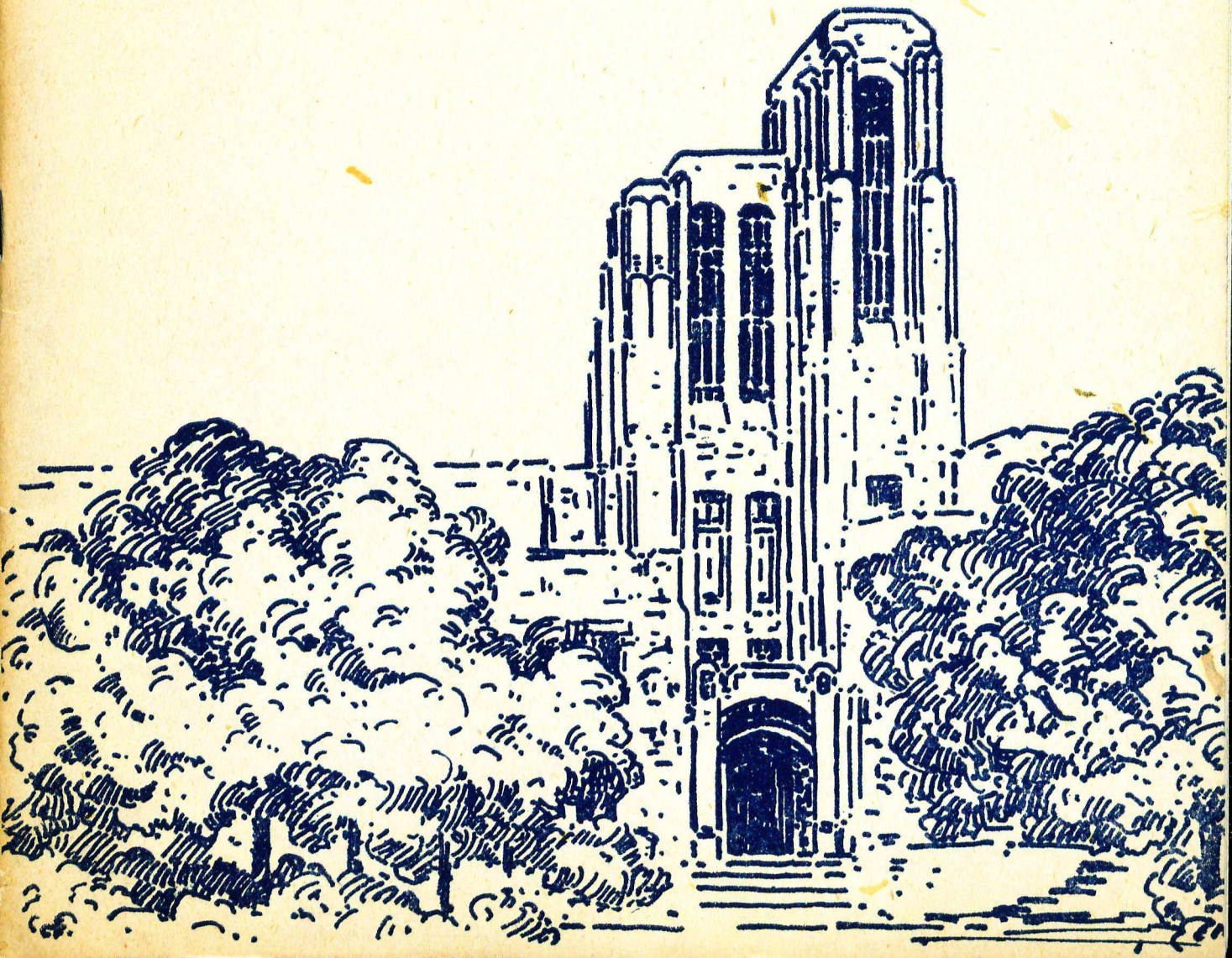


# MSS

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# Beauty

ALLYN WOOD

It was some time before she could evoke anything but an empty sound from the inside of the shells of houses. The one she was trying to rouse, separated from the others by a November garden, had lace curtains; of the other three which leaned on each other's gutters, one had newspaper cut into filigree. The silence and her knocking made her feel unimportant, as she remembered the vital missions of her mother, years before, into this same neighborhood. She had come as a Public Health nurse; the daughter was trying to find a good home for a dog. She came eagerly respectful of the families whose bambini and pickaninnies now were young people like herself. What they had, they would share; she felt safer giving something alive to them than to some who were more prosperous, to whom one might give only mechanisms.

A voice called, "You lookin' for Suwannee? She's washing next door."

The girl returned to the garden to wait. A thin wind vibrated and twanged through the low picket fence, and she looked about with a hollow sudden feeling of love and despair. She looked west over the roofs of innumerable shacks with their red ash paths in brittle gardens, toward the ash-red streak of setting sun; watched the smoke rising out of stacks, and the sombre drift of sky. Love and despair! Besides, tonight she would be going to the ballet, and it seemed a wonder, almost an enchantment, that she should be—only two hours before—here in this garden: then transformed home to the sparkle of preparation, then to the scent of a November night mingled (just as she crosses the theatre threshold) with the packed per-

fumes of an audience—

"I'm sorry to be late. You came about the terrier-dog, didn't you?"

The other girl, Suwannee, dark and slender, stood in the door. She glanced at the floor, and a baby crossed the sill on all fours, and would have gone on down the steps to seek his fortune if she had not shoveled him up and in.

"I can't stay more than a moment. You're busy, too! But when I heard that you'd be interested in having a dog, I came—"

"We certainly should. You rest assured that he'll have everything that we have. You see we've a nice little garden—in summertime—flowers that come up every year just the same, without much attention even. When they bloom, and that Tree of Heaven comes out in leaf, it's beautiful. He can run around there with our little boy."

Suwannee watched the other girl's eyes travel across the garden dubiously as if it were a history, a map, or an omen, she did not know which.

"Some people wonder why we don't grow vegetables," she said softly, in a tone that made the girl understand everything she meant, more than she was going to say. Suwannee was mistaken in supposing that she had been thinking about vegetables.

The first wind of night spread evenly across the garden, lapsing against her throat as if she were neck-deep in water, and after it the brief, sweet odor of wood smoke, and after it a tingling of frost on her cheek which, lost in a sense of awareness, she seemed to see as a scintillation of tiny sparks and glistening disks.



Now she moves toward the brilliance of the theatre. The cold tingles on her forehead at the edge of her sequin cap; it is like cold on one side of a pane of glass when heat is on the inside, for heat and light are in her head. She parts from the stars; they seem to come off of her velvet cloak, taking some of it with them into space; she enters the realm! There is talk, then silence, then music. Her breath

comes soft as a sleeper's through "Swan Lake" danced only as Markova can dance, to make the moon turn its other face as it did in the days of enchantment.

Yet afterward, she finds her thoughts returning again and again to the garden. Somehow, she does not know quite why, it seems as if she holds it in the palms of both hands, there with the programme de ballet.

## The Powder Train

BARBARA GENE LUCAS

The December day was fading into a mist varying in shades of gray as the leaden skies hovered over the snow-blanketed ground. The tint of the cloudy air was deepened now and then, as an exhausted locomotive plowed along the unseen trails of the railroad yard. The black smoke hung densely around the scattered little red buildings which formed the nerve center of the railroad's activity.

Inside the shanty, Bill Green looked up from his work at the desk and gazed intently at the empty yard. It was clear of the freight cars for the first time since early morning. He stretched his arms over his head and shoved his black wool cap back from his forehead. "Somethin's up, Kid. Here comes the Boss."

The youth was sitting on a tool box lacing up his arctics. Beside him on the box lay his oil-soaked gloves stiffly imitating the hands which had recently been withdrawn. His oil bucket and wrenches were on the floor near the radiator. From his bent position the boy only muttered, "Hope not."

"Let the next trick worry about it. We're always getting the rub," said Brandy as he hung his wet gloves on the radiator. "I've wrecked three pairs of gloves on those rotten air hose today. Lucky I didn't get burnt."

"You work too hard, Brandy. Would think you were winnin' the war all by yourself," returned the Kid.

"Mind your dope buckets, boy."

The door of the shanty opened with a creak and the red-faced Boss stamped his feet to clean off the snow. He slammed the door, and the windows over the desk shook violently. "Well, boys," he began, "gotta work over tonight."

"Over?" broke in Brandy. "We're almost done." He started wrangling through the pockets of his mackinaw in search of his watch.

Bill looked up from his yellow book. "Why, what's comin'?"

"Plenty, Green, enough to blow up the whole country," the Boss said with a half-smile.

"You mean powder?" asked Brandy



stepping up to the Boss.

"Yes. I'll need all the men I can muster to inspect it. If anything goes wrong, well, it'll be all up."

The Kid asked, "How many cars in it?"

"Don't know 'cept it's a double-header due here at 5:30 for a 'C' inspection. It's running extra."

"The worst night in the year," moaned the young doper as he picked up the bucket and opened the door.

"Keep this quiet, Kid. Everyone doesn't need to know it." The door banged, and the Boss turned to Bill. "That report done yet?"

"Yes, I'll sign it. Here."

"O.K. Don't forget she'll be here at 5:30." He closed the ill-fitting door, and the snow sifted in around the edges.

It was six o'clock, and the inspectors were still pacing back and forth in the dry snow to keep warm. They were only deeper shades of gray on the cloudy background. They were all dressed similarly in boots, overalls, and heavy coats. Bill had a piece of stocking over his ears to cover that part of his head which was beyond the cap. A brown plaid muffler was wrapped high around the Kid's face, and only his eyes were seen through the narrow space below the edge of his cap. Brandy was slapping his double-gloved hands. The other inspectors grouped in the protection of the shanty.

"Here's a whistle. Sounds like 4551," said Brandy as he stared at the east.

"Headlight 'round the bend. That's her all right," added Green.

The slackening train came into sight. The head engine was cutting the mist with

its headlight and the two white "extra" lights on the corners. With a hissing, the air set, and the rods ground as the two locomotives lumbered to a stop. The steam enveloped the men as they hurriedly started to go over the train. In and around the explosive-labeled cars the men worked opening journal boxes and looking at wheels.

From the distance came a long moaning whistle. Bill took out his watch. "Streamliner's late," he said.

Soon the slender gray train passed plowing up the snow and scattering it into the air again.

"Well, that clears the main," said Brandy.

The whistle on the head engine blew three short blasts. The green board flashed on the semaphore. Then came two short whistles. "He's got the block," remarked the Kid.

The bells on both engines began to ding alternately, and the rods on the drivers ground into place with a crack. Laboriously the big wheels turned, only to slip and throw a myriad of sparks along the rails. Both engines sputtered and chugged. Again the rods in position, the drivers turned grinding the sand into the icy rails. The cars inched forward as the engines put on steam. The fires under the boilers blazed through the vent-holes as the wheels rolled heavily over the rails. Soon the two red lights on the caboose and the waving white lantern of the rear brakeman were swallowed up in the night. In the distance was heard the whistle blowing for the west crossing.



(Since part of the second semester of all freshman composition classes is devoted to the study and writing of the source theme, YANKEE RHODIAN is printed as an example of that type of writing.)

## YANKEE RHODIAN: HIS SCHOLARSHIP AND RECORD

MARY FRITSCHÉ

### OUTLINE

In the forty years of the execution of Cecil John Rhodes' thousand year educational plan, the Rhodes scholarships to Oxford University, offering to the British Empire, Germany, and the United States culture with education and preparation for life rather than for living, the Yankee Rhodian has justified his benefactor's faith in him academically although he has not yet entered sufficiently into the national leadership Rhodes desired of his American scholar.

- I Rhodes scholarships were established in 1902 when the will of Cecil J. Rhodes was opened.
  - A. Because Rhodes believed that the medium of education could be used to unite the English-speaking people of the world, a sum of money with an annual income of £60,000 was established for scholarships at Oxford for the United States, Germany, and the British Empire.
    - 1. Germany
    - 2. British Empire
    - 3. United States
  - B. While major changes have been adopted by the Rhodes trustees for the distribution of German scholarships and those of the Empire, the number of scholarships here has remained the same although internal revisions have been made in the States' distribution.
    - 1. Empire scholarships
    - 2. German scholarships cancellation and reinstatement
    - 3. District system and selection committees in the United States
- II With factual information and academic limitations, the eligibility of the American Rhodes scholar depends also on character and physical vigor.
  - A. The selection committees are governed by certain qualifications set forth in Rhodes' will.
  - B. Though British and United States educational systems differ, the prospective Rhodian must meet certain standards in American universities decided upon by the trustees.
    - 1. Factual information
    - 2. Adaptation to British system of studying
    - 3. Course of study
    - 4. Greek
- III Rhodes scholars have raised their academic records, have entered almost all lines of work in the United States while their scholarships have projected other educational plans.
  - A. The academic records have risen since the change in the system of election.
  - B. The scholarships were suspended in 1939 at the beginning of the war.
    - 1. Rhodians received grants-in-aid
    - 2. Others returning at outbreak of war entered business.
  - C. A survey of 870 American Rhodians shows them in the educational, law, business, journalism, ministry, and research fields principally.
  - D. Rhodes scholarships have been the impetus for the establishment of other international grants.
    - 1. Reciprocal scholarships
    - 2. Guggenheim grants



# Yankee Rhodian

MARY FRITSCHÉ

In the twentieth century John D. Rockefeller has donated over a half billion dollars to philanthropic institutions, and Andrew Carnegie has endowed colleges and libraries with his rail-road-iron fortune. Yet the most comprehensive and far-reaching educational program that can be an insurance for peace was conceived by Cecil John Rhodes, a British imperialist, who accumulated his wealth in the Kimberley diamond mines. Comparatively little known in the forty years of the execution of Rhodes' thousand year educational plan, the Rhodes scholarships to Oxford University in England offer to students from Germany, the United States (until 1939), and the British Empire culture with education and preparation for life rather than for living. Rhodes believed that the medium of education could be employed to unite the English-speaking peoples of the world, that the exchange of ideals and experiences of a representative youth under a single sphere of influence would establish among the nations understanding, respect, and a broader view, guiding towards the unitarian effort for the international peace of which Rhodes dreamed.

Rhodes' entire wealth yielded an income of one million pounds and was later increased to two million.<sup>1</sup> Of this, sixty thousand pounds of annual income were allotted to the Oxford scholarships, three hundred pounds being the yearly amount to each scholar. Since the emperor compelled instruction in English in the German schools, Rhodes left two hundred and fifty pounds annually to each of fifteen students of German birth who were nominated by the emperor.<sup>2</sup> Rhodes added after this

section of his will that the object was to make war impossible between the three powers through mutual understanding, educational relations being the strongest ties. With his grant to the Empire he considered "that the education . . . is of great advantage . . . for giving breadth . . . instruction in life and manners, and for instilling into their minds the advantage of the retention of the unity of the Empire."<sup>3</sup> He stated explicitly that he did not want to take the American scholars' sympathies from their country, but he wanted "to encourage and foster an appreciation of the advantage which (he believed would) result from union of English-speaking people throughout the world."<sup>4</sup>

Except for specified amounts left for special purposes, Rhodes assigned his fortune to a group of trustees, men who were in accord with his imperialist interests, who understood and would put his educational plan into operation.<sup>5</sup> Since Rhodes suggested only a set of principles upon which his scholars should be selected, the trustees were free to administer the scholarships;<sup>6</sup> and they have adopted some major changes in the distribution of the Empire and German scholarships. The will assigned the colonial scholarships in the following manner: one from each state or province of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa; one from four specified schools in Cape Colony in South Africa; one from the colonies of New Foundland, Jamaica, Bermuda; three from Rhodesia; one every third year from Malta.<sup>7</sup> Germany was provided with five annual scholarships. These, however, were discontinued in 1914 because of the first world war. In 1916 Parliament annulled



those German scholarships<sup>8</sup> but reinstated a few of them again in 1919.<sup>9</sup> At about the same time the trustees announced that additional scholarships had been supplied to Canada and South Africa. Rhodes had evidently overlooked India in his first distribution, and Lord Elton revealed the decision of the trustees to found two of the Rhodes scholarships yearly for India. The original number of grants had been augmented to include seventeen annual additional scholarships.<sup>10</sup>

Rhodes originally left two yearly scholarships to each state of the United States. Well-populated areas, New York, Massachusetts, or Pennsylvania, had no difficulty supplying their quota of Rhodes scholar candidates; but the smaller-populated states, Arizona or Nevada, did not produce candidates of the same calibre each year. Along with the first change in the internal distribution of the United States scholarships, made when the trustees announced the division of the states into three groups,<sup>11</sup> came the instruction to the state committees to declare a vacancy if the scholar did not fit Rhodes' ideals adequately. The scholarship would be awarded a runner-up elsewhere. These vacancies, however, did not occur often because of local pride.<sup>12</sup> In 1929 the British Parliament was persuaded by the Rhodes trustees to void the state distribution of the scholarships in force in the United States, a policy generally approved.<sup>13</sup> By the time of the election of the 1931 scholars, the states had been regrouped in eight districts, each district having six states and four annual scholarships. Two men are nominated from each state by a state selection committee. Of the twelve men appearing before the zone or district selection committee, four are selected. As nearly as possible the state and zone committees, appointed by Dr.

Frank Aydelotte, American secretary to the Rhodes trustees, are composed of former Rhodians who are acquainted with the "type of man who could benefit from a stay at Oxford."<sup>14</sup> While inequality in calibre was responsible for the change in the system of appointing Rhodes scholars, it was too soon to comment on the improvement in quality of the students in 1939 when the scholarships were suspended.

The next major revision was made in 1931. Because most of the Rhodes scholars could complete their projected plan of study in two years, the grants were made tenable for two years instead of three. The Rhodes scholar could obtain a year's extension if he presented a satisfactory study plan. If the extension were granted, he could postpone his third year of study until after a period of work in his native land. He could also complete his post-graduate work in any British university and, in special cases, could continue his study on the European continent, in the overseas dominions, or in the United States, as long as that country was not the one from which he had entered Oxford.<sup>15</sup>

In the selection of the Rhodes scholar, the committee first limits the eligibility of the aspirant. He must be unmarried, a male citizen of the United States in five years' residence. By the first of October of the year for which he is elected he must have passed his nineteenth birthday but not his twenty-fifth.<sup>16</sup> At the same time he must have completed his sophomore year at some degree-granting college or university recognized by the Association of American Universities. Application is not restricted to one state, the prospective Rhodian being permitted to compete from the state in which he has his home or from any state in which he has gained two years of college training before applying.<sup>17</sup>

Into the competition for the scholar-



ships Rhodes injected a new feature, intellectual superiority being not the only basis for selection. Sir George Parkin, Canadian educator and member of the Rhodes Trust until 1921, says:

"Power of thought and literary skill in giving thought expression, combined with a glutinous memory for Greek verbs, Latin idioms, modern languages, algebraic formulae, scientific facts, and the like have furnished the best guarantees of successful competition. Rhodes by no means despised these things, but he thought of others."<sup>18</sup>

Four groups of qualities, in the following order, represent the type of person Rhodes desired:

- (a) Literary and scholastic ability and attainments.
- (b) Qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to study, sympathy, kindness, unselfishness, and fellowship.
- (c) Exhibition of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates.
- (d) Physical vigour, as shown by interest in outdoor sports or in other ways."<sup>19</sup>

Lord Elton suggested that the Rhodes scholar "should either possess exceptional intellect founded upon sound character, or exceptional character founded upon sound intellect."<sup>20</sup> Yet Rhodes did not want his scholars to be "bookworms."

There were few persons with all these virtues who found their way to Oxford. In 1928, however, a prospective Rhodes scholar was christened "The Perfect Man" by his hometown publication. He had played football, made Phi Beta Kappa, and was elected president of the Young Men's Christian Association. His reputation and title reached Oxford before he did. Evidently English society outdid itself to entertain him, for after this the Rhodes trustees suggested that the selection committees not try too hard for the "well-rounded" scholars.<sup>21</sup>

The selection committee requires the candidate to furnish a photograph, birth

certificate, written statement from the president of his institution saying that he has been selected to represent that school,<sup>22</sup> a certified record of his course of study and grades, a statement of self-activity, proposed study at Oxford, and five to eight references, three being from persons under whom he has studied.<sup>23</sup> The selection committee has the candidate's own biographical data and one interview, two if the candidate passes the state selection group.

Perhaps the greatest problem in the transference of the American Rhodes student at Oxford after his selection was the difference in educational standards. To the Oxford dons credits and hours were unintelligible. The scholar's junior or senior standing depended upon his previous instruction, and he was not always accepted by the college he elected since those corporations accepted from two to five Rhodes scholars in one year.<sup>24</sup> Too, the American had to accustom himself to an entirely different system of studying. Study at Oxford did not mean daily recitations, tests periodically that culminated in term examinations; study at Oxford meant one or two examinations during the scholar's entire stay leading to a final prepared for by a system of conference,<sup>25</sup> study, and "reading." Six to fourteen lectures were assigned weekly by the tutor who also guided the scholar's vacation reading.<sup>26</sup> There are no restrictions on the Rhodes scholar's course of study. He may read for the Oxford bachelor of arts degree in any of the final honour schools;<sup>27</sup> he may enter the diploma courses in special subjects. And only if he has had extensive previous training, may he read for the advanced degrees which include bachelors of science, letters, civil law, and the doctorate of philosophy. "Cramming for such an examination is next to impossible, so



that a degree means that intelligent grasp of a subject which can come only from gradual digestion and assimilation."<sup>28</sup>

The major concession that the Oxford colleges have made to all the Rhodes scholars was the discontinuance of Greek as an entrance requirement on June 17, 1919, and the abolition of the Responsions examination.<sup>29</sup> In regard to scholastic standing, it may be said that the academic average of the American Rhodes scholars has risen until it is not far behind that of the Empire students. Since the new basis of election has gone into effect, the Yankee scholar has acquired more firsts and seconds; but still it is too soon to make any comment other than a general one. While his scholastic standing is below that of the British scholars, it should be remembered that the examination system and preparation are totally different, that the Empire scholars have, in most cases, been trained in the great English private schools for entrance into Oxford and Cambridge.

As the Rhodes trustees presumed that the government would take over Oxford and Cambridge for war purposes in 1939, they suspended the Rhodes scholarships. Later their decision was modified — the scholars could either continue their studies or wait for the duration of the war. In the meantime the State Department here refused Americans passage into the war zone under the neutrality legislation. And it was Dr. Aydelotte's responsibility to cancel thirty-two scholarships and to shepherd sixty-four American Rhodians on 1937 and 1938 grants home.<sup>30</sup> Fifteen scholars stayed by special permission.<sup>31</sup> At present, no American Rhodes scholar is studying at Oxford but there are "a few scholars from the Dominions who are doing special subjects like medicine."<sup>32</sup>

In a magnanimous offer, President Robert Maynard Hutchins, the University

of Chicago, extended full tuition scholarships to all of the American Rhodians who had returned to the United States. Four accepted immediately.<sup>33</sup> At once the Carnegie Corporation arranged grants-in-aid amounting to twenty-five thousand dollars for the men "displaced" by war. Then other institutions followed suit, establishing scholarships, fellowships, and special grants from special funds.<sup>34</sup> The Rhodians entered graduate and professional schools here<sup>35</sup> or taught or entered business.

In 1937 Dr. Aydelotte completed a survey of the occupations of eight hundred and seventy American Rhodes scholars. He found that education, law, business, government service, journalism, in that order, ranked first. Next came the ministry (foreign missions), research, commercial science, military service, and engineering.<sup>36</sup> Law had appealed to the Rhodians only in the past few years, according to Dr. Aydelotte, who commented also that there was a trend towards the sciences, particularly the social sciences.<sup>37</sup>

Statistics, however, cannot measure the scope, influence, or effect of the Rhodes scholarships; nor can the full value of the scholarship be realized until the American who can become a leader in the United States studies at Oxford. Only 6.21 per cent of the Rhodes alumni are in government work, and most of their jobs are appointive, not elective. Though in 1938 C. R. Clason, Massachusetts, was the sole Rhodes representative in Congress, some former Rhodians appeared in state legislature rosters.<sup>38</sup> In the academic field which, incidentally, has forty per cent of the Rhodes scholars appear names of college presidents: Alan Valentine, University of Rochester; H. S. Hilley, Atlantic Christian College; O. C. Carmichael, Alabama



College; Stringfellow Barr, St. John's College; J. J. Tigert, University of Florida. Other former Rhodians are the dean of the the Harvard Theological School, W. L. Sperry; the Lehigh economist, Neil Carothers; the Pulitzer prize winner in 1930 for history, B. E. Schmitt, University of Chicago.<sup>39</sup> E. P. Hubble, the head astronomer at Mt. Wilson, California, studied law at Oxford; but he received his scientific education at the University of Chicago. Journalists include Ernest Lindley, *New York Herald-Tribune*; Saul Streit, *New York Times*; Edwin Canham, *Christian Science Monthly*; Beverly Smith, *American Magazine*; Robert Lasch, *Omaha World-Herald*; Felix Morley, *Washington Post*. Christopher Morley and Elmer Davis represent the more prominent Rhodians; and James Saxon Childers, Dixon Wecter, Allan Seager, and Paul Engle are younger writers.<sup>40</sup> As early as 1932 a survey of the writing of the American Rhodes scholars included four hundred fifty-three volumes.<sup>41</sup>

There were few world grants until the Rhodes scholarship plan was put into operation. More grants have always been available to a larger number of students in the United States than to other countries. The Rhodes scholarships led to grants for English students' study in America and to the establishment of money for fellowships for foreign study for Americans. The reciprocity in American universities for foreign students encompasses scholarships to the University of Michigan, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton.<sup>42</sup> The American fund, the Guggenheim Foundation, has been established with a purpose similar to that of the Rhodes scholarships, but the grants are for research of older scholars. The Guggenheim Foundation was organized by Rhodes scholars who look for independent research

scholars, creative workers in any of the fine arts including music. The American with the Guggenheim scholarship may study anywhere under the most liberal conditions. These scholarships, too, have been extended and now include the western hemisphere countries.<sup>43</sup> In all these student exchanges some twenty-five to thirty countries and nine thousand students are involved.<sup>44</sup> Of course not all scholarships have been founded because of Cecil Rhodes' plan, but they aim towards the same ultimate achievement—an understanding of what concerns "human interest."

The desired result of the Rhodes scholarships cannot be felt in this generation, nor even the next. Rhodes himself set two hundred years for the effect and influence to be noticed.<sup>45</sup> The present facts and figures cannot measure the future potency of this educational plan, but the sympathetic knowledge created can make concrete the future foundations for peace.<sup>46</sup> Ironically, Rhodes has been thwarted in two years: first, in the short space of forty years his German plan was twice frustrated!<sup>50</sup> Second, the tendency before the second world war was the entrance of men who turned toward the academic professions, not government leadership.<sup>47</sup> Although the Rhodes scholars were hazed by Colonel McCormick's *Tribune* in 1942 and by George Sylvester Viereck in 1916,<sup>48</sup> the influence has also been educational. Borrowing ideas from the returned Rhodes scholars, Harvard and Yale have divided their undergraduates into residential colleges like Oxford. Too, the clash of American ideas and British dogma has enveloped the peculiar British "provincialism and smugness,"<sup>49</sup> with no loss of loyalty to the United States.

Rhodes' project of the promotion of international statesmanship might seem



incongruous today. After this war when his scholars again study at Oxford, the Rhodes plan will take another step towards international education with its cumulative force of culture and education. But to replace worldwide smugness, isolation,

and hostility and to fulfill Rhodes' ideals, this Oxford education must swing from the academic scholar to the Yankee scholar who is a prospective leader of the United States.

## FOOTNOTES

1. T. J. Hamilton, "Rhodes Scholars," *The Atlantic Monthly*, vol. 174, p. 111 (November, 1944).
2. At the close of the first World War the stipend for German scholars was raised to L350; for Americans and Empire scholars, L400.
3. George Richard Potter, "The Rhodes Scholarships," *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 11th ed., vol. 23-4, p. 257.
4. *Ibid.*
5. Lord Rosebery, Lord Grey, Lord Milner, Sir Starr, Sir Jameson, Sir Lewis, Sir Mitchell, Bouchier F. Hawksley, Alfred Beit.
6. George Robert Parkin, *The Rhodes Scholarships*, Houghton Mifflin Company, New York, 1912, p. 122.
7. Philip Henry Kerr, "Rhodes Scholarships," *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 14th ed., vol. 19, p. 266.
8. *Ibid.*, p. 267.
9. From a personal letter from Dr. Frank Aydelotte, former president of Swarthmore College, at present director of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, New Jersey.
10. "Ideals of Rhodes Scholarships," *Times Educational Supplement* (London), vol. 1298, p. 98 (March 16, 1940).
11. Consult Laurence Alden Crosby and Frank Aydelotte, *Oxford of Today*, Oxford University Press, New York, 1923, pp. 258-259, for distribution.
12. T. J. Hamilton, *op. cit.*, p. 113.
13. In sixty of one hundred replies on a questionnaire, only a minor group—from the West, South, and New England, expressed rebel opinions on the new appointive system. Their representative opinion was from a New Englander: "It throws most of the selections into the universities, works tremendously to the disadvantage of the states, makes against the principle of variety Rhodes had in mind." Consult M. Mackaye, "What Happens to Our Rhodes Scholars," *Scribner's Magazine*, vol. 103, (January, 1938).
14. T. J. Hamilton, *op. cit.*, p. 113.
15. "Rhodes Scholarships," *The Encyclopedia Americana*, 1943 ed., vol. 23, p. 474.
16. The ages in Jamaica include men from 18 to 25; Newfoundland, 18 to 21; Western Australia, 17 to 25. George Richard Potter, *loc. cit.*
17. Memorandum of *The Rhodes Scholarships*, September, 1938.
18. George Robert Parkin, *op. cit.*, p. 100.
19. Memorandum of *The Rhodes Scholarships*, *op. cit.*
20. Lord Elton, "Cecil Rhodes and Education Today," *Fortnightly*, vol. 157, p. 224 (March, 1942).
21. T. J. Hamilton, *op. cit.*, p. 113.
22. The number of persons who may represent one institution: an enrollment of 500 or less, no more than 2, 500-1000, 3; 1000-2000, 4; 2000 or more, 5.
23. Laurence Alden Crosby and Frank Aydelotte, *op. cit.*, p. 261.
24. Philip Henry Kerr, *loc. cit.*
25. The Rhodes scholars visited their tutors weekly, semi-weekly, or every two weeks.
26. Ralph H. Bevan, "Permanent Peace and the Rhodes Scholarships," *The Outlook*, 1920.
27. "The final honour schools comprise examinations in law, medicine, natural science, modern history, English, modern languages, the classics (including ancient history and philosophy), engineering, theology, and mathematics." *Ibid.*
28. Ralph H. Bevan, *op. cit.*
29. For requirements of the Resposions examination consult George Robert Parkin, *op. cit.*, p. 245.
30. "Rhodes Scholars," *Time*, vol. 34, p. 37 (September 18, 1939).
31. "American recipients may continue studies . . ." *School and Society*, vol. 51, p. 51 (January 13, 1940).
32. From a personal letter from Dr. Aydelotte.
33. "Rhodes Scholars," *Time*, vol. 34, p. 62 (October 16, 1939).
34. John W. Nason, "Suspension of American Rhodes Scholarships," *The American Oxonian*, vol. 27, p. 4 (January, 1940).



35. According to John W. Nason, *op. cit.*, p. 3, 14 "displaced" Rhodians entered Harvard; 9, Yale; 8, Chicago; 5, Columbia; 3, Princeton; 2, Cornell; 2, Northwestern; 14, other institutions.
  36. For detailed table consult M. Mackaye, *op. cit.*, p. 14.
  37. "Rhodes Scholars in Various Fields," *New York Times*, December 25, 1938.
  38. M. Mackaye, *op. cit.*, p. 10.
  39. *Ibid.*, p. 14.
  40. *Ibid.*
  41. "Review of Forty Years," *Times Educational Supplement* (London), vol. 1528, p. 388 (August 12, 1944).
  42. The Davison Fellowship to Harvard, Yale, or Princeton; the Choate Fellowship, Harvard Law School; the Procter Fellowship, Princeton; Riggs Fellowship, the University of Michigan; Henry Fellowship, Harvard or Yale.
  43. Frank Aydelotte, "International Scholarships and Fellowships," *Science*, vol. 96, p. 53 (July 17, 1942).
  44. *Ibid.*
  45. *Ibid.*, p. 54.
  46. *Ibid.*
  47. This might be accounted for by the lowering of the significance of the athletic requirement of the Rhodes scholar.
  48. "Private Bogey," *Time*, vol. 42, pp. 61-62 (October 25, 1943), gives a further account.
  49. M. Mackaye, *op. cit.*, p. 15.
  50. One German Rhodes scholar was in Hitler's cabinet; others refused to return to Germany. Consult Frank Aydelotte, *op. cit.*, p. 54.
  51. "A well-authenticated story says that Rhodes and his lawyer both thought that the United States was still composed of the thirteen original colonies, and they did not realize that they were giving America more than the Empire and Germany combined." T. J. Hamilton, *op. cit.*, p. 111. Rhodes, on the other hand, a year before his death wrote that the scholarships would not use more than sixty thousand pounds. One hundred sixty American and Empire scholarships at three hundred pounds annually and fifteen German grants at two hundred fifty pounds make the figure of sixty thousand pounds, including expenses, seem justifiable. "Rhodes Scholarships," *Christian Science Monitor*, November 13, 1934.
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# Thou Art The Spoiler

TOM BECKWITH

*"The leaves shall fade, and the branch shall plummet earthward, and with its thundering shalt the spoil be abolished."*

I first read those words when I was a child of ten. I was living with my grandmother Nell for the summer months. Among a vast selection of old volumes hidden away in her attic, I came across that phrase, and then it meant nothing.

I adored staying those quickly passing months at my grandmother's. I loved the walks, the small paths which took a child of ten into glorious worlds filled with unspoiled enchantment. I worshiped everything about her place, but above all I worshiped the woman herself.

My grandmother was not a kind woman. Her life had been unhappy. With the untimely death of my grandfather and Emy, their adopted daughter, in an auto collision she became embittered towards life, and life held no new fancy for her. She was content in her own world of past shadows and in this shut-off existence selfishness was master. When her only son, my father, left home she took the duty upon herself of caring for me during the summer months, as Mother was always too busy to concentrate upon my varied moods, and no governess could, or even tried to understand me. I was immensely happy in the country.

My grandmother was possessor of many moods, but none was so exciting or thrilling as when she became angry. She was a master of every mood, and always seemed to know when to exhibit a new phase to excite me. Her anger would become untamable, as fast and furious as the North Wind, but she knew exactly

when to calm it. True emotion, I feel sure, never more could flood her being. She was filled with strange stories of wild, carefree, and absolutely unconventional people, and at night when I was in bed—not asleep, for the corners of the room held many wonders — she would enter, slowly, set a candle by the bed and begin her stories. Some were happy, many fantastic, and very many filled with impassioned souls and flaming desires.

Perhaps the majority of people would think it crude for her to fill the mind of a child with these tales of burning hearts and passions, but I wanted them. My soul ached to know more, and from these days I set forth in life determined to bar convention, and to reach hidden meanings.

There was a tree in the apple orchard of my grandmother's home beneath whose boughs I would sit and think about life, my world, and myself. I was bound to the tree. This wondrous treasure was always the same, was the symbolical thread which was to weave so perfect a pattern throughout my life. I would sit under the tree and talk to it as if I were speaking to a person. I told the tree all my hidden desires, fears, loves. Into the tree I implanted my soul, and always it remained the same, straight, solid tree; unaffected by any pettiness which might surround it. It always remained the same cold, austere monument.

I visited my grandmother every summer, even until I had finished my college career. The tree, my monument, was always there and forever the same. While in college I learned very much, but in many cases it was the hard way.

I learned how senseless, petty, and over-emotional the majority of supposedly



well-educated beings are. I discovered how snobbish the world was in general, and how unhappy I was — at first — because I was not accepted into the grand, emerald-studded cliques, which now show the inevitable traces of decay. I detested formality and abhorred those who practiced it. They were mere puppets on a puny wire only waiting for their cue so that they could begin their tritely animated performances, which had been so often performed.

At first I was not happy while in college, but I stayed on. To have left would have been defeat. Defeat is so permanent while humiliation is merely a passing spark, and only ignites the weakest of timber. I stayed, I studied, and I graduated. I attended no social functions while at school. I knew of other hideways more enthralling than exposing myself to a group of plush animals crawling to gain recognition.

There was talk and the usual stories about my supposedly reckless escapades and strictly informal activities, but these were mainly delivered by poor, degenerate souls who knew nothing of the intrinsic offerings of a lifetime — the tinsel worshippers.

After my studying was over I gained immediate recognition as an author. My books, stories, essays were often referred to as "most unusual, and sometimes shocking in content." My stories were different. They were actual embodiments of decaying life. No holds were barred, and my

writing was in definite contrast with the painted, ornate glimpses of an imaginary loveliness.

I accepted fame, not for the mere pleasure of having one say, "his stories are those that—well." No I was not content with this. I ignored all press clippings, publicity of any kind. Life was too profound to spend with babbling children. I had dedicated my life to becoming known, recognized, untouched by any emotion, neither good nor bad, and I felt that I had succeeded. I was godless and this thrill was an obsession, often sensual. I was sure that I had mastered my life, my entire being. I had no god, no fear, and again no extreme joy. I was now the monument.

It was while I was in my studio, correcting an essay, that the news of my grandmother's death arrived. Of course I left immediately for the farm. Besides myself, my work, she was my great love. While motoring past the apple orchard, I glanced sideways to glimpse the tree. It was gone. My tree, my monument, gone.

After the proper respects had been paid I rushed out into the wind and hastened to where the tree had been. All the time my soul was filled with the greatest remorse. The tree was not there. A decayed, wrapped stump was all that remained. Evidences of lightning, the streak of fury from the unknown I had so carefully blacked out, were apparent. My world had collapsed and I was completely alone.



# Dolorosa

LENA MOULTON

Cold moonlight on a black lake  
And the high, mad laugh of the loon;  
Only a cold moon can make  
Cold moonlight on a black lake.  
Old sorrows in my heart awake  
Whose echoes are in weary tune  
With cold moonlight on a black lake  
And the high, mad laugh of the loon.

# Rain

MARY ALICE KESSLER

The rain has bound my cheeks with tightened strings,  
And soggy skies have hung upon the breeze,  
My tin roof and the roofs of frowning kings  
Have known the dampened fingers of dead leaves.  
The earth, wrapped in a misty girdle, sings  
A solemn hymn to Hymir, sunken reefs.  
And I am cold and naked in the rain  
And I am lost, surrounded by the rain.



# On True Friendship

HENRY E. HILL

In the recesses of every normal human breast there lies a keen longing for a true and intimate friendship. It is a rare privilege, however, for one to possess a friendship that is full and complete. True friendship costs us something which most people are unwilling to pay.

In my opinion it is only the person who is willing to become acquainted with himself that is capable of enjoying any real degree of friendship, and that most people are loath to become acquainted with themselves is evidenced by the great number who are forever trying to cover up or rationalize their faults and weaknesses. Most people, if they chance or are forced to take a look at their true personalities, draw, as quickly as possible, a blind between their eyes and the window through which they can see themselves. Most psychologists would probably agree that the great majority of people are trying to run away from themselves in order to shun the responsibility of viewing their personalities objectively. It is impossible, therefore, for many people to experience a full friendship because a true friend is one who helps us to become acquainted with ourselves.

A beautiful friendship exists when two individuals having kindred spirits are willing not only to counsel and correct one another, but who also rejoice in each other's accomplishments. If they have a mutual desire to see themselves as they are, to correct their own faults, and tactfully to help one another, the possibilities of their friendship are almost unlimited. If we can find a person whom we can trust and who trusts us, we have then taken a large step; a foundation is laid upon which we can build a true and lasting friendship.

Perhaps few of us will ever find the friend who is as much ourselves as we are, but we should go in quest of him. We who are willing to pay the price, however, can find at least one or two friends who approach the degree which we look for in a true friend.

The one who enjoys a high friendship is the one who first desires to be a true friend to someone, and he who enjoys this friendship has a great motivating factor in his life. It inspires him to greater heights and aids him to develop toward the height of his ability.



# An Arkansas Private

WILLIAM HANDMAN

On the outskirts of a demolished German town huddled in a machine gun emplacement were two American soldiers. The tall, lean but rugged private lay slovenly in the mud and snow. His beard of three weeks coated with a thin layer of ice was all that showed as the sergeant bellowed his command to clean the machine gun. Every inch of his six foot four-inch brawn and muscle turned slowly as he opened one eye and drawled, "O.K., Sarge, but this is one hell of a time to get ideas like that." He brushed the fallen snow from his face with the frozen glove that enclosed his right hand. "Well, Sarge," he said, "You know this place reminds me of back home in Arkansas." He looked lazily at his surroundings, avoiding the obvious structure of a machine gun in front of him. "Course, Sarge, the houses are sort of torn up a bit, but it still looks like home to me. Have you ever been huntin', Sarge?" He hesitated for a minute. "'Course you have with these lousy Jerries, but I mean good old coon huntin'." He received no reply. The sergeant had crawled back to the aid station to fill his canteen. "Those damn sergeants never

would listen to me anyhow," he uttered slowly as he sank down in the snow and mud to resume his slumbering position.

An hour had passed of intermittent silence, broken only by the sound of long range artillery and an occasional motor shell dropping close by.

Suddenly out of nowhere, came a loud boisterous command from a man of small stature standing by the well dug hole. "Hey, you," he said harshly, "Who's in charge of this gun?" The figure moved very slowly. "What's your trouble," he stammered as he recognized his company commander. "Yes, sir," he retorted sharply. "I want you to take that gun apart and name the pieces for me," the captain said. "I guess you still need some basic training." The fire gleamed in his face as he moved toward the captain. He looked at the gun and slowly turned to the captain and replied, "I'll clean that gun, sir, but all the pieces come out the barrel, and they are all aimed at you." As the captain backed away with amazement and walked rapidly away, the private sank slowly back in the emplacement to resume his interrupted slumber.



# The Fisherman

ELIZABETH BRAN

The calmness of the lake was shattered by the put-put of an outboard as it rounded the bit of land at the edge of the bay and came in toward the boathouse.

The stocky figure at the end of the boat waved as he cut the motor and brought the boat in. He lifted the catch on high and then started about the business of gathering box, tackle, and the rest of the gear together. Having assembled all this, he lifted himself laboriously to his feet to start the long slow trudge uphill to the house. A heavy iron brace tugged and pulled at his leg as he began to climb. He was a gray-haired veteran of nearly seventy years, and the iron had unsuccessfully tried to retard his march through life for something like sixty years of that slow but diligent progress. He had been school-teacher and postmaster in the little town

which was his home, and his driving spirit had touched many lives whose braces were weighing minds and wills instead of withered legs. No one who knew him could feel without shame the feeble handicaps of life, for he had surmounted them all. His huge head and shoulders lifted above those iron-clad limbs proved, without a doubt, the mastery of "will to do."

He was kind, generous, and almost gay. We who knew him best always felt as if we should hail his approach with waving banners.

This summer "he slipped his anchor and sailed away" into the great unknown. I am sure that when he reached that far-away shore, he waved and called once more. "Ahoy on shore! A good day—a fine catch!"

# A Five Minute Decision

BETTY RIPPY

"Frozen section in Surgery 12." Those are familiar words to anyone in the laboratory at one of the local hospitals. Behind those five words lie one of the many services offered to the patients while there. They very seldom if ever hear of it; yet on this may depend the extent of their surgery or their very lives.

What does it mean? It means that while operating, the surgeon's keen eye has noticed something unusual. It may

mean that during his preoperative examination, he has discovered an enlarged lymph node or a suspicious area. He immediately asks for a frozen section.

Perhaps that simple little mole on the neck will not look so innocent when cut into. Perhaps that node under the arm is a metastasis. Where did it come from, and what story does it tell? Is that little ulcer on a patient's lip just a cold sore, or is it dreaded skin cancer? Is that mass in the



right breast malignant? If so, what grade is it, will X-ray help, will extended surgery help, or will the surgeon mark the chart "case inoperable?" The frozen section in just a few minutes will tell the answer.

When she hears those words, the tissue technician immediately stops whatever she is doing and goes to surgery. There in the small green lab off main surgery she will find the pathologist awaiting her and examining grossly the piece of tissue the nurse has brought. He will hand her a small piece of the suspicious tissue measuring approximately one-half inch in diameter and one-eighth inch in depth. This she will lay in a dial about the size of a quarter. To this has been attached a tank of carbon dioxide, the same gas you find at the nearby drugstore. By turning a little lever she releases the gas, and in a few seconds the tissue is thoroughly frozen. Then taking a medicine dropper, she drops a few drops of clear water on the tissue and also on the keen edged blade which is hinged immediately above the tissue. Then she will adjust the blade so that it will come to the edge of the tissue. She will slide the blade across the tissue repeatedly until she has cut into the block and has a good cross section of tissue. It will be about fifteen microns thick, depending on the type of tissue. If it shreds and goes to pieces, she will make thicker ones. Upon obtaining a satisfactory section, she will moisten her finger in water and with a sweeping motion pick up the tissue from the blade and with a similar motion deposit it in a petri dish of tap water. By the aid of a glass rod she will begin the

tedious task of straightening out the wrinkles. Again with the aid of a glass rod, she will transfer the flimsy tissue to a dish of methyl blue stain. Upon being left in the blue stain about twenty seconds, all the nuclear structure will become stained a dark blue. By this the pathologist can read the slide and give an accurate diagnosis. Then it is washed carefully in two dishes of normal salt solution. This will remove the excess stain and the remaining wrinkles. It is transferred carefully to a dish of glucose and by careful manipulation with a needle is placed on a clear, clean slide. Then a drop of extra glucose is dropped on the tissue. This will further smooth it out and also make the glucose slip, which is to be placed on the tissue, stay in place. Then she wipes off the excess glucose and hands the finished slide to the pathologist. The technician's job is finished and all await the finding of the pathologist.

All of this can be done in about five minutes. In the meantime the patient is on the operating table still under the anesthesia and the surgeon is waiting the report so he can continue his course of operation.

You are no doubt wondering if such a diagnosis can be accurate. Yes, it is. The final report will be given out after permanent sections are made, but this frozen section is of untold value to the surgeon and to the patient. It will answer many questions for the surgeon, sometimes save the patient another operation, and if time is a determining factor, it will save the patient's life.



# That's My Mom

CLARISSA HOLLANDER

With a dab of flour on her nose and a twinkle in her eyes the not too plump little woman stepped to the front of the stage. The scene was the auditorium of the local synagogue. The occasion was a meeting of the Sisterhood of the congregation. The program was a baking demonstration by Mrs. David Hollander. Mrs. Hollander was to show the ladies the fine art of making Viennese flaky cookies.

The very same Mrs. Hollander who highlighted the above affair is the leading lady in an everyday performance at her home. Her talent in the culinary arts is carried over into her home, for she is also an expert cook. Her fame is widespread, and her turkey dinners are remembered for many weeks.

Mrs. Hollander also takes care of the preliminaries connected with preparing a dinner for a large group of people. When one of the organizations she belongs to plans a dinner, she is often called upon to determine the quantity of food to be purchased. After years of experience she is able to estimate the amount so closely that there is very little material wasted.

As a hostess at the local Serviceman's Center, Mrs. Hollander has an opportunity to display her ability as the friendly, affectionate individual she is known as by her wide circle of friends and acquaintances. She has entertained at least two hundred soldiers and sailors in her home in the past four years. Those men who have been guests in the Hollander household will always remember Mrs. Hollander's personal interest in them. Very few weeks pass that she doesn't receive a letter or a card from one of "her boys." They are scattered all over the globe, but they don't

forget their sojourn in Indianapolis.

Returning to Mother herself one realizes that she has a limitless supply of patience. My young sister often asks extremely foolish questions, which are characteristic of children, but they are answered with the same respect as a question of utmost importance. When Mother's committee members forget to arrive at a meeting, and when they neglect to complete the tasks assigned them, she grits her teeth, smiles, and excuses them.

Mother's inexhaustible source of energy is a mystery to everyone. She manages to take care of her home, including laundry work, and still have time and energy for meetings and parties. After a day of cleaning and cooking and baking she dresses up and goes out for an evening of relaxation and pleasure.

Her proud and erect carriage is lovely to behold. She wears her dark wavy hair a simple, attractive style; once in a while she indulges in an extreme hat just to satisfy her personal vanity. Normally she wears conservative, tailored clothes.

In an average week Mother has about three meetings to attend, and she is invited out two or three afternoons. She writes to her sons once or twice a week, and she keeps up a large correspondence with relatives and friends from New York to Los Angeles. There is always someone dropping in to spend the evening; consequently, a good supply of cookies must be kept on hand. This requires a few hours extra in the kitchen.

Life is not dull for Mother. She enjoys living and giving of herself to others to help make their lives happy.



# Air Drop In Burma

THEODORE R. COX

Up and down over the mountain trails came the soldiers, shuffling along as though they were ready to drop. Yes, they were almost at the collapsing point, and their tired and dirty appearance showed that their march with full field pack and battle equipment had been anything but pleasant. On and on, day after day, this must go, for ahead of them lay the enemy. The only way to get them out was to go over the mountains, and to do this made one's body cry out with agony.

Having pulled into a bivouac area and setting out the proper security, the packs were dropped; everyone started watching the sky. The shout went up that the airplanes were sighted, and in a few minutes the giant Army transports were circling over this group of weary men. At once these men were transformed into an enthusiastic group of workers, for these planes carried the much needed food and equipment and also the mail from home.

After flying low over the field several times, the "biscuit bombers" were ready for action. Coming in like a bomber, large bundles would be kicked out of the door

of the transports. Upon hitting the air, large parachutes would appear and drift the bundles slowly to the ground. Swaying slowly back and forth, these large parachutes of red, green, gold, blue, and white made one think of gumdrops which were impossible to get in this forsaken country. Plane after plane came over discharging its cargo. As the last plane was disappearing over the horizon, the men rushing on to the fields to carry in the "drop."

At last the task was over and the food and mail had been distributed, and the men were settling down to read their mail, for this was the most important item in the "drop." Food could be eaten after dark, but mail could not be read then, for no lights were allowed.

As the evening wore on, the shadows began to deepen; and one could see some men fixing themselves a sleeping place, while others went slipping off through the darkness to guard. Yes, it would not be long until morning would arrive, and the trudging over the mountain trails would continue once again.

# Experiment K-353

JACK GREEN

I jauntily sauntered into the kitchen one Saturday afternoon to investigate the source of the occasional noises being emitted.

Upon entering the room my nostrils were met with the delightfully pungent

aroma of freshly-baked pastries. Mother smiled knowingly as she saw that hungry look in my eyes and shook her head. No, I couldn't have any cookies or doughnuts. They were to be given to Mr. Fischer, who had been ill for some time.



I watched wistfully as the last brownie was tucked carefully into the overladen basket. I gave a longing look as I saw the basket disappear through the gate under Mother's arm. There I was, stomach feeling as if my throat had been cut.

Under the impulse of the moment, I decided to see just what could be done to alleviate the situation.

Opening the cook book, I discovered that it was filled with appetite sharpening illustrations of cakes, cookies, and pies. On page one it said very plainly that if instructions were followed carefully that success was assured. Well, this was certainly going to be different from what I had previously expected. There I had pictured a definite need for what was vaguely termed in my mind 'culinary arts' when all I had to do was follow simple directions.

After musing thoughtfully through the book, I selected Russian tea cakes as the basis for my initial attempt at baking.

Thoroughness being one of my special traits, I donned a white apron, Mother's dust-cap; and I washed my hands. I went to the cabinet and sorted the ingredients there into two groups, those essential for the completion of my experiment, and those non-essential.

"Mix eggs, sugar and cream with enough flour to roll," quoth the book. This I did in short order. The next sentence began with "Toss on board" . . . Splat. So I scraped the goo together and went on

with the next part of the operation. I rolled it out to precisely one quarter inch of thickness, applied the required amount of butter, rolled the stuff up and started to place the mixture into the refrigerator to harden. Just then I remembered that yeast was essential to baking, so I put three little cakes of it into my future Russian tea cakes. I placed the batter into the refrigerator and withdrew it after the hardening had taken place. Next, I unrolled it, cut it into long narrow strips, layed them on a well greased pan in the oven, and sat back to let nature take its course.

This course, according to my calculations, should have been that I would withdraw in fifteen minutes six beautifully browned, dainty Russian tea cakes. More incorrect calculations were never conceived.

At the end of eight minutes instead of the delightfully pungent aroma I had so eagerly anticipated, I caught a scent more resembling beer. White stuff began oozing through the cracks around the oven door at the end of twelve minutes. I was so puzzled over the odor and the oozing that my ears failed to perceive Mother opening the door. My eyes, however, revealed the complete state of shock distorting her face as she uttered a soft moan and rushed over to turn off the oven.

Mother and I didn't speak for four days. My first impression of baking is a lasting one.



# Patty

GERALDINE HARMAN

The electric light in the middle of the ceiling illuminated the large, wide, antique bed in the center of the room. The carved headboard seemed to fill the space along the entire wall, although there was also a small desk in one corner covered with an arrangement of various pens and pencils and different shades of ink. Behind the three photographs on the desk were several boxes of stationary of different varieties to go with the matching inks. Spread out on the bed were stacks of old letters, carefully saved, each one numbered according to sequence. Curled among them was a tall, slender, blonde girl, sorting the letters and reading them, showing in turn dreamy and thoughtful expressions, sometimes almost sad, sometimes with a small curl of her upper lip, and sometimes accented with a small chuckle. She sat up and looked across the carved footboard of the bed into the huge mirror of the carved matching dresser opposite her. Suddenly making a face, she snatched at the letters arrayed on her bed, gathered them up quickly and stuffed them into their respective boxes without finishing the sorting. Pulling open the bottom drawer of the carved dresser, she thrust the boxes in and slammed the drawer. When one of the boxes caught and jerked the drawer sideways she impatiently stuffed the box in, taking no cautions as to the results, and shoved the drawer shut. She dashed down the stairs, terrifying a large, yellow, angora cat on the landing, and sauntered into the living room. She flopped down on one

of the chairs and picked up the evening paper, glanced through it leisurely and folded it again. She crossed over to the radio and put on a record. As it played she listened rather vaguely at first and then became engrossed in the thoughts inspired by the familiar melody and verse. Her blue eyes became deep and thoughtful as if she were roaming about in a fascinating world of wonder, seeing things that no one else knew. She stretched her long legs and pointed her toes smugly, thought for a minute, and then crossed the room and lighted a cigarette from the intricately carved container on the antique coffee table. She posed for a few minutes; then, with a rather sultry air, she ambled over to change the record. The yellow, angora cat watched her drowsily and a trifle questioningly, but it was not curious enough to care particularly. The girl draped herself carefully on one of the chairs and delicately finished her cigarette. The telephone in the hall jingled gayly crashing in on the mood like the red stripe slashed on the candy stick. She hopped up and dashed in to answer it, suddenly chattering informally and seemingly as endlessly as the crowd on a subway train. Her peals of laughter filtered through the sounds of the now forgotten record repeating itself, unconcerned, on the photograph, while the yellow, angora cat slept calmly on the cushion on the sofa, as content and serene as a sleeping country village happily curled among the blankets of trees.



# My Future

BILLIE COLE

The drama of the future becomes ourselves. A part of us is already dead, gone, and no longer existing anywhere. From the beginning of our existence we have left behind a part of us each day, a portion of burned energy which will never return. Thus, this much of us has passed existence and is as dead as our ancestors. Yet, so much as our forefathers were alive, we are alive at this moment. We are the casual result of many thousands of events and circumstances which have come from the beginning down through the strain of humanity related to us. What we did at the age of two or four is still alive so much as we are alive. As a man is breathing, so is his grandfather living; so far as one is dead and gone, so is the other.

The past and the future are held together in that thought process which has existed since man first felt an emotion urging expression. This aura of intelligence, this light, shines eternally on the spark that makes life. Just as we are made of many minute parts, humanity is a part of the immortal will which progresses through infinite time. We are not only individuals, but also a part of the human growing process of thought. The will, or

thought, increases in power as humankind grows older; its range is ever widening. This seems proof that man is deathless.

The universe is infinite, and in it each of us is only an infinitesimal speck of living dust. The realization comes to us that the individual is only a spark in the network of humanity.

If we, as individuals, are so small, why should we be divided into so many nationalities? A forgetfulness of self will bring for our future one nationality—man.

Only with an integrated will of man can we ward off war and corruption. Inequality encourages a suppression of creativeness. Only with a free expression of mind can full measure be made of our possibilities.

Education is a means to do away with the slums harboring jealousy, revenge, vanity, and unhealthy appetites. Through an educated understanding of life man will not lean on a cramped soul, but he will increase the breath and depth of immortal thought. This and that empire will be no more; we shall have one empire, that the empire of man. He who believes it brings it nearer. The drama of the future belongs wholly to us.



# The Ride

PHYLLIS J. BANKS

Going to school was a thrilling event, especially since it involved riding in a shiny black and red pony cart behind the most handsome pony you ever saw. I discovered after a few rides that Jerry was not only handsome, but high-spirited and of a very unstable disposition. He resented being held in check when galloping down the hill or swerving around the corners.

There were a half dozen of us who traveled to school in this manner. There were the older ones, who were all of twelve or thirteen, and then three of us who were shy little first-graders.

The small red brick school, which we attended, was on the other side of a rather steep hill. It was an exciting experience each morning and evening as we went tearing down the hill and up on the other side. Each of us held tightly to whatever we could, and then we would scream at the top of our voices. It was fun, but it gave me a queer feeling in the pit of my stomach, and the screams which I sent forth were often filled with alarm.

As the days went by, Jerry became more temperamental. Each day Ted had more trouble holding him down. I became frightened and dreaded the trips to and from school each day, but would never

have admitted my fear. The others would have dubbed me a "chicken."

One morning, about three or four weeks after school had started, Ted could hardly get Jerry stopped long enough for me to climb in the cart. We seemed to be actually flying that morning. However, it wasn't until we had gone bouncing down the hill and up on the other side that we realized that Ted had lost control of Jerry. He was running away! Jerry kept going faster. When, if ever, would he stop? Would he halt at the usual place or would he go dashing by the school, and what would happen to us? These questions raced frantically through my mind.

Suddenly there was the school! Jerry slowed down to about sixty miles an hour and turned in the school yard. The cart overturned, and all of us came spilling out like oranges from a peddler's cart. When we had recovered from the shock and the terror of the ride, we discovered that no one was seriously injured.

Down deep in my heart, I was happy the accident had occurred. Not only did I get added attention and publicity because of my bruised leg, but the terrifying rides each morning and evening were ended by unanimous vote of our parents.



# The Character Of Tailholt

WILLIAM T. SHARP

All those who really knew John Taylor are dead and forgotten. His generation have by this time advanced a considerable way down the line of history. Not all has been forgotten, however; as the story was passed on to me by my grandfather's narrations, I feel as though I really knew old John myself.

John was known as the Character of Tailholt, the little town some fifteen miles southeast of Indianapolis, made famous by the poems of James Whitcomb Riley. He was the outcast of an aristocratic Scottish family, who had cast him from the family tree because of his failure to measure up to family specifications in success as a politician. This, along with several early business failures, had driven him far off the course normally set for the son of a Scottish baronet.

His discontent with life was constant and had led him many miles from his arrogant family. The only relief he seemed to get from his own misery was that which he derived visiting saloons. When life in the saloon became too much of a social contact for him, he would retreat to his skimpy attic room. The furnishings of his little room consisted of a bed, one broken-down chair, and a potbellied stove that sat in the corner. It did not appear as empty as one might assume from the description, as it was always well stocked with bottles that were scattered about. The length of time he would spend in his room at one time depended largely upon the supply of full bottles he had on hand.

Although he had displayed marked skills as a handy man in woodworking, his general reputation was such that he was not accepted in proud homes even to do

odd bits of carpentry. He was, however, accepted during some of his infrequent sober days to lend a hand in the blacksmith shop. He was especially welcome after someone had been the victim of a runaway horse and had a damaged buggy, because he was known to be one of the best wheelwrights in that section. No doubt he could have earned a nice living in the neighborhood as a jobbing carpenter if he only had not been so infested with the desire for alcoholic stimulation.

Old John would indeed shock society when he would emerge from his little den in the spring of the year. He was about 65, heavy set, grey-haired, with a glum, dark, unshaven face. It was his practice each spring with the coming of warm weather, to go down to the creek and attempt to wash off at least a part of the winter's accumulation of dirt. He then felt himself quite presentable, but to add the finishing touches, he would stop in at the barber shop and get a shave. Each spring as he would emerge from the barber shop, many of the townsmen would stand in awe as they actually saw his face for the first time.

There was always much speculation as to the fate of the old character. At these times in the spring when he seemed on the threshold of reformation, it would seem as though he had changed his outlook on life. These periods of reform, however, were always very short and it began to look as though he was going to decay in his old useless ways.

One day he stopped at the general store to get a plug of tobacco. The storekeeper gave him a letter that had come through the mail. To this day, no one



knows for sure what became of old John, but the last word that the residents of the little town of Tailholt had of him was that

he had inherited the family estate in Philadelphia and had gone to receive his heritage.

## First Impressions

ELSIE RUTH YOUNG

Many times something that happened years ago will stand out clearer in our minds than those things which happened last month or even last week. Thus it is with my first symphony concert. I was in the third grade when my teacher voted to take us to the matinee concert of the Cincinnati Orchestra each time it came to our city. At least a month beforehand she, being an able musician herself, endeavored to explain the program to us and thus gave us adequate preparation for listening.

We were all very excited on the day of the event. We were dismissed around noon so that we could run home and don our best clothes. The prospects of riding with our school-mates on the streetcar to the auditorium heightened our interests, even though the streets were slushy and our hands and feet were frostbitten by the cold January weather.

The Memorial Auditorium has never since looked quite so massive and important to me as on that day! Its marble pillars, high balconies, and carpeted floors had been inconceivable to my childish imagination.

At last the orchestra assembled on the stage! How grand they looked in their

white shirts and "tails!" As the first chords were struck, our whole class listened intently. But here I have to admit something very embarrassing to me which I have kept secret all my life. In my imagination I pictured actors and dancers along with the musicians who should act out the music. I was terrible agitated when no beautiful women with long tresses waltzed out in long, flowing gowns to the rhythm of the Blue Danube. I soon learned, however, that these characters must appear in our minds rather than on the huge platform in front of us. When a little elfin dance was played, I closed my eyes just a little and saw funny little elves running mischievously about in tiny pointed hats and shoes.

I was enthralled by the huge kettle drums and clanging cymbals, and I was amazed that all those strings could work so well together, their bows moving back and forth at the same time. It surprised me that all grown men did not work in offices or factories, but that some devoted all their time to the beautiful art of music.

That day will always live in my memory, perhaps because those first impressions have been lasting ones.



# School Days Fifty Years Ago

PATRICIA POINTER

Not long ago I had a very interesting conversation with a friend of my grandfather. While discussing my graduation from high school and the coming year at Butler, I was amazed to discover that he had taught school in a rural district some fifty years ago. Naturally I wanted to know all about it because, although I've read much about the strict old schoolmasters who "didn't spare the rod," I had never seen or talked to one. As I listened to his tales, I felt almost as if I were reading the "Hoosier Schoolmaster."

His school was located in a woodsy section some five or ten miles outside of a small town in southern Indiana. It was a one room red brick building and had (I believe he said) two or three windows and just one door. It was heated by a medium-sized coal stove, and the only fixtures were a blackboard, a desk of a sort for the teacher, and desks ranging from very small to fairly large for the pupils. The pupils ranged from little girls with fat, shiny pigtales to tall, lanky boys of fifteen or sixteen. There were only about thirty in the entire school and just two or three in each class. In the morning he would play

his violin, and they would all sing; and then the younger ones would draw while he taught the older ones their "reading, writing, and 'rithmetic."

Every Christmas it was customary that the schoolmaster should bring candy for all the children. Now, one Christmas, the teacher decided to fool the pupils — he decided to wait until time to leave to give them their candy. As the day before Christmas vacation passed, the children grew more restless, and near the end of the day when the teacher went out to the old well to get some water, the older boys slipped the inside bolt and locked him out. When they wouldn't let him in, he just locked the door with the big brass key he always carried in his pocket and decided to go to a neighboring house for a short time to punish them. When he returned thirty minutes later, he opened the door to find that the school house was empty. The prisoners had knocked out a window and crawled out. The only thing that still puzzles this friend of my grandfather is this — the windows were very small and he is sure that one of the girls in the class was larger than the window.



# Period Of Disaster

HANK HURT

It's over now! The blaze of battle has died down and the fury of the beast has been subdued. Johnny has cast aside the evil of war, tanks, guns, bombs, and other monstrous machines. Into his life blundered, or should I say plunged, the beast, death; this intangible horror forced him by blackmail to destroy his fellow man; death held over his head that he either strike down now, or his children, and their children to come, would be the innocent victims of his refusal. What could be do? Johnny had never ceased a life, nor

thought, nor dreamed in his wildest of dreams that he would. Oh God, why must his generation bear such a burden?

However, now the picture dissolves and into its place focuses a new Johnny, a new world. Civilization has once more begun to live, and let live. Education is the password, and tomorrow is the door-sill; let all Johnnies put into a deep corner their four years of enslavement; today be merry; today thank God; tomorrow, but tomorrow never comes; so let's think of today, for the war has ended.

## Vignettes

Life and the war seemed much more vivid to me because I worked in the core of activity instead of in the rind of unessential turmoil.

(from *Davis Monthan Air Base*  
by PEGGY HAMMON)

In a terrible moment I saw it all. I had interrupted a meeting of the Board of Directors! Each and every eye was fastened upon me. I had hoped to see a few of the "big shots" and here they were seated neatly before me around a massive black table. I had their undivided attention. Here was my big chance! What did I do? Why, the correct thing under the circumstances, of course. I stuttered a very, very hasty apology as I made a confused, but rapid retreat.

(from *Green Hire* by BILL OSBORN)

Going downstairs at her greeting, I would find a vivid red tam lying, like an oversized tomato, on the hall table.

(from *Viv* by BETTY LOU WILSON)

The snow has ceased falling, and one glances at the other houses along the street. They all have brightly lighted Christmas trees in the living rooms and small children asleep upstairs. Now, one realizes as never before the difference in the houses. There is no use pretending things are the same. The blue star on ones' door has turned to gold. And for the thousands of young widows from sea to sea, the joys of Christmas are few and difficult to find.

(from *How One Might Spend Christmas Eve* by MABLE FOREMAN)



Freedom of the individual is like freedom of government; there must be laws based on good reason, accepted after thoughtful consideration, and obeyed; otherwise an individual will come to a state of personal anarchy, just as will a government.

(from *Freedom Becomes License*  
by ALLYN WOOD)

Everywhere we see people trying their luck, laughing or screaming on the rides, or struggling with some novel food on a stick. Occasionally we notice a lost, crying child or young lovers bashfully slipping into the fortune teller's booth. Yes, we see almost everything and everyone.

(from *The County Fair*  
by MARTHA LEMAY)