

MSS

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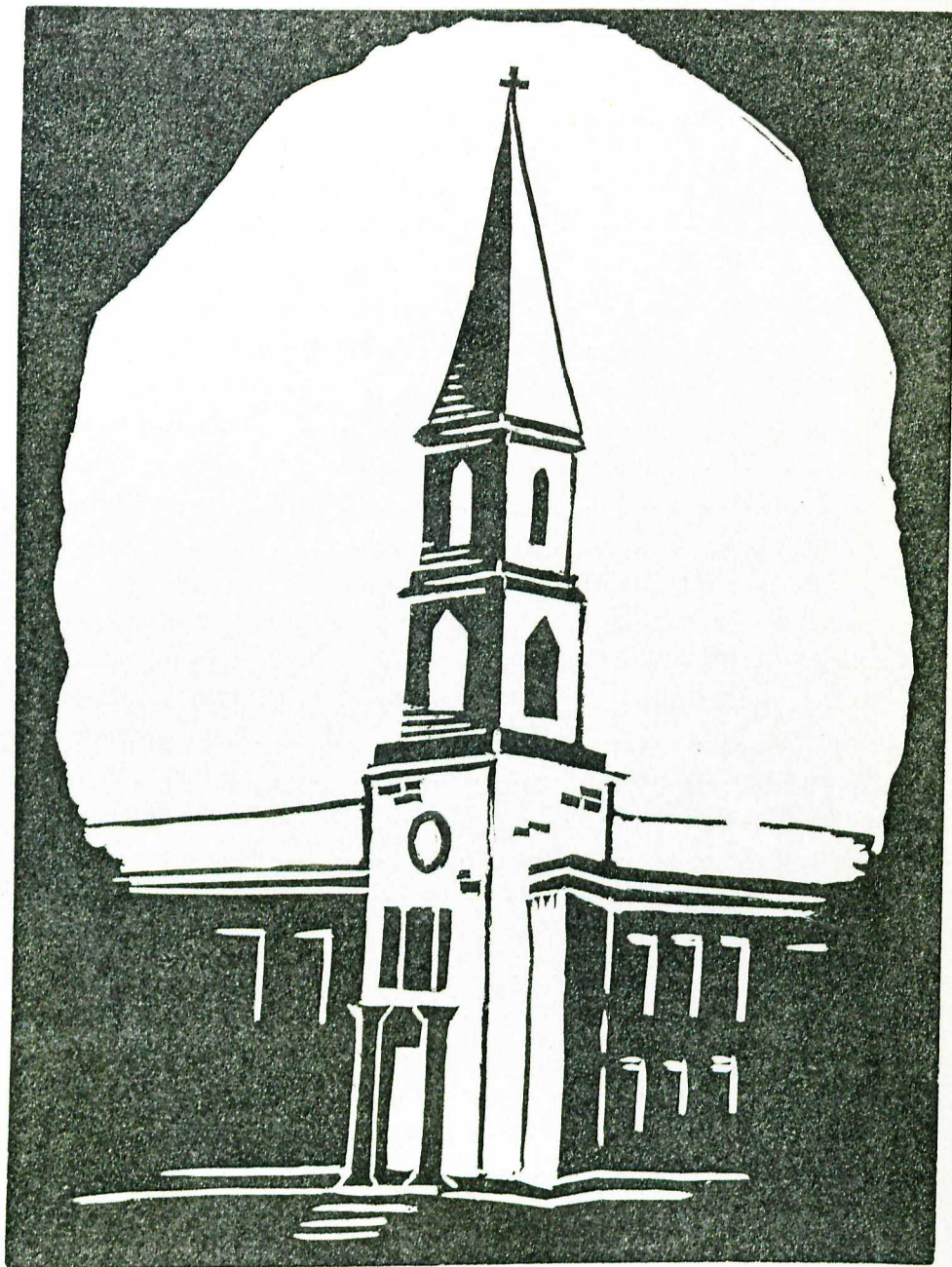
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THE CONCERT

JOSEPH BERRY

THE SMALL, Quiet man sat before a great sparkling mirror and swore quietly as he rubbed prodigious quantities of rouge onto his sallow complexion. He surveyed his rosy cheeks in the glass, stood erect and made a mocking bow, very deeply, very slowly.

"And you also, you ass? I'm extremely delighted to hear you say so. Really, you're too kind. Really. Why, it couldn't have been that fine, you're just flattering me. You fool, you wouldn't know a bow from a mute. All you ever look at is my shoes. 'Performance in proportion to square of brilliance.' Is my tie on straight, Mr. Critic? The third movement would have been much better if my trousers had been creased, I admit. But all of us have our little faults, don't we?"

He smeared at his eyes with cream and powder, and slicked his hair into a dark sheen.

"Would they notice if I forgot my violin?"

He looked for his watch, failed to find it, and stepped into a backstage corridor from the small dressing-room to glance at the clock. Fifteen minutes. For the third time he went to the dressing-room of his accompanist, tried the locked door, peeked through the keyhole into darkness, and swore softly like a gentleman.

"Oh, that's quite all right. I didn't miss you during the first three minutes. Not at all. Glad you made it. Would you please wipe the foam off your shirt? That's good. Now here's the piano over here. No. Over here. Sit on the bench and put your fat fingers on the keys. Would you like to practice the Concerto once by yourself? Don't mind these people out here. They and I will wait for you. Wait and

wait. Three sharps. Four-four. Play as you have never played before, O pianist. Play as if you have never played before, O drunken master. Ah, the fortissimo! Does my violin annoy you? I shall play more softly, but I really must be heard. My name is on the banners outside. A mistake perhaps. Probably because I was the only one who came to dress rehearsal this afternoon. The manager's error, I suppose."

His eyes turned toward a shabby figure coming toward him over heaps of rope and boxes. The manager. Yes, lord and paymaster, I am fully and painfully cognizant of the irrevocable truth that it is now too late to commence the performance on time, in view of the fact that my besodden accompanist has not as yet made his appearance. And what the hell am I supposed to do about it? Seven minutes. But another pianist? From the conservatory... We can do nothing else. The Fates have us helpless in their unwashed hands. It took my Viennese boy two months to master the concerto. This man can sight-read it. Of course. He is from the conservatory... I shall first straighten my tie. I shall then repolish my shoes. I shall then tune my violin with the frayed A-string. I shall then wait and wait. When this man from the conservatory has arrived I shall step onto the stage and bow amid tumultuous applause. Little girls will whisper, 'He is second only to Heifetz.' The critics will say, 'Tonight may prove him second to none.' And that devil with the faultless ear will remember every note. Every note. If I trill a half step instead of a whole step he will mention it in his column. If I omit one note in that horrible scale he will pounce on it and drag it out into the light and soak it in melted brimstone. And

he is the lord of the critics. After the performance, young men hiding notebooks will crowd casually around his feet and look in another direction and say, 'Not bad, eh?' And they will write in their notebooks and thence into their columns whatever he does or says in the next ten minutes . . . So I must play perfectly. I must start ten minutes late with a strange accompanist and give a perfect performance. If I do not do so, I shall be forced to return to New York and make a living by teaching young men to use the fifth position as inoffensively as possible. I shall likely go mad, or perhaps madder. No madder. They will still fawn about me like — like fawns.

The footlights gleamed. Anticipatory applause. Deliberate delay. Brief announcement from the Head of the Conservatory . . . Curtain up. Step onto the stage, bow amid tumultuous applause. Deliberate delay. Opening chords and introduction.

That man is fine. I shouldn't be so prejudiced about conservatory men. He is doing a beautiful job. Now fiddle, artistically beneath chin. Delicate motion with bow. Really give now, boy. This has gotta be good.

The audience listened to the quiet, imperative voice of the violin, the complementary clusters from the piano. The accompanist recognized genius and bit his lip and played superbly. The violin grew impatient and ended the number in a sort of protesting compromise, having portrayed a complete emotional process in a psychologically perfect performance. And a note-perfect performance. The audience applauded quietly for a long time. The lord of the critics closed his own notebook and recognized genius.

Two more before the concerto. That pianist is the best I've ever heard. I'm lucky. He is a born accompanist. Lord,

what he could do with a few rehearsals. I am a little afraid of him.

Ready for the second number. No delay whatsoever. Managerial consternation. Light tones come from the violin, then a unified portrayal of momentarily frustrated joy, ending amid high clear laughter and unrestrained delight. Again the low intense applause. Another number, beautifully done. Three now, as close to absolute perfection as anyone in the world had ever done. The Concerto will tell if he is all-time tops. The Concerto will tell.

Slight delay, then into the first movement. Fine. On ahead.

My God.

That Missing Page.

The lord of the critics and the drunken accompanist are probably the only two men in America who are completely familiar with the Concerto. Why didn't I replace that page when that Viennese idiot told me it was gone? The critics! What shall I do when I come to that part? The critics! What shall I do when I come to that part? What will this pianist do? A little modulation to the next movement? The lord of the critics, and hence the critics, would know; besides, the unity of the whole thing would be destroyed. Will he try to follow me through that intricate tone-labyrinth? Only the same kind of genius who wrote it could do that successfully. Wrong notes, rough, uneven, soul-piercing harmonic flaws. There must be a part here to coincide with the theme of the whole Concerto. The original cannot be played under the present situation. The violinist and the pianist must, together, write and play extemporaneously for two long missing pages, and a lack of piano cues will prevent anything like the original. If I try to play the original the critic would recognize and realize the discrepancies. If the original is not reproduced in any way whatsoever, there is a chance in a thousand, however,

that the critics will not be aware of the substitution.

Piano interlude directly before the missing page. I pray, O pianist, save me, play with me and as I think. Piano chords departing from the still written music. He has noticed the absence of the page. He is ready for our improvisation. Time to play now. The Concerto will tell.

The lord of the critics fumbled at his moustache and said, "Good, good. Very good. Best ever of the Concerto. Best ever. Genius. Young genius, promising young genius." And the small quiet man bowed, very deeply, very slowly.

"I'm extremely delighted to hear you say so. Really, you're too kind. Really."

AFTER DIANA

MARY WILEY

The clink of coffee-cups is pleasant here.
See, I have drawn the curtains fast, and shut
The moon's distracting light from our bright hearth.
Your grave brown warmth is heightened so
And I do not remember with such pain how sweet
The star's carress falls on the traveller's face,
When first he lifts it up to worship them.

But I am well content here by the fire
To sit and sip and never contemplate
The time the goddess took my hand and sat
With me atop the hills, while down her back
The long gold hair cascaded soft, and brushed
With fire my tingling cheek, and reverent lips.

Oh it is very pleasant here indeed.
I am well cushioned and well feathered now,
And you who sit beside me here are all
The things man takes to cherish and adore.
But still, my love, your hair is dark, and there
Is not the faintest glimmer of those pale
And lovely strands that long ago were loosed
To stroke my face. You are too kind to me;
I grow quite fat and torpid, loving you.

THEY, INC.

JEANNE GASS

"WELL, LOOK Who's here. Our new tenderfoot himself." Abby eased gently into the big wine-colored chair.

The man across the room scowled and fiddled with his hands and looked at the floor.

Emmie sighed ever so slightly. "I told them we could handle this assignment ourselves."

The man muttered. "Well. This was an important case."

Abby sniffed delicately. Emmie put her hand up to her mouth and whispered, "It's all right, Abby. They probably had to give him *something* to keep him busy. He won't hurt anything."

"Mustn't have professional jealousy, you know," the man added defensively.

A moment of silence passed. Then—

"Nice place," Emmie said with an airy gesture.

"Very nice." Abby tapped her foot silently on the floor. "I wish he'd hurry. We've got a midnight wedding, you know, Emmie. Some trouble about the bride's sister."

"When is Maxwell due?" the man questioned.

"In three minutes and 45 seconds now," Abby replied.

Emmie had been flitting about admiring the room, passing her hand over the smooth surface of a jade vase, and gently patting the luxurious velvet cushions into place.

"Very nice," she said happily, and perched on the arm of the davenport.

"It's really Jenkins' fault we're here, you know. This wasn't *supposed* to happen at all." Abby spoke meaningfully. "He forgot an assignment last week, and let this

Chuck person run away from home."

"Too bad." The man shook his head sympathetically.

"But Chuck will learn his lesson tonight." Emmie smiled in a consoling manner.

"Well, here Maxwell comes," said Abby.

The three watched the library door open. Thurston Maxwell strode in. Mr. Maxwell always strode, even if he was only stepping into his library for a cigarette before going to bed. He liked to think of himself as a stern man.

He took an expensive jewelled case from his dressing-gown pocket and started to seat himself in the wine-colored chair. Abby and Emmie and the man concentrated hard, and Mr. Maxwell changed his mind and took the green leather one instead.

Abby nodded to the others. "I would have hated to move," she said.

Mr. Maxwell flicked his lighter twice before it worked. He blew a lazy smoke ring, and crossed his legs. He always liked to blow smoke rings when no one was around. He blew another, sighed a little, and looked at his watch. Eleven-fifteen. Guess I'd better get to bed before long, he thought to himself.

"He's wrong. Eleven-fourteen," Abby commented.

"Hadn't we better start? It's about time. My record says eleven-twenty-two." The man was anxious and nervous.

"Wait a little," Emmie cautioned.

Mr. Maxwell stood up and crushed the stub of his cigarette into a pewter ashtray. He ran his fingers through his thick hair, slightly greyed at the temples, and picked up a copy of the current "best seller" from

an occasional table. He thumbed through it idly.

"Handsome, isn't he, Abby," Emmie observed archly to Abby. "When is his time up?"

"Eighteen years and three months," volunteered Abby.

"My, you certainly have all the data." The man spoke admiringly.

Abby bridled coyly. "Experience," she said.

During this time Mr. Maxwell had walked over to the bell-rope and summoned the butler, who entered silently.

"Bring my tray at seven in the morning, Stevens," Mr. Maxwell ordered. "I have a busy day tomorrow."

"Yes, sir. Is that all, sir?"

"Eleven-seventeen and one half," announced Abby. "Now *concentrate*."

Mr. Maxwell stood silent.

"I say, is that all, sir?"

"Eh? Oh. Yes, Stevens. Yes."

"Somebody isn't doing his best. We can't muffle this job. Now *concentrate*."

Stevens, the butler, turned to leave.

Abby and Emmie and the man concentrated.

Steven reached the door.

"I say, Stevens. Did you hear Mrs. Maxwell call?"

"Mrs. Maxwell? When, sir?"

"Then! Just then."

"Uh. No, sir."

"Well. Never mind. I must be imagining things. Her room's too far away anyhow."

"*Concentrate*," Abby hissed.

"I swear, I heard it again! More like a scream. Stevens, I'm going up. Will you come with me?"

"Yes, sir."

Abby nodded to her confederates in satisfaction.

The two men raced across the spacious front hall and up the wide stairway, to the

first floor, then the second, then the third. Puffing and perspiring, they rounded the landing and ran down the hall to Mrs. Maxwell's door. It was unlocked. They burst in upon a strange scene. By the dim light of the rose bed lamp they could see the stiff and terrified figure of Mrs. Maxwell sitting up in bed. Her well-manicured hand clutched the novel she had been reading. And the slender form of a man was crouched over her holding a small revolver five inches from her heart.

For a surprised moment the four people remained motionless. Then to everyone else's astonishment the slender man flung himself down on the bed, sobbing hysterically.

"I say, how peculiar," said Stevens, his eyes bulging.

"Why, he's only a boy," Mr. Maxwell said wonderingly. "Laura, are you all right?"

"Oh, *Thurston*, I'm so glad you got here in time. I nearly died. I simply nearly died. He must have climbed up the big oak, and onto my balcony? I thought I'd die of fright. How on earth did you hear me? He demanded my jewels, and when I screamed he *threatened* me. Yes, he *threatened* me. Call the police, Stevens. Oh, somebody call the police. *Thurston*, I simply thought . . .

"Wait, Stevens. Let's take him down stairs," Mr. Maxwell said.

Down in the library Abby and Emmie and the man nodded happily to each other.

"I wish they'd hurry. We haven't much more time," Abby sighed.

"Here they come," said Emmie.

"So your name is Chuck, and you're fifteen years old. You don't look like one of these robber chaps." Maxwell mused. Then remembered himself and became stern. "But you threatened my wife. That's a serious offense. It is true, isn't it? You did threaten to kill my wife?"



YOUNG GIRLS

BY MARY CASSETT

John Herron Art Museum



PORTRAIT OF A LADY

BY CHESTER HARDING

John Herron Art Museum

The boy was calmer now, but his hands still trembled. He lowered his head.

"Well, I didn't . . ." he began.

"Answer me. Yes or no!"

"Then yes!" The boy's eyes were suddenly defiant.

"Then I have no choice but to turn you over to the police," Mr. Maxwell said gravely.

Abby and Emmie and the man were frowning.

"And I thought he was all right," Emmie said sadly.

"He's got a lot to learn in those eighteen years." Abby clucked her tongue. "Well altogether now." They concentrated.

Mr. Maxwell paused with the phone in his hand. He could see the dark fear beneath the defiance in the boy's eyes. He watched his own hand slowly put the phone back on the hook.

"Can you tell me about it, Chuck?" he was surprised to hear himself say gently.

The boy's chin quivered.

"I just wanted some money, mister. I hadda have money, I ran away from home. Last week. Ya see my mom . . . Well, I said I wouldn't come back till I got some money. And you had plenty, mister. I wasn't gonna shoot your wife. But I got

scared. I kinda went to pieces, I guess, when she started screamin' . . ." He clutched Mr. Maxwell's sleeve. "Aw Mister. I'll do anythin' you say. But don't turn me over to the cops. Please. Please . . ."

Mr. Maxwell sat down.

"Well, I'll make you a proposition, Chuck. I need an odd-job boy around the grounds . . ." Now why did he say that? He didn't need an odd-job boy around the grounds at all. He watched the thin face light up. There was something more. Oh yes.

"But first," he said sternly, "we've got to have a talk about this thing tonight. Sit down here. You may go, Stevens. You see, Chuck, society . . ."

"Well, that's taken care of," said Abby peacefully. "We've got to leave. You stay to get the final record," she said to the man. "They'll want to see it." He nodded.

Abby and Emmie moved to the other side of the room.

"They'll both be all right now," Emmie smiled tenderly.

"Come Emmie. Don't dawdle. We've just time to straighten out that wedding," said Abby.

And together the two faded through the window and became a part of the night.

GREEK AND LATIN IN COLLEGE CURRICULA

JOHN E. ROSS

ONE OF The changes in college curricula has been the lessening emphasis upon the study of the classics in literature and language. R. Freeman Butts discusses the historical setting of this change in his recent book *The College Charts Its Course*. Mr. Butts places an emphasis upon two aspects of this condition in education: "the origins of the traditions

that a liberal education should be predominantly linguistic and literary in character," and "the rapidly changing social and intellectual conditions of the nineteenth century weakened this conception of a liberal education in the American college and gave rise to many innovations among which the elective system was perhaps most representative." A study of the historical back-

ground of this subject reveals that the decline of Greek and Latin has been a long and slow process which has been stimulated in more recent years by the industrial age in which we live.

In the classic age of Louis XIV Antoine de Lamotte, a popular philosopher, undertook to evaluate anew all traditional literature and time-honored studies. He rewrote Homer in the enlightened concept of his idea of the way Homer should have been written; and he emphasized and sustained the theses that dead languages cannot form the living mind, that modern literature is superior to the literature of Greece and Rome, and that translations are equally as good as the originals. Paul Shorey in his monograph "The Assault on Humanism" has aptly pointed out the foregoing emphasis and, in addition, the fact that some one hundred years later Rousseau said, "I count the study of languages among the inutilities of education." These are statements of the struggle of the past, and that contest in the psychology and the philosophy of education continues today.

Much of the more recent philosophy of education has held the thesis that "science is the knowledge best worth having." This has been the emphasis of the age in which we live. The result of this contention has been to place science and the classics in opposition to each other in an array of argumentative material which frequently has clouded the issue and emerges in a consciousness that the real

enemy of science is the so-called psuedo-science rather than Greek and Latin.

There is another aspect of this subject which has influenced the use of the classics. Mr. Shorey states it like this: "What is expected in a plea for classical studies is a gentle deprecation of the utilitarian and commercial spirit of the age, and wistful emotional appeals to an idealism that soars beyond all practical reference to actual educational conditions and all narrow scrutiny of the adversary's logic. "The idea that classical languages do not lend themselves to the furtherance of the progress of a utilitarian and commercial age has been most prevalent. Many students complain against any language requirement regardless of the language. The College of Business Administration at Butler does not require foreign language for graduation and in the background of all of this appears the cry of hopeful parents that their children will be prepared for a big "job" and to "make money" when the college course is finished.

However, the interest in the classics still exists and presents them again for re-evaluation in the light of the philosophy of our day. It may be that those studies which lend themselves more readily to cultural education in the arts will have a new importance in generations to come, and that their study and discipline may lift the moral and intellectual level of the world of tomorrow.



TRADITION

MARY MARGRETTE SCHORTEMEIER

KATHERINE SCHNEIDER Sat in the large, ugly, black leather chair that stood by the parlor window. She touched the worn chair arms with hesitant, reverential fingers. This had been Papa's chair, and now he was gone. All she had left was the square oil portrait so faded from the suns of many years that she could scarcely define the stern lines of his German face.

She lifted her eyes to Papa's picture and saw how stubborn was his chin, how coldly keen were his eyes. He always looked just that same way, she knew. He never changed anything. He never changed the style of his collar, he never changed the cut of his suits, he never changed the way he clipped his stiff little beard, he never changed anything. That was it — he never changed anything. And he wouldn't let her change anything. But life changed around them and they were left years behind the world because Papa wouldn't let her change.

Little things showed it. The parlor—how old and queer and faded it was. She looked at it impassionately. The ceilings were high, because the house was so old. That was why she had such a hard time buying curtains for the long windows. Because Papa would live in this same old house forever. (It wasn't forever, though, was it? Was he really dead — or would it be forever?)

In the corner to her left stood the carved black piano. The keys were yellow and she supposed it would be out of key. No one ever played it anymore. And when they had years before they had only played hymns and it didn't matter whether it was in key or not for them. She always thought she would try something else on it. Papa

wouldn't have liked it though. The parlor was too sacred a place for secular music. She liked music. But not the kind they played at the funeral. No, she hoped she would never hear that droning music again. That was Death speaking and she hated Death. In the very notes she had heard Death saying to her, "I have given you a little freedom, now. It won't be long, though. You are old, Katherine, you are old. You'll go soon, Katherine, you'll go soon." She knew it was true. It would only be a little time and she must start soon. She was sixty-five. And what had life meant to her? She would change that now, though. She loathed self-pity. It was luke-warm mush. (There, that was more like herself, more like she wanted people to think she was — old, cantankerous, unsympathetic. She must remember her front.) But wasn't she going to change?

She remembered that she was looking at this room. She had the power to change it, now, but first she must evaluate. Right in the center of the room, placed directly over the medallion in the rug, stood a high table with a marble top and carved, claw-like feet. She had dusted that carving all her life and she always hated it and always bumped her head on the top. One day some women had come in hunting for antiques and had wanted to buy that table. She had hoped they would — she'd have given it to them. But Papa wouldn't sell it. Of course not, he wouldn't change. The only time it had been taken out of the room was for spring housecleanings. The piano never had been out. It was so heavy that workmen just covered it up with tarpaulins. One other time the table had been out — for Papa's funeral. He had asked that the funeral be at home because

his family always did that way. To the last he was unwilling to change anything. (But the table had been moved.) Katherine could almost smell the cloying scent of tube-roses that had filled this room then. Why did people send flowers to funerals? Because they were afraid to change? But why must they be tube-roses?

The Holy Bible printed in high German lay on the marble table top. Papa had read the Bible a lot. In German, of course. She had learned high German in school and had been required to say pieces to her Papa once a week. Papa always prayed in German after every meal. That was the way he had been taught in the old country. His old country ideas had kept her home and unmarried to care for her parents. No one ought to bring the old to the new. It was unfair. The new should be the new alone. Maybe there could be some culture carried over. That seemed to have been the only thing Papa left behind. It was a daring thing to be bitter like this when everyone thought she would be broken up.

Katherine knew people were talking about her. They wondered what she would be doing in this great big house. They wondered if she'd sell it and they wondered

who would buy it. They thought she would be lonesome and would go to live with someone. A few people said — what was that now? "She's more at home there with her horse-hair furniture than she'd ever be anywhere else." Humph, she had always loathed horse-hair furniture. It pricked her when she was a little girl, and she always felt that she would slide right off. How could people think she was just like her father? Maybe it was because she didn't assert herself. (Maybe Papa was different underneath and didn't want to change from the traditions of his fathers.) Maybe he really wanted tapestry chairs, too.

One creaking chime was striking out from the old clock on the mantle shelf. That same clock had been there so many years, striking the same way so many years, so very many years. Five-thirty it was this time. She'd better get out of this chair. She must have been sitting still too long — she was just a little stiff, a little slow straightening up. Five-thirty was time to go to the kitchen. She'd better put the coffee pot on and warm some milk. Papa always wanted hot bread and milk for supper.

THE BLIND MAN

HELEN ELIZABETH HUGHES

I know you as you walk among my rooms,
Your head turned thus, your shoulders moving so,
Your hands made busy with the sound of brooms,
The many little tasks that women know.
Dear brilliant lady, as you come and go,
Is light lent to my days. In you I find
A roof against the rain—let winter blow!
Look on me, love, with kindness; for my mind,
My heart, my searching hands that clasp you—are
not blind.

THINKING MAKES IT SO

JEAN PASTOR

"THERE IS Nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

The purpose of this paper is to analyze and evaluate the above statement, but before proceeding with the analysis, a backward glance at its history will prove interesting.

Although popular opinion generally attributes the origin of "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so" to William Shakespeare, this idea must come under the heading of a "popular fallacy." In this instance, as in numerous others, Shakespeare has merely articulated one of the commonplaces of the time. In other words, the Elizabethans might have been found using the phrase as we of the present day might use "A stitch in time, saves nine." As far as I could discover, the first written statement employing this idea was in a work by Euphues:

It is ye disposition of the thought yt altereth ye nature of ye thing. The sun shineth upon the dunghill and is not corrupted. (Bond, i. 193)

Later, but still before Shakespeare, Spencer incorporated it in his *Faerie Queene*:

It is the mind that maketh good or ill. (VI. LX. 30)

From this brief historical data, we can see that this truth was early recognized and has long endured. It must have been rather a favorite of Shakespeare's because he has repeated the essence of it in several plays: in *Othello*, "'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus" (1.3); and in *Romeo and Juliet*, "Who even in pure and vestal modesty, still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin," (3.3).

The actual sentence as quoted, "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so," appears in the second act,

second scene, of *Hamlet*. Here, Hamlet is talking with some of his former fellow-students, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Hamlet: . . . what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guildenstern: Prison, my lord!

Hamlet: Denmark's a prison.

Rosencrantz: Then is the world one.

Hamlet: A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons; Denmark being one o'th' worst.

Guildenstern: We think not so, my lord.

Hamlet: Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

It is clearly seen here how valid this statement is. Hamlet felt Denmark to be a prison because he was suffering there: his friends did not because their associations with Denmark had been pleasant. Our attitude, education, family background, and numerous other factors influence our respective judgments of things. Being on time may seem very important to one person and completely unimportant to another; smoking cigarettes may seem to one person a sin and to another perfectly permissible; one nation may practice polygamy and another legislate against it. Thus it is that we are individuals—through our thoughts respecting multifarious situations.

Having accepted the proverb to be true up to this point, let us meditate upon it in a more expansive connotation. "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so" can be pruned down to this

simple statement — there is nothing but thought. This is obvious because all things come under the heading of either “good” or “bad.” That is, the terms good and bad are all-inclusive, covering anything that we might desire to classify. From this it follows that how we think about things determines all we know and all we feel. This concept has been pondered and developed by many philosophers. Plato recognized it when he wrote concerning a man sitting in a cave, seeing only the reflections of the outside world on the cave wall. This constituted the world to him, because it was all he thought about it.

Even the material things that surround us resolve themselves into thought when we realize that our five physical senses, hearing, seeing, touching, tasting, and smelling, are reliant upon consciousness for their very functioning and hence, so to speak, for their existence. They are subjective and individual. A sound, for example, until it reaches a human ear, and thence a mind, is merely an air vibration. The vibration set in motion must fall on the ear of a living organism to have any

entity. Therefore, we hear from the outside world only what enters our mind. “It is the hearer that makes the music.” Beautiful music falling on an ill-attuned ear loses its beauty.

Can it be possible, then, that we feel, see, hear, and taste our own thoughts? Or that, instead of beginning with a material world from which we receive impressions, we live in a world created first by our thoughts? That the world we live in is just a subjective state of our own thinking? If we would follow and accept the line of reasoning presented, we would have to return an affirmative reply to these questions.

For my part, I cannot presume to do so, but enjoy dwelling on their probability. Like anything of such a transcendental nature, these ideas cannot be discussed and decided upon with unanimous results. One thing is certain, however, that if we decide that it is our thinking that makes our lives either good or bad, we should be most particular about what we give our minds to think about.

FELICE

MARIJANE BADGER

I had been working hard all summer. When my vacation finally came, I decided to get “away from it all” and rented a cabin on a small lake. I arrived at the resort in the late afternoon of a warm September day. The lake was choppy and angry, little waves slapped at the shore.

“You should have come up sooner, Miss Morgan, we had a lovely summer. All of the vacationers are gone now, although we have a man in the cabin next to yours. I

didn’t think you would want to be left absolutely alone. He won’t bother you, but he’ll be there if you get frightened or something.”

A man rowed me across the lake. The cabins hugged the steep deep-forested banks, and the windows of most were boarded up in preparation for winter. The air had become cool and damp, the sky was clouded, but the sun shone through in small rays highlighting the quiet trees.

“You’ll find everything you need in the

kitchen. There's plenty of wood for the fire. That boat there is yours." He led the way up to the small cabin. Studio couch, comfortable chairs, radio and fireplace, kitchen at the right, bath at the left, cheerful and compact, it was a nice cabin. He fixed the fire and left. It was beginning to get dark.

I ate supper, changed clothes and relaxed. I'd never been to a resort alone before. It was a little too quiet, but the change would be relaxing. At least I had no noisy neighbors, no neighbors at all, in fact — yes — one neighbor, absolutely no trouble at all.

I settled down with a book, one of several I had brought, books that I had read at one time and wanted now to read again. The book I read was Nathans' *Portrait of Jennie*, and as it had happened before, I found myself deeply absorbed in this strange story. When I finally laid it down I looked around the room. It was very quiet, I was cut off from the world. Why couldn't that have happened? There are many strange things in the world, only our minds limit us from seeing them. Why can't ideas we conjure up in our minds happen? And intermingling with these thoughts came recollections of fairy stories, and goblins and old womens' tales of things "that really happened." The room seemed too quiet and lonesome so I stepped out on the porch to look at the night.

It was dark and cool outside the cabin. Long quivering fingers of mist pointed at the ragged clouds, shaming them for their dirty torn edges. A lazy breeze herded them across the sky and they moved along sullenly. Occasionally a wandering ray of moonlight shone through and streaked the haze of mist and its background of black hills. All around me was nothing but black trees and black hills. There was no sound, the silence oppressed me and I turned again to the cheerful living room. As I turned to

go in, I felt a smooth slick thing rub against me and looking down, startled, I saw a large cat. "Well, Tabby, I'm glad to see you," I said, finding relief in the presence of the familiar domestic animal. "Won't you come in?" I opened the door and let the waiting cat in.

As it moved toward the fire, I noticed that this cat was wearing a heavy silver bracelet-like collar. I picked the cat up and held it on my lap. The collar was wide and the fastener was a small chain tied in an intricate knot. The cat's fur was very long and silky, with the smoothness of human hair rather than the cottony fluff of fur.

The cat tolerated my petting for a while, and then jumped to the floor. Unlike other cats, she didn't sprawl lazily beside the fire, but crouched, waiting, in a corner, all four feet under her, tail twitching slightly as if on the trail of a mouse. "You're a curious cat, Tabby," I ventured respectfully, "I'm afraid no mice will come out just now — it's too crowded here." Still the cat crouched there, waiting. After a while I began to wait — for what — I didn't know.

Then suddenly she laid back her ears, and her tail switched furiously. No longer did I have as a companion a rather strange but thoroughly domesticated cat. Tabby was a lady no longer, for she had become an aroused she-devil cat. I could see no reason for the change, nothing had changed in the room. But the cat began to slink slowly toward the door, as if drawn by something beyond her control. When she reached the door, she turned her head slowly and looked at me, her eyes like points of green fire in her head, and she crouched there waiting to go out. I opened the door, and stood there listening, while she disappeared into the darkness. It was quiet outside, and yet there seemed to be something to be heard just beyond my hear-

ing but although I listened intently, I couldn't bring it closer. Then I went inside and turned on the radio.

The next morning, I awoke, the happening of the night before very far away. I rowed across the lake, slept, and read and the day passed quickly. I saw no cat.

That evening, Tabby paid me another visit, I looked for her some time after dark and she was there, by the door, waiting to get in. Again as the night before, she crouched waiting for something, and I waited with her, and watched for the tell-tale flattening of her ears. And again she crept, unwillingly to the door, and out into the night. Although I listened carefully, I could hear no sound except a few strains of a violin, coming I imagined from the radio of my neighbor. And I must confess I grew a little frightened and not a little curious.

The following afternoon, I asked about the cat. "A cat? The only one I know around here is the one belonging to your neighbor. I don't like cats myself, but I remember he had one along with him. Funny thing for a man to have with him, if you ask me?" the owner said.

It was much later that night, when the cat appeared. She was waiting to come in when I opened the door, and she crouched as before with switching tail, waiting again for the thing I couldn't see or hear.

When she again moved toward the door, I sat in my chair, refusing to open the door although she kept her eyes fixed on me. There she crouched, close to the door, waiting for me to open it, her tail whipping frantically, restless, her eyes round. I opened the window, and she scratched at the screen, eager to leave. It was through this window that I heard it, what she must have been listening for. It was a violin, not over a radio but someone playing a violin, low and sweet, the melody changing little but minor and plaintive. Over and over the same strain soft and

minor, flowing onward and yet returning to the same pattern. The cat sat tense and angry, yet as if hypnotized by this strange call in the night.

Then the music stopped. The cat was crouched in the same ever-waiting position no longer taut and restless.

Then she jumped and I with her, for some one was coming up the walk. When I answered, a tall man, smiling, stepped in, found the cat and put her on his arm.

"Thank you for keeping my cat for me," he smiled mockingly. "I was afraid she had wandered off. She is a very bad cat." His white teeth flashed again, and he stood ready to leave.

"O — I'm glad to have found her. She's a very unusual cat, isn't she?"

His expression discouraged any more talk of the cat. He was a presumptuous man, smiling and distant.

"Yes, I think she is a very unusual cat." He misunderstood deliberately, smiling mockingly still.

"But she has some peculiar ways, hasn't she?" I persisted.

"Perhaps she has, she had a very unusual mistress, my wife, who died three months ago. She is a great deal like her mistress, she loves music. Bretha used to say, that she could be enslaved by music. I have one of Bretha's bracelets on her for a collar. Yes, she's very much like her mistress — she's even named after her, are you not, Bretha dear?" The man smiled at the cat.

With that he excused himself and left. The next morning I returned home. I don't like to be alone like that, at a camp. It makes me imagine things.

THE AWAKENING

HARRIET BISHOP

And there I stood, a useless, living form
With roughened hands in worn out pockets pushed
And felt some force, not mine, had changed my will,
I turned my face up toward a darkened night.
There at my feet was spread an ancient world,
While high above there whirled a universe;
And far within the depths of treasured years
Strange, kindly voices dimmed the call of space.
For far below was all that used to be
While out in space stood life's futurity.

QUESTION ON A BUS

JACK T. KILGORE

"May I —," George cleared his throat. "I wonder if I could take Jean to the show with me tonight." His words were engulfed by the silence that spread over the table. "(Why doesn't somebody say something? They can't say no, they just can't. What are they waiting for?) I wouldn't be in late and there is no school tomorrow."

The mother looked up and smiled, and looked to the father for the first word. He said, "Jean who?"

"Jean Newcomb. She is in my English class. (And she smiles when she looks at me, and when she smiles I want to smile too. But I can't say that.) She lives on the south side."

"Is she a nice girl?"

"Sure, Mom, she's swell!" The mother looked down at her plate. "That is, she's— alright. She's a nice girl."

The father made up his mind. "I guess it will be alright, if you're in early. Just because you're old enough to have dates is

no sign you can neglect your sleep."

"Gee! thanks a lot. I'll be in early. (I hope I don't hear the usual lecture on rest and the growing boy.)"

"Are you sure Jean will go?" his mother asked. Perhaps you had better call her.

"Oh, I've already asked her."

The glint of silverware under water filled the small kitchen with familiar sound. In his excitement George had difficulty handling the hot utensils. His impatience kept him always waiting on his mother where he ordinarily lagged far behind her.

"George, you'll be a good lit- You'll be a gentleman tonight, won't you?"

"Sure, Mom. (Why isn't there an easy way of saying these things you want to say? What is it that holds you tongue-tied and keeps the words from coming?)"

The china, as it plashed into the water made a hole in the gleaming suds through which the grey water gleamed and winked. George stared at it, and at his mother's red

hands. "I'll be a gentleman."

"You may be getting in after I've gone to bed, so you may carry my door-key."

"Gee, thanks."

"I'll finish the dishes now, you run along."

"Oh, I've got time."

"No, you go on; I'll finish."

"I'll be in early."

As he left the kitchen, he heard the scraping of the Chore Girl against the pans, and his spine crawled and his teeth went on edge.

It seemed to George he had never waited so long for a bus before. "(Why doesn't it come? I mustn't be late. I wish I had a watch — Maybe on my next birthday Mom and Dad will get me one. They were swell tonight, not teasing me about Jean, and no lecture about getting in early, and the door-key! It will be better being a 'gentleman' than being a 'good little boy'. 'Gentleman' top-hat, tux, a watch like Dad's, and my own door-key for keeps. Go to night clubs instead of shows, and stay out all night. And I'll drive my own car then, instead of messing around with buses, yessir, I'll drive my own car then, my own car.)"

As he got on the bus and stood waiting for his change, he noticed Bill sitting toward the rear of the bus. Bill was a few years older, and very hard-boiled in a secretly thrilling sort of way. George had always been fascinated by his maturity and toughness, but felt ill at ease in his presence, as though it was presumptuous of him to claim acquaintance with such a man of the world. George approached diffidently and sat down.

"Hi-yuh, Bill."

"Hello, little one."

"(Little one, why does he have to sound so big? Just because he is older and been around more is no reason to be so condescending. Why am I so young?)"

At length George ventured, "These buses are pretty slow aren't they?"

"Yeah, they're slow as hell."

"I wish the dam driver would hurry."

George sneaked a sideward glance to see if the word had registered.

"I do too; I'm in a hell of a hurry."

"Then it must be a girl." George tried his best to look risque.

"That's right, kid."

"Is it the same girl you told me about the other day? (Maybe I shouldn't have mentioned her.)"

"Yeah, same dame."

"(I wonder if what he told me was true? Or if he was just blowing. No, I guess it was the truth. Gee!)"

Bill noticed the unusually tidy hair, the suit, and the shined shoes, also unusual, and said, "You look like you have a date yourself, kid."

"(He didn't sound so big then.) Yeah," he replied, very casually.

"Where you going?"

"Oh," again casually, "to a show I imagine." Implying, "Some indecision, doesn't really matter, whatever strikes our fancy."

"Who you going with now?"

Who you going with now? With that question George realized that Bill's condescension had lessened, and he gained in stature. Who you going with now? It implied a steady, it implied growing up, it implied acceptance. Who you going with now? Who you going with? The question echoed in his head.

"Oh," still casually, "a girl on the south side. Don't think you know her. Her name is Jean."

The name was caressed possessively before he hooked it to join the refrain that was dancing in his now adult ears. Who you going with now? Who you going with now? Jean. Who you going with? Jean. Who? Jean. Who? Jean. Jean. Jean.

THE OLD MARKET WOMAN

JEAN BOWDEN

A CONSERVATIVE Air envelopes the old market woman. Her small oval face, deeply lined with wrinkles, is strikingly set off by the brilliant sparkle of her dark eyes. Her slightly rounded nose protrudes just enough to lend a small particle of curiosity to her determined facial expression. Her sunken cheeks add some noticeable shadows to her rough skin. Three deep wrinkles encircle her neck as an adornment of age. A thin horizontal crevice forms her firm mouth, which only supports her reserved personality. She is sitting quietly; perhaps, she is waiting for a passer-by to purchase the last of her wares before she starts homeward. In her

right hand she clutches a closed umbrella, and she holds a heavy wicker basket in the crook of her left arm. Her right arm rests quietly in her lap amid the shallow folds of her soiled apron. Her calloused hands show the result of many years of hard toil. This old woman seems to belong to the past. She has the determination and fortitude of a pioneer. She is alert both mentally and physically. From her personal appearance one can easily discern that she is a person of strong character. She appears to be the product of the colorful past and yet she seems to have found her fitting place in the present.

BROADENING YOUR EDUCATION

DEAN E. WILDMAN

A MERICAN MINDS Have been coddled in school and college for at least a generation. There are two kinds of mental coddling. The first belongs to the public schools and is one of the defects of our educational system that we abuse privately and largely keep out of print. It is democratic coddling. I mean, of course, the failure to hold up standards, the willingness to let youth wobble upward, knowing little, and that inaccurately, passing nothing well, graduating with an education that hits and misses like an old typewriter with a torn ribbon. America is full of "sloppy" thinking, of inaccuracy, of "half-baked" misinformation, of sentimentalism, especially sentimentalism, as a result of coddling by schools that cater to an easy going democracy.

The boys and girls are coddled for entrance examinations in college, coddled through their freshman year, and coddled oftentimes for graduation. And they too

frequently go out into the world fireproof against anything but intellectual coddling. Such men and women can read only writing especially prepared for brains that will take only selected ideas, simply put. They can think only on simple lines, not too far extended. They can live happily only in a life where ideas never exceed the college sity per cent of complexity and where no intellectual or esthetic experience lies too far outside the range of their curriculum. A world where no one reads the news and skips the editorials; goes to musical comedies, but omits the plays; looks at illustrated magazines, but seldom at books; talks business, sports, and politics, but never economics, social welfare, and statesmanship — that is the world for which we coddle the best of our youth. Many indeed escape the evil effects by their own innate originality; more bear the marks to the grave.

UTOPIAN IDEAS AND EVERYMAN

ELIZBETH CLARK

This isn't my house, nor his house; no, it isn't your house either. It belongs to us. When I live in it, it's mine; and when I move away it's his and then yours. By rights, it is Everyman's. The fields in back of the house that I have planned so carefully, and the young green things shooting up in them are not mine. I did the work, yes, it was my turn to do it. But that doesn't make the fields nor the crop mine. It too is Everyman's. Next month when I leave this house and the fields and crop, a new tenant will come here. His job will be mine, I will have a new one.

I hope I will like my new job as well. I got terribly fond of this house. I didn't even mind getting up at five on cold mornings to do my work. My new house is just that. New as the green crops in my fields. My fields now, his later. The new house

has a small section of grass on either side of the cobblestone walk, leading to the front door. That green growth in front of my house isn't mine. No, I can only claim the small, very small, garden in back of my house. That's for me. Today I'll make things grow in that garden, to remind me of these fields. But, you understand, when next year comes, that garden won't be mine either. I rather hate not having any possessions. Makes it seem lonely. These people in this country liked it at first, too. Now I think they too are lonely.

Well, it's goodbye to the fields and my new green crops, the rambling old house and gate. It's hello to the fresh new house with grass and cobblestone walk, and the small garden that's mine. Today. Tomorrow? Everyman's.

DAYS' ENDS

RACHEL WHELAN

WITH SHADOW Fingers of yellow and rose, Dusk slowly touches the marshland changing mucky water to molten gold, and dull green reeds to crimson spears. The golden wavelets dance and whisper to each other while the reeds bend and sway to overhear their secrets. Dusk holds her breath. Upon the mirror surface poises a dragonfly with silken wings motionless, an elfin airliner. With a final flap of wings the march bird glides to her well-concealed nest. A green striped snake slips silently and ominously through sand and seaweed disappearing into the silent ripples. Finally all is still as a moment of fading light, a color dissolving here in shadows and bursting again in glory,

changes the world. Dusk nods farewell, shedding her wistful glance of twilight on all, and leaving a lone jewel on the horizon, a wish

With a promise the gray wing of Night flutters softly and brushes away Dusk's last faint glow of color, leaving only vague shadows in the darkness. The night breeze hums a soft, urgent song through the reeds. The wavelets tumble laughingly over each other as they lap at the sand. Far away stars are sewn by a lavish hand in the blue velvet.

Two shadows stand at the water's edge. The wish comes true. The promise is fulfilled. A day is struck from life forever.

TWO PILOTS OF THE SILVER WING

ROBERT L. HARRIS

"She's ridin' high, okay."
"Yeah!
Look down there!"
"What is it?"
"Can't make out?"
"Looks like a city 'bout a mile away.
Let's pull her 'round a bit!"
"Okay!"
"Down closer.
Not so steep!
Too steep!"
"There, pull her up a bit.
That's it."
"Yep, she's a city, big one too I'd guess."
"Looks kind'a dark.
So dark and dreary."
"Naw, just a fog.
Lift her up a bit."
"Kinda creepy just the same.
Seems sorta' misty.
Hey, what's that!"
"Don't know!"
"Sounds like a bearing.
Shot to hell."
"What can it be?"
"Gas?
Water?
Oil?
All check."
"Good God, it's gettin' louder.
Sounds like—
The motor's fallin' out."
"Let's take a look.
Yep, she's a bearing.
Red hot one too.
Hand me a wrench."
"Better land the thing and take a look."
"Not here."
"Not here? Why not?"
"Dunno, just don't want to."
"Got to!"
"Find a place!

Hey, watch that stick."
"She's goin' in a spin."
"The stick! The stick!
Hey, grab the stick.
Hold on!"
"Pull her over!"
"Grab the stick!"
"Hang on! Hang on!
We're going down!"
"Bill!
Good God! Good God!"

"Bill, Bill, where are you?"
"Here."
"Okay?"
"Okay, but kinda woozy!"
"Better light a flare tube.
Find out where we are!"
"But where's the plane?"
"The plane?"
"Oh God, the plane.
We've lost it.
Where are we?"
"Dunno.
Seems awful strange.
Can't find the plane.
Can't find the flare tubes.
Awful strange and creepy.
Awful quiet this place."
"Yeah, kinda like it here!"
"Bill, Bill, let's get out.
So strange and ethereal.
What's that over there?"
"Dunno, let's take a look!"
"Bill, my legs.
It doesn't seem like I've got 'em.
Seems, just like I'm floatin'!"
"Yes, of course, Jim! Don't you know!
We're DEAD!"

ON ENTERING PRIZE CONTESTS

Ed McNAMARA

“**N**OW GIRLS, Here is all that you have to do to enter this exciting contest. Simply scrape out the inside of a five pound can of Pete's Peanutbutter and mail it together with a short essay of not more than five hundred words telling us 'Why I like Pete's Peanutbutter' to radio station E. A. T. Remember girls, this thrilling contest closes when the company has sold a certain amount of back stock. Act now girls, this may mean a down payment on a fur coat.”

Naturally the announcer would use psychology, and fling his sales campaign upon the helpless kitchen female, for he knew that she controls the financial supply line of the house. On the other hand Mother knows that it would be a easy way to purchase that divine mink coat. What has she to lose? Little does she know what drastic effects it will cast upon her innocent children. Why the little tots will have to thrive on Pete's Peanutbutter until Mother achieves victory. Nevertheless Mother has her way and soon all of the available containers are drafted into the service of holding the rare stuff. Immediately the thrilled housewife concocts a multitude of delicious recipes and presents them to her bewildered husband and children. In the minds of the unfortunate human guinea-pigs, it will always be peanutbutter no matter how presented. What can the little

urchins do about their Mother's sudden change of mind and heart? If they revolt, then it means an hour of solitary confinement in a dark closet. They seem to think that Mother is trying to murder them in a nice way, but Mother keeps telling the children that the stuff contains that newly discovered vitamine Z. She explains to her little guinea's in flat scientific terms that vitamine Z removes all freckles. This is certainly news to the kids for they never had any to begin with. The little children firmly obey their dear Mother and continue to eat the peanutbutter. A month lapses and the cans continue to be mailed, but still no news of victory. Mother finally receives word that she has won a fourth prize. The weary eyed children group about her only to receive the bitter news that the fourth prize is a ten pound can of Pete's Peanutbutter. Oh those poor, helpless children. They have already been through 'hell', and their once rosy complexions are now a dull peanutbutter tan. "But who won the first prize of the great contest?" Mother shouts "Read more down," the bewildered children plead. This is done and sure enough at the bottom of the letter in microscopic print stands the name of a one Miss Sally Pete of South Africa. Yes, the sister of Pete, the peanutbutter king.

AN OPEN LETTER

FRANCES SHELTON

Dear Frank:—

You always were a tall girl in comparison with others your age. I remember you when you were eight—rather skinny, ex-

tremely long-legged, and long brown curls, not the warm vibrant brown of an autumn leaf, but a plain ordinary brown which was very common. And you haven't chang-

ed a bit, except to shoot up to five feet nine inches, and you've lost your long curls. You are still comparatively tall, still have those long legs, and that ordinary brown hair. And your eyes — they still look as if you had rubbed them too far into your face. Whenever you are bored, your eyes will give you away. When you adapt a cynical mental attitude, I can tell it immediately. I'm not the only one who has noticed that. Others have remarked about that to me. Brown eyes aren't extremely pretty—yours are just described as "brown eyes." I remember how you always used to sigh and wish that you possessed "limpid pools of brown" which every heroine in your favorite books had. Remember those long eyelashes your cousin used to envy so? They seem to get shorter all the time.

You used to be satisfied with the teeth that were in your head; but since you read in *The Canterbury Tales* that to be gat-toothed is a sign of a lascivious nature, you've complained daily (obviously lascivious is not a flattering description.) Now that is silly! I know your front teeth are spaced apart; but good heavens, they're not so far apart that a horse can walk through — and that's the impression you seem to have gotten. But I suppose I can't change your mind about that; you'll get over it when you read something else.

Your only hope, you say, is that you will grow old gracefully and that your features will soften with age. Then you contradict yourself by saying you would not mind dying young. But I know this is not true for you are too curious to want to die — by curious I mean that you always want to know what's happening (and you usually do) and to be put away in the ground where you will be unable to observe what's going on, wouldn't particularly appeal to you.

You always have good intentions but when the actual carrying out of the plans

occur, your enthusiasm has died down considerably. Don't forget that "the road to Hell is paved with good intentions." I think you're too impatient, and you don't think matters through. You want to plunge ahead; and if you can't, you're on another idea in two seconds with the original one completely forgotten.

Another thing I've wondered about — it's odd that you don't develop your drawing ability further. I know that you have a comparatively good sense of proportion. The art nun told you that when you had figure work. People always found it hard to believe that you hadn't had any instruction before your third year in high school, and even there, you didn't learn much more than you had already learned by observation.

If you don't do something about your reading manners — if they could be called that—, I think your parents will give up hope of ever contacting you. Yes, I mean contacting. Whenever you bury your size 23 head in a book, the outside world merges into a far-off fog; and you are left in a roseate world all your own. That is all very well and good, but when you submerge you submerge to the degree that you let household duties and schoolwork go hang, that is carrying your love of reading too far!

I don't know whether I've helped you by this free-for-all discussion, but I do know that if you and I try to cooperate with each other, we may eventually work out some plan whereby we'll improve on the girl we've both known for seventeen years.

With best regards,

ME.

LINES FROM THE NIGHT

JOSEPHINE ROSENFELD

The vanity
of the trees leaning over the rivers
adjusting and readjusting their coiffures.

The solemnity
of the brook gliding by
laughing as the rocks tickle it.

The processional
of the moon
bringing in its trail the princesses
of the sky—the stars.

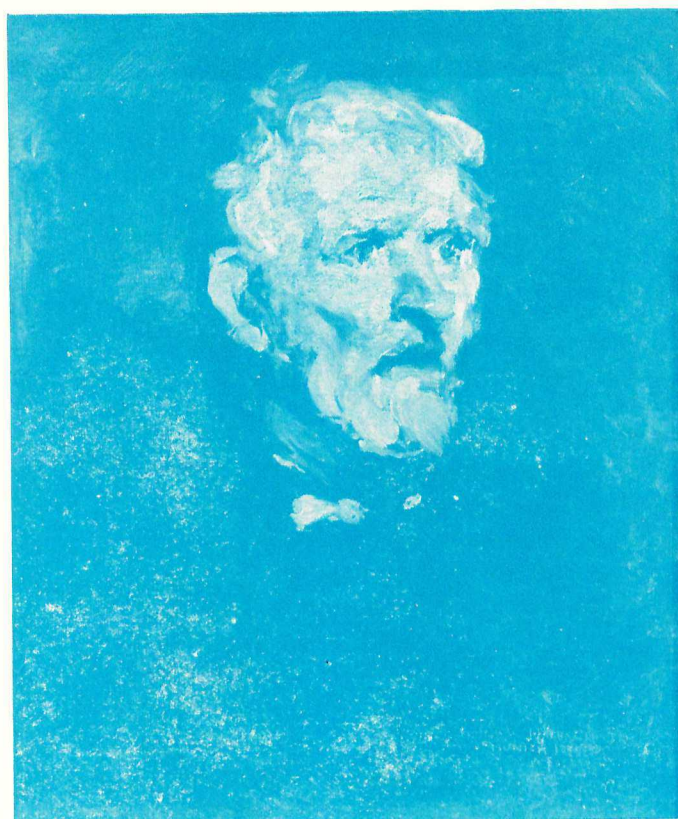
The strains
of music ascending to the heavens
carrying the heart and souls of the listeners.

The soft richness of twilight in autumn,
The welcoming call of a morning in spring,
The heavy scent of an evening in summer,
The crisp breath of an afternoon in winter,

They can destroy the trees' vanity by bombing them.
They can stop the brooks' laughter by damming it.
They can spoil the moon's processional.
They can diminish the glory of the stars
By cluttering the sky with wings of devils.
They can silence the strains of music with gunfire.
They can disrupt an autumn twilight with tanks.
They can hush spring's call with bugles.
They can destroy summer's scent with gas.
They can wilt a winter afternoon with curses.

But they cannot
close our eyes to beauty,
deafen our ears to music,
silence our lips from prayer,
squeeze our hearts dry of courage.

Beauty in this shattered world?
Music in this bitter world?
Prayer in this hateful world?
Courage in this fear-crazed world?
Yes, the
beauty of freedom,
music of liberty,



SKETCH OF AN OLD MAN

BY J. FRANK CURRIER

John Herren Art Museum



THE RED TAM

BY LEON KRALL

John Herron Art Museum

prayer of peace,
courage of faith.

They may
Dim the electric charades on Times Square
Black out the Golden Gate,

But never can they
Dim the torch of freedom
Black-out the ideals of liberty.

IT COULD BE

GERALDINE STALEY

WELL, SIR, You're here again. I ain't agoin' to tell you anymore; instead, I figured you'd like to see some of the things she did later, written in her own hand. This is a journal that she started in college about a year after the war began. I've taken some pages out that I thought you might be interested in. The first I gave you, was made the night after Johnny, the boy she later married, went back to the Navy after a furlough.

August, 1943—

The Chaotic Era has been going on now in America for a year and a half. Yesterday, Johnny left again. Today life goes as usual. Sometimes, I think I can never go on trying to be normal and lead a normal life; but somehow, like all the rest I am able to live a seemingly peaceful existence. We have our jobs and our Home Defense to counteract the horror of actual warfare. Important things happen to us just as if the war were not taking place, such as the incident of my second professional radio appearance. It happened last week, here in the studio. I was sitting at my desk, filing cards, sharpening pencils, and smiling at the general nuisances like they were my friends, when I overheard the Program Director remark that they

needed a girl for an afternoon broadcast. They were having difficulty in locating one on such short notice. Then I found myself speaking to the director just as if I were *somebody* around here instead of chief flunky. I told that I had had experience behind the "mike," and I would gladly help out — help out! I was literally dying for a job! The Director surveyed me uncertainly, then — she *was* desperate — she said they'd test me for the part. She grabbed my hand, jerked me into a studio, thrust a script under my nose, and said, "Go ahead." The directions said to whisper the lines into the "mike," so I started to whisper in a voice that made curtains wave like a sail in a storm. The loudspeaker said, "Hold it. Miss Philips, the instructions are whisper the words softly, not bellow! Now, let's try it again." I nodded dumbly, then-proceeded to squeak a beautiful squeak into the microphone. Again the loud-speaker interrupted, saying that I seemed a little nervous, and that we'd better rest a few minutes. I sat down on a chair, thinking about when this would be over, and I could escape. When we took up our little game again, I came through like a trouper—hammy. The loudspeaker seemed satisfied, though, for it said, "O.K."

We'll do it at 3:00. Be here." I was there, and the next day I was back sitting at my desk, filing cards, sharpening pencils, and smiling at general nuisances.

June, 1945—

Today, I was presented with my Sheepskin and received my A. B. degree. I felt so strange as the members of the class walked past the president for their diplomas. It was like seeing a hundred dreams and fulfilled hopes file past one by one. I saw the parents looking happy and proud. I saw mothers cry because they were happy, and I wanted to cry too; but I could not. I saw fathers strut and boast, and felt warm inside. A great milestone has been turned. Now, we are to set the world aright. What a tremendous task! We, who are swimming in idealism must come down from the clouds and start to shape the world anew. We can build buildings, pave roads, and construct cities; but can we give souls back to bodies? The

future is up to us and others like us. (Oh, How I wished Johnny could have been here, today. Please keep him safe.)

December, 1949—

Three years have passed since the War ended, and little did I dream I'd be here at this studio as a woman announcer. Those horrible years seem distant and far away now; yet the years in school seem like yesterday. Strange what memories can do for you. Johnny and I are looking forward to the time when we can have our own television station. It used to be only a mythical dream, especially after Johnny came back from the Navy; but now it seems more like a reality and gives us hope. Johnny is an excellent station director for the rival studio here in the city, so I have to be on my toes to keep up with him. Johnny has adopted the phrase, "Ah, youth I adore thee," as our slogan and byword. As long as we keep young, we will win our goal and keep our dream.

ALONE IN THE FOG

TOM WAGLE

I DROVE On forward into the fog — the gray, swirling, all enveloping fog. The peeping street lights appeared uncertain and dim on my either side as they feebly lit the hazy mist with an eerie, sleepy light. Often fingers of fog would reach out and suddenly snap about them, dimming them, shutting out yet more light. Queer, crazy, racing shadows leaped from nowhere in the all covering fog about me. An opening would yawn wide and inviting before me, my car lights would stab into it, I would follow. Slowly I drove on. Yet the fog, the fog — I, I couldn't escape it. It was everywhere — in all outside, reaching, surrounding, descending on all, cold and uncompromising. It filled me with a

mood; swirled through my brain leaving a mood.

A mood that can't be put on paper. A mood, an unfathomable mood — one of another world, the uncertainty of which I find no words to describe. My thoughts were wild, seemingly everywhere on the great shuffleboard of human emotions. I vaguely remember thinking. Thinking of what? I can't recall exactly. My mind raced wildly. What's in a fog that makes one think in strange ways? It's infinity, it's depth, it's uncertainty? My mother, her graying hair—that should have troubled me. But the fog running on and on, the hazy world more hazy still as I sat there moving on and on. Gray? Gray hair,

what was gray hair to me? The fog was gray, gray and horrible. I must have thought of my future, but what future? What was future? A long ride in the fog? Hazy, misty, milling slush filled my brain. School? No, I didn't care. Diminished blotches of light appeared to me, struggling to be master of their power. People in the haze, struggling for what? A place in the world? A place in the fog? God, what thoughts came to me. What was working? Thoughts that I never knew existed came and went as the coming. Came as the wildly flaying strings of mist beat upon my car window; left as the echo of a murmuring baby dies when sleep overtakes it. My thoughts — angry ones, bright ones, deep thoughts — crowding, fighting for release, for recognition. Fog deep, crowding, fighting to surround all in its infinity. A train wreck, vague, struck me; I had shuddered before at it's memory; but I left it in the fog. It was as nothing. It was no more than the sudden opening of the fog and less than the inevitable crash of

the billowy wafting walls when it closed again. I saw nothing save all dismal as I drove on.

Yet it wasn't a dream; I think I was awake. I think I am awake now. I was in a fog. Fog stops. Fog goes on. I stop, I go on. My destination was somewhere beyond the fog. I knew the way. Others had traveled it. But why couldn't I leave the choking fog? Why? The shadows made by my lights were probably beautiful. I think they were. Yet I was in the fog; fog that reached out and everywhere; devouring the all of everything; swooping, gently flowing — everywhere that fog that should have choked but didn't. It was huge and gray and awful in it's duration.

The small beauty of my lights apparently did not affect the fog. But I couldn't turn them out because I knew they didn't affect the fog. They were for me, not the fog. Why turn them out? They were guiding me. I suppose they were guiding me. I arrived home with them at any rate.

AUGUST EVENING

KEITH WHITE

IT IS Dusk, almost dark: the fire flies are glowing intermittently as they flit over the wheat stubble; the sun has receded over the horizon leaving only a dull glow of color in the west; in the east the harvest moon is peeping through the blasted tops of beach trees. The mists are rising down in the river bottom and ease like ghostly ships up the creek bed while over to the south choir practice begins. The sonorous bass of the bullfrogs, the vibrant tenor of cicadas; the squawk of water fowl as they rifle, single file up the creek; the bawl of cattle, bedded down on the distant hillside, their clean, white faces, crests, and flanks visible through the ascending vapors from the

swale between; the distant barking of a stock dog or the baying of a hound, and the sudden, frightened squeals of pigs as they noisily masticate their corn, vague, black, hulks against the dusty, trampled earth; all blend together in perfect harmony.

The milk cows string single file down the path to the spring lazily batting flies and languidly chewing their cuds. The layers straggle across the yard and loiter in to roost, while over by the well house the horses jockey for positions at the water trough. The big, black mare threatens nastily, with gleaming teeth, retracted ears, and vicious eyes, the childish gelding, who nips playfully at the gangly, young, foal

scampering along against his mother's flanks, his head held high, eyes gleaming with sudden fright, and hind foot cocked to throw at his tormentors.

The work teams are mechanically rolling over and back, all easily worth their hundred dollars, after a hard days work in harness. Now the near horse of the sorrel teams props his front feet under him, bucks up on all fours, stretches prodigiously, shakes himself as a dog shakes water, and jogs down toward the flats along the branch, his blazed face and white fore pastern luminous through the settling gloom; to where the yearlings, two-year olds, and a few aged brood mares are grazing, indistinct, black, shadows as the curtains of the night draw to a close.

Yet in spite of all this the scene is quiet and peaceful; the world seems at rest as I stand motionless on the hilltop, my thumbs hooked onto my overall suspenders and drink in the cool, fresh, air, tainted

with the perfume of fresh mown alfalfa and the simple, earthy scents of the barnlot, mingled with kitchen smells suggestive of frying ham, hot bread, and strong black coffee, wafted to the nostrils by the soft evening breeze.

My body aches, my very bones are sore, my very shirt is glued to my back with briny sweat, my overalls are stiff with perspiration, dust, and grease; but my soul sings; I'm happy, jubilant! A day's work well done has ended; a feeling of deep satisfaction and security steals over me, overpowering even my physical fatigue and for a moment lifting me above the monotony of the hard labor which can so easily become drudgery.

I stand spellbound, impressed and awesome of the simple sights and sounds and then trudge up the path to supper and to bed as the day and the day's work simultaneously come to an end.

WHEN TIRES RETIRE

BETTY LEE SNYDER

THERE HAS BEEN a great deal of talk about the rubber shortage since the war began. Radio comedians have used it to an advantage; members of business firms are riding bicycles to work, and the old ladies who could never be convinced that the automobile was here to stay, are saying, "I told you so."

We are now a nation of people working tirelessly for defense. The other morning I saw a man ride a horse to church; gone are the days when I took the family car and with a bunch of friends, practiced making two-wheeled turns on the Parkmoor driveway — and I take the bus to school. The cars of public officials are being put away, with the admonition, "use public conveyances." I would not be sur-

prised to read that someone's house burned to the ground because the fire squad missed their streetcar. Even the taxi companies are feeling the pressure of the shortage. With them, it's a case of re-tire or retire.

We might break a few more water mains, flood the city, and all buy motorboats; and there is, of course, the horse. Roller skates are all right except for the fact that the wheels are steel and there is a shortage of that, too. No — the only really practical solution to our problem is self-sacrifice and a willingness to give up a few of the things to which we are accustomed. Our democracy is worth it and we are ready to put our shoulder to the wheel. (A wheel without a tire.)

NIGHT LIFE

JAMES HAWEKOTTE

IN INNUMERABLE Industries there is a night shift. A group of men whose day is the night; who live for weeks at a time and never see the sun. In a way this is a fascinating existence. I know, for I lived it all through the past summer.

Some people are shocked at the idea of sleeping through the day and then arising as everyone else goes to bed. I enjoyed starting to work at eleven o'clock. I had the streets to myself. There was no hurrying crowd, noisy traffic; Indianapolis was all mine; mine and a few others that lived as I did. To me the night was calm, soft and mysterious. The downtown streets were strangely quiet, lighted boulevards. Gradually the night grew more attractive to me than the day. I could feel like a king surveying his kingdom; rather than merely a part of a hurrying metropolis.

The hurrying and the bustling lives while most of us live and hate, so the night

was a release. No one hurries at night because there is no one to hurry. I could stop if I wanted to, go slowly if I wanted to and for the first time in five years I started to see some beauty in downtown Indianapolis. Washington street was a kaleidoscope of colors. The dome of the State House, instead of the daytime tarnished green, was almost fluorescent. It glowed dimly, reflecting the lights from some of the neon signs. A tavern changed into a gallery of colors as a night light shone through the bottles stacked in the window, painting shadows on the sidewalk. A parking lot changed into a little park. A scattering of lighted windows looked like stars that got a little too close to earth. The streetcar tracks were trickles of silver and the wires above them gold.

People may have their daytime jobs, I will take night work in preference anytime.

THE PARTING

RILEY SULLIVAN

I COULD Imagine him coming in quietly, scarcely taking the effort to close the door securely. Yet, he might come in hurriedly, slam the door, run through the house, throw his coat and books on the dining room table, and be up in our room almost before the echo of the noise had died away. He was moody and changeable; that was why I was leaving; that was what I disliked about him; and that was why I did not know how he would enter the house. In fact, I never knew how he was going to act under any condition. During his exhilarated moods, he was almost too kind

and generous to everyone: his friends, acquaintances, and animals alike. But some of his moods were unbearable. He seemed always above or below everything on earth. I don't believe he ever felt in conjunction with a living person or thing.

I definitely decided to move out and take a room elsewhere. I packed hurriedly and nervously, knowing well my decision would be a shock to him. I was determined; so I really did not care.

There was confusion downstairs. I heard the door slam, and he was up the stairs almost before I realized it. My back

was towards him; I pretended to be doing something. When he entered, he stood for a moment surveying the room, then said, "Hi buddy. Going someplace?"

"Yes," I said standing up erect, "I'm moving out."

"Don't like the roomers?"

"Don't like the room," I said.

I looked him in the face, and I could see he was hurt, but he soon covered this fact up by helping me with my packing. Had I not known him so well, he would have succeeded in making me believe he was even glad I was leaving. He closed my suitcases and carried them downstairs

and out to the car. I followed him with a couple of coats over my arm. When we had put them in the car, I turned to him and said, "Well, so long; I'll be seein' you."

"Yes," he said, "good bye; I'll see you around." He shot me an askance look, turned, and went up the walk towards the front porch.

I stepped on the starter; the motor roared momentarily. As it idled down, I could hear a dog's painful howl. Even after I had driven a block, I could still hear the howling as the dog retreated towards the back yard. I knew someone had kicked him.

POEM

ARDATH WEIGLER

I Ivy and jew growing in pink and blue
mugs
Mugs meant for small children
Mugs settled primly on lace doilies
Atop a spinster desk

TWO MONTHS LATER

II He was standing there under the neon
sign—tall, hair rough in the wind—
broken outline of glasses and upturned
collar

Dull tap of narrow black heels on
the asphalt.

He turned as they walked toward
him, to him, past him.

Her heart did a flat-footed ballet
as she thought, "This is the end, fool."
—tugging, choking, adolescent heaviness
crushing her breath with its
vacuum.

He thought, "She's putting on a
little weight," and lighted a cigarette.

III Experience

Is like a candle . . .
Burning path traced
In beauty or dormant pain
For the moment
And then is gone
Behind it—a smoked and streaked
stain . . .

IV Gray
Thin—splintered and stifling
With iron etching of trees and stone
In bitter relief against the vague
Blankness of a flat day—
Lop-sided spiral of factory smoke
Slowly unwinds itself
From soot-crusts chimney—
Gray arcs of steel colored starlings
Wheeling with scissor-like precision
Toward a gray future.
Inside, dry warmth of the silver-pale
radiator
Brings forth odor of old wine
From empty bottles on the dirty
Window sill

WHO

JOHN ROCK

MAY I Present a personage not exactly famous but who is widely known and carefully dealt with. He exerts a magnetic influence upon the life, love, and financial status of millions. Without doubt, fortunes have been made and lost in fickle gambles involving his undependable nature. Banking, insurance, brokerage, and the like are deeply entwined in his fateful web of behavior.

His character is quite electrifying. Many brilliant men have tried or are trying, to forecast his next stroke and to analyze him, that they might better combat him. In the many publications, and in the many stage and screen productions, we often find a story, an essay, or a sketch built around him, dwelling upon his every act.

Today we find humanity and history alike reckoning with him. He has snatched the life of innumerable children from the arms of adoring parents and often steals someone away, dear to a passionate youth or lass. Grudgingly I admit he has relieved some suffering but in exchange, he has produced untold grief. Nature has empowered everything with the ability to reproduce itself but we find in this character a counteraction. He has undertaken to create room for the new by doing away with others. He has proven himself unbiased in his selection of individuals. He has demonstrated favoritism neither to the old or young, nor to the mighty or the meek. His is a horrid task, ruthlessly carried out.

If he were animate, I would imagine

him as a sinister black shadow; a man-sized form of black mist; or a choking, encircling grey fog; or more likely, something with human aspects. His flesh would be of a yellow-green tint; soft, cold, and nauseous. His frame would be tall, slender, well-cut, and definite. The jaw, cheekbones, nose, and forehead would be prominent yet not so as to make you realize this certain fact. The teeth would be white, glistening, and perfect; the mouth straight, even during those few moments of laughter. His mouth would be terminated by half-moon dimples that showed deeply on those rare occasions of apparent joy. His eyes would be slightly deep set, dark, and penetrating; his mind: analytic valuating, determined, and unchangeable. His eyebrows moderate; his hair dark, thick, and wavy; his nose slightly bent; his voice deep, rich, and cultured. His every act would be done with deliberation and charm. He would be cloaked in formal evening 'tails' and 'tophat' with the addition of a black cape. A wine colored rayon strap would cross his chest slantwise and would be adorned with several jeweled clasps.

He commands a mighty empire created by force and willingness. All humanity comes into contact with his compulsive character and when he shall choose to beckon, you too will have no alternative but to answer for he overlooks no one. He is Death.



WHAT I BELIEVE

JIM MITCHELL

IN THE Last two or three years, it has been extremely difficult for the peoples of the world to find anything strong, permanent, or lasting enough to withstand the ravages of war. Dreams and cherished hopes have been consumed overnight or in the space of but an hour or two by the ever growing blaze which is threatening to engulf the entire universe. Men have come to believe only in the strength and power of the sword and the maxim that "might makes right." The cries of the idealist that war can be banished from the earth are lost in the roar of cannon, the clump-clump of marching feet, and the screams of fanatical "soap-box orators." And, indeed, as the forces of evil continue to succeed in their nefarious schemes, it is hard to believe that there is any force in the world at the command of man which can overcome the great god Mars and his followers. But a force is there; a force which has proven its powers over and over again where men are ready and willing to accept it as a means of combating evil. I refer to one of the most potent forces known to man, if he will only realize it — the force of education.

I firmly believe that one of the outstanding causes for bloodshed and hatred which is sweeping the nations of the world today is misused and misplaced education, and I also believe that it can solve the problem as easily as it has perpetrated it. The Germans, Italians, and Japanese have

been taught to believe that war is glorious and that their leaders have been sent by Divine Providence to rule the universe by means of this glorious thing. Why, then, could not these people be taught, just as we have been taught, to look upon war in its true light and upon the dictators in their true light? It is my contention that the minds which have accepted, believed, and understood the fanatical prattle of Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin are fully capable of accepting the Christian teachings of sensible men.

The task of spreading this type of education would be an impossible one at this time, of course; but the path to be followed and the course to be pursued are fairly definite in my mind. The only way to impress these peoples is to defeat them, and their dictators, at their own ridiculous game. If education is even to be given a chance, we must smash the Axis on the fields of battle, treat them fairly and sensibly in the terms of peace, and begin the arduous task of showing them their mistakes. The task will be difficult, of course, but I am convinced that the human being has never been born who can't be won over by kindness and equal treatment.

I firmly believe that war can be banished under this, or some similar, plan. I suggest that, since the sword has already been proved incapable of solving the problem, we try the yardstick instead.

