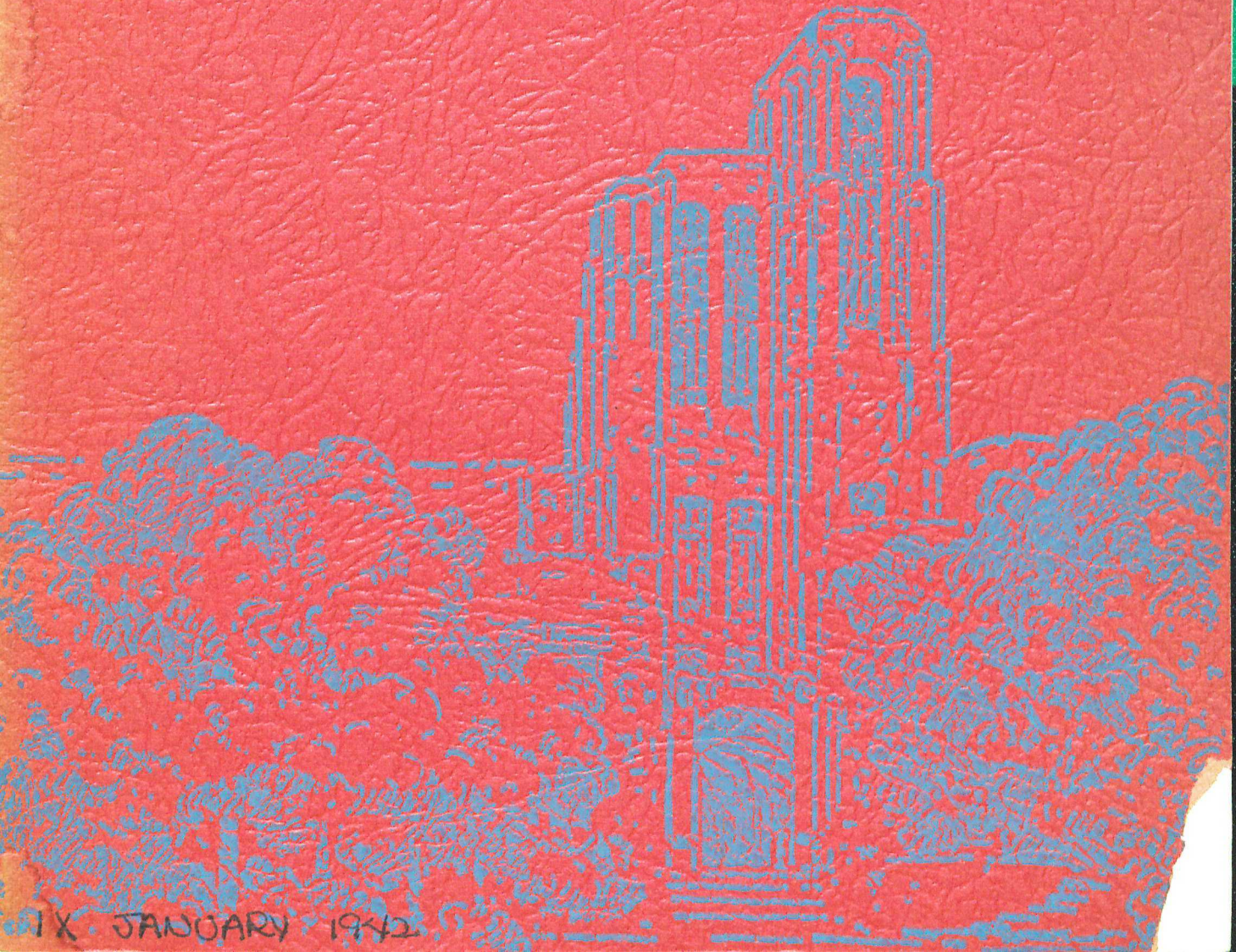


# MSS

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# M S S

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## EDITORIAL

It was only a few weeks ago that students gathered, quietly, thoughtfully, in the College of Religion here at Butler to hear, by radio, the President of the United States asking our Congress for a declaration of war on Japan. Needless to say, it was not a war of any American's choosing; indeed the Japanese military organization had made attack without any warning—even while apparently sponsoring talk of peace at our nation's capitol—upon U. S. civilian settlements in the Pacific Ocean.

Even then it was accepted by most Americans that the great fiasco of the second decade of this century had to be repeated.

But need it be? Need it be?

Here in the quiet halls of Butler University it is difficult to realize that there is a war. Men are drafted, or voluntarily enlist, and leave their classes. There are service clubs, a few wartime courses are added; there are talk and rumors; sometimes one hears that a friend or acquaintance has been killed or wounded; one worries when there is a lull after excitement. But most of our war is still in the newspapers.

We are yet able to look at this terrible thing as the vision of man fighting with his own evil, which he has carelessly allowed to batten. We are still able to look upon the adversaries of our armed troops as human beings betrayed by their own weak-

nesses and a few unscrupulous men.

The English department is still printing MSS, wherein we hope are contained the sensible realization and sometimes the successful solution of some of the problems which life presents to college students—as well as the expression in artistic form of emotions and ideas of college young people.

It seems to us that if MSS continues as the quietly articulate voice of the literary students of Butler University, it will be serving a powerful, if obscure, purpose.

The facing of spiritual realities which the production of any but the most superficial literature requires is going to build the only world of the future which will be fit to live in. This cognizance of the truth, this facing of realities, is blurred and rendered impotent in a time of war by the emotional and physical stress which everyone undergoes. Men forget that they are fighting ideas and spirits which they feel are inimical; they fight as it were a personal matter—man against man. They lose sight of any real victory, and come to think that total destruction of the enemy is the only one.

So we are going to continue publishing MSS; for we feel that it is a manifestation of the spirit that may prevent another Versailles; another period of reconstruction, inflation, speculation; another crisis and depression; another Hitler or Mussolini and all they stand for; another Munich.



# PROPHECY

JOAN FULLER

It was in the days of the great wars when tyrants and despots were conquering the world and all peoples were ground into the earth. And it happened that signs and portents of disaster began to be apparent in all places. There were storms upon the sun and great spots, and on the earth explosions and eruptions of mountains and risings of the sea in great waves and many storms on sea and on land. And at that time prophets began to arise, Jews and Gentiles, old men and young, and women. And they all began to prophesy the end of the world, crying, "Vengeance will be visited on the oppressor and the iniquity of the world." And all this time the confusion of the elements increased, and everywhere there were great earthquakes and tall buildings were fallen and whole cities broken and destroyed.

And in those days there lived an old woman, alone and high on a mountain. The storms and the earthquakes troubled her not, for she and her thick-walled stone hut had weathered many of them. And the wars and the troubles of the world had no effect upon her, for she knew not of them. She lived high on the side of the mountain and for her there was no world save the mountain and her small farm on its side.

She hoed her little fields, turned her goats out to graze in the grass, and every day her only care was for the rain or the sun to nourish her crops, and she saw no man from month's rise to month's end. As the fall drew on, she housed her grain and stored the vegetables in her cellar and knew not that through the world men cried, "God has deserted us," and that great battles raged in the world and men died and lay in their gore till they fell apart

and became part of the soil and their empty skulls grinned up at the sardonic face of the moon.

Through the long winter, the old woman sat by her fire and had no knowledge that the prophets screamed, "There is no God now. Our doom is approaching on us!" or that cities were burning and women and children shrieking in pain as the flames licked over them with grasping, raking fingers, or that below her the roads were jammed with the homeless, dragging on and ever on to nowhere. Old women, gaunt men with rag-tied feet and tiny children, whimpering with the cold.

The earthquakes had ceased. For that the old woman was glad, for she told herself that when the rains came, even her stout cottage might be loosed and sent in ruins down the mountain side. But all through the winter the skies were heavy-browed and grey, and all the days were dusk. But there was no snow and no rain, and the old woman worried, for the soil needed to store its moisture against the summer's baking sun.

The year changed and the new year came, and the months passed, each day grey and windless; and March came and went, and April, and still there was no rain and the greyness of the clouds still hung over the earth and no wind blew them. So she waited for May, since there were no April rains, and she went out to break the soil with her hoe, but it was hard as if frozen, and dry. She laid the seed in and covered it with the chunks of dry soil and waited, but no sprouts appeared. And no leaves appeared on the trees and the grass stayed winter-dry and brown, and the grain for the goats grew low in the bins and the vegetable-shelves bare in her

cellar. And over everything the greyness clung, and the air was heavy and still and odors hung where they rose and drifted slowly off like smoke in an airless hall. And the oppression weighed on the old woman and grew, and she became afraid.

So she gathered her potatoes and apples together, baked a last loaf of bread, and tied them in a cloth and set off down the mountain. She walked stolidly through the forests, leafless and bare in July, and came to the village where she had been born and where she'd not set foot for twenty years, and she walked stiff-backed down its main street. And nowhere was there sign of life. The houses were empty and soulless, and the quiet of the place was dead and the air hung heavy and stifling on the roof-tops as though the clouds themselves settled there. And the old woman stood before the empty church and was afraid.

But she gripped her stick and set off again down the mountain. For three days she walked in the forest and for three more over wide fields in the valley. And all the farms that she passed were empty, and in places there were animals dead in the fields and the putrid odor of carrion lay pressed to the earth by the grey oppression of the clouds.

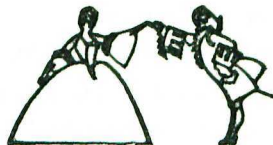
And on the fifth day she met a crowd of men and women, and their faces were grey and still as the skies, and they said nothing. But she followed behind them, and came to the city. And far off were the

sounds of the city audible, and the old woman was glad because of its noise and life.

But inside the city the streets were like tunnels, dark and airless and thick with the smell of men and of garbage. And everywhere the faces of the people were grey and frightened and no children played in the streets, and no one laughed.

The old woman wandered up and down the streets, bewildered and alien, and she saw great crowds praying before the churches, crying "Forgive us and save us, O God," and the wine shops were filled with those who drank and sang with frightened eyes. And often she heard men crying, "God has deserted us! There is no God! The hour of doom approaches!" And some old men with beards and wild hair passed her shrieking and beating their backs with whips till they were soft and covered with blood, and they yelled, "Doom, doom, doom," as they went.

As night fell and the darkness that was little deeper than the greyness of the day, the people lit lights and burned fires on the street corner. And the old woman set on a doorstep and watched the fire, a thing familiar and comforting to her, and she was weary and hungry and confused. And she sat on the doorstep and leaned against the wall, and the leaping flames blurred and faded before her eyes, and the last thing she heard was the mad-men's cries of "Doom, doom, doom."



# QUESTION ON A STREET-CAR

JACK KILGORE

"What do tired-eyed people live for?  
They seem to have no joy."

"They have their joys the same as we;  
Be silent, little boy."

I saw a fat, grotesque-nosed cook  
With large and restless feet,  
A loose and restless moving mouth  
And eyes that held defeat.

"What do tired-eyed people live for?  
They seem to have no joy."

"They have their joys the same as we;  
Be silent, little boy."

I saw a tired stenographer  
With every curl in place,  
And her expression painted on  
Her lined and aging face.

"What do tired-eyed people live for?  
They seem to have no joy."

"They have their joys the same as we;  
Be silent, little boy."

I saw exhausted laborers;  
Their shoulders drooped, their eyes  
Watched dully for their streets. They almost  
Lacked the strength to rise.

"What do tired-eyed people live for?  
They seem to have no joy."

"They have their joys the same as we;  
Be silent, little boy."

I did not see my father's face  
That held its share of pain.  
I did not see his tired eyes  
But turned and asked again,

"What do tired-eyed people live for?  
They seem to have no joy."

"They have their joys the same as we;  
Be silent, little boy."

# EDUCATING FOR DEMOCRACY

FRED W. MICHEL

Education in a democracy must of necessity be of a type which will perpetuate that democracy. This being true, our problem automatically resolves itself into the discussion of three questions: What is education? What is democracy? What elements must be present in the ideal educational system which will further the democracy that nourishes it?

There are many different definitions of education. Some philosophers hold that education is preparation for life. Others maintain that education is life now, lived to its fullest and richest extent. However, without regard to the various schools of thought, there are some general statements upon which we can all agree. Education is fundamentally concerned with moulding and developing a human being in terms of an ideal as far as his nature allows it. 1 Education may be formal or informal. Informal education continues from birth to death and includes the teachings of experience. Since formal education exists apparently to perpetuate society successfully, the nature of and method for the instruction of the young is usually fitted to the society in question and reflects its aims. 2 Life is a continuous process of expressing tendencies, of giving outlets to basic urges and wants. The young child brings with him on his first day at school a large assortment of tendencies to feel and to do, an inseparable mixture of inborn

and learned traits. These are the raw materials of education. The happy, successful individual is the one who has acquired means of giving abundant, satisfying outlets to many of his fundamental tendencies, and who has learned to do this in ways acceptable to society. 3 Recommendations for applying these general statements will follow later.

What is democracy? The encyclopedia defines it as follows: Democracy is a term originating in Greece to designate a government where the people share in directing the activities of the state as well as participate in its rewards. Democracy is essentially a philosophy which insists on the right, and in the long run, the capacity of a people, acting either directly or through representatives, to control their institutions for their own best ends. Such a philosophy of necessity exalts the individual, and would free him as far as possible from restraints not self-imposed. It recognizes, however, that complete individual freedom is practically impossible, but insists that restraints be imposed only by a majority and that they be elected on a principle of equal opportunity for all. 4 We understand, however, that having possession of a voice does not, as Edward Ross worded it, "endow an unlettered, ignorant man with the wit to use it to realize his ends." 5 In order to be an intelligent, cooperative factor in a democracy each individual must

1 Carl J. Friedrich, "Education and Propaganda", Simpson, Brown, Stegner, Editors, *An Exposition Workshop*, Boston, 1939, p. 64.

2 "Education," *The Columbia Encyclopedia*, (first edition) p. 549.

3 R. M. Hockett, *A Teachers' Guide to*

*Child Development*, Sacramento, 1933. p 2.

4 "Democracy," *The Columbia Encyclopedia*, (first edition) p. 486.

5 E. A. Ross, *The Outlines of Sociology*, (revised edition), New York, 1933. p. 313.



be educated to think clearly, judge wisely, and appreciate his privilege of sharing in the direction of the government. Democracy will progress only as the individuals of which it is composed progress. Therefore, the problem of maintaining and furthering democracy becomes the problem of furthering education.

What elements, then, must be present in education to abet and secure democracy? I will not attempt to mention all of them, but, stated in terms of ability, attitude, appreciation, habit, and knowledge, I will submit the following for consideration. They are:

First, ability to accept responsibility. One of the chief causes for maladjustment is evasion of responsibility and withdrawal from reality. <sup>6</sup> Individuals within a democracy must be helped to face the world squarely and accept the responsibility of sharing in the work of that world.

Second, ability to meet and solve problems. What kind of government will result if no one can think? Dictators know the answer to that question, for they thrive upon the confused inability of their subjects to meet and solve problems for themselves.

Third, ability to cooperate. In a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people" this ability is essential. Citizens must be guided from childhood forward to control their tempers in order that the nation may be a wise, deliberate nation. Too, appreciation of the rights of others must be instilled in early childhood if a nation without class distinction is to stand.

Fourth, the ability to profit by experience. Philosophers tell us we learn to do by doing, but there are some things too dangerous and costly to merit learning them first hand.

Fifth, the ability to recognize a final

<sup>6</sup> R. M. Hockett, *op. cit.*, p. 2.

authority. The citation given earlier from the encyclopedia called attention to the fact that complete individual freedom is practically impossible and that restraints must be imposed. Citizens of a democratic country must, therefore, be led to recognize and respect authority.

Sixth, the attitude of having an inquiring mind. Dull, inactive minds can only be a burden to the democratic ideal.

Seventh, the appreciation of the privileges we have because of the efforts and sacrifices of others. A self-centered, self-satisfied student will result in trouble. He must be led to see how much of his comfortable, stable existence is due to the efforts of those who have lived before him. Individuals who are alert, respectful, and grateful make up a worthy nation.

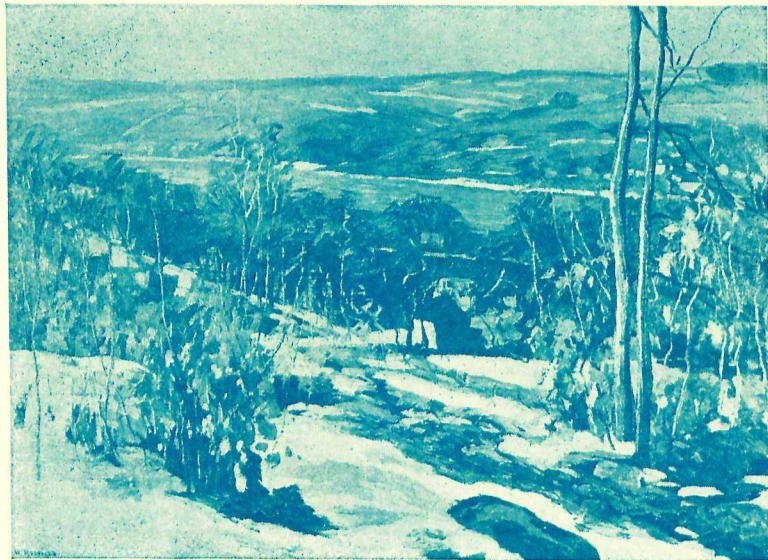
Eighth, the habit of facing limitations and making the most of available talent. <sup>7</sup> A consulting psychologist says that most cases of maladjustment are due to the fact that people will not accept themselves. They resent their limitations and want to be someone else. <sup>8</sup> Members of a democracy must be helped to see themselves honestly, to consider their various abilities, and find a place to work both for themselves and for the country as a whole. We cannot all be lecturers, teachers, musicians, preachers, or artists, but each small job has its contribution to make.

Ninth, a knowledge of art, music, literature, etc. A nation of happy individuals living a full, cultured life will surely be a stable, leading nation.

Last, a knowledge concerning food, exercise, etc. It is easy to see that strong bodies are positively essential if any people is to be powerful, happy, and united.

<sup>7</sup> J. G. Gilkey, *Secrets of Effective Living*, New York, 1934, p. 44.

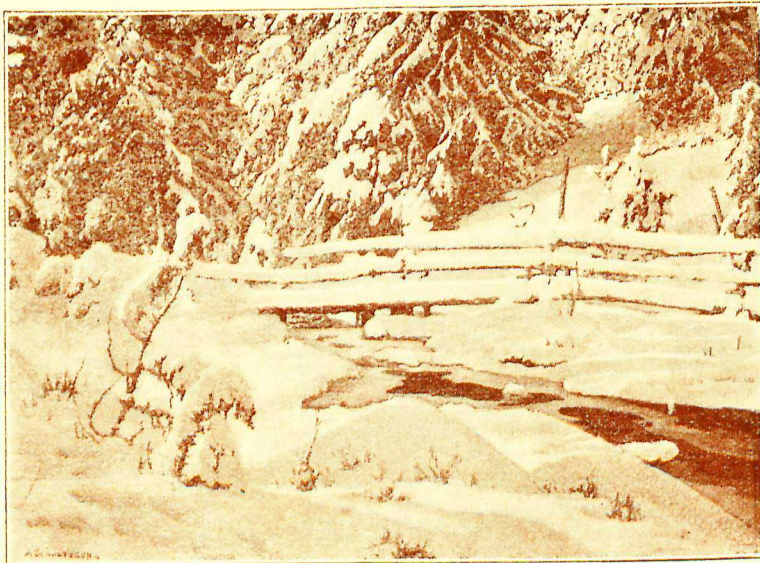
<sup>8</sup> Cited in H. E. Fosdick, "Building a Personality," *Reader's Digest Reader*, 1940, p. 367.



THE CREST

BY EDWARD N. REDFIELD

*John Herron Art Museum*



WINTER IN THE FOREST, DALECARLIA BY ANSHELM SCHULTZBERG

*John Herron Art Museum*

Having considered these ten learnings necessary to democracy, how shall we fit them into the public educational system? Is it not advisable to begin with the child — and to so socialize and lead him as to bring about an intelligent adult ready to accept his place in the world? The school then should be greatly concerned that children learn to express themselves richly and satisfyingly, through a fearless facing of reality, and through means that are socially acceptable so that happiness and satisfactory adjustment may result. Thus the teacher's problem is twofold: not only must she provide many and varied opportunities for the expression of the child's basic tendencies, but she must also furnish such skillful guidance that the child comes to express himself in ways that are socially desirable. She needs to avoid two common misconceptions: The first of these is the conception that development results from

self-expression, of all types, at all times, in all places, irrespective of outcome or consequence. Such a conception put into practice can lead only to anarchy. The other error is the insistence upon unquestioning, sometimes unthinking, conformity to adult standards without regard to the present life of the child. Success in this effort must inevitably result in stamping out the child's individuality and initiative.<sup>9</sup>

I will not presume to outline a course of study for the schools, for I am not a student of education. However, what I have read concerning progressive philosophy (the experience-centered, child-centered, teacher-guided school) seems to me to approach the ideal system. Surely we cannot teach democracy and at the same time practice dictatorship in our classrooms.

<sup>9</sup> R. M. Hockett, *op. cit.* p. 2.

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# AESTHETIC PLEASURE

BETTY MURNAN

Kitty looked skeptically at the tall soda glass in her left hand. It wasn't too shiny, so she dropped it into the dish water — not that she was particular — but sodas were her specialty. There was nothing she liked better than watching a soda bubble up in a tall glass. She took another glass from the shelf behind her, jerked just the right amount of chocolate syrup into it, tipped it sideways, and ran a thin, hard stream of carbonated water clear around the edge of the syrup until it bubbled nearly up to the rim of the glass. Two dippers of ice cream, a little more fizz, a dash of whipped cream topping, and her masterpiece was done. For a moment she surveyed the rich brown of the chocolate and the smooth purity of the whipped cream standing high above the edge of the glass, and then called out, "One brown up." As a lean, dark-haired boy approached the fountain, she smiled and asked quickly, "What'll it be, Pete, a twenty-one?" He nodded, so she plunged her hand into the icy water of the cooler, pulled out a bottle of coke, and gave it to him. "Can't talk to you right now, Pete, I've got a million table orders to fill." Even while she spoke, her hands were busy pouring marshmallow syrup over an order of chocolate ice cream. "Marsh down on brown. Pick it up." Her hands flew on, making fountain cokes and opening bottles, packing ice cream, making sodas and sundaes, and washing glasses.

Finally there was a lull in business. She looked at Pete and forgot to smile. "Pete, I'm gettin' damn tired of this job. Oh, I know it looks like fun. Well, it isn't. It wouldn't be so bad if I could just stand here and make stuff, but I sure get tired of rushing all the time. And then there's the back bar to be shined, the napkin holders

to be shined and filled, the stove to be scoured, and beer orders to be filled. Let me tell you, it's no fun to run to the back room and fish around in the beer cooler for a dozen cans of Falstaff. It's getting so my arm is numb with cold about three-fourths of the time."

Pete merely looked at her and laughed. "You'll get over it. There are worse things you know."

"Oh yeah? If there are, I don't want to know about it. Believe me, if I didn't have to work, I wouldn't be here now." That was as far as she got. She paused for breath and a voice from the other end of the fountain called to her. "Kitty, it's time to do dishes." Kitty answered with a meek, "Yes, May," and started toward the back room. Well, that was the last straw. Oh, how she would have liked to have said, "Do 'em yourself." But that wouldn't work either. Back talk never got her anywhere. At first it had hurt like the dickens to keep biting her tongue, but now she guessed it must be getting calloused.

By this time one of the delivery boys had dragged the large metal dish-container to the back room. She groaned when she saw how full it was and knew that it would take her an hour and a half to finish them and scrub the towels. And the back room was awfully crowded and awfully hot. She filled one side of the sink with hot, soapy water and the other side with clear water and began to scrape the food from the dishes into the garbage can. Steam rose up in great clouds and the smell of the garbage was sickening. She leaned against the sink a moment and then went on. If she could only force herself to hurry, maybe she could get done sooner. She moved quickly, washing the dishes and putting

them into the rinse water as she went. It was always easier when she sang, so she started singing and kept it up till she was done. She had plenty of time to get through all of the popular tunes, The Largo, The Lost Chord, and finally Die Lorelei in German. Die Lorelei was the best of all. She had memorized it in grade school, and singing it now always left her feeling proud and self-satisfied.

The dishes were all washed and ready to be dried now. That part of the job wasn't so bad — except that the towel was always too damp toward the last. Anyhow it gave her a chance to smoke. She lit a cigarette, took a few drags, put it on the shelf above the sink, and then alternately dried dishes and smoked. Smoking always made her feel a little weak and dizzy, but it was something to do besides dry dishes, so she always did it.

Finally the last dish was wiped and stacked with the others in a box. Now all she had to do was scrub towels. She changed the water in the sink, poured in a half a bottle of chlorox, and started scrubbing. After only a few scrubs, the chlorox had penetrated the old blisters on her hands, and they broke open and bled. It's a good thing this can't last forever, she

thought. Now that she was so near the end of her job, she could even be philosophic about the blisters. And then she really was through.

It didn't take long to put on fresh make-up and hurry back to the soda fountain. And when she did get there, Pete still sat where she had left him. Good old, patient Pete, she thought, "Say, what's this I hear about your inventing a soda?" he asked. "I guess you can make me one. I'll try anything once."

Kitty picked up a shiny glass and grinned. "Sure, I invented a soda, and you needn't worry because you won't be taking a chance." She jerked just the right amount of vanilla syrup into the glass, tipped it sideways, and ran a thin, hard stream of carbonated water clear around the edge of the syrup until it nearly bubbled up to the rim of the glass. Two dippers of raspberry salad sherbet, a little more fizz, a dash of whipped cream topping, and her masterpiece was done. Proudly, she surveyed the pale lavender in the glass and the white froth standing high above it. As she handed it across the counter to Pete, she said, "I call it Lavender and Old Lace — with arsenic for the customers I don't like," and made a face at him.

## FAVORITES --- I HATE THEM

ISADORE CAMHI

It's a natural and very common prejudice, I think. Possibly you foster the same one. In me, however, it amounts to an obsession, a *supreme* dislike for — favorites. It doesn't matter what kind of favorite it may be; a favorite book, a well-known actor, a famous food, a highly-touted athlete, or possibly even a favorite teacher. I'm against all of them — before I know exactly why. Perhaps it is due to the fact that I, like most other human beings, have a hidden desire to be different, to stand out

from the crowd. Perhaps it is that I am simply too hard-headed to bow down in respect for the favorite of the throng.

Anyway, my prejudice doesn't worry me because it is a normal reaction in that most people sympathize with the underdog. They root for him, and in so doing, automatically pull against the favorite. It is really a "see-saw" affair. It might even give one the impression that it is the favorite who needs the sympathy since so many people want to see the underdog win. But I shall not change horses in "mid-theme."

I'm still prejudiced against the favorite, any favorite, all favorites.

The first time I actually became conscious of my then embryonic resentment toward favorites was during my first week in grade school. The teacher had just finished telling us of the misfortunes of the Ugly Duckling. I was surprised by the story, to say the least. It was so starkly realistic — in a way. Yes, it was so true! The less colorful, more ordinary creatures in the world were looked down upon by unsympathetic and often cruel eyes. Favorites were respected. One simply had to be a white, normal duckling, not a clumsy, ugly duckling. Oh, *Little Red Riding Hood* and *The Three Bears* were very nice stories too, but they did not present the problems that *The Ugly Duckling* did. As I went home that day, I made a secret vow always to boost the underdog, to supplement this glory with scorn and contempt for the favorite. I was to be at least one atom on the right side of the scales of justice. What ambitions for a six-year-old!

Since then, I have had thousands of opportunities (but never enough nerve) to champion the underdog and condemn the favorite. Fortunately for me, I have restricted my utterances to occasions when I knew for certain that I would not be looked upon by my audience as an eccentric wind-bag. You see, I have no desire to be an *underdog*. But deep within me is that meek little voice which says, "Stick to your opinions, even if they are prejudiced opinions."

I am particularly prejudiced against best-selling novels. I have read several so-called best sellers with extremely disappointing results. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was far below the standard which everyone said it attained, in my opinion. Whenever I go to a library in search of a good novel now, I pass the best sellers and

scout around for a book about which I have never heard before. If the book looks fairly interesting, I attempt to read it. It is a grand feeling to discover a book and to tell people of your find. On the other hand, if the book turns out to be rather dull, you have lost nothing because you didn't really expect anything. But did you ever have that disappointed feeling I had after reading a best seller? It makes one feel as though he is out of step with the rest of the nation. Gradually it develops into a prejudice against so-called favorite books.

I have had that same disappointed feeling from seeing movie epics and enjoying the newsreels more than the billion dollar production. Don't you feel a spark inside you when you watch a "sleeper" movie; that is, a movie for which nobody predicted great success, but which *you* know *will* be a great success? Did you ever see a "bit player" show a tremendous amount of talent in just a small role while the highly-publicized star, the idol of the nation, amateurishly goes about his acting chores?

Point-getters in athletic contests are not as important to me as the men who make it possible for them to score. In football, it takes a capable line; in basketball, there must be fast and accurate passers. The point-getters get the publicity and the hero-worship, while the others must stand in the background. Is it no wonder I'm prejudiced?

Harboring a prejudice against favorites may also have its profitable side — sometimes. I'm referring, of course, to betting on that 50-to-1 shot, refugee-from-a-milk-wagon nag. My poor underdogs will never get that type of sympathy from me, though, because I am afraid that it would merely be an expensive way of finding out that my prejudice against favorites is unjust and impractical.

## TWO POEMS

MARY WILEY

### REALISM

I do not like the barrenness of skies  
Nor the hard earth whose face denies that spring  
Can ever come again. When beauty flies  
I find a death of hope in everything.  
No kindly covering of snow can bring  
To fruitless trees the foliage; nor to  
Bleak nests, nostalgic of the new-tried wing,  
The songs of birds. The dark, unlovely hue  
Of storm-swept hills and skies is desolate to view.

The stern sterility of winter-time  
Has frugal charm for such as I,  
Who love the fragrance of a warmer clime,  
The feel of lush, rich earth on which to lie,  
Nose buried in the grass. These things defy  
The fickleness of season. But it is cold  
And frozen fast, where under summer sky  
I dipped my hand in clover. I was not told  
How soon the world would weary; how soon the world grows old.

### FINALE

We built our love securely. In the fall  
We took the ripened gold of summer leaf  
And piled it high against the wall  
That crossed our separate yards; in sharp relief  
The treasure burnished bold stood to the sky,  
And none to trouble it came passing by.

But late that year there came a wind that blew  
Our shining mound from its imperial height;  
It was no use for one so frail as you  
With stricken hands to stem that golden flight.  
Too swift for palsied limbs to grasp they sped  
Across the barren yard. I watched them go  
Without a tear, until I turned my head  
And marked your fading foot prints in the snow.



# THE SISTERS

JEANNE GASS

"Kathy! Kathy! There's horses down there. Right down there by the river!" Pete came running, red pig-tails flying. Her old brown coat was slipping off one shoulder, her rolled stockings were drooping, and she was breathless with running and the excitement of her news. "There're right down there."

"Circus horses, Pete?" Trudie cried joyfully.

"How many?"

"Aw, she's kiddin' us, Kathy."

"Be quiet, Lorney. You mean horses down in that swamp, Pete? There couldn't be. They wouldn't keep horses that far from the rest." Kathy, fourteen-years-old, and the eldest of the six Mallory sisters, was recognized as an authority.

"There is so!" Pete tossed her head defiantly. "Come and see for yourself, 'f you don't believe me!"

To think was to act with the Mallorys, and the little girls, chattering and arguing, romped after the excited Pete across the elaborately fenced-in field, down to swampy grounds by the river.

"See! What d'I tell you."

The outlines of a half dozen horses could be seen about a quarter of a mile on.

"Oh, let's go ride 'em. Kathy, can we go ride 'em? Nobody'd care. Kathy, can we?"

Since Pete and Lorney were already speeding across the waste, their short legs flying, Kathy nodded in a benign manner, and the others followed.

The horses were enclosed by a barbed-wire fence. The soggy marsh ground beneath them had been trampled to a slick paste, and no grass was growing anywhere. The girls surveyed the animals with an eye only to their possibilities as

steeds.

"They're awful tame, looks like," ventured little Beth.

"My goodness they're dirty, Pete. Do you think you'd ought?" Kathy expressed a mother-like concern.

Pete, whose real name was Elsie, didn't answer. She carefully climbed over the fence, and approached the nearest of the beasts. The rest of the girls watched with bated breath. Even Kathy forgot her usual admonitions.

"Here, Horsey. Nice Horsey. Come on and let me ride you. Here Horsey."

The animal stood with lowered head. His eyes were bloodshot. He watched Pete suspiciously, but was submissive to her touch. The Mallorys had just moved to the country four days ago, and the girls knew very little about farm animals. But Pete had ridden her Uncle Henry's plow horses several times, and professed to be quite familiar with horses in general. She led the dirty creature over to the fence and mounted with a flourish by balancing from the barbed wire.

"Oh Pete, I want to ride. It looks awful easy." Marta regarded her sister with admiring eyes.

"This is nothin'! Wait'll I make him run." Pete dug her sharp little heels into the shaggy sides. "Git-up you. Git-up." She spoke imperiously. "Git-up." The horse made a little whimpering sound, and swayed imperceptibly.

"What's the matter with 'im, Pete? Why'nt he git-up?"

"What's the matter with you horse? Darn you, git-up." Pete punctuated her commands with two angry little kicks. The horse's head rocked back and forth pitifully.

"Pete, look at that horse. He's awful skinny, and he's got blood on." Lorney pointed to the other animals. "They all look skinny."

The girls regarded the rest of the horses.

"Somethin's funny here. Somethin's the matter with these critters. They must be sick. I'm gettin' out of here." Pete scrambled down from her sorry mount.

"Do you think they're sick, Kathy?" questioned Marta.

"Kathy, I'm scared. Le's go home." Beth tugged at her sister's dress tail.

"I don't know. There must be something wrong. I guess we had better go home." Kathy's voice sounded strange, and little Beth shivered.

Twilight was settling across the country. The girls had some distance to travel home. The fields they had been exploring were a part of a large territory which served as winter quarters for the famous Blackley-Murdock circus. The circus grounds were adjacent to the newly acquired Mallory homestead.

In the gloomy half-light a mood of depression fell upon the little group. At the top of the rolling hill, they turned to observe again the motionless horses. Wordlessly they turned away, and slowly crossed the field toward the circus grounds proper.

"Hey, What're ye doin' around here?" A gruff voice behind them stopped the six girls in their tracks.

"I bin watchin' you kids for quite a spell, and looks to me like you're up to somethin'. Where you bin?" It was a tall skinny man with a sinister little black mustache. He had a large mole on his ugly hooked nose, and the girls were instinctively afraid.

"Where you bin?" he repeated.

"No where, specially, mister," said Pete. "We live down there, in the white house."

"We just moved in," volunteered Lorney.

"What's the matter with your horses, mister?" queried Marta boldly.

"Hush, Mart." Kathy wore her usual worried look.

"Horses? What horses ar'ye talkin' about?" The man peered fiercely into their faces. The girls withdrew a little and remained silent.

Then the man straightened up.

"You bin down by the bat-pen?"

"No, sir. No, we haven't. We've only been down to see the horses you have down there by the swamp. But we didn't hurt a thing." Kathy spoke authoritatively.

"Well, that's the bat-pen. What'd ye think it was? Now you kids stay away from there, d'ye understand?" The man shook Pete's shoulder roughly.

"Why do you call it 'bat-pen', mister? There aren't no bats here." Trudie looked up at the man wonderingly.

"Aren't any, Trudie." Kathy corrected her sister's grammar automatically.

"Now that's none of you kid's business. What I mean is, you stay 'way from here or I'll take ye to Mr. Murdock. Now git on home."

"Come girls," Kathy directed the little group homeward in her most dignified manner.

"We'll ask Pa wat's the matter with 'em," mused Pete.

"And why they call it a bat-pen," added Trudie.

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Supper was ready in the white frame house, and the kitchen was warm and cozy. "Gingerbread!" The girls recognized the spicy odor. "Yes, gingerbread," echoed Mother as she removed Beth's coat. "But not until you eat your vegetables. Pete, pull your stockings up. Now hurry girls, and wash. Your father will be in in the shake of a lamb's tail."

The girls were barely ready, when a familiar step was heard on the back porch.

"Pa!" The children swarmed over him like bees. Laughing and scuffling, they romped till John Mallory said,

"Now you little rough-necks! Let me go clean up for supper."

They followed him to the wash bowl. Pete retrieved the soap, which had fallen to the floor, and handed it to him. She could hold back her question no longer.

"Pa, why do they call it a bat-pen? Where they keep the horses, I mean." The girls crowded anxiously around, as their father straightened up, his black eyebrows knitted together.

"Have you girls been down by Murdock's bat-pen?" His voice seemed to tremble with sternness.

"You're dripping soap on the floor, Pa." Kathy interrupted.

"Answer me, Pete."

"Why, yes, Pa. We weren't going to bother anything. What's the matter with those horses, Pa? Why can't we go down there?"

"What's the trouble, John? Supper's on the table." Mother stood smiling in the doorway.

"The bat-pen, Nora." Pa's voice was weary, and at his words Mother's smile disappeared. The man dried his hands deliberately, and led the girls to the kitchen. He sat down in his big chair, and they clustered about him. He took one of Pete's hands in his two big ones.

"Sometimes, girls," he began, "you find things in the world that you don't like to think or know about. And maybe you can't do anything about them, either. So you just have to stay way from them, or maybe try to forget." He paused, and cleared his throat. "Those horses are kept to feed to Murdock's lions, Pete. Murdock buys them from the farmers 'round here, and keeps them in the bat-pen till he's ready for them.

A farmer'd rather have five dollars, than shoot his old horse, you know."

"Does Murdock shoot 'em, Pa?" The girls were round-eyed.

"No. He puts them down there to die." Lorney's breath drew in sharply. "He don't want to spend money to feed them, so they starve to death. They stand down there in the cold and the mud, till they get so stiff they can't stand up; they just naturally keel over. That's what's the matter with them, Pete. Then a keeper drags them to the lions. And nobody around can do anything about it."

"Oh, Pa." Tears were dripping off Lorney's nose. She swabbed at them with her sleeve cuff. "Oh, Pa. That's awful."

"Well, its just one of those things, honey. Now don't go down there again, and try to forget it."

"Come girls, eat your suppers." Their mother's calm voice broke in on the horrible picture, and the girls sat down soberly at the table.

In the half-light of the next morning's dawn, six shadowy little figures were silhouetted about Mr. Murdock's muddy bat-pen. Some of the feed Mr. Mallory had bought "at a bargain" for the stock he was to purchase at a near date, had been taken from its storage place in the Mallory barn, and was being enthusiastically distributed among the old, broken-down horses.

"Look at 'em eat." Pete was ecstatic.

"Listen how they chomp," Lorney added in admiration.

"They sound almost like Grand-papa," giggled Trudie to Marta, her twin. The two went off into hysterical laughter, when Kathy interrupted with,

"Be still, kids. That man will be down here again. We'd better get back now, before Mother misses us."

The girls nodded.

"Good-bye, poor horseys. We'll bring you some more tomorrow, don't worry."

Four-year-old Beth was moved by pity from her usual grave silence.

The twins stowed the empty feed bags under their coats, and the sisters set out across the fields.

The next morning when they returned, two of the horses were gone, and a new one had been added. She was white, and there was blood on her flank where the barbed-wire had cut. Her ribs could be counted easily.

"I hope Pa's feed lasts," Pete said absently.

"What'll happen to us when he finds out? That's what I'm scared of." Kathy shook her blond head.

For two weeks it was the same, then one morning—

"Now I've got ye. Thought ye're the ones been doin' it. When I told you brats to stay out, I meant it. What d'ye mean by feedin' these brutes?" It was the skinny man with the hooked nose.

"Mister, you can't keep these horses here like this. You just can't do it. It isn't fair," Pete pleaded.

"Why'nt you shoot 'em when you get 'em, 'f you have to feed 'em to the lions. You don't have to starve 'em to death, do you Mister?"

"That's the way the cats like 'em, and that's the way its gonna be."

"You're cruel, you darned old man. I hate you. I hate you." Lorney screamed and flung herself on him, kicking and clawing. He seized the child by the shoulders and shook her till she was nearly senseless. Beth thought she was dying.

"Stop that, stop that, you!" Kathy shouted hysterically.

The man gave Lorney a final shake, and spat venomously on the ground.

"Clear out of here. If it wasn't for the performance tonight, I'd take you to Murdock right now. And if I catch you once more-----"

The girls were already stumbling across the rolling hill.

That night's event was the one big-hearted gesture Mr. Murdock made all year long. Before the final settling down for winter quarters he presented the year's last performance for half-price.

"Folks for miles around'll be there," John Mallory told the girls at supper, but they declined to go. Shortly after Mr. and Mrs. Mallory left the house that night, six forms crept silently out the back door.

The crowd was gay that night, and the show was good.

"I wish the girls had come," Nora Mallory sighed several times.

Her wish was granted in the midst of the spectacular dog and pony show. She sat transfixed and watched her six daughters start their own parade around the big ring. She clutched her throat.

"John, look, look," she moaned.

The line was headed by Pete, who was pounding vigorously on the back of a skillet with a big iron spoon. She was followed by her five sisters, leading four of the most pitiable horses imaginable. Little Beth was balanced on the back of the dirtiest of the sorry animals.

"*These are Mr. Murdock's horses, too,*" the sisters were shouting. "*These are the ones he starves to death.*"

"*He feeds them to the lions!*" the twins yelled. Pete shouted lustily, but there were tears in her eyes. "*These are Mr. Murdock's horses, too!*" They all chanted.

Then Murdock's men siezed them bodily, and dragged beasts and children outside.

Within ten minutes, the Mallorys, florid Mr. Murdock, and the hooked-nose individual were gathered in the Mallory kitchen.

"I never heard of such a—, such an outrage. An outrage, that's what it is!" Mr. Murdock was finishing. "Those brats of yours have been bothering us for a long

time. Been feedin' the hosses, Mr. Marston here says. I won't have it! Why I ought to sue. . ."

"Is that true, Kathy?" Nora Mallory asked.

"Yes, Mother. We gave them Pa's new feed. Ma, we just had to do something!" John Mallory interrupted his oldest daughter,

"Murdock, get off my land, or by Heaven I'll . . ."

"Pa, you're hurtin'!" Everyone stared at Lorney. Her father's big hands were grasping her shoulders in his vehemence. Mrs. Mallory stepped over and pulled Lorney's dress off the thin shoulders. Large ugly bruises marked them.

"It was him!" Pete explained tacitly, pointing a stubby finger at the man with the hooked-nose. "He shook her this morning."

Nora Mallory's eyes glittered. She led Lorney up to Mr. Murdock, and stared relentlessly into his fat face.

"God have pity on your many sins, sir. I never shall. Goodnight." She opened the door to the snowy night, and watched the two men stumble their way down the steps. Then she turned to her family.

"You shouldn't have done it, girls. But don't forget it. After you've grown up, remember it. And never be afraid to fight against something you know is wrong, even if you're sure you can't win. . ." Her black eyes pierced through their little souls to their very boots, the girls thought. They stood transfixed. Then Nora smiled gently. "Now let's go to bed."

Two days later, the country had tactfully and wisely forgotten the whole

incident at the circus. After all, Murdock gave a name to the county, and Murdock's business was Murdock's business. And the Mallory sisters' crusade was definitely over. They had been forbidden any more of their father's feed. Nora and John had been kind, but firm; they must never go to the bat-pen again.

They went for one last time.

"I've just got to," Pete had said, so they slipped out on some little pretense.

The horses were standing huddled together in snow water two or three inches deep. The girls pressed against the wire fence, aching to help them. The horses shifted slightly, and made eager little moans of recognition.

"If there was just somethin'," sobbed Trudie.

It was then the old white horse gave a shrill scream, wild and high, and almost human, and crumpled to her knees. The other horses rocked back and forth in the growing darkness.

"She's dying. Oh Kathy, she's dying," Lorney whispered agonizingly.

"Yes," said Kathy.

The horse lay in the icy water on her side. Her eyes rolled wildly. Her breath came in little gasping whinnies. Her bony legs twitched, twice . . .

Lorney walked off a little ways, retched, and vomited quietly. Beth sobbed in Marta's arms.

"We didn't help a bit. And there's nothing we can do," Pete said stonily.

"No dear," said Kathy, "Nothing."

The six sisters mutely turned away, and walked through the snowy fields in the darkness.



# TRITE

ALFRED BROWN

"Everything is trite; nothing is new."

Such is the expression of opinion I have heard in regard to all written and spoken thought — barring science. Who told that to me? Was it Miss Beuret? Have I heard it or read it from some other source? Never mind, the opinion probably is true.

From the dawn of civilization — a trite phrase — there have been countless thousands — another trite phrase — of wonderers who have been more curious than I am, and who have delved deeper into philosophical thought than I do.

For instance, take the very few philosophers with whom I am at all acquainted: Plato, Voltaire, J. S. Mill, Hazlitt, Newman, Thoreau, Emerson, Bertrand Russell — I can't recall any more without fudging and going to an encyclopedia. To me, all these men seem eminent — there's a good word, but trite — thinkers. They have thought and written on a multitude of subjects. Some of them I have not understood, with others I have not agreed. The point is this: all my philosophical thought — if any — has been along lines already traversed by these eminent thinkers, with several of whom I have agreed; and they have said it much better than I.

My first attempt tonight was upon a most vital subject — a most vital subject; where have you heard that before? — the subject of God. I was very serious in my attempt, but by the time I had spent thirty minutes writing nine lines, I realized two things; first, that I had not read enough and thought enough to treat the subject fairly, and second, that there has been a great deal of literature published on the subject and that this literature was much more profound and learned than anything I could

compose. Thus I would not only be trite, but also I would make a fool of myself with my beggarly attempt.

My second effort was along similar lines to my first, and it fared me no better. The subject was Religion. I marshaled a few choice gems of cogitation such as these two: (1) The bill of rights in our Constitution guarantees freedom to worship as we please. Thus our individual religion or lack thereof depends upon our discretion and our conscience. (2) There are some persons who do not attend church who are in reality more religious than some who do attend church and give only lip-service.

When I noted that these ideas were not only trite themselves, but also were composed of trite expressions, I gave up and here I am.

I have used the word so often, perhaps I should refer to the dictionary to see what it means. Trite — "Used until so common as to have lost novelty and interest; hackneyed; stale." From this definition it follows that I should not have used the word "trite" in connection with the subject of God, Religion, or any of the other subjects treated by the philosophers. For these subjects never become stale and hackneyed because of their very nature. They are timeless and timely. In other words, I should not have used "trite" in my first statement.

Then it is not my choice of subject-matter which is at fault, but my mood and my shallow choice of words. A person who has only a shallow vocabulary can think neither deeply nor well.

# MARBLES

IONE COLLIGAN

Jerry thought a moment. Then "I can't remember any memory verse from last Thunday. If I'm not absent any Thunday this quarter, will I get a bag of marbles?"

Hoping to close the subject, I explained the advantages of attending church school every Sunday for three months. "Yes," I nodded to Jerry's repeated query, "boys sometimes get bags of marbles if they're not absent." Jerry scraped his little wooden chair closer to the first-year table and subsided.

"This morning," I began again, "We're going to talk about some people who help make church a happy place. Since you can't remember the memory verse from last week, we'll work on it a little more today. It was the one Jesus said when he was a boy: I was glad when they said unto me, 'Let us go into the house of the Lord.' Why was Jesus glad to go to church?"

Jerry volunteered, "Maybe he wath glad; but don't you think he would have been gladder if he'd had some marbles to take with him?"

This time I eased the situation somewhat by explaining that in Jesus' time little boys didn't play with marbles as they do today. "I think Jesus liked to go to church," I went on to answer my own question, "because he liked to hear the things taught there, because he thought it a happy place. Today there are many people who make our church a pleasant place to work and play." Aware that I was taking a chance, I ventured another question. "Can you think of some of our church helpers?"

"The preacher," offered curly-haired Shirley. "He preaches and visits our class and comes to see us when we're sick."

My hopes for a satisfactory lesson began to rise. Dark-eyed Lynn thought

the choir would be helper. Phil suggested the janitor. Jerry took his attention from the second-year table where a poster was under construction. "Doesn't the superintendent make church a happier place when he givth a bag of marbles to the boyth that have been here every Sunday?"

Six pairs of snapping eyes waited for an answer while I mentally turned Jerry across my knee. "Of course," I finally replied. "But attendance records and prizes aren't the only reasons for attending church. Can't you thing of some other reasons why the superintendent makes Sunday school a happy place?"

Jerry folded and unfolded his lesson leaflet. He gazed profoundly at the picture on its cover. "Why hasn't the boy on my paper got some marbles? Betty'th girl has got a jumping rope."

In despair I made one last effort. "Jerry, you must pay attention! I don't want you to ask any more questions about marbles, nor even to mention them again this morning! Do you understand?"

Jerry understood. Two grimy little fists were folded and propped on the edge of the table. There was no movement inside the voluminous red sweater. The piping treble was still. Jerry would not even look up.

We went on with our discussion of church and church helpers with infinitely more peace and logic. Only once did Jerry forget. To the question "What can we do to make church a happier place?" I had received the usual replies: dust the tables, bring flowers, be quiet. Jerry could contain himself no longer. He hopped up with "I could bring my m . . . .," but he remembered in time and lapsed into silence.

After the lesson Jerry came to me, his

little brother's hand gripped tightly in his own. When I asked him if he had forgotten something, he said hesitantly and somewhat reproachfully, "Teacher, you said that when Jesus was in the temple he asked the teacherth questions and they answered him willingly. Why didn't you like my questions?"

In my best teacher manner I set out to point the moral. "The questions Jesus

asked," I explained, "were about the church and the Bible and God. Can you see why Jesus' questions were different from yours?"

One grimy finger twisted the front of the heavy sweater. "Well . . . ," came the low reply, "Jesus lived a long time ago, and he didn't play marbles; so he couldn't ask questions about marbles."

I fled.

## COMBAT

JACK RETHERFORD

The place was a small clearing in a forest in British Columbia. The contenders were two buck deer of about the same build, but one was younger than the other. The time was early morning, and the prize at stake was a herd of four does.

Around and around went the two shaking their heads and stamping their feet. Neither wanted to start the fight, but it was evident that both were intent upon fighting. Finally the young buck made a lunge, and his antlers hit those of the older deer. The sound was like that of nothing I had ever heard before. It was like a mixture of a club hitting a tree trunk, a hard tackle in football, a knockout punch, and two wrestlers hitting the canvas at once. They then broke away and came together again. This time all the other likenesses of sound were there, and there was still another. Like the crack of a rifle one of the antlers of the younger deer broke, and it was left hanging by the outer covering. The angry snorts issued from him then, compared with the shouting of a street brawl. They fought on, becoming more fierce in their attacks, and louder in snorts, and grunts.

After about thirty-five minutes the younger deer succeeded in wearing out his opponent, and with one final lunge he ripped the older deer's side half open. The cry which followed sounded almost human. It made me think of a man being shot, or of a frightened woman. With this he backed away, and turned to run. The younger deer whistled a high shrill note in triumph and went away with the does following. That last whistle made me think of a boy, the leader of a gang of ruffians, demonstrating his superiority over his companions.

Feeling curious to know with what fate the old deer met, I picked up the trail, and late that afternoon I came upon him drinking at a small brook. His side was still bleeding, and it was evident that he was yet in a great amount of pain. He was not as quiet at his drinking as he might have been, and sounded very much like an old sow in mud. Just to see if the old buck had any life left, I jumped up and waved my hands to attract his attention. With a snort he turned and walked slowly into the woods, too tired to sense danger, or to run from it.



# THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT

CATHERINE CUNNINGHAM

There are few people who have not known the thrill of "tasting the forbidden fruit." The desire to indulge in this exciting adventure is usually at its height when one is about fourteen, at least, in my experience it was especially pressing at that age. One of the "fruits" forbidden by my father and mother was flying; so, quite naturally, I began to "scout around" for someone to take me up. My father had always said that he would never fly until it was absolutely necessary, and mother argued that as far as she was concerned it would never be necessary. Well then, by all means, (on the sly, of course) I must be the exception in our family.

One Saturday evening my father switched on the radio for the latest news flashes and sat down to enjoy his dinner while listening. During the course of the afternoon, there had been a disastrous plane crash with many lives lost, and the commentator was telling of the fatalities. When he had finished, my father scurried me into the adjoining room to turn off the radio with instructions to return to the table immediately. I knew by the tone of his voice that the family was about to receive an impassioned discourse on the hazards of airplanes. I knew, too, that this discourse would be directly aimed at my younger brother, who was still in the "I'm gonna be a fireman" stage. Father had a peculiar way of being quite obvious in his dissertations, consequently I must have been a bit hurt because he didn't seem to recognize the fact that I, too, might entertain the idea of "a whizzing ride" through space. As soon as mother told us we might be excused, I ran upstairs to my room, bolted the door, and jumped on the bed to connive.

Papa had said that aeronautics were

not yet safe enough for general use, and he hoped (looking directly at little brother) that his children were intelligent enough "to keep one foot on the ground" until he entirely approved of their safety. But, the "movie stars" were always flying here and there, and didn't they know everything? Well, if they could, so could I; I began immediately to lay the plans for my first flight.

I would call mother from school the very next day, and tell her I was going home with Nancy at four-thirty. As far as finances went, I could get a taxi to take me to and from the airport for \$1.25. The regular "city-view plane ride" cost \$ .75. That would be \$2.00, the sum of my weekly allowance. I hated to think that I would have to lie to mother about being at Nancy's, but what would be the fun of this excursion if Papa's jaw didn't drop when he found out what I'd done; I would tell them as soon as I got home, then, that wouldn't be lying because I would have explained. And, oh gosh, the family would find out that I had even more "guts" than Papa!

My plans were complete, and four-forty-five found me riding to the airport with that glorious "about to conquer feeling." I pictured myself as a future Amelia Earhart or Mrs. Wiley Post. This was a great day in the life of Catherine Cunningham, I almost wanted to tell the driver that he had been blessed with the fortune of driving one of America's future "sky queens" to her first plane ride.

When the cab finally arrived, I jumped out, bought my ticket, and bounded across the field to join the other passengers on the "five o'clock, city view" flight. I was a bit disappointed when I saw the ship

coming in, for she was only a small cabin plane with space enough for five passengers, I had pictured a shining, silver bird with, at least, three big motors, but no one else at home had been up, so I could describe the whole excursion exactly as I pleased.

After a roar and a couple of hard thumps on the earth, the plane taxied over the ground and stopped near the gate where we were waiting. Five passengers filed out of her, and after a shout of "all aboard for the city tour" three others and I climbed in. The pilot looked around and seemed rather disappointed that the cabin was not filled, but he started the motor and turned to signal his departure. Just then a voice outside called "wait a minute, Al, here's another gentleman who wants to go." The pilot slowed down the motor and reached back to open the door for a tall man who was hurrying across the field with his hat pulled over his eyes and his nose buried in

the collar of his overcoat. "Sorry to keep you waiting," said a vaguely familiar voice as he approached the ship. The pilot answered, with a merry, "Oh, that's O. K., Bud," and we all turned to watch the man climb in.

Oh gee! My land! Heavens! It can't be! My heart skipped a beat, and all the dreams of Amelia Earhart, Mrs. Wiley Post, and America's "sky queen" died within me.

"Why, Papa! Isn't this funny — er — nice? I mean — you here? Is it necessary? who squealed?"

"Of course, it is necessary! You can't go alone. And, next time pick up your taxi a few blocks from school. You know, Miss Smith has an eagle eye, and, it seems, you have forgotten that every taxi leaving school must have a chaperon!"

Well, I wasn't Amelia Earhart to Papa, after all; but say, that would-be "fireman" at home certainly took notice!

## GARDENIA MEMORIES

R. GORDON MOORES

A dazzling stream of golden morning sunlight slants between claret coloured drapes to touch three gardenias on a mahogany dressing table.

Last night's gardenias — their fragile beauty has faded, the exquisitely shaped petals have been transformed from a gleaming whiteness to a drab, curling brown at the edges. The sea-green ribbon shot with gold now trails like a weary serpent between the withering stems.

Their ethereal loveliness is gone, but a glance at their shabby splendour brings back magic memories of the evening. The moon weaving ebony and silver patterns on a rolling green lawn . . . the soft, almost

imperceptible tinkle of glass . . . the music of gay, far-away laughter wafted through the still night like tiny wavelets on a halycon sea . . . the rushing, rapturous ecstasy of a hurried kiss on the terrace with the trees making moving shadows on the shining flag-stones . . . the languid, incredibly sweet strains of a Strauss waltz drifting through open French windows . . . the melancholy chirping of a solitary cricket in some inconceivable abode . . .

Yes, the blossoms have lost their wax-like perfection, but they still give forth that exotic fragrance that awakens enchanting memories.

# RHAPSODICALLY SPEAKING

ALICE JEAN FISHER

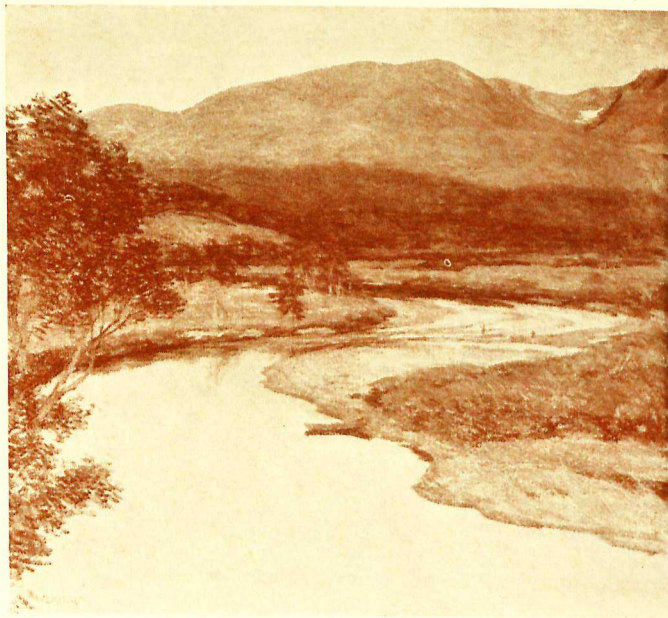
Like timid pizzicatos riding a sustained legato, the cricket sounds outside my window are cradling themselves in the fused night noises. Rising in gentle crescendos above them are waves of wind; now they waken the leaves; soft bits of breeze sift through screen and curtain to move a curl across my cheek — shyly, like a child fearfully touching a dog; and shyly too, retire till the now tremulous vibrato of the crickets plays the nocturnal solo once more. The wind mounts again. It throbs against these brick walls; rudely musses my hair, disturbing my thoughts; the sleeper on the bed behind me moves in unconscious annoyance. There is another wind from across the sea — hand made, man made; long expanses of water now serve to sift its violence to a sigh for us, but will it forever; how long will our nation's windows keep out whirl winds, world winds? My thin paned windows would succumb to hurricane or tornado; how long can a nation merely bar her windows to survive; how long can we remain unconscious as the sleeper?

This is a wonderful night; cool with augmented calm and subtle touch of breeze — ingredients for romantic things like rendezvous, intrigue, and dreams. Rendezvous — with the wind in my face blowing back my hair; a delicious feeling like pushing through soft high clover with eyes closed, a clean fresh feeling; blowing my clothes till my dress falls snugly over my body drawing sharply back from my arms and torso behind and whipping at my legs; blowing at my face till I fight to keep my eyes open and press my lips together to keep the cold air from my mouth as I walk — no! fly! to my lover. For it's cool and calm and breezy and wonderful on the

moor tonight; and I've a rendezvous. Briar and branch, stone and step fall away as I sigh on to our place, our little niche in the moor where the grass is cool and soft, and the wind sweeps softly above. Now I'm here, and the wind can't touch me; my dress falls about me in folds, and my disarrayed hair lies in ringlets covering my shoulders with wavy tendrils. Pillowing in the grass I cradle myself in the darkness and listen for him. Only crickets greet me; silent at first, in fear, then unafraid at my quiet they continue their serenade. Only that and the faint wind over me touches my ear; and then — a familiar sound breaks the rhythm of their song, and my lover reaches our rendezvous.

Intrigue — with horrible stealth I scientifically climb from bed to floor, and open the door. Treading with velvet steps down the corridor, down the steps, down the lower hall, down the front steps and out — out into the night with its benumbing cold, its eerie sounding wind and frightening crickets which stop at my approach, then haunt my departing step — out into the night I go. With wind tearing at my eyes, my hair, clothes, and heart I struggle to a niche in the moor, a meeting place. After centuries of waiting a figure appears; unseen, I wait till the hated back is close — then plunge in my blade. Simply as that my horrible deed is finished. I hurry back through the cold wind, past the crickets, out of the dark night, up the steps, through the corridors, and into my bed. How blessed the wind feels through the window; how pleasant the crickets sound.

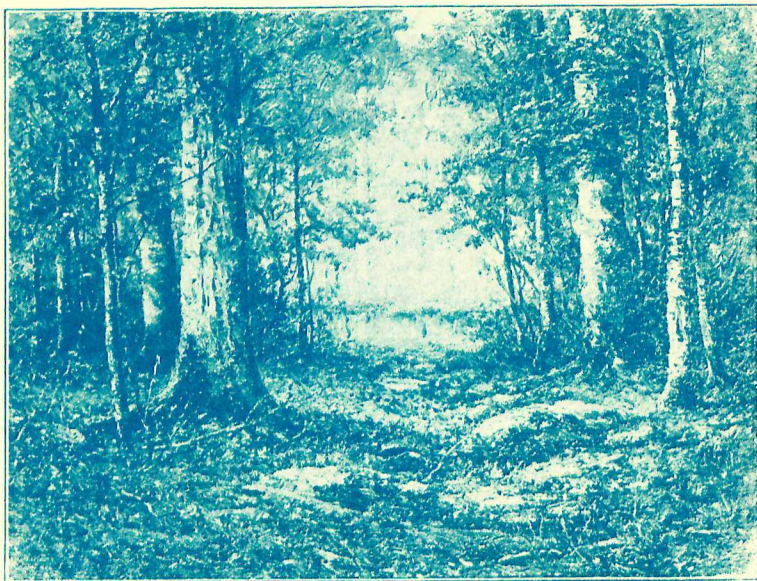
Dreams — The wind rattling my window has torn my curtain off its rod and its flapping has wakened me from a deep slumber. It smells cool and fresh outside;



LANDSCAPE

BY WILLARD L. METCALF

*John Herron Art Museum*



WOODLAND, NORTHERN MICHIGAN

BY JOHN BUNDY

*John Herron Art Museum*

the crickets seem to invite me. It's not too cold; I'll throw my robe about me. The moor smells good tonight with fresh wind blowing the air clean; the staccato note of the crickets is almost cheerful tonight; they seem to be chatting among themselves about some huge secret. The wind is chilly; here's a niche in the moor protected from the breezes; the grass is soft and deep here. I can rest here while the wind blows over me; I can listen to the crickets, and dream — of a mariner steering toward this spot, standing at the helm of his ship with wind blowing through his whiskers and, what is more important, against his sails — of gypsies traveling hurriedly across the moor

toward the city, stopping at night to camp in this sheltered place, circling their wagons about the campfire; dancing, singing, telling mystic tales; then leaving the embers to die alone, all vanishing into the wagons leaving the wind to whip around the horses and dogs about the fire — of vanquished kings and leaders who sought refuge here with their ladies before fleeing the country — of knights, and tournaments in this very spot — of high romances in this windy place, so cool and refreshing; oh, so cool, so soft, so sleepy.

Still cool, and breezy, and melodious, the night flows on; dark, enchanting, mysterious, and wonderful.

## THE FEEL OF THE SOIL

NORMA JACKSON

When we arose, the sun had not yet begun to send its warmth through the rich brown earth of this southern Indiana farm. However, we were to plant potatoes and had a big day ahead. Soon the equipment was ready, and off I ran beside the horses, loving every particle of soft, red dust that played between the toes of my bare, brown feet. The road to the field was covered with this powdery, fine dust. It was my childhood obsession to make footprints, handprints, and pictures in it. Across the field we went, my grandfather and I. Sometimes I ran; sometimes I rode. Through the green pasture, across a clear, small stream, through a lovely wood full of wild roses and waking birds, then at last we came to the newly plowed field.

Even the smell of freshly turned earth made my nostrils tingle and my heart beat a little faster. I was quite shocked to learn that we were not to sow potato seeds but were to place halves of potatoes face down in the furrows. Thus, I spent my day crawling on my knees beside the furrows.

Never have I had such an experience. The feel of that cool, damp earth between my fingers, sinking into it with my knees, the good, clean smell of it simply awed my young mind. Something akin to reverence struck me as I helped there in my childish way. Something of the power possessed by the soil, the richness contained therein quieted my usually wild spirit. All day I stayed by Grandpa's side. Running for the water jug, opening lunches, and keeping the horses out of a neighboring field were all a part of my job.

When our work for the day was finished, and I had watched this splendid soil which was my heritage cover the potato, I felt strangely light hearted. I knew that from that soil my people made their living. That wonderful, powerful earth had made my existence possible. Something greater than man was a part of this. Homeward bound in the twilight, hand in hand with Grandpa, dirt-covered, exhausted, but extremely happy, went I.

# LIGHTS OUT

THELMA DE BOER

One night two lightning bugs were resting on the same twig. The first lightning bug introduced himself and started the conversation.

"We certainly are lucky to be equipped with lights which go off and on at our will."

"We certainly are," agreed the second insect. "No other night creature has such modern convenience."

"No batteries or light bulbs to buy, so we do not have to worry about bulb snatchers," added the first bug.

"We could burn our lights all night and day and still not have to worry about not having them burn the next night," said the second bug, patting himself on the back.

The two lightning bugs were so engrossed in their conversation that they did not see the night owl swoop down and devour them.

No one is sure that his light will burn 'till morning.

# THE LIFE OF A PLEDGE

BETTY LEE SNYDER

Rush week, came, and after the whirl  
I emerged a sorority girl  
(Oh no—I mean a potential one—  
My year as a pledge has just begun).  
The pledge is a creature lowly and meek  
Who does the dishes once a week  
And cleans the house and answers the door  
And studies each day from one till four—  
In the presence of Actives she must stand;  
Their every wish is her command.  
She answers the phone  
And serves at lunch  
And plays general stooge  
For all the bunch.  
(We eat in the kitchen—but don't dispute—  
We like it there—our houseboy's cute!)  
But the life of a pledge has its good points,  
too—  
Like dances, and socials and friends who  
are true,  
And in view of the fun (thus far) we've had  
The life of a pledge is not so bad.

# MEMORY PICTURE

JOHN GUMERSON

It is a delicate, fragile picture — that first memory. It must be handled carefully like an important aged document lest it crumble to dust. Swiftly, silently it must be viewed, for too much revealing of it fades into an obscure mist which defies definite outline. Yet transparent it stands — that Christmas of my fourth year. Details hide among endless passages where thoughts may stray. Fading, then gleaming, is my memory of such a toy dump truck humiliating the tree which dwarfed the room. A dump truck contrasting against the tree; a mechanical device which must have sorely taxed the ingenuity of the inventor. The joy which was called forth as each gift was examined from this

special seat should only be viewed at special occasions. Even now I have faint recollections of a complete day traveling from width to breadth of an immense, imaginary world. Such a gift has never been molded which spread such cheer among so many. Still shining against a constantly varying background are my mother and father who had risen to catch a bit of such overflowing warmth expanded by childish joy. Can you see it? I hope so for now it must be placed back among cob-webbed memories only to be discussed when Christmas joy reigns supreme. Back it must go for I fear too much handling will destroy forever such a valued picture.

# FLAMES ALONG THE THAMES

RICHARD H. JOWITT

A thousand flames ascend on high;  
A thousand voices shouting cry,  
"Oh, God, why must you now deny  
our homes!"  
A thousand people, homeless, know  
Not where to turn, or how to go.  
They wander aimless, humans tho they are!  
The still air booms again with hate  
Of Germans thinking they are Fate,  
That British must no longer wait to die.  
The flames along the Thames are bright  
And as the day they make the night;  
Everything that meets one's sight is dead.



## PITY THE POOR ARTISTS

WILLIAM E. HICKSON

Sometime, when I have a few years to spare, I am going to run down the fable that has grown up around artists. I always wondered just when and where the idea started that artists were a people set apart, not just a section of our race in general. Being an artist myself, I resent both the idealism and the degradation that the world has endowed upon this simple everyday man who has chosen art as a profession.

Let's start from the time the poor creature begins to show some artistic ability; take myself as an example. I always liked to draw and copied (poorly, no doubt) anything that pleased my fancy — from Jiggs in the comic strips to the luscious, gaudy calendars that plumbers distribute around the New Year. Whenever friends or relatives came, my parents proudly brought these copies forth to bore the callers for hours. A few foolish souls considered them as wonderful as my parents did, so, with clucking of tongues, past relatives would be verbally exhumed — Aunt Minnie's artistic ability to paint china, Grandma Morgan's skill with the embroidery needle, and Cousin Willie's (the house painter, you know) talent for mixing any color you wanted for the front parlor. During all this discussion of just where my artistic ability came from, I would sit on the edge of my chair, embarrassment hanging over me like a cloud, as the honey dripped off their glances and voices in my direction. I suffered all this because I liked to draw, and my story is a fairly general one.

Then too, there is the matter of being perpetually imposed upon. Many people feel that being an artist isn't a profession but just a convenience for any odd jobs that they would like done. The artist's

family and many of his friends want him to dash off a few posters for the Ladies Aid Bazaar, say about twenty, and it would be so nice to have them tomorrow so that they could put them up. Any old cardboard would do that the artist happened to have, and he could use his own paints too — and thanks so much; you must come to the bazaar and buy lots of nice things — so reasonable. Requests like these are often and from many sources.

Why do people persist with the idea that artists are endowed by the angels (or is it the magic touch of a fairy) with the ability to paint? The butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker attain their rank by experience in their trade, but the artist is given his talent by some supernatural means — so the general public believes. Whoever thought up the idea that painters sit by their easels and wait for the inspiration to be turned on like water from a faucet is only one step above a moron. I can imagine nothing funnier (if it were not so nearly true) than an artist sitting down to work at eight o'clock waiting for his guardian angel to show up to work to inspire him. If said angel was not a dependable sort and was habitually late, or even didn't appear, the poor fellow would eat very little. On second thought, this may be the reason why so many artists seem to starve in garrets. I have learned in the hard old school of experience that artists must work as hard as any man to be successful in their careers. The language "easy life of the artist" is just another legend. 'Tis a pity the public isn't right, as it would be an easy life if you had a really good angel.

I suppose that you have read in our daily papers about the fabulous prices that

some paintings bring. It would seem that an artist is extremely well-paid, but, alas, the painters of these pictures have long since been dead, and probably died of starvation at that. Maybe an artist is never very successful alive. You will probably find, if you know artists personally, that even though they may have a certain fame, their bread and butter comes from sources other than their paintings. Your grocer is usually much more of a financial success than the artist.

As far as the public believes, the artist's morals are something out of Boccaccio. From the pulp magazines to some of the better novels, he is chosen as a deep-dyed villain. The general impression is that he spends most of his time in ultra smart penthouses plying maidens with strong liquors with intent on their virtue. He has taken the place of the cruel landlord of the old Victorian melodrama — treacherous, sneering, but with a dash of sophistication for our modern public. He isn't a normal individual; he's a heel. The artist's work has become a byword. "Come up and see my etchings" or variations on that theme have become quite a well-known caption of cartoons in the bawdier magazines. How did all these immoral impressions start? I'd really like to know. I know dozens of artists who are married and live happy, normal lives in much the same manner as the average American family, but you seldom hear of them. Penthouses and strong

liquors are far too expensive a luxury for any of the artists I know — but I have had the experience that people, and especially girls, become wary and strained when they hear of my profession. I suppose that some of the immoral part of the legend has grown up because of the public attitude on drawing from the nude. Mr. Public doesn't seem to understand the difference between the words *nude* and *naked*. Every artist has had sly, or even lewd, inquiry on models in life classes and is supposed to put up with these personal insults, both to himself and to the model, with good humor. Any true explanation as to the impersonal attitude between artist and model is laughed off or silently disbelieved.

Yes, pity the poor artist. In spite of all these drawbacks he has stuck to the game through starvation and adversity, and loved it. Many of my friends, and even I, knew what we were getting into when we selected a career, but those of us who were really interested in art have left the chosen pathway only long enough to make sufficient money to continue along it. Our morals are average; our pocketbooks are empty; we work hard at our painting in spite of general ideas to the contrary. It seems to me that the trials and tribulations of the profession are enough without unjust darts being thrown at its followers, so let's take pity on the artist and stick to facts; I, personally, will rejoice.

## SOLILOQUY AT DUSK

BOB HARRIS

Turn low the lights  
Half shut the shutters  
Seek out the comfort  
Of your favorite easy chair  
And there

In the intermingled mists  
Of lights and of shadows  
I shall relate to you  
The story  
Of Robert Lee

It isn't  
An unusual story  
It isn't  
Intended to be  
It isn't  
A story of fireflies and of starlight  
It isn't  
Intended to be

It's a story  
Of beliefs  
A story  
Of ideals, of power, and of truth  
Of thunder and of lightning  
It's written  
In a different world, a florid world  
That smells assertively  
Of columbine and roses  
Or printers' ink and gunpowder

As you read my story  
You may  
Take it with a laugh  
With a shrug of the shoulders  
You may  
Take it or leave it  
As you please

Today  
I am thinking . . . today  
I am standing atop  
The World War Memorial  
Today  
I am thinking of today  
I am seventeen years old  
I shall not be eighteen for another year

Today  
I am thinking . . . of today  
I am happy now  
Because I am alone  
I like to be alone—  
In good company  
Today  
I am thinking . . . of today  
Someone told me today

That I like to be in a minority of one  
I do  
Because it makes others look at me  
I like others to look at me  
It's in my blood

Today  
I am thinking of today  
I was measured today  
I am five feet ten inches tall  
I weigh one hundred and fifty-six pounds  
My teeth are in good shape  
My feet have fallen arches  
My heart is none too strong  
My hair is a dirty, mud-colored blonde  
I am disgusted with my physical self

Today  
Today  
I am thinking . . . of today  
I don't believe in money  
Possessions are superfluous  
Friends are only good —  
For borrowing money

Today  
I am thinking of today  
I like college  
I like it because  
No one makes me do anything  
I feel free as the bird that flies  
I feel free as the wind that howls and  
scampers  
And then . . . dies

Today  
I am thinking . . . of today  
Tomorrow  
I shall be thinking . . . of tomorrow!

# Dictator

RACHEL WHELAN

We stood between the giant columns of the mighty triumphal arch high above the riotous crowd of rejoicing people. Three of us, the spokesman, Comrade Jones, and I, stood on the decorated platform waiting for the cheering to cease, for the bands to stop playing, for some semblance of order so that the ceremony might begin.

Yes, the world had been saved. Peace had been restored, and civilization was to carry its glorious banner on to even greater heights than it had thus far reached. The world's economic system had been revolutionized. The common standard of living now surpassed even the wildest dreams of the staunchest socialist. Capital and labor worked shoulder to shoulder and saw eye to eye. Currency had been stabilized. Science was making strides unheard of even five years ago. Expanded educational opportunities revealed all potential geniuses, and individual accomplishments in all fields had reached astounding peaks.

All these miracles had been wrought by the formation of a United States of the World. We were all one glorious unit, and now on this memorable Fourth of July, nineteen hundred forty-six they were offering to one man, who was accredited with accomplishing the Herculean task of righting the world, the sole leadership of the great commonwealth, just as centuries ago Julius Caesar had been offered the title of Emperor of Rome. One of the three of us was to be presented with the opportunity of being the dictator of the United States of the World, and his acceptance — or refusal — was to be witnessed by the vast, clamoring mass on the street below and transmitted by television all over the world.

A hush had fallen over the crowd as the spokesman slowly made his way to the

front of the platform. By the time he had reached the speaker's stand an overwhelming silence had descended upon the people. They seemed suddenly awed by the terrible significance of the moment.

With the spokesman's first words, "Dictator of the World," I seemed to become oblivious to the whole setting. There was a strange questioning in my mind. Thoughts kept going back to the days before. What did all this really stand for? The sea of upturned faces below were dissolving in a mist. "Dictator of the World" — What would one do? I found myself in a sort of aery twilight, and something — was it thought or was it really a voice? — seemed to be speaking in a mocking tone — answering my question . . . .

Dictator of the world? There are things to do, many things. Fathom the silence of falling snow in November twilight, the burn of a lone tear as it rolls down the cheek, the pain of a broken heart. Demand orchestral scores for the music of the wind moaning through pine woods, of rain on the roof in September, of waves lapping gently against the rotting pier while breezes play in the reeds and frogs sing bass accompaniment to the night bird's call. Harness lightning's knife of fury, the sun's beams shining through the crack in the door, or the wind whistling under the eaves in December. See always the kitten curled upon a cushion, a child's face light with a smile, the glow of fireplaces on winter evenings, and erase memories of suffering, hate, and cruelty. Wear the rainbow as a silken scarf. Rest upon a pillow of fleecy cloud. Hang the suns of all the universes on your Christmas tree. Climb the silvery path of the moon on the lake and gaze through the millions of sparkling

windows at the mysteries beyond the sky. Imprison in perfume vials the mists of late autumn afternoons, the prim lavender and old lace atmosphere of a New England country town . . . . .

Dictator of the world? There are other things also . . . . Be big, vast as the silent night. Be infinitesimal beyond the probing scientist's view. Be heart and soul of each man in the world. Know how each thinks and feels. Be darkness and light. Be everything and be nothing . . . . The voice

was laughing . . . .

A wild burst of applause shattered my reverie. The great man had been named. The spokesman beckoned. I hesitated a moment and then walked toward the man. He was holding out the robe destined for the dictator of the world, but I shook my head. They wouldn't understand, but it didn't matter because I knew. I couldn't be dictator. I turned and started down the long stairway from the triumphal arch.

## EXCERPTS

- I. Leonardo Da Vinci's paintings were so realistic, that the image he painted almost protruded from the canvas. *Realistic Painting* by June Holtman.
- II. He was a saint the first day of the week and a business devil the other six.  
The soft, red light cast by the colors in the rose window threw a flase look of kindness on her harsh features. *Sunday Morning* by Harold Kellermeier.
- III. A tantalizing fly hummed its farewell to life about the room. Its abrupt silence I heard as a distinct sentence to die, for this sentence was immediately followed by the guillotine—like crack of a newspaper. "Got him," was its unmistakable pronouncement of death. *Musings* by Thomas Broden.
- IV. Down the street came a muffled figure, black against the snow-covered earth. Out of the stillness came the measured tread of his heavy boots as

they snapped the thin ice that crusted the snow. The sound grew louder and more distinct as he came nearer. Each step breaking the night's silence like the crack of a dead twig. *Footfalls in the Snow* by Barbara Jane Peacock.

- V. Nocturne's sheath of magic has erased the distorted lines of broken fence; torturously gnarled trees become graceful.  
Nearer is the cat, sleeping contentedly beside them. Cool, sweet fragrance of fresh, living plants is more refreshing than sleep itself. Eyes lifted to the sky show the heights of beauty, the base of thought. Yet the ideas formulated this night belong to this time only. A separate world has been created by man, using God's own for a setting. To make use of those ideas they must be confined to the world of make-believe. *Transformation* by Mary Shockency.