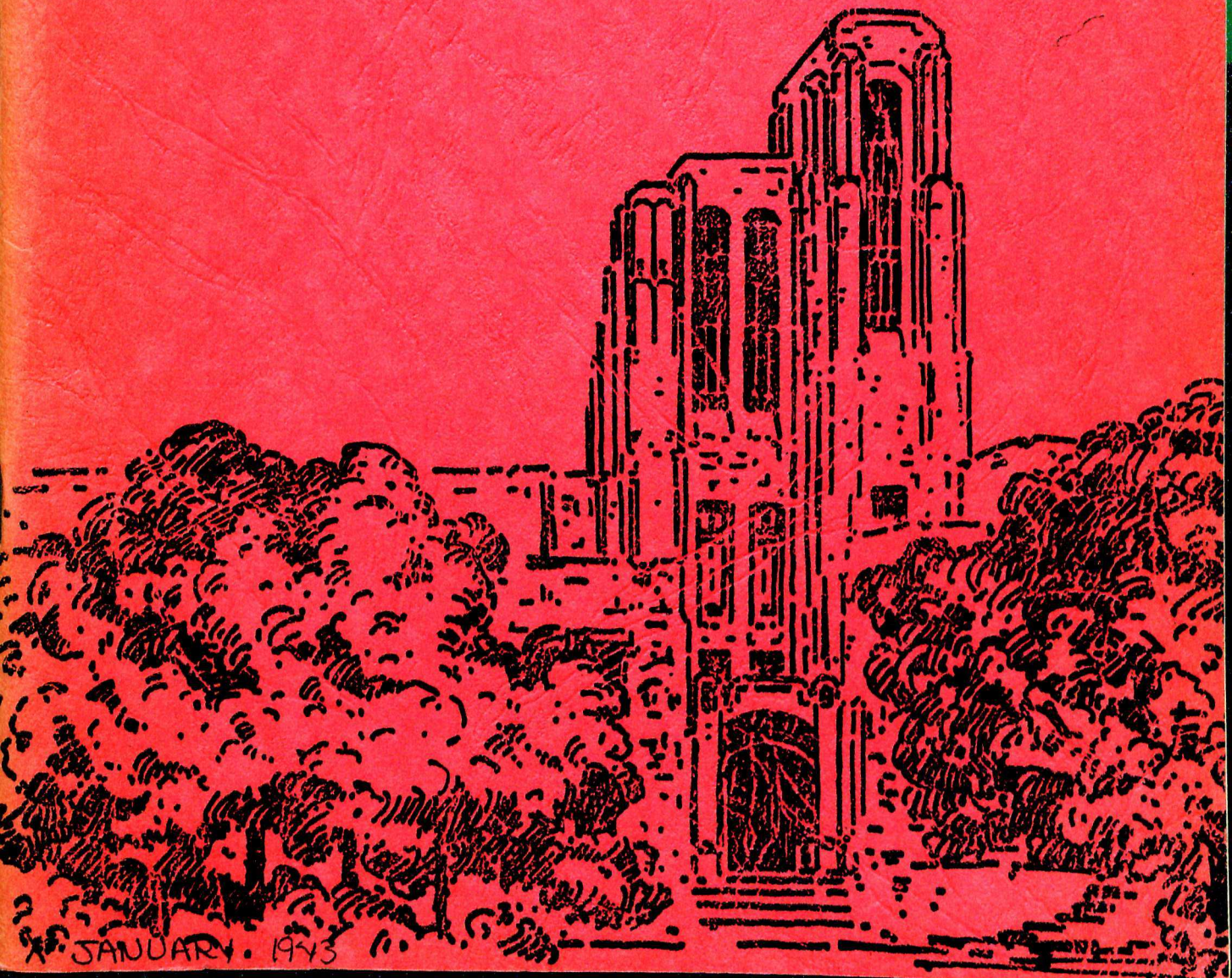


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It's Snowing

LUCY KAUFMAN

An icy wind lashed down from the north, snarling at the city. During most of the night it continued, and people winced under the frosty whip, while they offered platitudes concerning winter and its early arrival. Shortly after midnight however, the gale subsided. Huge clouds rolled in over the fields and streets and houses, obscuring the stars and bringing the first snow of the season. Silently and steadily it fell, as window-panes and street lamps became fuzzy with the clinging white flakes. Trees and buildings exchanged sharp outlines for blurred shadows, and the snow-covered bushes faded into the snow-covered ground, neither discernible from the other.

Then there were those who watched the first snow fall

"You certainly deserve a lot of credit," Nancy's face was flushed with anger, and her voice was indignant. "I work — I earn the money, and that, I presume, is the manner in which most families are conducted, while you spend the day and the money with that woman." At the words "that woman" Nancy turned and faced her husband. "And today I find her here," she continued. "Well, I'm through. I'm leaving." Of course, now he would protest and beg forgiveness. But he did not speak. Even his eyes were cool and still. Then this was it. Very well, she would go through with it. Walking over to her dresser, she jerked open the drawer and scratched among its contents before she removed a few things which she put in a small valise.

As she reached the door on her way out, she heard a slight laugh. "What's that?" she flung the question at him. There was no answer, but as she closed the door,

she heard it again — a soft insolent laugh.

"Here is just the room for Madame," said the waiter crisply, as he prodded the keyhole with a bunch of keys, found the correct one, opened the darkly-painted door, and stood aside to let Nancy pass. They entered, and he stepped to the window, flinging it wide. The night air rushed in, tumbling over the sill, down the window-ledge, and across the floor.

It was a small room. A greyish rug covered the wooden floor, and on it stood a battered table, the top of which was bare. Next to the mirror over the washstand was pinned a list of Air Raid Regulations, and on the west wall hung a picture of a sailing vessel tossing in a turbulent sea.

Nancy crossed to the window and looked out over the alley, and her eyes came against the back of another building, and through its windows she saw other rooms which were also alien to her.

"This is just the room for Madame," the waiter repeated as though the architect had designed it knowing that Nancy would seek it out and rent it.

"All right," she consented. Then with a tightening sensation in her throat, "I may be here for some time."

"Excellent," the waiter beamed. "I shall have Madame's bag sent up instantly," and he glided toward the door, pausing on the threshold to exclaim, "I know Madame will find her new home irresistible." Then he was gone.

In the mirror Nancy caught the reflection of a frightened face. It too seemed unfamiliar and unfriendly. Her thoughts dropped into a cold darkness which left her mind numb and her hands icy. She moved to the window and noticed absently

that it was snowing. The flakes were falling crazily. No pattern, no purpose, she thought. Then she looked down at the alley. The snow was beginning to melt, and the traffic which passed there was crumbling the fresh whiteness into dirty slush.

There came a bang at the door, followed by the waiter with her valise. "It's snowing," he announced in the voice of one who foretells great events.

For a long time she did not answer. Then, as if she were seeing it for the first time, Nancy said, "Yes, it's snowing."

From the dimly lighted room smoke rose in blue spirals. Cheap liquor was abundantly enjoyed, and the tune of "Moonlight Cocktail" could scarcely be heard above the noisy crowd which squeezed back and forth between the red and white topped tables of Van and Eddy's.

At one of these tables sat Tony. People who passed him noticed merely that he was alone and that he was a tall young man with a dark face and darker hair. They did not see his eyes which were slightly slanted and narrowed as though there were something which he could not quite distinguish. They did not see his hands which gripped the edge of the table until the knuckles were white, nor his feet which restlessly kicked the legs of his chair. Tony was waiting, and this was unusual. As a rule those who knew him did not care to excite his impatience.

A boy entered Van and Eddy's. He wasn't more than eighteen, and obviously he was nervous and ill at ease. Seeing Tony, he made his way through the crowd, stopped at Tony's table.

"Why are you late?" It was a simple question calmly asked. The boy relaxed. Then Tony wasn't angry. He had expected

almost anything from the things he had heard.

"I ran into a little trouble."

"But you have the money," again the voice was quiet and controlled.

"Well," the boy began.

"Then you don't have it?"

"Well, you see, when I got there the old boy was in his store. I told him we'd have to have the money tonight, but he said his business had been bad and asked me if I couldn't wait just a week. I explained about the protection we were giving him and what might happen to his shop if he didn't pay. But he said he didn't have it. He was pretty old too, and I — I didn't want to hurt him."

"That's all right, Kid." Tony smiled. "I guess we can do without his "contribution" for awhile."

"Then you aren't angry?" the boy looked at Tony with infinite relief.

"Of course not." Tony's voice was like satin. "Won't you join me in a drink?"

"No, thanks. I better be on my way. My old man starts askin' questions if I'm too late."

"Why don't you let me give you a lift? It would be quicker."

"That would be swell."

Tony got up, found his coat, and they started out.

"Sure you won't change your mind and have a drink?" Tony asked, as they passed the bar.

"I have to get home."

The night air was cold, and it had begun to snow. Great flakes sifted down softly and stuck to their faces.

"Gee, I like snow!" the boy exclaimed happily.

Tony did not answer, but he smiled. His finger curled around the trigger of his automatic, and the explosion was like a snap in the crisp wind.

The boy turned as he was hit and look-

ed at Tony. With a surprised expression and as though he were about to say something, he fell into the soft snow.

Tony took the empty shell from his gun, tossed it aside and returned the pistol to the inside pocket of his coat. Then he walked swiftly back to Van and Eddy's. He stopped at the bar and ordered a bourbon and soda.

"What's the weather doing?" asked the bartender.

"It's snowing," replied Tony, and his voice was calm and controlled.

As the ivory door-knob was turned, the white panelled door swung open, and a thin beam of light from the hall slipped into the long dark room. Softly it played upon the crystal chandelier. It glided along the silver candelabra which stood tall and fragile at either end of the walnut console table, and came to rest on the long narrow mirrors which hung on one side of pink panelled walls.

Paula Lord entered her apartment, and snapped on the light switch. Her long blonde hair was disarranged, and the bottom to her white chiffon evening gown was stained with mud.

"Lucile," she called impatiently.

No response. "Damn," she said in an anguished tone. You pay twenty-five a week for a French maid, and she disappears at a crucial moment. I suppose that's life, she thought, and she kicked one white satin

slipper across the thickly carpeted floor.

There was a knock at her door. "Yes," she called.

"Did you want me, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, Lucile, see what you can do about this gown. Some fool splashed me with mud as I was on the way in."

"Very well. Did Mademoiselle enjoy herself at the ball?"

"Oh, it was rather dull, but the President's Ball always is," and Paula turned to arrange her hair in the mirror over her dressing-table. As she looked closely, she could see the small lines beginning to show around her eyes and mouth. That's not age, she thought, that's mileage, and suddenly she said, "I think that I shall go south next month. Nassau should be gay this season."

Washington and winter slipped away, and Paula stood upon a moonlit beach. The water was soft and silvery as it lapped the shore in tiny waves. Music drifted to her from the club where people sat sipping rum punches, people who were tanned and young and laughing. Here in the moonlight no one could see the lines around her eyes and mouth Soon she would return to the club, and she would be laughing too. . .

"Look, Mademoiselle, it's snowing." The maid's voice was like a knife which cut Paula from her dream.

Paula turned angrily toward the window. So what? she thought, but she said simply, "Yes, I see. It's snowing."



The Camera Marches To War

THOMAS J. LUCK

"Since the United States is engaged in a deadly struggle for its very existence, every industry and every man, woman, and child must alter their peace-time operations so as to fit into the war program," declared Paul V. McNutt, Federal man-power commissioner, in a recent speech. Nowhere is the will for readjustments to fit the war program any greater than in industry. The photographic profession has especially made a large contribution to the geared-up production, and the results of these changes may bring about new types of endeavor for the profession.

Before the outbreak of World War II, the photographic profession was just beginning to extend its efforts into many varied fields. In pre-war days the camera was used primarily as a means of artistic expression. An expert could photograph a scene with his camera that would include more detail than any artist could possibly paint with oils. And at the same time he could also exercise almost as much volition in the composing of his photograph as could the artist.¹ Newspapers and magazines, realizing that a good photograph was worth a thousand words, made the photographer an important member of their staff.

The photographer also found a place in the recreational world. The production of movies for the theatrical entertainment became an industry in itself. Many thousands of people also seized photography as a hobby for recreational purposes. According to *Popular Photography Magazine*, five out of every ten Americans owned a camera of some description. Scientists were finding

¹(Stephen Deutch, F. R. P. S. *The Photographer is an Artist*)

that the camera was also a useful tool in their work. The astronomer used the camera because of its ability to make a permanent image. The photographs he made then provided him with a permanent record of the movements of the stars that he could study minutely. The doctor employed the camera to teach new techniques of surgery while both the still and motion picture camera were employed by educators to illustrate lectures on their various subjects.

The bombing of Pearl Harbor also blew up most of the normal operations of the photographic industry. Today most of the photographers are turning their lenses upon war-time subjects. This is partially due to the cut in the amount of film available, for film contains nitrocellulose, a basic element of gunpowder. The government employs famous photographers, such as Mrs. Bourke White, to photograph the war-effort on the home front and on the battle front. These photographs are used to educate the people as to what is actually going on here and abroad. Motion pictures are needed for the newsreels to combat enemy propaganda and to encourage enlistments. Photographers are also needed to take the identification portraits necessary for government records and for the badges worn by defense workers. Newspapers clamor for photographs to illustrate their war stories.

Expert photographers have places awaiting them in the armed services. Since the airplane is playing such a vital part in the war, aerial photography is becoming indispensable. In observation work and in planning attacks the camera is proving more valuable than another set of eyes, for it provides a permanent record. In planning an attack, the area to be the target is care-

fully mapped out by aerial photographers, who with their huge multi-lense cameras can photograph an area 100 miles square in a matter of minutes. These photographs are then enlarged and studied. The officer examining the photograph can estimate the depth of rivers, the height of mountains, uncover camouflage work, and determine troop movements by close examination of the photograph. The aerial gunner and the bombardier are taught accuracy in their work by the use of the camera. The camera records their hits, and the photographs are studied to discover what caused any errors. The intelligence corps has a huge file of photographs taken in foreign countries by tourists which can also be used in planning attacks. So it is easy to see that the camera is a good soldier.

Besides being a soldier, the camera is also a morale builder. Motion pictures are being used to entertain both the soldier and civilian to build up morale. Movie attendance in the United States is now 85 million people weekly which is 25 million more than three years ago. The use of Disney cartoons to educate the public as to their part in the war is becoming increasingly important. Soldiers and civilians alike are still using photographs of loved ones to lift up their chins.

Doctors are also using the camera to take care of that chin, for if anyone had a broken jaw-bone, the surgeon would immediately use the X-ray camera to aid in the operation. Scientists have also adapted the X-ray camera to examine metals for flaws. They also use slow motion pictures to detect fluttering in airplane propellers. Science has developed micro-film which is the newest occupation of the camera. Letters that are being sent to soldiers are photographed and reduced to a picture about one inch square which can be read upon receiving by enlarging the image. This

is an important factor in saving that much-needed transportation space.

As a result of the new uses found for the camera during the war, the photographer will probably be able to extend his operations in many ways after the war. New and faster films are being developed for aerial photography which will enable the post-war photographer to explore new fields with his camera. The color film, that has been developed to aid in disclosing camouflages by detecting color differences, will enable the photographer to take more natural photographs. The search for substitutes during the present war has resulted in cheaper plastic lenses which will make the camera more adaptable to the purses of more hobbyists.

Another change in the field of recreation besides cheaper lenses for amateurs will be the change in movie programs. There will be the usual dramatic feature plus an information film on national issues, a short musical film on the order of *Fantasia*, and Disney comedy cartoons.

Educators will also use the Disney cartoons to better illustrate their lectures. Sciences will give the aviator an infra-red camera to enable him to see through fog. The aviator will take a picture through the fog which can be developed immediately in the plane to enable the pilot to see what lies below him. Books and all types of records will be reduced to micro-film to save space. All rare and important documents will be permanently recorded on micro-film. Micro-film will also make possible the distribution of rare books and works of art without harming the originals. So perhaps this war may bring some good results along with the bad; at least it seems so in the field of photography.

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November With The World At War

MARY MARGRETT SCHORTEMEIER

November with the world at war
Is a strange sight
And a frightening thing.

When the leaves die and the headlines scream
Of more important deaths it is so evident
What death is.

And when the darkness hours are almost twice
The light, it is far too easy to guess how it would be
With the dead.

And when a lame bird is all that is left
Of the summer singers it is plain what the world would be
After all the deaths.

And the cold wind and the first snow
Chill the soul like the final kiss on the lips
Of the dead.

November with the world at war
Is a strange sight
And a frightening thing.



VANDALE

BY BOLTON BROWN

John Herron Art Museum



LATE AFTERNOON

BY PAUL DOUGHERTY

John Herron Art Museum

From Africa, 1942

Once from Carthage Dido's funeral pyre
Signalled Aeneas that his dream was ended
And all his hour of passion purged by fire,
By fire of brand and fire of spirit blended.
The way the gods had marked once more seemed best
And he was free to found the destined race
That sprang from Troy but settled in the West
With trojan greatness in the Roman place.
Again from Carthage sails the founding host
Again toward Rome the guided legions sail
To build a newest Troy upon the coast
That held Aeneas in the older tale.
But now the guides are not the sisters three
But hopes of all earth's peoples that are free.

Verse Forms.

Roundel

Verse forms from France are foolish toys
Like little china dolls that dance
And rare the man who now enjoys
Verse forms from France

The present poet views askance
The stilted pattern which annoys
His modern concept of romance.

For him their Sevres fancy cloys.
By startling steps he would advance
So scarcely any now employs

Verse forms from France

Verse Forms Class

Evolution

JEANNE GASS

Lora Tiptoed across the bedroom stepping gingerly from one rug to another, avoiding the chilling touch of the hardwood floor. She fumbled in the closet and finally slipped her cold feet into sensible blue leather house-slippers. The heels clicked softly on the hall floor. She raised the window shade in the bathroom, and the half-light of the early morning added cheerless rays to the cold room. Lora gasped at the shock of cold water on her face, and her hands shook as she drew curl-pins from her hair. She combed her hair hurriedly, and its electricity bristled about her shoulders as she drew on a blue flannel robe. It was not until she reached the basement stairs that she remembered.

"I didn't hear the trap click, last night. He probably never came near it. Silly—to have to set a trap for a mouse when you have a cat. Guess the cat's too well-fed to want a mouse. I certainly gave him plenty of chance to catch it. Hate to set a trap, for anything," she thought. She put off inspecting the trap and busied herself with coaxing the few still-glowing coals to give crackling life to the fuel she shoveled briskly into the furnace. Satisfied with her efforts at last, she stopped to wash her hands again at the basement faucet, then turned to the second basement room. "Hate to catch anything in a trap. Oh well, he probably never came near it."

Resolutely she approached the spot where the trap had been left. It was not there. Her eyes searched the gray cement floor. Then she saw.

Over near the corner sat Lora's big, gray tom-cat. He sat, unheeding his mistress's presence, absorbed in licking and cleaning his paws, his plushy white breast,

his long, stiff whiskers. Before him was the trap, dragged from the middle of the floor. With horror Lora saw the meaty remains of the trapped mouse clinging to it. Tail, thin legs, head partly devoured. For a moment she stood, dumbly. Then the complaisant cruelty, the complete falseness to the laws of nature, siezed and agonized her mind. The cat looked up, his eyes wide, innocent, and smug.

Revulsion swept over Lora's cold body with a fierce, hot trembling, and pulled and twisted at her stomach. It expressed itself aloud in a low inhuman half-growl in the woman's throat. The cat cowed, instinctively. Lora raised her hand, as if to strike. "Get out," she whispered hoarsely. A streak of gray fur flashed across the room and the cat sprang noiselessly up the stairs to retreat into some corner of the house. Lora's hand fell to her side, aimlessly. "Well," she thought, "The mouse had to be got rid of. Even a well-fed cat is an animal, with instincts. But—"

She turned her head. Her husband was stirring upstairs. She would leave the trap, and pay a neighbor boy to clean it up.

But as soon as she got upstairs, she washed her hands again, as if something unclean had touched them.

In a few minutes she had bacon and eggs sizzling on the stove, and toast in the oven. The spicy aroma of coffee spread comfortably over the kitchen and mingled with the increasing, soothing warmth of the room. Lora shook dry cereal into dishes, opened a can of tomato juice and emptied it into glasses. When she brought the morning paper from the porch, her husband was sitting, freshly-shaven and

waiting, at the breakfast table.

"Thank you," he mumbled absently as he unfolded the print-fresh pages. He shook and creased them, complaisantly. Lora poured coffee into cream-colored cups. The sleepy routine of breakfast flowed along uninterrupted. Juice, cereal, eggs, bacon, toast, the folding and unfolding of her husband's newspaper punctuated evenly the passing of time. The man sipped from the coffee cup, and broke the silence of the meal, reading to Lora in a loud, annunciative voice:

"Nearly a thousand German soldiers, boys and men, were slaughtered in the

latest siege outside Stalingrad." He paused, to read on silently, more rapidly, greedily savoring each detail.

Lora felt the physical shock in her body. She stared at her husband. She watched him drain his coffee-cup, pat the ends of his trim mustache with his napkin. She saw the lines of smugness etch firmly in his face. She stared, and did not speak. In a moment she felt his customary good-bye kiss, and vaguely knew he left the room.

As he pulled the front door shut behind him, she turned to the kitchen faucet, to wash her hands.

Conversion

JACK DEVINE

Mary Anna opened the door and saw her man. Her man was a hobo, looking for a bite to eat and possibly a pie which had been set on some ledge to cool.

Rambling Joe looked at the little girl and in his most polite manner, doffed his hat and said, "Little girl, I wonder if you would ask your ma if she could spare a man a bite to eat."

"My mother isn't here," Mary Anna replied, and puffing up with importance said, "if you will come in, maybe I can find something."

Mary Anna had just come back from a revival meeting at her church. She had decided that her career was to be a missionary and here was a poor lonesome,

"Sit down here, please, and I'll make you some coffee. Daddy says I make very good coffee and Mother likes it, too. And Tom, he's my brother, says it ain't—" she

hastily corrected herself, "isn't much good. But you know boys."

Taking his manners out and dusting them off a bit, Joe said, "I'm sure it will be fine."

"Oh — ah — what church do you belong to?" Mary Anna asked hesitantly.

"Well, I ain't been much of a church man. I've been so busy, you see."

"The reason I asked you is that we have been having a revival at our church and I've been thinking about being a missionary. Oh, the coffee is done now! You sit over here and I'll get a cup for you. Would you like some rolls? Mother has some sweet rolls here. They have jelly inside of them and when you bite down into them—um-m, raspberry jelly. I'll get you a couple." She placed the coffee and rolls before the man, then hurried over and sat opposite him. She sat very primly with her hands in her lap and very

cautiously, but directly and emphatically, she said Grace.

"Eh?" said Joe, looking up, very surprised, "what did you say?"

"Say Grace," she answered.

Joe said the word "Grace" and started to drink his coffee.

"No, you don't understand," she interrupted, with infinite patience.

"I guess I don't," Joe replied.

"You see, you say a little prayer saying how thankful you are for what you have to eat. That's Grace," Mary explained. "Now you just bow your head and close your eyes and I'll say Grace for you because I don't guess you have had much experience."

Joe bowed his head but he did not close his eyes. That coffee looked too good. He was a little suspicious about this Grace business.

The child murmured a few undistinguishable words. "Now," she said "you can eat."

"Thank you, ma'm. Say, this sure is good coffee."

"Do you really like it? Daddy says I can make very good coffee." She twitched around in her chair, the way children do, then said, "I'm going to be a missionary."

"Oh yes, tell me about this missionary business," said Joe.

"Well, you see — missionaries are people who go off into far-off places where there's cannibals and things and they save the cannibals—"

"What do you mean—they save them?" Joe interrupted.

"Oh, they convert them. I'll show you."

She got up from the table. "I'm the missionary standing here preaching, you see. Then here come the cannibals, uh, stalking me." She went over and picked up the broom, holding it like a spear and whooping up a bit, not a little unlike an Indian. Then she put the spear down and was a missionary again and started preaching some more then went over and started stalking herself. This process continued for quite some time until finally, with a dramatic gesture, she showed the conversion of the cannibals.

Joe applauded heartily.

"Oh, you don't applaud sermons," she admonished him.

"You don't?" asked Joe, very much surprised.

"No, I never seen — saw anybody applaud a preacher."

"Maybe the people didn't like his preaching," Joe replied.

"Well, I like Reverend Naylor's sermons very much."

For the first time in many years a mischievous twinkle came into Joe's eyes. He patted the child on the hand. "Honey, the next time you hear that preacher-friend of yours give a good sermon, you just bust right out and start clapping." He arose to leave. "Just bust right out and applaud him." Then after a moments pause, he reached into his pocket and took out his last dime. "Here, honey, here is a dime for the collection plate."

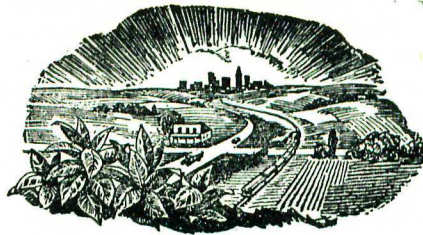


Sonnet

LUCY KAUFMAN

Now let the sweeping clouds of spring be gone
forever from these wild perfidious skies,
and let no more a laughing sun mask dawn
with psuedo-joy to veil its mocking lies.
No more the solitude of swinging space
stretching through the unrecorded hours,
marks alone time's lofty ponderous pace
across this heaven and above these towers.

Now you will see a servile sky defer
at dusk before a dark-winged enemy,
and you will hear the low portentous purr
of planes announcing death decorously.
No more can nights which swept the heavens clean
of war, within these shell-shocked skies be seen.



Rubber And The War

MILDRED REIMER

We walk on it, ride on it, wear it, and use it in our pastimes. We make use of it for comfort and safety. We see it everywhere. Much of it that is used is hidden from us under silk, cotton, or steel. This popular product can be made to stretch ten times its length or treated so that it will not stretch at all. It can be spun so fine that it resembles a spider's web or made so lasting that it will outwear steel. It can be made to withstand hot or cold temperatures, to absorb water or shed it, to hold up under the pressure of the ocean bottom or of the high altitudes where men fly in planes. A publication issued by the Department of Commerce states that it "is one of the most useful substances in the world today. Remove it entirely from our lives and civilization will be plunged into another Dark Age; gone would be modern systems of communication and transportation — the whole branches of the arts and sciences would disappear."

Since the turn of the century America has become dependent upon rubber, but things are different now — war is being fought all over the world. But war or no war, America still must have rubber. Although the crude rubber supply has been cut off, methods are rapidly being developed today to solve the rubber problem facing the world. The purpose of this paper is to show how World War II has changed the rubber industry from natural to artificial rubber production.

The rubber shortage was not apparent until the conquest by Japan last winter of Malaya and the Netherlands Indies, an action which deprived the United States of the source of 98 per cent of its rubber supply just as it was launching one of the

greatest war efforts in history. Ninety-eight per cent of the material vital to the prosecution of modern warfare and necessary for efficient functioning of the nation's economy was cut off by that little country of the Orient. British Malay furnished the United States with 55 per cent of its crude rubber, while 33 per cent of the valuable product was produced by the Netherlands Indies. Ceylon, French Indo China, other British possessions, Africa, and South America in the past furnished the rest of the rubber supply to the United States. War has shut off our "crude rubber friends."

The government, however, had accumulated stock rubber piles before Japan's conquests. On June 25, 1940, an act was approved to authorize the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to create government corporations and make loans for the acquisition and holding of strategic raw materials. On June 28 of the same year the R. F. C. immediately set up the Rubber Reserve Company to accumulate a government-owned stock pile of rubber. At once arrangements were made with the International Rubber Regulation Committee to release sufficient additional supplies to enable the Rubber Reserve Company to acquire 150,000 tons of the "Black Gold" by the end of 1940 without disturbing market conditions. In 1940, 1941, and 1942 the rubber purchase program was increased until in the spring of 1942 the national stock pile contained approximately 700,000 tons of rubber.

Although such expansive plans were made for rubber stock pile increment, the program was not as successful as had been anticipated. Deliveries were often cut short

or not made at all so that at the end of the year, three weeks after Pearl Harbor was attacked, the rubber stock pile was more than 150,000 tons below the anticipated total. The stock pile, though far from sufficient, was the largest rubber reserve ever accumulated anywhere. It is being called upon, however, to supply indefinitely the military demands and the civilian needs of the United States in addition to a share of the rubber supply demand among members of the United Nations and among South American countries.

Rubber, indeed, plays a vital part in the world today. Although the rubber shortage is critical, the industry must meet new national demands. The mechanized army as we know it today did not exist in 1914 when men went to battle on foot or horseback. The modern army speeds along on wheels equipped with tires, on padded endless tracks, and its aviators take off from the ground and land again on pneumatic-tire wheels. Much rubber is being used for America's national defense program. Since army trucks have from four to ten rubber-tired wheels and carry one or two spares, it may take as much as 1,000 pounds of rubber to equip an army vehicle with tires. A new kind of scout car is being manufactured in large quantities which calls for mud-and-snow tires and for tracks of springy rubber blocks. Tanks with rubber tracks are being built. Airplanes constructed for the defense program are requiring vast amounts of rubber also. Approximately 400 rubber parts are used in ordinary airplane construction. De-icers, essential devices for the safety of planes which fly at freezing altitudes, are strips of rubber riveted to each wing tip. A new type of airplane fuel tank made of rubber has been devised which seals up punctures immediately. The defense program calls for collapsible boats for landing

attack troops, for small rubber bags to hold high explosive powder inside large shells, and for waterproof garments to protect the Army and Navy men. How much rubber will America need to keep her fighters supplied? The government has estimated that 800,000 tons of rubber will be needed for defense purposes alone. Where will it all come from?

Synthetic rubber may be the solution to the shortage problem of this once billion-dollar business. In recent years the very meaning of the term "synthetic rubber" has changed with the change in viewpoint of the manufacture of this product. Thirty years ago synthetic meant a natural rubber. Such material, however, has not been produced. The term synthetic is now understood by most people to be a synthetic material possessing the approximate physical properties of natural rubber, according to a definition by Lawrence Wood in an article entitled "Synthetic Rubbers: A Review of Their Compositions, Properties, and Uses." To keep up to date with this trend the term synthetic as used in this paper will mean merely an artificial substance which has physical properties resembling those of natural rubber; that is, it can be stretched to an elongation of at least 300 per cent and will quickly and forcibly retract to its original dimensions when released.

Synthetic rubber discovered years ago but only recently developed will in its three main forms replace the manufacture of natural rubber for the duration. Rubber was first discovered by Sir William Tilden in 1882 when he produced isoprene, the rubber molecule, not from rubber but from turpentine. Tilden found that the liquid, isoprene, when exposed to the sunlight for six months, turned into a solid mass having the same physical properties as rubber. In years of experimentation it was found that other hydrocarbons similar to isoprene, notably a gas called butadiene,

could be used to produce rubber-like substances. In 1922 Dr. J. C. Patrick, an American chemist, produced Thiokol, a substance which had the properties of rubber but was composed of completely different chemicals.

Synthetic rubber has been the dream of many during the past century, but only in about the last decade has it achieved any commercial success. Millions of dollars have been spent by chemists throughout the world to try to make synthetic rubber. They have not succeeded in making a product identical with that obtained from the Hevea tree, but they have evidently done better.

The expansion of the synthetic rubber program in the United States during the war is concerned with three forms of the artificial rubber, Neoprene, Buna rubber, and Butyl rubber. Neoprene, possessing special resistance power and designed to serve as an all-purpose rubber, was developed by Du Pont chemists. Using four raw materials, limestone, coal, salt, and water, chemists are now making "homemade rubber" known as Neoprene which looks like rubber, acts like rubber, and can be used in practically all articles for which rubber is now used. To make Neoprene coal and limestone are heated together in an electric furnace and result in the production of calcium carbide which on the addition of water makes acetylene gas. Carbide, as some of the older folks will recall, was used for headlights on bicycles and automobiles some years ago. Acetylene plus a material known to the chemist as a catalyst gives another gas which is called monovinylacetylene. The latter plus hydrochloric acid which is made from salt produces a liquid called chloroprene. The union of chloroprene molecules results in the new rubber-like Neoprene.

Although elastic and tough like rubber, Neoprene is chemically different. Because

of this difference it does not fear rubber's enemies, gasoline, oils, chemicals, oxygen, sunlight, or heat. This artificial rubber is not a rubber substitute, but it is used for a variety of purposes for which rubber is not well suited. Although Neoprene costs more per pound than rubber, certain articles made from it are actually cheaper than corresponding rubber articles because of their longer life under severe service conditions.

A second type of synthetic rubber is known as Buna rubber made in the 1930's by Germany. Buna rubber rights are now held here by the Standard Oil Company. This vital synthetic product is produced by uniting through heat, pressure, and catalysts, two chemicals, butadiene and styrene which is derived from petroleum or coal tar. It is a specialty rubber with properties similar to those of Thiokol and Neoprene. Buna-S, one of the various forms of the Bunas product, is the principal synthetic rubber found practical for tires and tubes. Butadiene can be made by various processes from various materials. The principal sources, however, are petroleum and alcohol. It has been generally acknowledged that Buna-S can be more economically produced from petroleum than from alcohol. It is estimated that Buna-S produced from petroleum will cost 30 cents a pound and may eventually drop to 10 or 15 cents a pound.

Standard Oil Company in 1940 announced its own development of a third synthetic rubber called Butyl, made principally from isobutylene, an oil refinery byproduct gas, and mixed with small quantities of butadiene. Although both Neoprene and Butyl are intended for specialty purposes, Butyl can be used for tires. It is a superior synthetic rubber except that it is not oil-resistant. Tires from this third type of synthetic rubber have been considered by rubber companies

as good for about one-half the mileage of natural rubber tires and at speeds of only 40 miles an hour or less.

The American market for synthetic rubbers with all their valuable uses has, therefore, grown from about 2,500 tons in 1939 to 9,000 tons in 1941. On the other hand, operations are being limited to experimental work concerning synthetic rubber, and no large-scale commercial production is under way. Before the United States ever became involved in the war recommendations were made for an increased building program for production of synthetic rubber. In 1940 the National Defense Advisory Commission appointed a rubber committee which recommended that plants be constructed and produce at least 100,000 tons of synthetic rubber. In March, 1941, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation voted on the construction of four plants, one by each of the four large tire companies of this country. Later the capacity of the four plants was increased to 10,000 tons. The fourth plant did not get under construction until two months after the attack on Pearl Harbor. After the United States entered the war the capacity of the four original plants was again increased to 30,000 tons each. Then as Japan advanced over the rubber-producing areas of the Far East the program was progressively expanded to provide for a total of 800,000 tons of synthetic rubber. Contracts for additional plant construction have been negotiated through the Defense Plant Corporation, while other plants are scheduled to open before the end of the year.

With synthetic rubber production receiving a position of prominence in the industrial world, efforts have been made to alter the rubber program by legislation. The War Production Board announced just a few months ago that butadiene used to make tons of Buna rubber would be processed from alcohol obtained from grain

sources. A major reliance was placed on the petroleum process of making rubber rather than the alcoholic process since there was to be a supposed shortage of alcohol. Measures to assure rubber for retreading tires are under consideration now. A group before the Banking and Currency Committee recommended that rubber be assured for retreading 30,000,000 tires annually for three years in order to keep passenger cars in operation. Various measures on the rubber program are either in the making at the present time or are waiting for consideration by government boards and committees.

Thus the billion-dollar business of making crude rubber may keep its billion-dollar status even if synthetic production replaces the original form of rubber manufacture of the world. Synthetic rubber has seen an increase in the quantity produced, the number of varieties available, and the number of applications within the last ten years. The synthetic rubber production in the post-war period has been predicted to exceed the manufacture of natural rubber. Authorities say that prices for production of the artificial rubber will be even below those for crude rubber manufacture and that consequently natural rubber will no longer be able to compete with synthetic rubber in the American market. Vice President Henry Wallace in an article in the *New York Times Magazine*, July 12, 1942, called attention to the fact that to prevent building of "vested interests which, after the war, would be sitting on the doorstep of Congress clamoring for a tariff," there had been included in all synthetic rubber contracts a clause giving the government the right to acquire the plants at the close of the war.

What about the future of the rubber industry? The buying public that purchases rubber erasers, raincoats, rubbers, and tires may be little concerned about the

problems of the rubber industry as long as their physical comfort is not impaired. Producers of rubber, however, may see the once "black gold" turn almost over night to "homemade" or synthetic rubber products.

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Winter Evening

DONALD RIDER

As the year evolves, nature contemplates, nature broods, nature rants, and nature breathes the warm glow of spring. She may brood the noisy thunderstorm of summer, rant the early autumn squalls, and whisper with zephyrs the heralding of spring, but tonight she contemplates. Tonight she contemplates and her utter silence pervades the hunter's cabin.

The hound lies by the fire gazing steadily into the dancing flames. No emotion is shown, no movement of the muscles is perceptible. What passes through his mind if animals have no reason? Does he think of the past chases, dwell upon his comfort, or contemplate the future? Or is his mind

blank, sensing only contentment, warmth, and light? Or is he listening, listening to something imperceptible to human beings, unreal, unexplainable?

The master reclines in his favorite chair facing the sputtering logs. Slowly he raises his old briar, draws easily, deliberately, exhaling the blue smoke in idle curls. His eyes move from the fire and rest upon his faithful hound. He watches long and with patient interest, vaguely attempting to penetrate the other's thoughts. He strives in vain. Silence, the great gap between man and beast, cannot be penetrated.

Upon Entering My Seventeenth Year

DONALD MORGAN

The past summer was, by all of the usual standards, uneventful. It was the first summer I can remember that did not include an automobile trip to the East, West, or to the beloved "north country." Instead, I attended summer school for six weeks, then suffered the worst month of absolute idleness that I have ever experienced. Although disappointing in its monotony, the vacation was not entirely without advantages. In my school course, I was introduced to a subject which interests me intensely, economics. Although totally different from the sciences I had studied previously, it fully satisfied my craving for scientifically organized knowledge. I found economics to be governed by laws as invariable as the laws of physics. I began to conceive of money, business, capital, and labor as the gears and levers of a vast machine, all operating with mathematical regularity. My curiosity was aroused on several subjects related to economics. Again favored with the advantage of an excellent teacher, I gained a basic knowledge on a subject, which, like the physical sciences, I had always hoped to understand, at least in part.

Another experience of the summer was the reading of a book, which, I believe, will never cease to be an influence on my conceptions of life. It was Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. No other book, school course, or lecture has ever broadened my view of life and history so much as did that one masterpiece of literature. In its reading I made my first plunge into the bottomless abyss of philosophy, but to my unbounded satisfaction, I found Tolstoy's treatments of the most complex problems simple and perfectly understandable. Deeply impressed by

his clear logic and thought, I have since considered myself one of his followers. On several occasions I have set forth and supported his theories on history and war before my friends. For the first time in my life I feel that I have begun to grasp the true meaning of history, and to realize the endlessness of its scope. I think my knowledge of human nature was likewise extended by analysis of Tolstoy's superbly human characters. In fact, the book upset all ideas of history and human nature I had ever formed; but it replaced many of them with what I believe are far more comprehensive viewpoints. Certainly it left innumerable philosophical questions unanswered in my mind. *War and Peace* was a strong stimulant that brought my mental powers from a state of inertia to one of restlessness. It not only answered questions, but presented to me many others. It gave me a new insight into the workings of life, which, I believe, will never cease to influence my thinking.

Two months ago it was with many conflicting sentiments that I contemplated entering college. I have now known six weeks of "college life," and it is again with many conflicting sentiments that I try to determine how much college means to me. I am disappointed that I cannot concentrate much more of my time and effort in my chosen fields, science and mathematics. Also I am surprised to find in college much less evidence of careful organization than I found in high school. On the other hand, I like the extra time to study on my own which the college day affords. Escape from my high school habits of rushing to classes during the daylight hours, then studying until almost midnight, is a welcome relief.

It disturbs me, however, to feel that I am not working to my capacity in these days when many people are working beyond theirs. Somehow, in the future, I hope to adjust my program and activities so as to gain the type of education that is most serviceable in times of war and reconstruction.

In attempting to look at myself in the light of the past seventeen years, I am conscious that my weak traits have, for the most part, been conspicuous to others. To begin with, I have never gained confidence in dealing with other people. The few close friends that I have now have been acquaintances from childhood. Not only has the gaining of new friends been difficult, but the gift of easy, buoyant conversation has never been mine. For as long as I can remember I have been awkward in meeting people. I think this fault in my sense of social relationship has been the most serious handicap of my life thus far. An important source of discontent and mental unrest, however, has lain in my disregard of present pleasures for future hopes. From the time I could think for myself, I have longed to be able to carry on the activities of my seniors. Although time has somewhat cured my backwardness in making new friends, I believe this impatience with the present, in anticipation of the future, is irremediable. No process of thought or reasoning has ever cured me of it. I am still waiting for the day when I can say, "I'm out on my own."

Among my commendable attributes I think I may list sincerity without hesitation. It is the one characteristic I admire more than any other in my fellow men, and

therefore the one I have tried the most earnestly to instill in myself. I believe I am as honest and reliable as the average human being, and that I am consistently faithful to my promises. I take pride in doing my work thoroughly, although, to my disgrace, I have often been reluctant to accept extra responsibilities. If one good trait exceeds all others in prominence, however, I believe it is ambition. I am eager to learn more, accomplish more, and do it all faster than many of my generation. I have yet to know the time when I am working to my capacity at the work I like. I desire to devote all of my time and effort to the pursuit of one field of human advancement, science.

During the past year no thought has occupied my mind so much as the question of the future. What my role will be in this, the greatest of all wars, I cannot yet foresee. I am eager to assume my full share of the tremendous task of winning the victory. If I continue in college for another year, I want to obtain the most practical education possible, with skill in science my principal objective. I think uncertainty renders worthless any attempt to foretell my situation after the war. Of course, I hope to find a promising position somewhere in science. Sometime, I feel I must satisfy an urge to travel, but that again is a prospective desire that it is useless to plan for. I know, however, that a world of limitless opportunity lies ahead, waiting for me and thousands like me. That I may share not only its joys and opportunities, but also its hardships and responsibilities, with those of my generation is my supreme desire. To this end I dedicate the future.



The Scrawl Of An American

JOE HOWITT

An American is the sum of all the contributions, both good and bad, of all the peoples on earth. Our country was founded to satisfy the desires and to develop the interests of everyone, be he Jew or Gentile, white or yellow. At first America was settled by people who had been religiously persecuted, and then later by those who sought economic gain in the land of "golden opportunity."

The American, from the time of the writing of the constitution up until the present day, has valued more than anything his right to worship as he pleases, to enter into free and competitive enterprise, and last, but not least, to be left alone.

Freedom was the ideal that Daniel Boone struggled for during his entire life. At first he settled in West Virginia, later moving farther west because that country was becoming too thickly populated. He wanted what he called "elbow room," and in order to obtain this "elbow room" he spent most of his life in the development of the western movement. Today we value highly our possession of freedom, the right to have our own home, and usually to possess a small tract of land that we can call our own.

We Americans like to be noticed in everything we do. Being different in the things that we wear is of supreme import-

once to us. In ancient history custom prevailed and people were often punished for non-observance of precedent. Customs do play a small part in the life of a present-day American, however, our lust to be showy instinctively compels us to go out of our way to adopt some new way of doing, or to wear some different type of garment.

As Americans we have obtained for ourselves the highest standard of living on earth, as a result of our perseverance and our will to be great.

Americans like to be considered great and will fight to preserve this coveted desire as we are doing today.

The average person living in America values highly his sacred heritage, those special talents and abilities that have been handed down to us by our ancestors. We like to remember, and to study, the lives and the mental philosophies of those men who have played great parts in the founding of our country.

Attempts have been made to enslave a race to do the bidding of a selected few, but they have always been stamped out by those of us who treasure those fundamental rights that have been willed to every American, rich or poor.

As Americans we always have, and will strive to better ourselves in order to benefit the land we call our America.



My Favorite Spot

ELIZABETH HYATT

About an hour and a half from nowhere in a western woodland, a tiny cabin nestles among the trees. Nearby, a small brook runs clear and cold, babbling softly over the stones. Flowers flaunt their colors in a gay parade around the cabin.

Inside, the odor of clean, bare pine is strong and refreshing. The furniture is simple and sturdy. Its unpainted finish matches the walls and floor perfectly. In one corner, a double-decked bunk bed stands invitingly. The stone-hewn fire-

place at the far side of the one room cabin leads a double life; it warms the occupants and cooks their meals.

In the evening, after the sun has gone down in all its radiant glory, comes my favorite time of day. When I am well toasted on both sides from reading before the open fire, it is wonderful to creep in between sheets whipped sweet and clean by the wind, pull up the warm wooly blanket, and settle down to dream of the pleasant monotony of another day.

A Dime Novel ?

ARLINE HYDE

Spying a red cover on a magazine at a newstand, a customer may pick it up and upon casual examination notice the title LOVE blare in large print across the page. "A ten-story issue" the cover reads, with two featured articles entitled "Revenge Honeymoon" and "Hotel-Lobby Flirt." A blond cover-girl peers over her almost bare shoulder. "Hmm, looks interesting," thinks the customer and so another typical pulp magazine is sold for the small sum of one dime.

After turning the cover, the owner observes five pages of advertisements of little real value. How to get a wedding ring set for the sum of one dollar plus postage, an order blank for false teeth and one for eye glasses, how to acquire "Charm Drops," an enchanting perfume of irresistible charm, a coupon for lessons in avoiding embarrassing mistakes in English grammar, plus a free trial offer for a complete asthma cure are only a few of the goods and opportunities offered.

At last appears the first story, and a

fascinating novelette it is, according to the sub-title. After reading page after page, printed on dull newspaper, the reader can not help noticing that the main characters all follow the same monotonous pattern. The heroine always has larkspur-blue eyes with yellow satin hair or a red-gold pompadour and gray eyes that are faintly shadowed; a luscious red mouth, and long, silky eyelashes to dust her gardenia-petaled complexion. The hero generally possesses the physique of Charles Atlas, the handsome features of a movie favorite, the clothes from *Esquire*, and the ability of Superman to accomplish things.

As the last page is read, it is perfectly normal to peddle through to the end of the magazine and observe more advertisements for false teeth, how to become a detective, and the method of acquiring the tough-muscles of Charles Atlas. As the final leaf is turned, the owner concludes, "Another magazine I should and will contribute to the paper salvage campaign."

An Era Was Past

STUART PALMER

There sat the old station, all boarded up, and looking very much like a thing of the past. It had changed a lot in five years. It had changed from a place of activity, of hasty farewells and hearty receptions, to a dingy old building that nobody noticed now. Someday soon someone would come along and tear it down for the wood in it, and thus would end one of the most significant and colorful epics that the little town of Richfield Springs had ever witnessed.

Slowly I walked up the old brick path that led to the ancient structure, and after a minute's hesitation, I sat down on the old bench that was rusting away on the weed-choked platform in front of the station. I recalled the days past when there had been two shining rails in place of the tall weeds before me, rails that had stretched as far as the eye could see. Beyond that lay the land of adventure and enchantment, the greener pastures that people were always looking for. Many were the times I had watched a train run down that track, growing smaller and smaller until it finally disappeared on the horizon, leaving only a puff of smoke. It had been a simple thing, and yet I had never tired of seeing it.

And then there was good old Joe Smith, the ticket agent at Richfield Springs. As a young lad I had come here often to see Joe, because Joe liked little boys and he always had something to tell them about the railroad. I'd stop in on my way home from school, and there Joe would be at his desk adding up a long column of figures, or else maybe he'd be in the waiting-room sweeping out the dirt, and all the time the telegraph set would keep up its incessant clatter. I marveled that Joe ever understood what it was saying.

In the winter time Joe kept a hot fire in the big pot-bellied stove, and the bottom of it would become so hot that it glowed with a bright reddish cast. It was a cheerful station, then.

At five-thirty, the last train of the day would come up from the big city, forty miles to the south, bringing with it the evening mail and a handful of passengers. Joe and I would go outside and watch for the headlight; and if the evening was still we could hear the train whistle far down the valley, high and shrill as it pierced the cool evening air. Soon a white speck which grew larger with amazing speed would appear down the track, until we were aware of an ominous roar as the monstrous locomotive bore down upon us. The brakes went on with a hiss, the train ground to a stop, and out flew the mail bags. The passengers hurried down the steps; and all the time the locomotive was panting and puffing, impatient to roll its big wheels onward. The conductor swung his lantern in a half-circle; ran up the steps; slammed the door shut; and the train was off, disappearing just as fast as it had come on into the night as far as the rails stretched and as fast as the wheels would turn.

As for Joe — Joe would bank the fire, lock the station door, swing the mail bags over his shoulder, and walk with me as far as the cross-roads, where I would turn to the right for home, and Joe would go straight ahead on to the post office. Joe and I were good pals, we were.

I remember the day when Joe finished his work early and sat down and told me the story of how this railroad had come to be and how it had been the best railroad that anyone knew how to build, with new

brightly painted wooden coaches, and a small locomotive that shone like a new silver dollar with all its brass trim and its big oil headlight. Richfield Springs was just a country store and three or four houses then, and everyone of its dozen or so population turned out to see the first train come puffing up the valley, loaded to capacity with big officials and rejoicing passengers. It was a great day; the railroad had come to town!

And with it came lots of new people: lawyers, bankers, doctors, workmen; new citizens to swell the growing population. Richfield Springs changed from a hamlet of two dozen inhabitants to a thriving town of two thousand; and now there were several stores, and even the carnival came to Richfield Springs every fall.

What was the main factor in this sudden growth? The railroad, of course. It was the life blood of the community. It brought to the citizens their food, their clothing, their mail, their visitors, and even their Sears & Roebuck mail orders.

But the railroad had done more than that; it had saved their lives once. It was during the winter of 1896, around the middle of January, when the worst blizzard in years struck that part of the country. After two days of howling winds and blinding snows, all lines of communication with the outside world were cut off. It was nature gone off on a furious rampage, and the people were awed by its unearthly violence. Three days of snow and wind resulted in drifts that touched the roofs of many houses, and the people of Richfield Springs dropped their work to do what they could to fight the ravages of storm.

The snow ceased falling on the fifth day, but the howling wind gave no hint of letting up its biting fury. The food supply had grown dangerously low, and the town was still tightly snow-bound.

On the night of the sixth day, during a

moment when the wind had abated slightly, there came through the air the far-distant, shrill sound of a locomotive whistle. Soon everyone in the town was outside, listening, praying, and silently rejoicing. Twelve of the sturdiest men started out down the railroad track, following it only by the telegraph poles that extended above the snow. The rest of the people went to bed that night with hope in their hearts.

For four hours the men trudged southward. Weary and half frozen, they reached the steaming locomotive and its band of hard working men. Just behind the locomotive and plow was a supply train, stocked with food and clothing. The railroad knew that it would be the first to get through. All night long the plow inched its way up the valley. The engine would back up and then rush forward at its top speed, plowing into the drift with an action that was thrilling to watch. Again and again the locomotive pitted its strength against the great mass of white that loomed before it, fighting through one drift only to encounter another a little farther on. Once the plow hit a rock and was derailed. The men strained their already aching muscles in getting the wheels back on the track. And occasionally, through the night, the people of Richfield Springs could hear the whistle, and each time it was a little closer.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the seventh day, the snow plow and supply train reached the little station at Richfield Springs. Food was handed out to everybody. Dreary men went home to bed. The battle was fought and won.

Joe took great delight in relating this incident and several others to me. He loved the railroad more than anything else in his life. He was part of the railroad, and the railroad was a part of him. He was a faithful servant to both the community and the railroad.

And then, after I had moved away, the



WOODS IN WINTER

BY JOHN BUNDY

John Herron Art Museum



LIME BURNING

BY BOLTON BROWN

John Herron Art Museum

trains stopped running up the valley, and Joe had to close up his station. Joe was old, so he retired and moved away, and nobody seems to know where he went. What was it that caused this once important, once busy, once beautiful railroad line to fade away into nothing? It was the depression. Railroads were one of the industries hardest hit by the depression, and business dropped to the extent that it did not pay to operate many of the branch lines. Thus they were abandoned; and thus it was

with the railroad that ran up the valley from the big city.

As I got up from the rusty bench and walked slowly away, I was saddened by the thought that never again could I watch the five-thirty express come thundering down those ribbons of steel, or hear the lowly freight wail mournfully in the dark night, or see the glad faces of people home from a long journey. An era was past; the railroad was no more.

Shortages And Priorities

GEORGE ZAINNEY

tenor
The day is soon to come when the shortage of men will become so acute that our feminine sex is going to have to have a priority rating to get a date. This of course will be a great blow to our beautiful, energetic, and studious co-eds when they will have to tear a little coupon from their book, push it in the face of a "soon to be rare" man, and yell with anxiety and a gleam in their eyes, "You're mine tonight—oh boy!" It will be an equally tragic situation if the precious men should choose to ration their time and do their utmost to spend at least an hour or so an evening and thus thrill perhaps two or three in one evening. This may provide a solution.

It will certainly be hard to get a priority for a man to go dancing. If a large enough male attendance could be achieved, the situation could be coped with by again issuing ration books entitling the bearer to cut in and dance with her companion. In

this way, the women would get to enjoy the company of the men to a greater extent.

To receive a priority rating, you must be between the ages of sixteen and twenty-eight; blonds, brunettes, or red heads will be acceptable; you must be of average height and weight, and, most of all, appealing. Those who do not possess the above qualifications will be advised to join the WAVES or the WAACS where our precious men are not such a great influence. Married or single, it makes no difference; if you are ruled eligible by the priority board, which of course will be composed of men with sound minds and good eyes, and if you pass their "rigid" examination, you will be one of those who will receive a priority on men. It must be understood that if you have to wait for a while, be patient and wait your turn, and if impatience overcomes you, just blame it on the war.

Oh, Pudgy!

PEGGY O'DONNELL

Well, Pudgy, here we are on top of Maple Ridge. Isn't this the most splendid day? I can just lie here basking in the sun (as the Florida travel folders say), and you can sniff around and explore everything to your canine heart's content.

Yes, a spring day up here is wonderful, but I guess it will always be fall on the Ridge for me. Fall, with the maples all gold and red, and the sky all blue, you and me and . . . and Bill.

'Member Bill, Pudgy? You used to love it when he rubbed your ears. He taught you to bring in the paper and the mail. Of course, Mother never quite liked the way her mail was always partly masticated by the time you could be persuaded to give it up, but Dad was tickled pink the time you chewed up the butcher's bill so he didn't have to pay it for a whole month.

I was so excited the first time Bill asked me to a dance — it was the big Senior Prom. I had my hair done up, and wore Mother's gold ear rings and Aunt Lily's black taffeta and lace, because all my formals were so — well, so girlish and I was *sixteen* in April and I simply had to be grown up and sophisticated for Bill.

And the dance! I couldn't believe it was true. There I was, floating along in Bill's arms in all my finery (borrowed finery if you will, but gorgeous finery you must admit). Katy and the girls were positively green with envy.

The prom was at graduation time. All last summer we were together. It was Janey and Bill; and Pudgy—it was heaven! It wasn't just kid stuff as it had always been with Joe and Tommy and Sam and . . . oh, you know, all the other boys who

used to hang around on the front porch. We both knew it was different, but we didn't talk about it. We just swam, played tennis, and loafed around with the gang.

I used to sit in Vic's and play "Just Plain Bill" over and over on the juke box. Do songs do something to that doggy heart of yours, Pudgy? Do they make you all happy and glad inside but kind of sad, too?

We had a whole summer of being carefree, happy and secure. Then, out of a clear sky — Bill decided to enlist. Of course, I knew there was a war going on; I at least read the newspapers. I never dreamed that any of our crowd would be going. It seemed so sort of remote from us. And then Bill was leaving.

We came up on the Ridge that last day. The fallen leaves were blowing in the path and we scuffled through them on the way up. We sat down on the rock by the old maple tree and tried to keep from talking about it. The sun was on Bill's crisp black hair. He looked so young to be going off to war. I said what a wonderful marine he'd make and tried to laugh about how he'd probably have a girl in every port. He told me to study hard at school and not to let you forget how to bring in the paper. Then it was time for him to go, and we hadn't said what we wanted to, and Bill looked so brave, and I was afraid I'd cry. He put his hand under my chin and lifted it so I'd have to look up at him and said, "Keep your chin up, Freckle Face — we'll show 'em." And then — Oh, Pudgy, then— he kissed me! I'll never forget it. I could hear my heart beating. It sounded just like your tail does thumping against the floor when you're excited. It beat so loud that I was sure Bill must hear it, too.

Then Bill was gone.

That was last fall. This is spring, and I haven't heard from him for ages. He's probably been sent away and we'll never see him again. This horrid war will keep on and on forever. He'll marry some native girl in the South Seas and I'll become a cross old maid with only a toothless old dog (that'll be you, Pudgy) to keep me company. Why, Pudgy — Pudgy, where are you? Come here this instant!—Pudgy.

Now isn't that just like life — in your greatest moments of sorrow even your own dog leave you to suffer alone. Oh, well, I

might as well get used to leading a lonely, solitary life all — oh! Pudgy, you scared me. What do you have in your mouth? Why, it's a letter, a special delivery letter— from Bill! Oh, Pudgy, you darling, darling dog! I'll give you my very best fuzzy slippers to chew on tonight. He says — oh, it's too wonderful for words — he's coming home on leave tomorrow night.

Hurry, Pudgy, I'll have to go home and get an appointment for my hair, and see if my yellow sweater is back from the cleaner's and oh, Pudgy, I'll bet he's awfully handsome in his uniform!

Our Christmas Tree

LESTER HUNT

We, like many other families, have our own special customs. We have our holiday customs, our dinner customs, our own way of making beds, and our own brand of humour. There is one holiday custom, however, that I especially treasure because I had a share in its initiation. It is the custom of getting our own Christmas tree.

As I remember this first experience, it took place about a week before Christmas, but we still hadn't found a Christmas tree that we liked. It was then that we "men-folks" decided to get our own tree. I was eight years old at the time and Sarge was ten. As we started out — the three of us— for Dad was to chaperon the adventure — it was decided that Sarge, since he was the older, should carry the axe, while I might carry the rusty and almost toothless saw. Dad, of course, would carry nothing — the head of the family shouldn't be so weighted down.

The day was clear and a gusty breeze

came in from Puget Sound. We started the climb up Gatewood Hill — Dad, Sarge, and I, with my chubby legs doing double-time. At last we reached the top of the hill, a little breathless, but exhilarated because we were getting our very own Christmas tree. Sarge and I pranced onward until we reached a cull growth of small firs. I was so excited that I rushed upon a scraggly little tree about three feet tall and started to scrape at it with my saw, while Sarge, who had taken a fancy to a fir about fourteen feet high, struggled valiantly to chip the bark with the axe. Dad called his two "bloodhounds" off, and told us that we wanted a tree about seven feet high that was both bushy and straight. So on we tramped over the path, making little forays into damp bushes to inspect every likely tree. We had at last reached a bluff when, there on the very edge, we saw *our* tree. It was nestled among the larger ones, but still was bushy, and as straight as a

mast. Dad called for his, "Keepers of the Saw and Axe," and we both respectfully submitted the tools to his custody.

As he sawed the trunk, a pungent, pitchy odor filled the air. Finally the tree fell, and Sarge and I got into a quarrel about which one was to carry the tree home with Dad's help. Sarge won, as usual. I started to cry, which action immediately snatched Sarge's short victory from him. I

was now carrying the tree, although most of the weight fell to Dad. I still remember my two short legs getting tangled as I tried to keep up with Dad's strides, the feel of soft fir needles brushing my face and the sticky, oozing pitch covering my hands. The discomfort really didn't matter, however, because I experienced the first thrill of a hard won personal possession.

Frustrated Genius

ARTHUR GRAHAM

He sits down at the desk, tears a sheet of paper out of a tablet, picks up a pencil, and commences. After commencing for some twenty minutes he decides that he should un-commence long enough to decide upon a subject upon which he can commence. Another twenty minutes pass during which he systemazically breaks the lead of his pencil, sharpens his pencil, turns the radio on, turns the radio off, takes his shoes off, puts his shoes on, musses up his hair, combs his hair, loosens his necktie, takes his necktie off, takes off his glasses, twirls his glasses around his finger, walks across the room and picks up his glasses from the floor, cleans his glasses, puts on his glasses, sneezes, takes out his handkerchief, cleans his glasses again, files his finger nails, doodles away three sheets of paper, and groans. In fact he does everything except decide upon a subject.

Then it happens! He's been struck! Feverishly he scribbles, and scribbles, and scribbles. As the words flow from his pencil he smiles, feels important, and subconsciously plays with the idea that per-

haps he is a budding genius. He crosses a "T" with too much enthusiasm and the lead of the pencil breaks. Praying that the spontaneous outbursts of his inner self are not stopped by this abominable quirk of fate he fumbles for his knife, opens it, and cuts himself. Consoled with the knowledge that all geniuses have to surmount insurmountable obstacles he runs to the medicine cabinet. There is no antiseptic, no gauze, no cotton, no sympathetic friend, nothing but a cruel cold world and blood; blood on his shirt, blood on his trousers, blood on the guest towels.

Regaining his composure he wraps his handkerchief about his wound and returns to the desk. He finds that writing hurts his finger, but, gritting his teeth, he carries on. The pencil first runs, then walks, then crawls, then stumbles, then stops. He stares despairingly at the paper, mechanically turns it over and re-reads it, and then wads it up and throws it on the floor.

Tearing a sheet of paper out of the tablet he commences.

Ode To A Jukebox

ROSEMARY HAVILAND

Oh fat gleaming monster reposing in the corner
With your soul glowing like satan's fires,
Whence have you come to destroy life's peaceful existence;
To tempt youth and put new lines in the seers' brows?

Like the roaring blasting furnace, you require nourishment,
Taking pity on your pangs of hunger, I'll feed you a nickle,
Ungrateful one! There you sit with your polished sides gleaming,
Smug and satisfied like a fat Buddha.

Slowly you devour my offering,
And as it reaches your digestive system,
You gr-rr-owl and gr-rr-ind;
Instead of a soft crooning thanks, you stab at me with a crescendo of noise.
Wailing and screeching, you pour out your thoughts in anguish,
And I sit amazed at your suffering.

I am not the only one touched by your plea,
Look, there is a group of jolly young folk
Partaking of nourishment at the soda fountain;
They have heard the cry and have come to help you.
What's this? "Lets jive!" "Get hep!" "Come on worm, let's squirm!"
What manner of speech is this?
Now see what you have done, you have caused them to lose their senses,
Swinging and swaying with your wild, throbbing, jungle rhythm
They have forgotten their powers of reasoning.

Then you die out and settle down to vulture-like waiting
Safe in the arm's of "Ginney's Jive Joint" you know you are protected,
Beware, for if I had my way I would smash your leering grin,
Reduce you to scrape iron and donate you to the government
For national defense.

Along with cokes, milkshakes, saddle shoes and lipsticks,
I rank you as one of the deadliest vices —
Yawning, gasping Juke Box.
Jiving Juke Box!

The Butler University Library

FAYETTA HALL

There are many features about our school which I admire, and there are surely some features which I have not yet learned to appreciate fully. One prominent feature which falls into both of these classes is the university library. My realization of its worth has increased with my growing knowledge of the library's history and development.

When our college was known as the Northwestern Christian University, it was located on College Avenue. As far as is known, no real library was then existant. However, as far back as 1873, a small room in the building was set aside and two of its walls were literally stuffed with assorted volumes. The literary societies then prominent in the college each possessed more books than the "library" itself. The departmental heads also had bookrooms with individual collections.

As the school itself advanced, so did the library. When, in 1875, the college was moved to the Irvington site and re-named Butler University, the library began to show signs of progress. As the various literary societies dissolved, their books were added to the previous collection, and soon a small but useful library was established.

In the year of 1901, a Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Thompson gave forty-thousand dollars for erection of a separate library, in memory of their daughter, Bona, a Butler graduate. The nucleus around which the new library was built was a Bible and a Campbell & Owen's "Debates on Evidence of Christianity." The Bona Thompson Memorial Library was located at University and Downey Avenues and opened for use in 1904. At this time, approximately thirteen-thousand volumes were contained therein.

Once more, in 1928, the college was moved to the present site, Fairview campus, and the library was temporarily housed in the southwest wing of the Arthur Jordan Memorial Hall. This arrangement has not yet been altered but in spite of this fact it has grown. The Teachers College library was added in 1930.

Also, at various times, private collections were donated. The Tarkington Baker collection was given in 1924. It consisted of six-hundred and ninety volumes which included works of drama and dramatic criticism. The following year was added the Charles W. Moores Lincoln volumes of pamphlets, manuscript materials, and a Lincoln autograph. It has been retained as a special collection. One of the most unusual collections to be donated was the William F. Charters South Sea Islands library. Its three-thousand volumes, valued at fifteen thousand dollars, contains rare books of geography, exploration, and sociology of the Polynesian, Melanesian, and Micronesian groups. It is also maintained as a special collection. Another set, the Henry D. Pierce collection, was added to the regular library in 1931.

Our library, as it stands, is quite complete and has several departments. The loan department, perhaps the most used, has tables with chairs to seat over one-hundred and forty students. It is in this department that the Charters Library is exhibited. There is also a public card catalogue available for general use. The reference department holds eighteen-hundred and thirty-six volumes and possesses a vertical pamphlet file. A separate room houses the Katherine Merrill Graydon library of sixteen-hundred and eight excep-

tional volumes. There is a department for periodicals and magazines, and a separate library office and catalogue department is maintained.

The newest feature is the College of Religion library, established in 1941, and located in the new College of Religion building on the Fairview campus. It holds several rare copies of the Bible and other exceptional books of religious nature. The reading room of this library presents the

best advantages possible, and the stacks are organized most efficiently. It is doubtless the hope of many that the regular university library will some day be housed in separate and more adequate quarters. Both libraries are operated by paid librarians, assisted by student workers.

If every student in Butler could avail himself of the opportunities afforded by our libraries, there would surely be no closed doors in the house of knowledge.

A Nightmare

JANE BURRIN

The lake was unusually calm that particular June day, when my Mother and Father started on their daily fishing trip.

I bade them farewell from the dock, and reluctantly started back to the cottage. Although I did not have the patience for fishing, it seemed that there should be something more exciting to look forward to than a game of solitaire.

Resigning myself to this entertainment, I settled down on the screened porch with my cards and the radio. I played the necessary unsuccessful game, and my luck began to change. I triumphantly placed the last ace on the stack which won the game.

My extreme concentration on the game was interrupted by an unusual rustling and commotion of the leaves outside. I did not notice the advancing storm, until my cards were whipped off the table, and plastered tightly against the screen. The flies began to collect on the sheltered side of the porch, buzzing their warning of an oncoming rain. Static in the radio made the program unintelligible and added to my growing panic. The dust in the road was blown through the air in clouds, and I got my eyes full of it as I eagerly tried to

scan the lake in the hope of seeing my parents' boat.

It was raining hard now, and the rain stung my face. The blowing sand made my eyes smart, and I could hardly see the dock.

My increasing panic forced frightening yet realistic thoughts through my brain. What would I do if I should never see my parents again? To whom would I turn? Where would I live? These thoughts all tortured my mind, while thoughts of my parents made my heart sink.

I no longer could see the shore line, and in desperation I stumbled out onto the dock, and looked for a boat on that rain swept expanse of lake. I could not see more than a few yards, so I had to depend on my ears. It seemed that I could hear voices coming nearer.

Just as I allowed a faint hope to rise in my heart, a boat appeared coming toward shore. As it neared I recognized my Mother and Father. They pulled up along side of the dock and tied the boat. Mother picked up a six inch blue gill from the water filled boat as she said, "They didn't seem to be biting today."

Excerpts

I

... The first week is now over, and I have soloed. Of all the experiences I had ever encountered, flying for the first time, all alone, surpasses everything. Alone above the long swarming highways that are forever flowing to an endless horizon, up above the clouds that look like ice-floes, I find that I am divorced from the world of human habitation The months are passing quickly now, but I do not fear death in my plane. Death up here is clean. It is a death of flame and ice, of sun and sky, and flame and ice. Below the world lies in decomposition As the last minutes approach I shall head my plane upward into the endless blue sky, heading toward eternity, cutting the clouds with a shrill cold whistle. My plane will flop over on its back and head sea-ward, leaving behind an exaggerated red sun. The sea looks like a sheet of green glass, which will be shattered into thousands of glittering fragments as I head toward reality, but I shall not mind as I shall not be conscious of my downward trip . . . from "*My Last Twelve Months*" by Betty Lewis.

II

... A moist, cool, calm breeze wafts over the emerald water and I sigh, for I am content. I have found "Sea View" my favorite spot of which I have always dreamed. Here in my small cove the water is calm, although the ocean beyond the narrow inlet is turbulent and beats upon the two rocks which stand eight feet high like permanent pickets guarding my solitude from attack . . . Towering trees fringe the shoreline and continue to the top of the ridge that forms a suitable backdrop for an ideally set stage . . . from "*My Favorite Spot*" by Joseph C. Greenlee.

III

... One year to live . . . As I stare out into the damp darkness of a dismal November morning, my eyes, wandering aimlessly over monotonous fields, come to rest upon a tall pine tree lonely adorning a tiny knoll, and silhouetted against a colorless sky. Mighty winds have forced this pine tree's sturdy trunk to yield and lean to one side, and cruel storms have torn from it many a graceful bough. But, still it stands, just as God made it, a pine tree From "*One Year To Live*" by Suzanne Weesner.

IV

... A train also calls up definite sound impressions. It is first heard far away and identified by the distant blare of the whistle, sounding lonely and romantic. As the train comes closer, gradually the rhythmic clicka-a-hanka, clicka-a-hanka of the wheels becomes clearer. The whistle is bolder and more brazen, and the train thunders past with a deafening roar. Suddenly the whistle sounds far away and it fades into the distance, taking with it all the romance. Its lonely and sadly wailing whistle is carried to others. The adventure, romance, and tragedy of the train whistle is ours no longer . . . From "*Three Noisy Things*" by Katherine Armstrong.

V

... The turkey, roasted to a golden brown, gives off an appetite-tempting steam. The cranberry sauce shimmers and throws strange reflections into the eyes of the onlookers, making them regret that such a thing of beauty will soon be eaten . . . From "*A Feast For A King*" by J. Wm. Lynn.