cliches, the meaningless affectionate words flow as freely from the feminine lips on such occasions as oil does from a "gusher." Funk and Wagnalls state in most simple terms that gush is "the extravagant display of sentiment," which is a very direct, clear way to describe something that is never direct or clear.

By the time a young woman has reached college age, she is an experienced gusher and has not learned, in many cases, to temper her flow with common sense as her mamma has, so her gush stands out in syrupy ribbons. During her college career, she uses it on many occasions: rush, open house, parties, dances, dinners, showers, weddings, and many other.

Rush week is the first occasion on which the college freshman meets and uses gush. (The rime of rush and gush is probably merely coincidental.) The rushee invariably is greeted somewhere on her journey from house to house by a beaming, long-lost-friend smile (a characteristic of all gushers) and the words ooze: "So you're Sally Stoop! I've been dying to meet you (mainly because she was assigned by the rush chairman to meet her). You're from Hicktown, Kentucky, aren't you? It's such a charming town (hastily found on a Gulf road map the night before). I bet you had such a lovely home there!" The innocent child drinks all of this in if she has not learned to see through most brands of gush and leaves the house convinced that that sorority is ready to pin ribbons on her while in reality the rusher was merely repeating a well-used speech knowing that this was not one of the girls that her group had planned two months before to pledge but one whom they planned to cut the next day.

Parties of all kinds call for gush. At open houses, one hears "What beautiful new draperies!" and can often realize that under the comment is the thought: "Only \$14.98 a pair. Hmm, they're cutting corners this year!" Party refreshments and dance decorations are also the subjects of gush. The main difference between this kind of gush and the brand cited above is that this kind is usually received by people experienced enough to see through it; and if it were believed, no one's happiness would be involved.

There is much gush over weddings and the events preceding them. The ring, whether it be an over-elaborate, two-carat-plus-

minor-attractions affair or a one-fourth-carat-with-interestingly-cut setting, is exclaimed over. The bride-to-be gushes over the nineteenth set of glasses as she did over the first, even while she is wondering which restaurant in town is needing new equipment. Every wedding from the one in which "the bride appeared in a beige suit" to the one in which she "wore a Dior gown of antique lace" is the most beautiful anyone has ever seen. Of course, it can be argued that this use of gush is mere politeness, but are there not limits?

Where are these techniques learned? Maybe a child who naturally is thrilled by all the things around her thinks that even after most things begin to be boring, she still must exclaim over them. Maybe mamma tells daughter that it is impolite not to appreciate the things of which other people want to be proud. Maybe a young girl watches her contemporaries and decides that the girls who seem to go the furthest are the ones who most diligently practice the art of gushing.

Without gush, possibly the social world would be harsher, but it would be a far more honest world. The lubricant that oozes at most social gatherings would be gone, but the air would be crisper, cleaner, and more healthy.

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The Art of Writing Poetry

Joan Myers

Before you attempt to write a poem you must feel the need and the desire to create. A poem is usually a highly subjective piece of art; you must feel genuine emotion so strongly that it is easy to communicate your mood to the reader through the medium of poetry. Yet you must not let emotion overbalance the design of the poem. Design should have order and beauty, qualities which are achieved through the use of meter and form.

As a creator you should approach the writing with a feeling of being in tune with the elements. A cold, grey twilight brings somber, grey-hued thoughts; a sun-filled morning creates a golden, sunlit mood. A sense of foreboding is best produced

by night, realism by day. Soak the mood into your soul; revel in it. Allow your emotions full indulgence, feel them with the whole of your being. These are moments when you can compose—small spots of time that occur sometimes frequently, more often not. At this instant you see words before you as clearly as cut crystal.

When these ideas occur, it is best to set them down before they can flee as quickly as they appeared. Many great poems have been written at such moments. Often the power of an idea awakens a composer in the still of the night as a completely worded poem flashes into the mind of a poet, formed from some previous vague, nebulous idea.

Your poetic work should not be created without inspiration. The quality of genuineness becomes strained if ideas are forced, and the whole poem becomes grotesquely disfigured with an overbearing sense of the desperate groping for words. Poetry is not, like handwriting or some other physical skill, something which can be practised until perfected. Your form and meter may be faultless, but if inspiration is lacking, the work becomes a marionette-like arrangement of words and syllables with nothing more behind it than is behind the empty stare of a puppet.

Use in your poem words which are forceful in their telling. A word which you never thought beautiful can become so in a poem. Witness the vivid imagery in Carl Sandburg's poem "Fog:"

The fog comes
on little cat feet.
It sits looking
over the harbor and city
on silent haunches,
and then moves on.

The beauty of his poems lies in the simplicity of the lines. It is the mark of the inexperienced poet to embellish his poem with archaic or superfluous words which detract from its dignity and simplicity. So it is with any great art whether it be poetry, song, or sculpture: simplicity of word in poetry, melody in song, line in sculpture.

The creative possibilities in poetry should offer a challenge to spur you on. There is nothing more creative, more subjective than poetry. Poetry offers every artistic gratification, for there is music in a poem and art in the pictures poetry paints. Perhaps our poems will never be ranked among those of the masters of this art, but you will find satisfaction in expressing your ideas, thoughts, and emotions through this literary form.

The Ant

Careless on the grass I bit
My honey cake;
The ant crawled its familiar path
Between green blades.

Elbowed over it I watched
The tiny drudge.

In gracious gesture I let fall
A small sweet gift.

It studied, took the crumb, and went
With work well done.

I could have killed the ant. My hand
Was that of God

Of charitable God to that small life.

Where was the sun?

Cold is the thought how many men

Have lived and died.

—Ina Marshall.

The Palm

The single palm is quite alone
Of fellow trees.
The sea is vast; its waves roll on;
The warm breeze sighs;

And golden sands stretch on for miles.
But one lone palm,
Storm twisted, stands before its doom
In forlorn calm.

A single unit of God's world,
Its own fate set,
It has no wish or right to change
The scheme, nor can it.

—Ina Marshall

Kitchen Chair at St. Lo

Some jester has seated him here
Stiffy a-straddle a kitchen chair
And left him a pretension of man
Reversed to watch a reversed parade.

Once he was the brave and fearful
Thinking of home and a kitchen chair
Before a fire of uncertain shadow
Where life was a curious looking in.

Now a screech, a creek, and a groan—
Homage of Hell from the cowled trucks
Is paid to a crimson faced fool
Who majestically bloats for the laugh.

Still he and the chair and shadows exist
But man and the fire have gone with strife
While he on a spindle-legged throne,
Curious, finds he is looking out.

—Basil J. Raymond

On the Mora

E. D. White

We had been in the canyon only eight hours, but the rest of the world seemed far away. The fishing had been good, and as I sat on a huge boulder casting into the water, my mind went back to the moment when my father and I had left the car on the rim of the canyon. The Mora River from there had looked like a very thin ribbon of blue. Our descent, by way of a winding rocky trail, with heavy packs on our backs, had been an arduous task. The temperature that afternoon had risen to eighty degrees, but as night settled upon us the temperature dropped considerably. A New Mexico full moon was overhead as it had been the year before. Father and I had agreed that the previous trip would be our last. The fishing in the Mora had been good that year, but we had enjoyed it at great price. The descent had been difficult, for we had then, as this year, been loaded down with food, water, and fishing tackle. There had been the fear of rattlesnakes. Two anglers who had previously fished on the Mora River had warned us of the danger of the deadly reptiles. The knowledge of them had instilled a fear in us which was with us during the entire outing. The ascent from the floor of the canyon had been laborious, the hot sun had been unmerciful, and we had exhausted our water supply before starting up the trail. We had no food to weigh us down, but in its place there were forty pounds of catfish. Four hours of climbing, without a drink, and stumbling over rocks, had left us with very dry mouths and aching bodies. No, we had said, we would never come back.

A whirring reel snapped my mind back to the business at hand. Father, a short distance from me, had landed another catfish which had fought valiantly to get off the hook. Our string of fish was becoming quite large, and the night of fishing had just begun. We left our camp farther behind as we moved upstream. Each pool gave up two or three fish. I thought of how beneficial this life was to the soul, for here was peace of mind. How true were Izaak Walton's words in **The Compleat Angler**. "God never made a finer form of recreation than angling." That foremost angler could not have enjoyed this night more than I. The moon had drifted low behind the mountain. Far up the canyon a coyote let loose his mournful howl. In the darkness bats flew unhesitatingly between the great boulders and occasionally dipped down to the water in their flight as if to drink. My eyes tried to pierce the darkness as theirs did; but, in the end, I had to resort to my flashlight. I had a fleeting

uncomfortable feeling of being out of place in my tranquil surroundings. I wondered where the bear, whose tracks I had seen at the water's edge, was bedded down for the night. Perhaps far up the mountainside in its den it slept lightly, waiting for us, the invaders of its domain, to leave.

Moving rather slowly over and around huge rocks, we progressed upstream. We hoped that our lights would hold out, for the moon was gone for the night. By 2:00 a.m. we had very nearly our legal limit of fish. We fished on, knowing well that we would eat several of them the following day. Our stumbling over rocks and roots had left our shins raw, but this did not prevent our trying another deep pool. Nothing, it seemed, could have spoiled such a well-planned successful trip.

We came upon two pools of equal size which were connected by a very small expanse of moving water. I suggested that we each fish in a pool until the supply of catfish in each was exhausted. My father, agreeing, made his way toward the second pool. The hillside was steep, and to aid his insecure footing he placed his free hand on rocks which jutted from the mountainside. I was intent upon baiting my hooks when an ominous buzzing sound filled the night air. My fishing pole dropped to the ground, and I all but followed it. Many times I had heard rattlesnakes give their warning, but at this early morning hour it sent a bitter chill into my spine. I know that I trembled as I turned to the direction whence the sound came. My father had retreated a few paces from a rock on which fell the rays of his flashlight. He was searching for a club. He cursed as I warned him that he should not try to kill the reptile. The intermittent whirring of the rattles continued. My father, angered as well as scared, broke a pine root loose from the hillside; and, with it in his powerful right hand and the flashlight in his left, he advanced in the direction of the deadly sound. I saw the rays of the light sweeping the top of the rock. My father's silhouette cut off my view. I felt sweat roll down my forehead. Then the club rose and fell again and again. The unnerving buzz ceased, and all was quiet. My father sat down, and I, moving for the first time in what seemed hours, walked on rubbery legs over to him and seated myself beside him. The deadly snake had probably lain on the sun-warmed rock most of the night. While moving toward the pool, which we both had momentarily forgotten, my father had laid his hand on the rock a bare six inches from the coiled snake. Why it gave a warning at all is as much a mystery to us now as it was then, for it was apparent that the reptile had been startled. It was certain to us that a man bitten by a rattlesnake in the deep gorge of the Mora would never have reached the rim alive. We are so enervated by the scare we had both received that we gathered up our equipment

and fish and returned to our camp.

We have not been down to the Mora River in the past two years. After the second trip there, as after the first, we vowed that we would not enter the canyon again, but this coming August, while vacationing in New Mexico, I know that I shall want to return to the Mora. My father has in his letters indicated that he also has a yearning to fish that nearly forbidden water again.

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Social Democracy in a Small Town

Adel Fochtman

In a broad sense it can be said that social democracy has progressed, if we think of the government—instituted social reforms for the masses. But what about our flourishing intra-community snobbery and bigotry? Only when a crisis appears are the residents of the community prompted by their innate sense of the equality of men. In the meantime there is no thought of the hurts and injustices that are caused by narrow-minded thinking.

Consider, for example, Smalltown, Illinois. It is a mining town of about one thousand people of modest means. Their social life consists of visits in each other's homes, occasional movies, and church gatherings. This community is divided into two factions—the German merchants, laborers, and retired farmers, who are Protestants, and the Polish and Hungarian miners, who make up the Catholic element. There is a constant undercurrent of antagonism between these two groups and no intercourse of socialibility. But one day there is an accident in the mine, and a call goes out for volunteers to rescue several trapped miners. The strong, burly Germans rush in and work tirelessly until the last Hungarian or Pole has been brought to safety. Women who have ignored each other for years comfort each other. For the moment all bigotry is forgotten.

Not only are these townspeople ordinarily prejudiced in religious matters, but also in matters of race. Never has a negro been permitted to loiter momentarily. On occasion the men have been known to mass and literally drive out any negro who dared

to move in. As a result, many colored vagrants have lived as best they could in shacks on the bank of a nearby river. During a spring thaw this river flooded more than usual, and the stilts of the shacks were inadequate protection against the rising water. When the negroes were driven from their homes, the community speedily collected food and clothing for the victims; a farmer offered his barn as a refuge; no discrimination was made in the distribution of the food and clothing; color lines were momentarily forgotten.

This general antagonistic attitude is also inflicted on individuals. Here it becomes more vicious and hurtful. Misunderstood incidents are twisted and bloated by evil minds. Mrs. Anderson, who is a hardworking, generous person with three small children, has been deserted by her husband. A neighbor, a good-looking bachelor, often lends a willing hand to gather fire wood, spade the garden, or take the family for a ride in the country. The local tongues wag. By the time the latest bit of gossip reaches the other end of town, a mere incident has become escapade. The people are intent on breaking Mrs. Anderson's spirit. But, undoubtedly, should some calamity strike her house, petty gossip will be forgotten until the emergency is cleared.

Perry, in his **Alleged Failure of Democracy**, points out that in time of great emergency, political democracy must necessarily abandon its processes to preserve its ideals. In contrast, social democracy reaches its peak of perfection in time of stress. All barriers are momentarily levelled. After the period of distress is over, political democracy resumes its quest for equality and of opportunity for mankind; and Smalltown, Illinois, again wraps itself in its cloak of prejudices.

Somethin' Kinda Odd About Essie

Alice Aldrich

Why sure, I knew Essie Radford. Her dad's some kin to my Uncle Ezry. Dad, you knew them Radfords didn't you? John Radford—used to run the big general store over in Russelridge. Why Essie and I went to school together. She was in the Home Economics club the year we went to Washington. Dad, you remember Essie. She was a plain girl, kinda tall and skinnyish. Always felt kinda sorry for the poor thing. My brother Everett used to say, "That Essie Radford's the homeliest female on two legs." And now you say poor Essie's gone and killed herself? Well, it don't surprise me none; folks always did say there was somethin' kinda odd about Essie. She never did mix much with the rest of us, always goin' off by herself somewhere. She set quite a store by them books her dad'd bought before he passed away, and used to spend a lot of time just settin' and readin'. Essie was a smart one though; too smart some folks said. She looked like she knew some things that just wasn't meant for people to know.

It used to worry Essie's ma an awful lot, her bein' so funny like. I remember hearin' her tell Mom one time we was over there, "Just cain't figure out what's wrong with my Essie. She's bright enough—got all A's this time—but there's just somethin' kinda odd about her. I keep a sayin' 'Essie, perk up a bit or you ain't never gonna catch a man'."

But Essie never did take much of a shine to the boys. Dad, remember that time I had a play-party at my house, and for a joke, young Zeke Tilford tried to kiss Essie? My, that girl got mad; she up and slapped him good and then took out for home without sayin' another word to nobody. Sure was a good laugh on Zeke.

You know though, the time I'll never forget was the night our class had a program at the school house. It was stormin' outside to beat the band. There was thunder and lightenin' and the wind was a howlin' when Essie got up to give her piece, and folks kinda strained forward in their seats fearin' they wouldn't be able to hear. But, you know, she went through that Raven thing that was in our readin' book, from beginnin' to end in a low, eerie voice—like a whisper almost, and yet you could hear every word from the very back of the room. Folks just sat there without movin' a muscle like as if she'd hypnotized 'em. When she was done, I realized I'd been holdin' my breath for a long time and I had a funny, shaky kind a feelin'

inside. I think everybody else felt the same thing; they just sat there; they didn't even clap for a few minutes.

That night, I thought about Essie for a long time. What was there about her? I knew that the rest of us were not like Essie. I couldn't figure out what it was that made Essie so—so different. Yes, I reckon there's always been somethin' kinda odd about Essie.

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The Flame

Flint to sulphur struck by unknown hand,—
Flame let loose to tremble for an hour
In a room where smoke and shadow twist,
Stalking light they know they must devour.

Always fearing careless winds that whirl
Ever near to fan or snuff the spark,
In a world of doubt we long to cut
Truth from grim distortion, light from dark.

Delicate, yet so deliberate,
Burns the flame which wonders whence it rose;
Seeing dimly what its rays reveal,
It can only question and suppose.

—Martha Burbank

The Other Side of Amusement

James E. Gray

This morning I read a short article in a Louisville paper which stated that the license for an amusement park in greater Louisville had not been renewed. After ten minutes of passive debate, the city council ruled as illegal the establishments of half a hundred small businessmen. Perhaps if the staid councilmen could have shared my experiences, they would have made a more liberal decision.

It was in the summer of 1946 that I, a lad of fifteen, was working as a barker at Riverside Park. This amusement center, owned by a little old lady who hated the sight of her property but loved the tidy income from, was operated by a good-humored loafer who constantly spoke of retiring, but who was thwarted because he had never really started to work.

My job as a barker made my position in Sunday School rather strained, for the good lady who shepherded us was firmly convinced that I had made a pact with the Devil and was a potential threat to the rest of her brood. I told her about the good, home-loving people who employed me; I explained that the games were strictly honest; but she stood firm in her convictions. It was not until I observed her running a bingo game that my standing in the group was restored. But I digress.

I make no apology about my job, for it was in those sessions that I was an eye-witness to many little dramas. I felt sorry for the boy who had taken his girl-friend out for an evening and found his money fast disappearing while the night was still young; and for the young married people who had brought their children out to the park for a good time, only to be rushed from one game to the next by their exuberant offsprings. There, too, I saw other children who pressed close, devouring the prizes with their eyes, longing for them, yet knowing that their empty pockets denied them even the smallest trinket. These little fellows watchd eagerly when someone played, their eyes shining if the player were lucky enough to win a tall lemonade pitcher or a cuddly "Kewpie-doll." It was as though they themselves had won. Soon they would move on to the next stand and repeat the performance. I often wondered how many times they could stand by, empty handed, before they became disappointed in a world which gave the good things to everyone else. But I had work to do.

"Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Come on in now! Pitch 'til you win! A prize each and every time, for each and every

dime!! Bring the lady in, and give her a souvenir! Just a dime — ten cents! Come in now! Pitch 'til you win!"

That was my spiel. It was true—a dime was all it cost, and a prize could be won—if you could throw a ball with the accuracy of a marksman's rifle. My conscience was clear, though; these boys were out for a good time. They had money to spend and very few places in this town to spend it. It was my job to charm the contents of their wallets into my change apron, but I believed in giving them some fun in the process. For instance, on Saturday night there was bound to be a drunk n the crowd. I found it helped business to have a noisy "polluted party-goer" at the counter. People who stopped to laugh, stayed to play. The inebriated business executive, in a strange town for a convention and usually escorting a lush female, was sure to be a good source of income. All year he worked hard and believed people thought him both stingy and boring. With some of his inhibitions lulled and away from his responsibilities, he was eager to prove himself an open-handed "good-fellow." His date and I helped him satisfy that desire. I am sure that more than one expense account bore some unusual entries.

From what I have said, the reader will assume that we were cunning merchants of mirth who preyed on the public's desire for relaxation. Such was not the case. We operated the same business year after year and knew that our future depended on how we treated today's customers. And there was a heart beating on the midway, for when the house of one of the employees burned, each stand donated one night's profits to help him rebuild. In addition, a chunk of the profits helped local charities and provided parties for servicemen.

Surely if the city council would accept the park with its concessions for what it is, rather than as the "holier-than-thous" would brand it, the license would be renewed.

Cordelia

Rita Black

The day was bitterly cold. No warm air seemed to have ever penetrated through this bleak coldness. Nowhere could a human creature be seen. It was this cold barren country that Cordelia Thorpe had grown to love and cherish. A country so big and so vast that it seemed to swallow one up.

"Breakfast's ready. Coming, Cordie?," asked her lovely, young mother.

"Just a moment, Syd," called Cordelia from her room. Mrs. Thorpe had always preferred that her children call her by her first name. As Cordelia descended the stairs, she almost collided with her brother who had arrived home the evening before to spend mid-year holidays with the family.

"Morning, Cordie," said Gregory.

"Morning yourself, chum," she said, sarcastically.

"My gosh, I just came home from State and you act as if you're bored with me already. What's the matter? Something been biting you lately?"

"No, of course not, Greg," she said, coolly.

"Well, if it isn't that, just what's...."

"Come, children, you mustn't fight already. Both of you have three whole weeks of vacation. Wait until later on when you won't be able to find anything really interesting to do—that is, anything except argue," said their mother, with a grin.

"Okay, Syd, we're coming," said Cordelia.

As Gregory, Cordelia, and Mrs. Thorpe all sat down, not waiting for Mr. Thorpe who was always expected to be late to breakfast on his day off, he walked into the dining room. "Bet you're all surprised I'm up so early," he said. "Since it's so cold and snowy, I thought I might as well get some skiing done." With this he sat down to a hearty breakfast. How, wondered Cordelia, can people be so happy and contented as the family is this morning? Seemingly there was not a care or worry in their minds. One can study another person so well over the breakfast table. And that is what Cordelia was doing. First her mother on the right. She was so very young-looking for being nearly forty-five; short, petite, with a straight nose, black hair, graying at the temples, deep blue eyes, and a lovely clear complexion; her mother was so sweet, so kind, and so vital to her family. But, reflected Cordelia, even she doesn't understand my problem.

To her left sat her father, tall, lean, and young looking, with nice brown eyes, a large nose, a ruddy complexion, and red-

brown hair turning white. My father, thought Cordelia, is so reasonable—yet why doesn't he understand my uneasiness?

Across from Cordelia sat her brother Gregory, a somewhat younger edition of her father...yet somehow different. Somehow she knew he would be able to understand her problem if only she dared tell him everything.

Cordelia was brought out of her trance by her father's voice. "More tea, Cordie, dear?"

"Why no, Father," she said and went on to say, "Oh!—oh! I'm sorry. I guess I was daydreaming, as usual."

They had developed a joke during the past three years that whenever one of the two seemed to be daydreaming, the other would ask about the "tea." This saying had originated from the time Cordelia had been about thirteen, and her father seemed to use it all the time.

"I'm so very tired of that bitter little joke we started," Cordelia said to her father. With a feeble excuse she left the table. "I have to get away from it all or else I'll get as nervous and high strung as I was yesterday," she murmured as she walked onto the glass-enclosed back porch.

"Cordie, what's the matter with you?" It was her brother.

How did he get out here so fast? He was eating breakfast when I left the table. Won't they let me be?

"You startled me, Greg. What do you want? Can't you let me alone?" She was near hysteria.

"I only want to help. Mom and Dad have been worried about you."

"You're no help. Neither are all the others. I know you all mean well. But no one can help, that is, no one except Tim...."

She must not think about him because that would bring only heartbreak. An outburst of tears would follow.

Cordelia went on to say, more calmly now, "When you came back from school, I found that you weren't the old self, understanding and kind as you'd always been. I guess college has made you grow up too quickly. You should have never gone. If you hadn't, you would have been able to help me. I can't seem to be able to pour out my heart to you like old times."

Like old times, she said to herself. Yes, just like old times. Tim, going steady, movies, parties, dances, and slow, quiet understanding talks. It's always like that when you're going steady. If only I had made the break, if only—

Gregory interrupted her thoughts, "Cordelia, I wish you'd tell me a little bit of what is bothering you. Is it a boy or your school work or what?" His voice was pleading.

She knew he wanted to help very much. She must tell him, ...she would. Maybe he had not changed after all. She

began slowly telling him about Tim. How she had met him quite by accident.

"Accidents do happen, don't they?," Tim had asked. He had stood ahead of her in the school lunch line that day when she had spilled her vegetable soup. Quickly he had got his handkerchief to wipe off the stain. She had thanked him for all his fuss and bother, and then he had repeated that funny quip. Somehow Cordelia felt that a true friendship had started. She had been right.

They found they were both signed up for Latin IV, second hour, and Trigonometry II, fifth hour, and, of course, lunch. He asked if he could walk her home. She met his parents, and he met hers. Their friendship developed into something more than that. Five weeks to the day they had met, she had accepted his bid for going steady. "Now and forever more," he had declared.

They went everywhere together. Her grades steadily improved because he had ranked first in the junior class and, of course, he helped her with her homework.

She found that he loved to eat. "The straightest way to a man's heart is through his stomach," Tim had laughingly explained. While he did her homework, she would prepare his favorite foods so they could have a gala feast in the evening around nine-thirty. She found out more and more about him all the time. He never really asked too many questions about her.

Then it happened. Every morning he had come to take her to school, but on one particular day he did not come. She phoned his home and got no answer. But when she got to school she found Tim. He explained to her then that he was awfully sorry, but as things stood she probably would not want to go with him any longer. He said nothing more; he simply walked away.

As Cordelia stood there talking to Gregory, she became more relaxed than she had been for a long while. After keeping her problem to herself, she felt much better for talking it over with someone. She still could not analyze why she had not been able to call upon her parents for help. There was always that doubt in the back of her mind that in such a matter as this, since they were quite a bit older than she, a barrier existed. She needed someone nearer her own age to turn to for help. That someone was, of course, her brother. In a way he reminded her of Tim. She could talk to him and did not have to talk down to him or up to him.

All through her little "speech" Gregory had said nothing. This made her muse on as to what would really annoy him and make him quit going out with a girl. She tried to think back. Had such a thing happened?

Then she began wondering about what would hurt a boy like Tim. Sometimes he seemed unduly sensitive, especially about joining a group of his friends when they were talking in the halls at school. He was not shy among people and got along more than well with them. It had to be something else. At times he seemed reluctant to disagree with others even though he was violently opposed to what they said. His was the complaisant attitude; he went along with someone else's opinions only so he could remain on the good side of them. How about the time when only he had not broken the spring training rules? The other fellows had not been severely reprimanded for it. Surely he would not have been. Instance after instance came to mind where he had worked hard to get credit for something at which another person scarcely worked at all. There had been something drastically wrong. She could sense it.

Of course, that was it. It all went back to the person he was. All at once it became quite clear to her!... Yes, the day before the break-up they had been leaving the Teen Canteen when she had overheard whispering voices. At the time they had not seemed important. Now they seemed so far away she could barely remember what they had been saying. "He's Jewish. You know his...." The rest had been lost in distance. Now she knew why he had colored so brilliantly.

As she finished, her brother said, "I feel that you know what to do now—the best thing for you and for him, too."

All at once Cordelia Thorpe felt relieved. For the first time in weeks she did not feel as if she were living in a black pit from which she would never be able to emerge. Spring had come; for her, at least, winter would never return.

Hurrying from the porch into the house, she picked up the telephone and dialed his number. Hesitatingly she began, "It's Cordelia, Tim."

In almost the same way he said, "Cordie, I hoped you'd call. I see where I've been wrong. I'm sorry! I should have made the first move since I'm the boy. That would have been the right thing to do, but in something such as this, very often what you think is the right thing is usually all wrong. We have to straighten things out. I've been a complete idiot to act the way I have not even letting you explain whether or not you wanted to go with me anymore. Forget what has happened."

"Sure, Tim, sure."

Almost shyly he asked, "Cordelia, can I come over to see you?"

"Oh, yes, Tim. Right away."

He hung up the telephone. But she did not make a move to do so herself. She just hung onto it as if she were on the edge

of a cliff from which she would fall if she were not holding to something.

At last she said in a clear, rich voice, "The rest doesn't matter."

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Earthquake

Kathleen Wilson

I had just remarked how strange the weather seemed. The day was heavy with heat, without a breeze to stir the stagnant air. The sun was out of sight behind a cloudy slate-grey sky which seemed to impart the same dull color to everything below. As I look back on that day now, I am inclined to describe the atmosphere as one of ominous quietude, but I had no forebodings then; I barely took notice except to grumble about my discomfort.

When I first heard the deep, distant rumble, I thought how strange to have a thunder shower in California, but this "thunder" had no lightning to accompany it—it didn't stop. The people about me stood wide-eyed, wondering and listening to the animal-like growl that seemed to come up through the ground on which we stood.

Then we pitched and shook as though the earth were rebelling against its dormancy. I was frightened and I thought of God—how strange it is that fear of tragedy brings one closer to God. So many thoughts tumbled through my mind: Men are such vulnerable beings—so soft and defenseless against the hard, mighty strength of nature. Neither science nor government can build a barricade against this sort of an attack. Surely this must be the most terrible of all natural phenomena. And, as irony would have it, just as I was creating grandiose visions of destruction and terror, the quaking stopped as abruptly as it had begun.

The ensuing quiet was deafening, and I had to resist the impulse to laugh hysterically and shout that this was my first earthquake, how admirably I had survived! And that was it. Night fell, just as though this day were like all others, with no deviation from the normal path of nature's routine.

Apartment for Rent

Janice Richardson

Yes, we have an apartment for rent. It's a beautiful apartment, and I'm certain that once you see it, you'll not be satisfied until you have it. Children? Oh yes, we're very reasonable about children. After all, it's the social and patriotic duty of every couple to have a family. I say "patriotic," because, after all, we're in a war practically every year now, and every mother wants to experience the feeling of pride in a soldier son. Don't you think so? Of course, I've never had any children of my own, but I'm certain that's just exactly the way I would feel.

But, as I was saying, we are very reasonable about children. We have made a few restrictions, but I'm certain you won't find them inconvenient. I am very touchy about my lovely flowers, and I would prefer that the children play in the street rather than the yard. My husband retires very late and likes to sleep until noon, so please keep the children completely quiet until well after that time—you see, he is usually very disagreeable for perhaps an hour after he awakes, and the noise would annoy him. Those are the only restrictions I can think of, because, naturally, the children will devote Sundays to quiet, religious study.

Here's the apartment. I knew you'd be completely captivated! It isn't often you can find a beautiful apartment like this for such a reasonable rent. Now, I feel that I must warn you about the plumbing. It isn't very good. You had better carry your dishwater out to the back of the yard, and don't ever throw coffee grounds in the sink. The blinds in here are rather torn, aren't they? Well, perhaps we'll get some new ones some day. The floors really need to be refinished, but we can't afford it right now. The broken window? Oh, I'm sure you can replace it with no trouble.

We have some house rules, of course. We turn off the electricity at ten o'clock every night. We don't believe it's necessary to use the gas oven for heat, as we always make certain that the room temperature is sixty-five degrees. We Rent? Oh, yes. The rent is only ninety-five. It's very reasonable, really. Most places are asking one hundred, you know. You'll look further? Well, if that's the way you feel! After all, we'd much prefer a couple with no children.