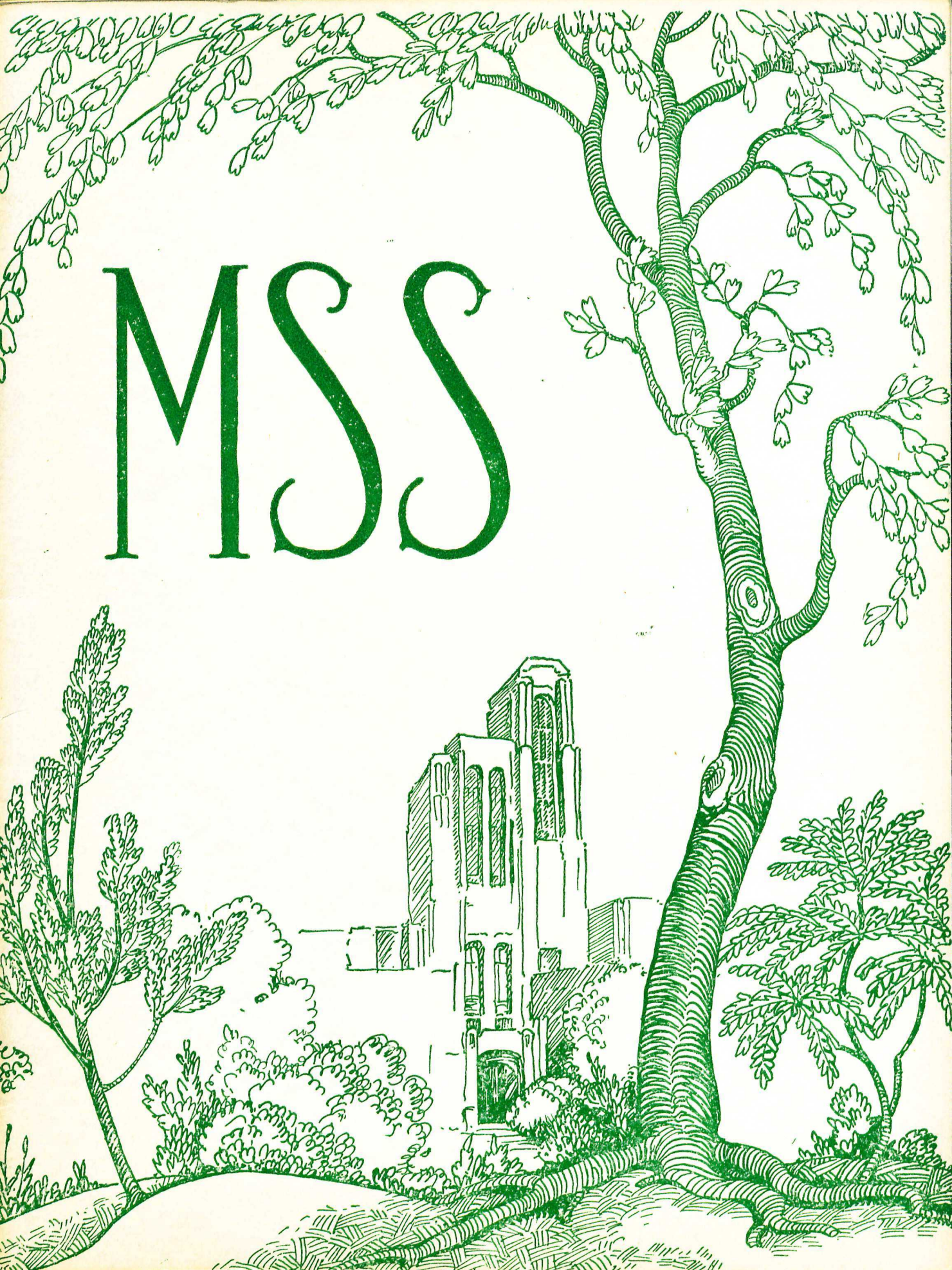


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Butler Literary Contest Section

The following short stories, essay and group of poems were the winning material in the 1947 Butler literary contest. Frances King's poems won first prize in the poetry division; Mary Alice Kessler's "Old Man" and "Dr. Maudseth" were awarded first prize in the short story section; and Robert Bowles' "The Dilemma of Faith" placed first in the essay division.

To The Critic

FRANCES KING

So you want to see me?
You want to scrape off the dust?
You think I'm worth looking for?
Okay, mister.
Walk out into the garden some morning
And look around.
It will have rained the night before.
The tears will tremble on the tangle
Of words at your feet.
Slowly, up through the dark,
Sinewy branches of words and phrases
I'll come. I'll crawl on my knees,
Up through the labyrinth and out.
You say I'm not a butterfly?
You say butterflies can't come out of those places?
Sure, I'm a butterfly, mister.
I'm the lemon butterfly with latent possibilities
That stands poised on your shoe tip.
My thoughts like my movements
Shift backward and forward—
No decisions please, no problems.
If my adjectives prove too brilliant for your dusty eyes,
And my nouns bind your ankles too forcefully,
Or you accidentally trip over some stray adverbs,
Why, I'll just crawl back into the labyrinth
And dig and burrow and hide my wings.

TO THE ACTORS

How do you know it's not tonight?
How do you know the show won't close
Without warning on your pat faces?
Will you be able to adjust your makeup
To an agreeably comic mask?
When the props begin to blur and shake
And the trees take to walking,
Will you be able to shout down
The scene-stealers?
Your lines,
Will you be witty enough,
Letting them know you really
Were expecting it anytime?
What will you do when the roses
Wither in your arms, dust,
And you know the angel refused
To back the show any longer
In view of the receipts?
Eh, what then?
Comedy, manners, problem play?
Tragedy, tragedy, tragedy?

OF WONDROUS THINGS

Of wondrous things I wish to tell,
Of lesser things, not lavishly endowed
With earthly wealth or written word.
The trusting that there is a shape,
A flower more daringly displayed
Than western hands have courage to conceal
More scarlet than our brush can wield.
The hoping for a miracle of love
Amidst the sparsely, lightened eyes
Which, though so screened and mist-hung now,
Have power to secretly illuminate.
The knowing that there is a blue
Among the thousand grayspun clouds,
Which, though not visible to straightward eye
Is present still in atmospheric mind.

GRANNY LOU

Granny Lou was the first old lady
We ever knew,
And so Old Age for us was a room
Around a tall, thin woman
In a chipped black rocker.
We children never questioned her
About a life outside of her two rooms—
Almost as if, though we were all so young,
We knew there was no past or future.
When she got tired of one room,
She'd walk over to the other one
And sit for a week or two.
We didn't take the time to wonder
If she deserved any more
Than a backyard choked with weeds,
And a pile of month-old papers.
We were nearly twelve
When we noticed a change
In the old lady.
A certain furtiveness appeared,
An almost hidden joy
That manifested itself to us
In the form of extra cookies,
And when I was sixteen
And came home from my first dance,
They said that Old Age had died.
Three nieces came and pawed over
Her three dresses and a coral necklace.
And way down in the bottom drawer
They found a notebook.
They published all her poems,
And the neighbors talked a lot
And speculated on her Real Self.
For it seemed that she
Had used the strangest words
Like *crystal* and *poinsettas*
And *Tahitian wall prints*.
And the words lived for her
And did all the things
Which she had never done.
They were born, breathed, fell in love,
Married, begot children, and
Resembled her only in the end
By taking a long time to die,

Doctor Maudeth

MARY ALICE KESSLER

Dr. Maudeth was a good doctor. Everybody in Partridge knows that he was a good doctor. Why, he brought more babies into the world here in Partridge than you could count — and remember during that storm last spring when he was up for four days and nights without any sleep, taking care of the poor white trash beyond the railroad yards who got washed out? Mrs. Casper had a baby the first night of the storm. Her husband had been dead for only a week. Remember how he took care of everybody so well and all? And how he felt when Mrs. Casper passed on a month later?

We're going to miss him here in Partridge. No doctor like Dr. Maudeth is going to come around here for a spell. So good and kind. And that beautiful little wife of his — so sickly and all — and yet he never uttered an unkind word about how much trouble she was — being bed-fast for a month and all, you know.

We never did understand about the paralysis, though. I guess it was one of those woman sicknesses you never can explain. He was so brave when she got down bad, never stopped smiling and tipping his hat to every lady on Locust Street. He always was polite and all.

And those awful gossip women in the D. A. R. who started all that talk about the doctor and Mary Lou Percy. Why, she was one of the finest ladies in the parish. He had to go out to her place a lot to tend to her little boy. The fever was so bad with the children here in Partridge that year. Well, I guess he paid more notice to Mrs. Percy's little boy because she was so prominent in Partridge. Mr. Percy left a lot of money and she always had the

most of the best for her little boy. And Dr. Maudeth was the best here in Partridge.

Not like that awful Dr. Scarswin . . . drinking and taking dope until he couldn't give a pill for a simple, little pain. Or Dr. Cylane so proud and all with that society crowd from New Orleans. It's a blessing he did leave and set up down there. It was a good thing for the whole parish.

I guess those D. A. R. women soon found somebody else to talk about when Mrs. Percy moved away for good and she died the next month. Poor Mrs. Percy. Almost like Mrs. Maudeth's going on — so quiet — just wilting away. I guess they were a little alike. Why, we all know he was heart-broken about her going on. He didn't speak to anyone for a long while afterwards. She was such a sweet little woman and they were so much in love.

Remember the way he stayed with Widow Martaine when she was paralyzed? Day and night and when she died a month later how he felt so bad? He told Mrs. Wileman how she didn't have a chance. Poor Widow Martaine, wilting away and leaving that sweet little three year old boy.

And now our Dr. Maudeth has left Partridge. They say it's because of all that talk of an investigation about that rich Mrs. Johann's paralysis. Really, I don't see how anybody could even think such a thing about our Dr. Maudeth. Why, he just couldn't live with those sad memories out in the house any longer. Just think, poor man, his mother and sister and wife died in that very house. All such good women and he was such a good doctor and all,

Old Man

Marvin walked slowly. His feet felt like two pancakes. He could no longer feel them except they were so hot. Just like a couple of pancakes. Flabby old hot pancakes. Marvin stopped under a big oak all hung with Spanish moss. It was cool here . . . as cool as it ever was in Louisiana . . . like when he went down into the swamps in the afternoon. Sticky cool like damp rags around his body. Marvin squinted with concentration. There was a broken down shack up the hill a way. Looked like there was a gal on the porch. Marvin laughed way up high. Always was a gal out on the front porch, leaning against an old unpainted railing. A skinny gal in a sweat-streaked calico dress with wiggly hips and a flat bosom. Sometimes a scraggly little old chile or two. Marvin laughed again, way up high.

He rose slowly. Seemed his ole joints creaked just like a rusty front porch swing. Guess he was getting kind of old. But not so old as Mr. Sam could bat him around. Mr. Sam shouldn't have called him like that about working on the northern gentleman's car. He shouldn't have called him that way. He could get work in New Orleans . . . on the docks or even in another gas station. He heard they treated colored folks better in New Orleans . . . he wanted to see New Orleans.

He stopped at the gateway which must have broken down about ten years ago. The gal on the front porch just went on staring out over the dead old tobacco field, so Marvin stood still for a minute, watching the little old children chasing a hound dog under the shack. Then he laughed way up high and the gal turned around slowly.

"What choo want round here, old man?"

"Don't want nothing cept a little to eat, gal."

"Ain't nothing here to eat for you. I'm waitin for my William now to bring some meal from the store."

"Aw, ain't choo got biscuit or grits or nothing for a pore old man travelin the road. Ain't got no money, but except a little bit of gin for you to drink."

"Don't want no drink here. See them chilrun? Ain't gonna be no drink here if I can help it. No, Lord."

"No harm, gal, with a little gin to make you laugh."

"Is too harm. Stop talking old man and get away on you. I'll given you biscuit if you'll get away on you."

Marvin sat down slowly on the broken porch step. The little old children had gone away, but he felt their warm eyes on his face. He knew they were watching him from behind the outhouse. The sun was setting at the corner of the worn-out old tobacco field. Kinda pretty the way it made the steam coming up from the field kinda purple and pink. Kinda pretty . . . with biscuit and gin for supper. Maybe he'd be in New Orleans tomorrow or the next day if he got a ride with a colored boy going into the store. If he could get just 50 miles from there he could walk it in he could.

The gal stood behind him, looking down the road for William.

"If that no-good colored boy of mine spend all my money on drink and wenching tonight, I'll kill him."

She handed him three hard biscuits that were very cold.

"Now get away on you. I give you your supper. Get away on you, old man."

"Thank you, gal. It's been mighty nice stopping for a while. Mah feet feel cooler. Solong gal."

The Dilemma Of Faith

ROBERT BOWLES

When the deadly, billowing, mushroom-shaped cloud signifying the explosion of the atomic bomb surged skyward over Bikini Atoll, it marked the opening of another chapter in the history of man's attempts to control the universe. Small, weak, and insignificant though he appeared when contrasted to the unlimited expanse of the cosmos, that branch of the animal world known as man had now tightened and extended his control over the universe. Is it any wonder that his chest swelled with pride as he contemplated his latest achievement of power? Is he to blame for suddenly wondering if he could not someday gain absolute control over the universe?

Is it a ludicrous picture, this scene in which a tiny man on a small segment of the cosmos suddenly decides that he can become master of the universe, and consequently denies his belief in an all-powerful, loving, guiding God — denies the one power around which his whole life has centered for centuries? Is it possible that by slowly untangling natural laws man has proven what a few skeptics have long maintained, that the world and the universe are governed only by a material force — or worse, no force at all? Has man at last usurped the power of God, only to discover that there is no God but only a complicated mass of mathematical formulae?

Following a century of scientific advance into the unknown, the civilization of today is asking these questions, and the abstract thoughts of a few philosophers concerning immortality and God have become the questions of all men. Moreover, it appears that we can no longer cling

blindly to the guiding hand of the church as was our custom a century or so back, for while the church is the same, man and his accomplishments have gone on. The answers of yesterday do not seem to fit the questions of today. And so every man must try to answer these questions for himself, in his own way. To do this, he must eventually dwell upon the following line of thought:

As we look about us, we see the earth, a tiny speck in the gigantic space of the universe. Science pictures the cosmos as a vast, precise, mechanical system regulated by mathematical formulae and natural, impersonal laws. It is a picture which remains the same for all ages — a picture of an immutable universe controlled by fixed, unvarying laws. With this picture in mind, it is hard to conceive of a God. It appears that the laws of the universe must be obeyed, and these laws seem designed only for the physical universe; they operate unaware of man and often in direct conflict with his life. Man seems to be the enemy of the universe, fighting for the right to live amidst a terrifically competitive system. Therefore, any acts of man are essentially dictated by a desire for self-preservation.

Carrying this idea further, we draw our picture of civilization. Men have banded together for protection, and have developed an ordered way of life in order to survive. Society merely reduces competition among men, so that they may present a united front in their fight against the universe. The cosmos then, as it is here conceived, contains no basis for morality or ethics. The harsh laws of self-preservation and survival of the fittest

leave no ground for morality or ethics.

But at this point man is confronted with the evidence of morality and ethics in himself. It is apparent that there exists within us an ethical tendency which does not come from obeying the laws of nature. We then decide that this conception of morality is a growth brought about through our evolution; that is, as we have become more civilized, morality has become a part of our outlook. However, in accepting this explanation, we are presented with a new problem. The facts of evolution explain the presence of good and evil, but they can not prove that one is more desirable than the other — they merely show the gradual development of the two ideas. Man then wonders where his real sense of right and wrong came from.

When we reach this point in our reasoning, we are forced to face the idea that this sense of right and wrong might have come through divine revelation. And hence we are face to face with the power of a God which we thought we had discarded. We also see that even as men in the past were not in possession of all the facts with which we have to reason, so it is undoubtedly true that we ourselves are not in possession of all the truths of the universe. We see that much remains hidden to us. Still, we cannot help but wonder if an omnipotent and completely just power controls the universe, even while we realize that at this point mere conjecture alone is possible; we cannot prove that God does exist, neither can we prove that God does not exist. But we feel that we must draw some logical conclusion, even if it is mere speculation.

The first step in our speculation is to decide upon whether or not the universe is governed by some force. In surveying the complicated and yet precise movement of the universe, it seems logical to assume

that some great force does direct it. But is this force a personal force which possesses absolute control over the universe, with power to change its laws; or is this force impersonal, fixed, and constant, without the power to vary its course? In speculating upon this question, man sees that if the latter view of an impersonal force is accepted, he must admit that it matters not what he does through life as his existence is pre-determined by set, natural laws. Immediately all meaning and purpose vanish from life, and man is left a mechanically-controlled and directed path to follow. But man may rebel at this explanation, and decide upon a personal force which possesses absolute control over the cosmos, with power to vary its laws.

If such a force does exist, he may reason, then man could be created without tendencies toward evil. (This would merely mean the instituting of a uniform idea in the minds of men by which they would all see alike on moral issues.) But if man were created without tendencies toward evil, his life would have to follow only one path. Man would be a robot, with his course through life already plotted for him. And every man would have the same course to follow. Therefore, at this point man conceives of an omnipotent force which leaves to him his own choice as to the path he will follow in his development. Man has developed the idea of "free will" — the idea that he can manage his own life within the sphere of certain natural laws as he wishes, without interference from this personal, controlling force. Then, naturally, man is held responsible for his own actions.

Having developed this idea of "free will" and having accepted a belief in an omnipotent power, man logically concludes that every person should have an equal place from which to start his life. But as

we look around us, we see that heredity and environment determine to a great extent the path that our lives will take. It seems that the directing force has merely surrendered its power over man to the whims and dictates of chance or fate. Consequently, it appears to make no difference what we do with our lives, as they are seemingly governed only by fate.

Here, confronted again with conflicting evidence as to the existence of an omnipotent force — a God — man has only one ground left to fall back on. He must rely on faith. And so, in a sense, the guiding hand of the church still exists for man. But is this faith a mere subterfuge on the part of man to keep his belief in his personal immortality from wavering? Is it something which he uses to fill the gaping holes made by his own doubts, to be accepted without question, or inquiry, or reason? Or does faith actually exist as an unexplainable capacity of man in an apparently contradictory universe, even though man may never use this capacity?

It is possible for man to conceive of a world of the senses too remote for his feeble brain to comprehend. Few of the world's population has seen the microscopic world of the microbe or the immeasurable extent of space; yet this does not make their existence untrue. For centuries the world of the bacteria flourished, uncon-

ceived and undiscovered by man, and yet it did exist. Since the beginning of time the atom has contained its enormous store of energy, yet this energy has only recently been discovered. But when man thinks about God, doubts creep into his mind. Why? The only logical conclusion that man can draw about an omnipotent force — or a God — is that faith is necessary in order to believe. And we realize that when we do understand all the truths of the universe, we will cease to exist in our present form. But the capacity of faith in man allows us to believe things which we can never know as facts in this life.

When man acknowledges within himself, much as he may suppress or deny it, the secret belief of a God, and the undying hope of immortality, he also admits that faith exists. And as no two men are alike in every respect, so it must be true that they differ in their capacity for faith. But the faith does exist.

The picture is still the same to our scientific generation, and the power of the atomic bomb still rests in the hands of man. But this power is dwarfed by a power which comes to us over the centuries — the power of faith, faith in a kind, just, all-powerful God. And only when man ceases to speculate upon his own immortality will this faith die.





In Espalier

GEORGE COFFIN

It's three years now since the hyacinths were set along the gravel walk, and columbine mats in tangled masses in the corner plot this spring. Soot-smudged web films veil the hanging rows of bulbs, wrinkled and dried to nothingness in the shed. The tools, their rich patina dust-dulled, die too — die slowly in rich red rust. The formal order's gone now, or going at least, before the writhing, creeping motion of unleashed growing things. The growing things return, as they will, to the abandon of chaotic beauty unrestrained. Only the blossoming pear, twenty years in espalier, sends out its strong straight healthy shoots in pre-determined lines. So many thought it cruel; "unnatural," they said, to bind its limbs that way. But she had willed it so, trained against the warm south brick wall where it could get the sun free of the filtering shade that blocked it from the ferns and moss blanketing the unturned ground. And when it had borne fruit, they all said, "See what fine pears she has! Look, how plump and firm they grow along the strangled crooked limbs. Well, I never! And still, I don't know; seems like it should be more free. Such fine fat juicy pears."

The tree still bears.

Ethel set the large sack on the porch balustrade and tested its balance with a cautious poke. Before she opened the door, she lifted the tin lid of the mail box and removed three letters. Bills! They were always bills these days. The hinges screeched on the screen door and she thought that it should have some oil — and the house should have some paint, and young John should have a new suit. There were so many things they should have

these days.

One letter, the one without a window, said the title was clear at last, and the big house was hers to dispose of as she wished. Ten years ago it would have meant Johnny, and Florida in the winter, and Bermuda in the spring, and New York in the fall. Well, for a little while it would have meant those things. She folded the letter once and stuffed it into her pocket. Perhaps even without the money she could have gone, but the youngest child was duty-bound, bound to the small country town, bound to the house that she no longer loved, held back by the mother who couldn't see that Johnny was life, young life that was real. No starched idealistic dreams, those; but Johnny was gone now. She still kept another letter from a county hospital in the East; it said that he had died in a prolonged toxic coma with complications of sclerosis and other things she didn't understand. But if he had had the southern sun, if she had been with him to see that he ate more, drank less, and got enough rest, then things would have been different. She knew Johnny, and her mother didn't.

The baby was born in the Arnett house, and no one said a word; no one could. Old Mrs. Arnett would wheel the child out into the garden as she worked. And when her friends would stop, she'd show him with pride and say, "See what a fine grandson I have here!" And no one asked about Johnny, because everyone knew and didn't have to ask. "Everything's healthy-like when its out in the light," she thought. And everyone admired young John and the hyacinths and the pear tree all together because they had respect

for her. In time Ethel had accepted the security of her mother's home.

Setting the groceries down on the kitchen table, she carried the trash to the wire basket at the end of the path and stood back against the brick wall to watch the paper burn. Down the street she could see young John playing along his way home from school with his chums. Nothing would happen; she didn't have to worry about him on the side street of a small country town with people watching from their gardens and porches along the way. Nothing could happen; small towns were like that.

She leaned back against the wall with the pear blossoms frothing about her head and stretched her arms along the pattern of the limbs. The warm sun gave her a feeling of wistful laziness, and she thought of the house again and how it could be

sold. "Money these days goes so fast, though," she thought. "I really don't know where I'd go or really want to go now. Ten years ago it would have been so different. Funny, I thought it would mean so much."

The child came bounding into the garden and into her thoughts again.

"What're you doin', mom?"

"Watching the papers burn; just watching them burn."

She straightened her shoulders, stepped forward, and tossed the letter into the swirling flames, watching it curl crisp shimmering black as it burned. She pushed back a wisp of hair that curled forward around her throat, took the child by the hand and said, "Come along, son. We'll go to the shed and get the rake and shears. The place is so untidy that people will think we don't intend to stay."

INSIDE

EDNA HINTON

Outside my bedroom window there is rain
That weeps as though its heart were rent,
As though its anger broke upon the pane.

Outside, the siren of the wind, intent
Upon its dismal course, shrieks its alarm
At being bound, and dies down, spent.

Outside, the garden, that affords such charm
In brighter hours, is crushed into a broken bed
Of rot and devastation from the storm.

Inside, I stare as motionless and dead
As though the storm had been inside instead.

Fifty Cents An Hour

CARL HENN

"We'll try to be back by 11:00 o'clock. There's ham in the refrigerator and cookies in the cabinet. Be a good girl, Minnie; take good care of Debbie. Good-bye."

"Yes, maam, I'll watch her close. G'bye, Mrs. Lampley. G'bye, Mr. Lampley."

Minnie watched from the window, waving until they got into their car and drove away. She turned, walking directly into the kitchen and over to the icebox. There she got ham and milk and a pickle. She put them on the table, then got bread and mustard and a glass for the milk. With a huge sandwich in one hand, the glass of milk in the other hand, and cookies tucked in her dress pocket, Minnie walked back into the living room of the Lampley bungalow. She sat down carefully in the easy chair beside the radio and deposited her burden along the arm of the chair, following which she turned her attention to the radio. Dialing until the whine of a hill-billy fiddle was heard, Minnie heaved a sigh of complete comfort and took her first bite of the sandwich.

Debbie, seated on the living-room couch, had watched Minnie's actions with close attention. Finally, she wiggled herself off the couch and pattered her way across the floor to this strange girl. Stopping in front of Minnie, she held out her hand commandingly.

"Me," she said, and grasped for the sandwich.

"No. Scram," said Minnie, and gulped the last of the milk from the glass.

"Me," repeated Debbie, though a little more uncertainly.

"Get out'a here," said Minnie, and slapped the child's hand aside.

Debbie began to cry, tentatively,

watching Minnie to see if the older girl would give in. When nothing was forthcoming, Debbie cried a little harder and ran back to the couch.

Minnie finished her cookies quite slowly before getting up to approach the couch where Debbie lay, still crying. With a speculative look in her eyes, Minnie grasped Debbie by her long, blond hair, pulled her head up, and slapped her across the face with her open hand. The baby screamed in pain and fright.

Minnie released her and walked over to the radio, which she turned up in volume. She walked back slowly, with a restrained eagerness, and stood in front of Debbie, hands on hips. Then she grasped the child by her arm and pulled her up to dangle above the couch.

"Be quite," she said, and slapped her.

"Keep still," and hit her again, harder.

"You better shut up."

A hunger peeped from Minnie's eyes, and she wet her lips.

"Won't do you no good to yell. Nobody can hear you." Minnie's voice was hoarse and her hand thrilled to the sting of the slaps.

With a final, vicious blow she released Debbie, who by this time was screaming insanely in a paroxysm of fear.

Minnie walked into the kitchen and got another glass of milk with hands that trembled with emotion. Going back to the living room, she sank into the easy chair without glancing at Debbie, still on the couch. The older girl finished the milk, turned the radio down to normal, and picked up her geography book which lay on the coffee table next to the chair. She began to study.

Debbie sobbed for a long time. The sobs turned to hiccoughs; finally, they died away. She slipped off the couch and went past Minnie to the kitchen, where she pulled a chair up to the sink. She climbed up on the chair and ran a glass full of water which she drank thirstily, spilling a part of it down the front of her dress. Then she ran diagonally across the floor of the living room to her parent's bedroom, and climbed into the child's bed which stood against the wall. In a few minutes she was asleep.

Minnie studied her geography sporadically for nearly an hour before the little girl crossed her thoughts. She got up and went in search of Debbie. When she found the child sleeping, she gave way to instant anger. With a single jerk she pulled Debbie from the bed and from sleep. She slapped her again, pulled her hair, and cursed her as she started to undress her. The words Minnie used were from the gutters and alleyways of town, and Minnie spoke them with familiarity, as if she knew what they meant, just as she had heard them used by older children.

When the crying child was undressed, Minnie hustled her into the bathroom before putting her nightgown on her. Then she tossed Debbie back into bed and admonished her to stop sniffing and go back to sleep. Debbie turned her face to the wall and sobbed heart-breakingly. Minnie went into the kitchen for more cookies.

The radio kept Minnie's attention for awhile, until Debbie had gone fast asleep. Then the older girl went back into the

bedroom, and looked at Debbie, carefully. She got a washcloth from the bathroom and rubbed all traces of tears from Debbie's face, taking great pains to keep from awakening her. After another examination she was ready to leave, had her hand on the light switch when she remembered something else. She walked back to Debbie and lifted her head. She turned the tear-wet side of Debbie's pillow down, leaving the dry side uppermost. Then she switched out the light and returned to the living room.

Mr. and Mrs. Lampley returned home at ten minutes to eleven.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Lampley, she was a good girl. She didn't make no trouble at all."

"Here's a \$1.50, Minnie. From eight to eleven. Is that right?"

"Yes sir, that's right, Mr. Lampley. Thank you. G'night. G'night, Mrs. Lampley."

"Good night, Minnie. Are you sure you don't want George to walk home with you?"

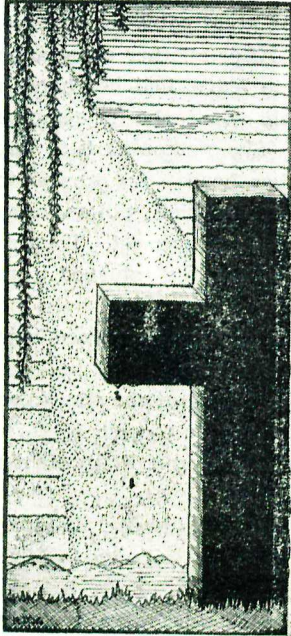
"Oh, no, it's only a block. G'night." And Minnie scampered back to the house which she shared with four sisters, three brothers, and parents who had forgotten the joy they had shared when their children were born.

"Isn't that Koviak girl quiet, George? She doesn't smile at all. But she seems to be a nice little girl. We're lucky to have someone in the neighborhood who will stay with children. Oh, I forgot to ask her whether she can come in Friday night. Well, I can ask her tomorrow, I'm sure she won't mind."



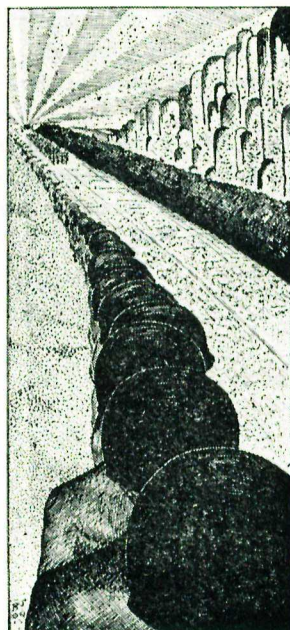
EULOGY

RICHARD J. O. GREENE



In cadence matched to mark each falling tear,
Tolls off each step of us, his mourning legions
Oh! that muffled hooves of beasts alone
Should spend my tears, is slighting to my grief;
For there ahead, between broad aisles of men,
Lies my chieftain on his bier robed
In death. A muted voice cries out in crowd,
Whose faces, stained, reflect a grief that lies
Pressed against the broken sky.
Death wins us all, drinks dry our living sea,
We ride time's wave to woo posterity;
Yet, he, untouched by this year's halting hand,
Moves on in time while we yet helpless stand
And shout our anthem in disharmony.

When raindrops drip soliloquies from off the cross's arm
When earthlife marks the autumn and the spring,
I come alone. His shadow came and touched upon an age;
And where it fell new fields grew up to yield;
And birds returned to sing, and little things
Grew big from sharing his fertility.
And now he lies alone and will not say,
"Sing on you fools, and while the rafters ring
Time will pass, until, at length, the coda hour will come;
The song will end, and not a note remain
For others yet to sing."



FIRST-BORN OF SORROW

GEORGE W. COFFIN

I.

Wanderer, wanderer,
Weary and tired,
Who spoke to Bach
and Massenet
In Komm Susser Tod
and Elegie—
Speak to me now;
Speak to me now.

And the wanderer answered,
And the wanderer sang
In the hushed liquid voice
Of the Angels bell
Weeping through a land
That was not my home.

He sang with the round and mellow notes
Of the turtle dove at evening time.
And the bird's song soared,
Then the bird's song fell
On crumbling pages of the Psalms.

I heard him in the tear drenched cry
Of a homeless, trembling aged man—
The voice that rebounds from the
Wailing Wall.

II.

Wanderer weary,
Wanderer tired,
Clothed in azure vestments
that flowed
From the mountain's shoulders
In shadowy folds
And trailed over the lowlands
In gathering dusk,
Where are you now,
Where are you now?

"In moonlight's opulent opal glaze
On flat still waters in the calm
noiseless night—
In the curled crimson leaf of
last year's rose,

Velvet dew-jeweled in the whispered joy
Of the first warm rays
Of summer sunrise."

III.

Wanderer, wanderer,
Where do you go;
What is your name;
How far is your home?

"I haven't a home,
But I pause for awhile
In all men's hearts
As they wander through life.

I'm Melancholy's Sire,
The first-born of Sorrow,
An unwanted child
Called Loneliness.

TRAIN NOCTURNE

ALLYN WOOD

Upon the wing of Cygnus in migration
Eternal through the systems of the night—
As dark to nebulous, each constellation
Expanding into cryptic human light
Is passed and pales to sleepless steadfast white—
We cling to whistling pinions, that the air
Sings through its song of loneliness and height.
The heavens are skimming earth: the wakers there
Are turned to long-spaced stars upon a vanished sphere.

THERE IS BEAUTY THERE

HOWARD MICHAELSEN

I turn my head to broad and level plains
And watch the wind force worship of the grain;
Here is a thrill that I cannot explain,
 Beyond compare,
 For there is beauty there!

I bow my head to restless, churning, seas
And see the shore bring white-caps to their knees
Upon the vagrant sand, and I at these
 With wonder stare,
 For there is beauty there!

I turn my head to virgin forest boughs,
Where sun-light spears break through when leaves allow;
This plaid of green and gold that I view now
 Is something rare,
 And there is beauty there!

I turn my head to crowded urban streets,
Where each knows only few of those he meets,
To say that air is clean and odor sweet
 I do not dare,
 Yet there is beauty there!

Impasse

ARTHUR E. GRAHAM

Turning the frame so that the painting better reflected the meagre light filtering through the window, Carl scrutinized his work. It was a still life, dissimilar only in its crudeness from any one of the thousands like it hanging in galleries and homes: The reds and yellows had been dulled with too much blue, giving the apples and bananas an over-ripe, indigestible appearance; the green cloth lay in folds that only paint and brush could make it assume; the bowl was as unnaturally distorted as the fruit was artificially symmetrical. Slowly Carl moved in a semi-circle in front of the picture, examining from different angles, and as he moved, the dirty lines in his face lengthened. Finally he stopped and raised his arm in a contemptuous gesture, as though he would strike the painting with the back of his hand, but instead he turned away and stared despairingly out the window.

It was drizzling rain and the little people on the sidewalk below were hurrying, heads down and shoulders hunched over. "Will I ever have a sidewalk to follow? or a street sign to read? or a place to go that I know exists?" Carl asked himself. "Or is it that I have these things and am too proud, or too stupid to use them? or afraid that if I do use them I'll be bored to death? Am I going to wander around in a goddamned jungle the rest of my life simply because to do otherwise would be a confession that I am no different from anybody else — wander blindly from tree to tree because I want to demonstrate my individuality?"

Carl stood at the window for a long time looking at everything and seeing nothing, then he turned and walked to the wash basin, rinsed his face and combed his hair,

and left the room.

He watched her intently as she made her way between the tables to the corner booth. (Not over twenty-three . . . the Intellectual Type . . . lipstick the only bit of ornamentation, unless the tan is pancake . . . brown hair brushed away from the face and back of the ears, emphasizing the contours of the cheeks and nose . . . probably intentional, nice nose . . . tailored suit too concealing, but the legs tell the story . . . simple almost to the point of being plain, but, all in all, not displeasing.) She sat down, ordered a drink, then put on dark-rimmed glasses and studied the menu. Carl dropped his gaze to the empty glass in front of him and didn't look up again until she was eating her dinner.

Is she an artist, or a writer, he wondered, or merely a traveller who wants to be able to tell the people back home that she has been in Greenwich Village? He was certain that he had never seen her before, but he realized that this didn't mean anything. Although he had been here more than a year now he had made few friends — none, in fact, in any of the higher circles. Carl decided that whoever she was, or wherever she was from, he'd still like to meet her.

The girl had finished her dinner, taken a cigarette out of her handbag, and was rummaging, unsuccessfully, judging from the frown and monologue, for matches. She was discreet enough not to notice when Carl almost knocked a chair down getting to her table.

"Allow me?" he asked, smiling. She returned his smile, lit her cigarette, and thanked him. The contrast between her clean freshness and himself made Carl self-conscious and, forgetting his inten-

tions, he had turned to go back to his table when she asked him if he wouldn't join her. He accepted, introduced himself, and sat down.

"My name is Ruth Davies," the girl was saying. "I suppose you live here, Mr. Hartman?"

"Yes. I paint. And you?"

"Just visiting. I came to New York to see about a place to live this fall. I'm going to do some post-graduate work at Columbia. My home is Galesburg, Illinois."

"I'm from Chicago, myself," Carl replied. "What will you be studying at Columbia?"

"History. I'm working on my master's. You say you're from Chicago? How long have you been painting?"

"Four or five years — or perhaps I should say I've been trying for four or five years. You see, I had an art teacher at Lane Tech who once told me that I had talent, and it seems that my life since then has been dedicated to proving her wrong."

"You're destroying all of my illusions," Ruth said. "I've always thought that all artists were egocentrics, convinced that their work was great whether anybody else agreed or not. I'd like to see some of your paintings and judge for myself."

Carl closed the door behind them and turned on the light. He had grown accustomed to the room and all its defects: the filthy floor, spotted here and there with paint that he had spilled and not bothered to wipe-up; the wrinkled and cracked wall paper; the table, littered with crumbs, saucers, a hotplate and a percolator, and cups, one of which was half full of stale coffee; paintings stacked against the wall, some of them still mutilated from the night he had come in drunk and tried, in his stupid frenzy, to destroy them. Now he realized how all this must look to Ruth, and he was ashamed of himself for bringing her here. There was a long silence,

then Carl finally spoke.

"At least this should be in keeping with your illusions about artists and how they live. I doubt if there is a more garretish garret in the world." She didn't make any comment, and he continued. "If you will sit in that chair, Ruth, I'll drag out a few of my masterpieces. Toss the apron on the table; the paint on it may still be wet."

She did as he told her, sitting down carefully and folding her hands in her lap while he busied himself with the paintings. He brought out the street scene — the only picture he had ever been offered a price for — and the two landscapes that he had done a year ago when he was in Maine, but after that he was at a loss. Then he realized that it didn't matter. Ruth glanced at the pictures just long enough to decide that, "The two with the woods and streams are nice, but the other one is too . . . too surrealistic," and then continued her inspection of the room.

Carl leaned back against the door, lit a cigarette, and looked at her. He stood there, trembling slightly, watching her and wanting her.

As soon as he had released her and stepped back her terror gave way to anger. She struck him in the face with her handbag, knocking him back against the table and to one knee, and then ran out of the room. Carl got to his feet and stumbled out into the hallway crying, "Ruth, Ruth, I'm sorry . . . Ruth, wait . . ." But she had already disappeared down the dark stairway.

He turned and walked slowly back to his room and to the window. It was still raining, and the streets and sidewalks were deserted. Deliberately he drove his fist through the glass, then drew it back and stared at the dark blood as it spread over the white skin.



The Frenchman

BYRON M. CARMICHAEL

They spilled out over the German countryside in all directions. They stood bareheaded along the roads gaping pitifully at the invaders, still dumbfounded by their sudden release from the slave labor camp. A few hours before, their guards had fled inland to escape the long steel probing fingers of the allied armies. Like wild animals fleeing a forest fire, the prisoners that could still walk had poured forth from the hated camp as soon as their guards disappeared. They had no destination. At that moment they were nothing but starved animals putting all possible space between them and their infamous cages, looting and foraging along the way. It was like the lancing of a great carbuncle.

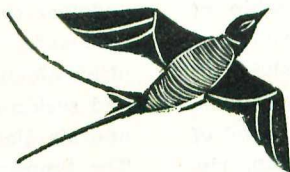
The Frenchman was one of them. He paused in his flight to watch the army as it worked feverishly to put a bridge across the river that flowed in its path. His tattered clothing hung loosely on his protruding bones as he stood there looking very much like a scarecrow. His thin

ankles seemed lost in his worn shoes; his claw-like hands perched on his hips seemed very unstably connected to the rest of his frame by his emaciated wrists.

Suddenly his burning eyes attained a focus. He beheld a chicken. Swiftly, happily, he captured the fowl, plucked its feathers, and cleaned it. He entered the house where the soldiers were busily re-arranging things to suit themselves. He took over the kitchen, quickly building a fire and assembling a feast. His sunken eyes gleamed expectantly as he intently watched the frying fowl.

Suddenly the German housewife appeared on the scene. She was grief-stricken by the sight of her disarrayed house. She moaned as she wandered from room to room; then she came to the kitchen. The sight of the Frenchman exploiting her kitchen was too much for her. She burst into tears.

The Frenchman, stoically and obliviously, went on frying his chicken.



Third Movement

RUSSELL W. FINCH

Sweat popped from his forehead, coursed down the crevices to the light stubble of his beard, gathered weight, itched its way around the promontory of chin, surged in rivulets down the leathery neck, collected in a pool at the base of his throat, spilled over on the breast, was absorbed by clothing, became a source of future irritation—unnoticed at the moment. His Tommy negligently tucked in the crook of his right arm, some hundred and fifty pounds of equipment stowed about his person, weight pressed into the cable-guard, he stood with feet spread wide on the loading ramp of the transport. With lack-luster eyes and vacuous expression, he waited for the men ahead to move—waited. This was H hour minus twelve.

He was twenty and the monotonous rhythm of the past twelve months had inured him to all feeling and made him unconscious of all sound. The repetitious chorus of his preparation hummed within him, lulling his senses to sleep: flourish of reveille, stumble of dressing, splatter of washing, bark of roll call, sleepy-stupid quiet of inspection; clash-clang-clatter of chow, swish of mop, snik-slak-rapp of piece, hup, tup, rip, hore! hup, tup, rip, hore! spaatt, spaatt, spaatt . . . craack! of line, puwhennng! of butts, zip-zwhip of jeep, throaty roar of six by six, rumbling clangor of Sherman tank, crack-whiinn of carbine, bruff, brupp! of Tommy gun, wahupp! wahupp! of mortar, wahroom! of 105, hup, tup, rip, hore! hup, tup, rip, hore! a hundred synchronized snores, flourish of reveille, stumble of dressing, splatter of washing . . .

All about him now were the sounds of embarkation, unnoticed in their familiar-

ity: forty thousand men converging on the docks, whistle of top-kick, bark of captain, shuffle of men, roar of jeeps, rumble of trucks, whine of winch, groan of wood, screech of metal, mutter of dock, gulp of ship.

The man ahead moved up and he followed. With the ease of long practice he found a place on the crowded deck and disposed of himself and his gear. Men settled down to the interminable click of dice and slap of cards. Some desultorily checked gear. Here and there the scratch of pen on paper could be heard. Muttering engines developed a deeper throb, and the flotilla nosed its way out of the harbor. The molten copper disk of the sun dropped into the caldron of the sea and the resulting steam shrouded the ship protectively. Seduced by the blended sounds of the sea and of the engines, the men succumbed to sleep.

An hour before daylight he was up and fed. His furtive glances about and his fumbling attempts to straighten his gear betrayed his nervousness—this was real and new. The sounds he anticipated would be familiar but would have a different treatment. He realized now that the familiar music was only the opening movement and that the monotony of its rhythm was deliberate; destruction was the real motif of his Martian Symphony. Something cold and seeking moved about in his stomach, and his diaphragm heaved in anticipation. The thunderous opening measured of the second movement shocked him into retaining the appearance of courage.

Far to his right and left he felt, rather than saw, the blinding flashes of the battle-wagons' broadsides and was shaken by the

concussion that followed. Shore defenses answered in kind and the wails and sighs in the sky became a threnody to Apollo, beseeching his appearance. Accompanied by a restless, higher note, a steady, deep thrum announced the appearance of the air arm. During the crescendo of shelling and bombing that followed, he took his place in the waiting LCI. The huge shells passing overhead reminded him of freight trams heard in the distance. An octavian conversation of death was in progress between the ship and shore batteries, and the antiphonal chorus of the planes was deafening.

Coincidental with the appearance of the faint light forecasting dawn, he realized that the engines of ship had stopped, the shelling and bombing had ceased, and the only sounds to be heard were the grating of the bottom on the coral below and now hazy murmur of the planes above. Fear returned to the attack with the advent of silence, her cold and clammy fingers oozing about his entrails, searching for (and this time finding) a firm grip. As the front of the ship dropped, he realized he was powerless to move, held fast in an icy paralysis of fear.

In the crush of movement about him, he was carried forward without volition. He found himself in water up to his hips, floundering about in an attempt to maintain his balance on the jagged coral bottom. Stopping for a moment to regain his breath, he looked at the island before him, now clearly visible in the growing light. Beyond ten yards of dull, slate-gray water was a sandy beach perhaps three hundred feet in depth, against a backdrop of what had been palm trees but which now resembled nothing more than tumbled jackstraws and denuded, frazzled posts. Nothing moved, no leaf stirred—there were no leaves. This would be an easy landing;

nothing could have lived through that punishment.

The tenacles of fear slipped away and he carefully moved forward in line with the men to his right and left. Hearing the man on his right thrashing about, he turned to him and heard the rattle of the tommy gun at the same time he felt the slap of the slug beneath his chin.

The back of his head mushroomed out and leafed back as he fell forward on his face. The battle moved inland and he lay in a silence only a little more complete than the one within him.

As the sun rose higher, the silence was broken by a low, meandering, but persistent buzzing. After a short and seemingly aimless search, the buzzing increased in volume and finally settled over what appeared to be an over-ripe melon that had been idly kicked open by a passing urchin, fully exposing to view its soft gelatinous meat. The rays of the sun bent by the prism of a distant wave, caused the glistening interior to shimmer with all the colors of the rainbow—a delectable morsel for any carrion. Descending in a body the green-bottle flies gorged themselves until the tide, pushing forth inquisitive fingers interrupted the feast. Sluggishly rising in a body, the flies moved off. A concerted buzzing traced their erratic search for another melon, less dangerous but no less succulent. The sound often mounted to an angry war as they fought over the choice tid-bits.

For the first time the mad music of the third movement became apparent, flowing all about him. Only he and his fellow dead sensed the dissonance inherent in the scavenger music. The warning cry of his violated corpse was lost in the wild, clashing, cacophony of the living intently brawling over the victims and the spoils of war.

Emerald

JACK WILKINS

An emerald twilight settles
Upon an emerald earth;
An emerald dewdrop glistens—
A jewel at evening's birth.

An emerald stream flows dreamily
Through whispering emerald reeds;
From a scintillating emerald star
An emerald fire proceeds.

A faintly emerald moon looks down
From emerald-tinted skies,
While I sit silently and gaze
Into your emerald eyes.

SLEEP

HOWARD MICHAELSEN

Sleep is democratic!

The prince and the prisoner,

The magnate and the maggot,

The affected and the afflicted,

The leader and the led,

The Christian and the criminal,

All must sleep.

And in sleep their lives

Lose the shape of the mountain range graph,

And fall into perfect parallels.

"The Return Of The Native

ROGER CHITTECK

In the opening chapter of the book, the heath assumes its role as protagonist and never releases its hold throughout the novel. The heath assumes a character of vast grandeur and although ever changing at any given moment, it yet stands changeless in the fact of time. The heath was, as Hardy states, "majestic without severity, impressive without showiness, emphatic in its admonitions, grand in its simplicity." Like a Sibelius symphony it presented a hard and cold exterior to the stranger or the uninitiated and yet to him who knew and understood it was a broad, loving and powerful mother. Wordsworth has stated in one of his poems that:

*"Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; lacks mighty voice;"*
Hardy with a power of description seldom equaled has given to the heath a scope of vastness and an intensity so acute that it could certainly be classified as a worthy companion to the sea and the mountains. Hardy states that the time is coming when the "chastened sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain will be all of nature that is absolutely in keeping with the moods of the more thinking among mankind." Egdon Heath expresses the vast, the mystic, the fundamental in nature so that it is only natural that with such a force as the protagonist human action should seem so frail, so ultimately inferior, so completely unable to cope with the irresistible movement of life.

In this report, I will attempt to show that the heath, as the protagonist, is the ultimately responsible factor in the four most vital aspects of the novel: first, the heath establishes the setting and atmosphere of the story; second, the heath is

responsible for the personalities of the various characters in the story; third, the heath is the motivating factor and determines the action of the story; fourth, the heath itself stands as a symbol of Hardy's philosophy of life.

The setting and atmosphere of the story is established in the opening chapter and is built up throughout the novel so that, regardless of what the action may be, the reader always automatically places it against the sombre, unchanging background of the heath. The entire story takes place on the heath within an area of a very few miles; this creates a unity of direction and effect that makes the setting of unusual, immeasurable import. This setting and its totality as the background of the story and the driving influence that it exerts on character and plot I will deal with at length in the next few paragraphs on character and action.

That the various characters in the story are built around the heath is an obvious fact. They are of two distinct and separate types, those who love the heath and those who hate it. The great power and force that the heath represents could instill a violent hate, or it could command a deep and abiding love; but never, towards it, could any be neutral. It was too great a force for this. Eustacia Vye represents a character who hated the heath and saw in it only a barrier to the fulfillment of her desires. She was a woman of power in her own way, for in spite of her hatred of the heath she was not afraid of it as a lesser soul would have been. It had bred into her, through her antagonism toward it, a deep sort of dark serenity. As Hardy states, "Egdon was her Hades, and since

coming there she had imbibed much of what was dark in its tone, though inwardly and externally unreconciled thereto." Her character represents a conflict between her nature and her surroundings. Eustacia Vye, beautiful, reckless, daring, does not fit into the sombre, changeless background of the heath.

Clym Yeobright represents love and understanding for his land. Clym saw friendliness and geniality in the hills which were only barriers to Eustacia. Clym was in all respects the product of the heath; in fact, Hardy takes great pains to show how as a turf cutter he fitted into the scheme of things so well that he seemed actually to become a part of his background. He was "permeated with its scenes, with its substance, and with its odors." If we would take all the varying hates felt by Eustacia Vye towards the heath and translate them into loves we would have the heart of Clym.

Thus all the various characters in the novel separate out into one of these two classes. Wildeve, like Eustacia, hated the heath while Mrs. Yeobright and Thomasin loved it. The only possible exception to this two way classification is Diggory Venn, who although undoubtedly classifiable in the latter group, is better explained as a connecting link between the various characters and situations. Venn serves as a picturesque character not in himself vital to the fundamentals of the plot, but serving as an absolutely essential connecting link; and in such a capacity he serves very well.

The setting and atmosphere created by the heath is essential in bringing about the action of the story. Eustacia married Clym because she hated the narrow confines of the heath; she longed for the gayety and bright lights of Paris and believed that she could persuade Clym to

take her away. In much the same way, Clym because of his idealistic love of the heath and the characteristic simplicity that the heath had woven into the fibre of his being would not leave; and thus is established the fundamental conflict in the story. Eustacia and Wildeve fit together naturally because they both feel that they belong in the gay, materialistic world beyond the heath. Their final coming together for escape is inevitable and with the characteristic hardness which the heath shows to its enemies they are destroyed.

The heath is an ascetic; the introvert or philosopher would thrive there. However, to the gregarious social individuals like Eustacia and Wildeve, it served as a veritable prison which was to be escaped at all costs. The reader is impressed by the isolation of the place and the backwardness of the people. This isolation is fundamental to the plot for it creates a community generations behind the rest of the world and only in a community of this type could the story have taken place. Thus the action of the novel seems propelled by the force of circumstances. It is this very isolation that drives Eustacia and Wildeve together for escape, and ultimately this same isolation that prevents their escape.

The heath also serves as the sociological and psychological motivating factor in the story. The sociological device is the locale; these people, as I have shown, are the products of their environments. The average peasant of the heath is superstitious and uneducated. The sociological device has also had a fundamental part to play in the development of the character's outlook on life. To those who have known the heath intimately it has given understanding; but to those who have never appreciated its beauties it has only given hate. As a psychological factor, the heath is important. It is the rebellion of the

minds of Eustacia and Wildeve to the heath that makes the story. It also creates a sort of mental calm and peace for Clym that ultimately makes him a preacher. The heath, serving as the protagonist, has with an irresistible force driven the story forward to its ultimate and inevitable conclusion.

Finally, in my analysis of the heath as a protagonist, I wish to show that it stands as a symbol, throughout the book, of life or at any rate of Thomas Hardy's interpretation of life. Earlier in this report I mentioned that Hardy pictures the heath as constantly changing at any given moment and yet changeless in the light of centuries. This same character is true of life in Hardy's philosophy; regardless of our actions and seeming change at any given moment, nothing in the course of centuries ever changes. Just as the somber wildness of the heath defies the revolutionary hand

of man and reduces all his efforts to nothingness, so in a similar way fate exerts its will upon the actions of our lives and brings all our struggles and efforts to naught. Throughout the book, Hardy uses the various subtle moods of the heath as comparisons with the various moods and destinies of men. Thus I believe that the character of the heath in "The Return of the Native" serves, in a very remarkable way, as a symbol of life. This is illustrated dramatically in the passage where Clym, walking home after finding that Eustacia had not opened the door for his mother, sees before him not the face of Eustacia but rather, "only the imperturbable countenance of the heath, which, having defied the cataclysmal onsets of centuries, reduced to insignificance by its seamed and antique features the wildest turmoil of a single man."

Foot Doctor

KING DUNBAR

Not long ago in one of those unbuttoned moods everybody has, giddy from cocoa and crullers, I allowed myself to be cajoled by mother, a mild hypochondriac, into visiting a osteo-something-or-other—hereinafter referred to as a foot doctor. After bracing myself with an "Omfsk," compounded of equal parts alum and Vat 69, I slouched down the street automatically glancing into the shop windows of the butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker. As I came abreast of the shoe shop, wherein said foot doctor was housed, I developed a curious dry feeling in my mouth. It was not a result of fear similar to that experienced when visiting a dentist, but rather

it was a reaction to the scene I beheld in the store window. The bones of a human foot on an alabaster pedestal were shimmering slowly from East to West, each little metatarsal vibrating with complete contempt for all I hold sacred. Not only was the thing rolling backward and forward, but it had developed an obscene sway to the side. I felt a sudden nausea, but inhaled deeply three times, turned, and marched into the store.

The foot doctor was a rotund fellow with eyes set in deep rolls of fat. This metatarsal-medic was an exact personification of one common type of foot doctor, the anti-violent type. He believes not in

reactionary measures of correction. His treatment leans toward painless methods such as salves, herbs, potions, corrective shoes, and conservatively colored socks. The fact that he owns 51% of the common stock of The Comfy Shoe corporation does not influence his prescription of corrective shoes. In addition, when leaving, he attempts to sell you a pair of custom made angora foot gloves.

As opposed to this first type there is a second, commonly called, (if you will permit a brief lapse into the vernacular), the bunion-beater or toe-twister. This fellow is tall and gaunt, bearing a striking resemblance to an Australian cadaver. If all the facts were bared one would probably find that he flunked out of chiropractic

school at an early age, but supplemented the resulting loss of technique by a graduate course in jiu-jitsu. As compared to the first type he does not believe in slow evolutionary correction, but rather in a violent revolutionary change. He attempts to affect a cure in one treatment, mainly because his administrations are not conducive to repeat business. Accusingly he points to your little toe and informs you that you are in the advance stages of degenerating digits; whereupon he applies a series of hammer locks, half Nelsons, and variations of the toe hold. Upon being released, the customary and most advisable procedure is to throw a "fiver" on the floor, (to distract his attention), and bolt, shoes in hand, for the door.

Memento Of A Region

JOSEPH D. HOPPER

The car sped down the highway. Many familiar hills and houses appeared on either side. The car gained speed as it headed down the hill. At the bottom, the highway leveled off across the bridge spanning the deep ravine. The noise of the automobile took on a new, hollow sound as it rolled upon the bridge. I looked over the valley spreading out to the left. How warm and green the valley was! How blue the sky was! How familiar it all was! The whine of the tires echoed from the limestone walls of the road-cut as the car began the long pull to the top of the hill. For one brief moment, it seemed that I heard the whine of the truck tires that time and time again had roared over this very same stretch of pavement. The car eased over the brow of the hill. The rolling table-land came into view, filling in the

space between the sky and the oil streaked pavement before me. Red earth! Jutting limestone! Rolling hills, spotted with patches of eroded red earth, and jutting limestone contrasted with green vegetation. On the rolling hills were corn fields, wheat fields, and pastures cut out of the sparse soil. Dotting the fields were familiar farm buildings and gravel side roads. With these familiar things came the memories associated with them, a large blot, and now there were memories of school, work, the click clack of eggs hitting the candler in an egg candling room, long hours of driving a truck through the country from early morning until late at night, popular swing music, city streets, robins singing, — and a war. Yes, I was deeply rooted in a Hoosier background.

I had been a buyer for a wholesale

egg company. Twice a week my job had taken me into northern Indiana, and twice a week my job had taken me into southern Indiana to buy eggs from farmers. It was the southern trips that were now running through my mind. How pleasant those trips had been, especially during spring and early summer months. There were the long, early morning drives from Indianapolis. The truck usually arrived in the hilly state forests just as the sun arose from behind the misty horizon. It was pleasant to watch the sun melt away the morning mist as it rose higher and higher into the sky. The truck passed through many small towns, each stirring into life from the spent night of quietness. We sometimes drove through Bloomington while the high school students were going to their morning classes. The confused sounds of their shouts and laughter faded behind us as the truck tires sang their way towards the edge of town, still rolling south. A few miles south of Bedford, the truck left the highway to travel the rest of the way over gravel and black-top roads. It was time to begin the day's buying. Through the hilly, limestone country we bought all day. We were welcomed by the farmers with hearty greetings at the door, or a vigorous wave of the hand from the fields. Usually, at each farm, after business was finished, we paused to

exchange gossip or news of local affairs or from Indianapolis, "the City." I got something from those trips to the country. Perhaps it is a liberal mind. On the way back to Indianapolis at night there were "truck stops" where we would eat before "the drive home," serenaded by a juke box playing *Deep Purple*. If it was a warm evening, people would be strolling along the streets, or sitting in the open door ways and on porches of their homes as the truck rolled through Indianapolis for the last few blocks of the trip. A day's work was done.

The car sped along on its way home. In the west, the sun was only a thin streak of crimson. The hills faded to a blotch of blackish green. Flying gnats and wheat bugs flashed through the beam of the headlights and splashed into the windshield. The car rolled down the hill from the state forest on to the wide flat floor of the bottom lands before Martinsville. Nineteen thirty seven, nineteen thirty eight, —nineteen forty six. The headlights of an approaching automobile glared through the windshield, then disappeared. The road ahead was clear. There was nothing but the dark hills on either side, the moon shining through the clouds, the glare of the head lights on the highway, the fragrance of the wheat fields drifting through a half open window — and the whine of the tires on the pavement.

Purple Patches

The scent of freedom is tantalizing to all persons bound by fetters, be they physical, political or spiritual.

Donald H. Emrick in

Puerto Rico—A Republic?

The terrific force of the explosion lifted John off his feet and into the air until he seemed, in that one moment, a tiny, weightless plaything tossed into the sky by some invisible giant.

William T. Edwards.

THE LAST WORD

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We present the last issue of MSS with a mingled tinge of gladness and sadness, slightly flavored with pride. This has been a good year for the magazine. Many excellent stories, poems, essays have appeared between the covers of MSS. We feel sure that at least one or two of those young writers who have been presented by MSS will soon appear in writing between other covers of much more famous magazines.

Naturally we are glad that the school year is drawing to a close. All of the work, the studying, the meetings will be pushed aside for summer and whatever that means to each of us. But it is rather sad to be leaving Butler for good (I speak, nostalgically, for the seniors). We've had a lot of fun here. We've gained much, perhaps lost a little; but, nevertheless, we leave with that final sense of a good time in our lives brought to a close. The period has been placed at the end of the sentence.

Mary Fritsche will be your next editor. I am sure the magazine will make great strides under her guidance. The new freshman editor, Helen Carter, will act in a new capacity, as editor of a separate freshman magazine (or so the plans state right now). With more and more veterans coming into Butler, next year should produce an even larger bumper crop of short stories and poems.

We wish to congratulate the winners of the 1947 Butler Literary Contest and to wish them good luck in the future. And we wish to express our sincere appreciation for the excellent job Mr. Miller, our Butler printer, has done with MSS. He has cooperated willingly on all occasions. Thanks, Mr. Miller. We hope that people like Allyn Wood, Joseph Hopper, Ted Wade and Dottie Clarke realize how much their excellent art work has contributed to the tone of MSS. They, too, have helped willingly and generously.

We would like especially to thank Mary Fritsche (who has proved a "can't get along without" Exchange Editor), the entire senior staff and our sponsors, Dr. Allegra Stewart and Mrs. Alice B. Wesenberg, along with the members of the English department who have been sincerely interested in our attempt to put out a magazine of some literary worth.

Thank you and goodbye.

The Editor.

