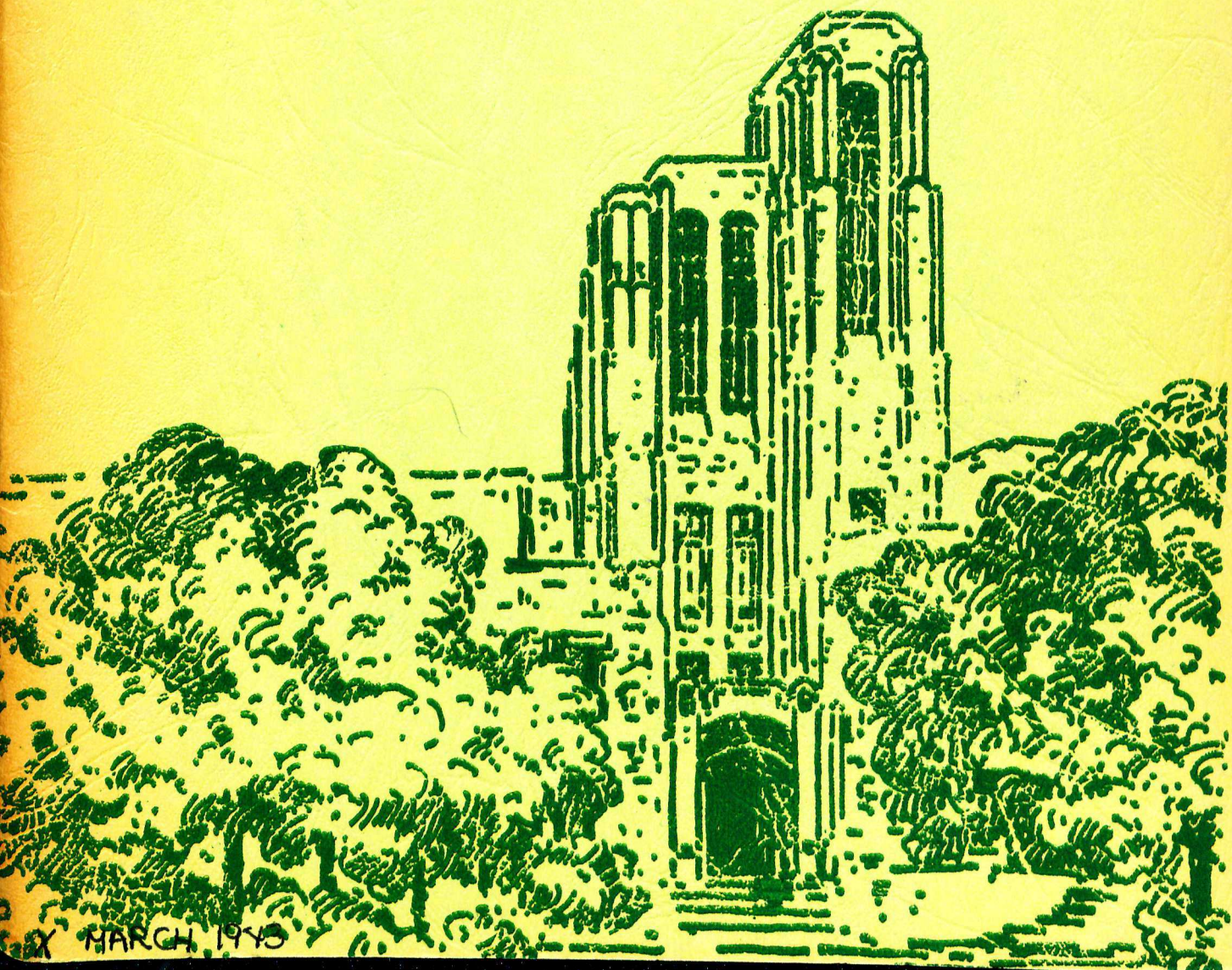


MSS

Vol. X March, 1943 No. 3



X MARCH 1943

M S S

Vol. X

March, 1943

No. 3

CONTENTS

Cover by Constance Forsyth

The Shadowed Vale	Joan Fuller	3
Not One Of Them	David Craig	6
At The Gates Of Jerusalem	Arthur Hollander	11
The Legend Of Laughing Jack	Jack Kilgore	13
The Second Gull	Mary M. Schortemeier	16
The Second Gull	Lucy Kaufman	16

FRESHMAN SECTION

In Fond Remembrance by Rupert St. James	Arthur Graham	17
Tribute To "Bessie, The Jalopy"	Bill Freeland	18
Team Fights Team	Robert L. Zinkan	19
The Cathedral Of Our Lady	Betty Alice Hodson	20
Americanism	Herbert Eaton	22
There's a Soldier	Donna Hoffman	23
Elmer's Evolution	Maryann McLaughlin	25
Three Reasons Why	Ted LeMasters	26
A Disruption in the Family	Marjorie L. Swartz	27
What I Believe	Ruth Hoppe	29
Checkmate	W. S. McLean	30
Moonlight Mood	Samuel Smith	31
Injustice	Helen Wells	31

Pictures Courtesy John Herron Museum

SENIOR STAFF

BETTY MURNAN, Editor

Mary Chappell and Evelyn McGinley, Copy Editors

Jack Kilgore, Poetry Editor

Betty Thome, Exchange Editor

Margaret Byram

Geraldine Staley

Christina Cherpas

Elizabeth Smith

Ione Colligan

Marjorie Millholland

Betty Lee Snyder

Eleanor Mundell

FRESHMAN STAFF

Donald Morgan and Peggy O'Donnell, Editors

Marylyn Baker

Jane Talbott

Marilyn Poer

Mary Elizabeth Donnell

Robert O'Mahoney

Virginia Smith

Robert Mann

Delores Steinsberger

Maryann McLaughlin

Betty Parkins

Avery Smith

Professors Allegra Stewart and Alice B. Wesenberg, Sponsors

The Shadowed Vale

JOAN FULLER

The setting sun was reddening with its last fiery glow the walls of the great castle at Blois where it stood on a rising slope above the skirts of the town. It tipped the carved and traceried windows of the roof and gleamed vermillion on hilts of swords and pour-points and slashed trunk-hose as officers and men-at-arms bustled to and fro in the yard.

But though their faces were long and they bustled nervously, often they stopped in excited knots to whisper and cast curious glances at the windows of the royal suite. For the Dowager Queen lay dying in a heavy-curtained room and in the next, King Henri de Valois gnawed at his nails and waited. And everyone waited the slowness of fate and Henri de Guise went to console his King.

"Henri's jealous of Henri . . . Like mother, like son," they said. "When will she die . . . It's time to bury that carion . . . Old Italian bitch . . . Not since the days of old Louis has there been such a reign . . . The devil will have her any minute . . . He'll be out of a home, the devil . . . Murderer, tyrant, bourgeois, daughter of Merchants . . . Catherine de' Medici-Jezebel!" they whispered. She was dying.

But in the room above them an old, tired woman dismissed her son and lay in the great soft bed and watched the play of fire-light in the shrouded room. It was stiff and musty and thick with the odour of death. She was weary and heavy with sorrow and with life, and she knew she would die and was glad. The gilding in the hollows of the carved furniture and in the leather-tooled wall-panels sparkled here and there like eyes watching her in the dark, but they weren't unfriendly eyes.

For a long time she lay still, listening to the gentle crackle of the fire and the silken rasp of the needle of the woman who sat beside her, sewing. Then, "Draw the curtain," she whispered.

The woman went softly to the window and drew back the curtains, disclosing the last blue glow of the twilight over the garden and making her face a pale and soulless blur. The Queen turned her head painfully on the pillow to look with long vision out the window. Pictures turned slowly and formlessly in her, pictures of no definite shape but felt there, and of substance . . .

The trees are black against the sky tonight. The trees are black shadows on the sky. So many times I've seen them thus, black winterlace and solid leafy form. Shadows on the sky . . .

It's strange that I should lie here ill, I who am never ill, here in this room at Blois . . .

At Murate, long ago — so strangely long ago—when I was Florence' hostage, the close and friendly line of trees was comfort, safety in the walls; safety from the hate of men, the hate of Florence' men . . . And they were right to hate so, the name of Medici, with Pope Clement's sneering traitors digging in about their walls . . .

The trees looked so, I think me, dark silhouettes against the Tuscan Hills and the coldly moonlit sky, that strange and awful night I waited for the senators to seize me with the dawn. And all that night the sound, the cries of bloody, battle-desperate men came, distant, through the trees; for Florence' death was nigh.

I sat upon the cold stone floor with my cheek against the sill, and with a dumb

and stone-like fear, I watched the friendly trees . . . I think they told me what to do, to cut my hair and don the robe, to leave as a ravished nun. I thought they'd dare not seize me. But they were bold and took me still — though not to my death as I'd feared.

But my happiness was past. The days of quiet treading nuns, their robes a soft rustle of self-sacrifice, their beads a click of blessing. The days of books by the fire-side, while the rare and snow-filled winds whistled about the room, and the firelight cast us huge pictures on the tapestry lining the walls. And the heat of the fire was a rose-warm caress on my skin. The days of bare feet on the dew-damp grass, and lullaby songs in the night . . . They were as lost as the tresses I cut and left on the cold stone floor.

So many windows I've looked through and seen the shadowed trees, and their green whisper has comforted me with its gentle impersonality. And I choked with terror the night, in a purple-sailed ship, we left the land and the tree-lined shore behind, to sail for the shores of France. The night we sailed to Henri . . . And they were friendly things my frightened wedding night, as white-gowned I lay and shaking, with a strange and sullen man.

But I learned to love that man. And I lived for him — and he for my lady Diane! . . .

Men call me beast; icy and merciless monster. They say I killed my sons, and those hundreds of souls that cursed Bartholomew's Eve. But don't they remember I bore those sons, and I loved those sons and the man who gave them me? I loved Henri with a passion that burned and choked me, hating Diane. But I had my sons, my sweet small sons, my pink soft sons, and my dark eyed daughters as well. And I loved them too. The bite of their hungry sucking gums flamed with pain

to my love. And if I were harsh and if I were cold, 'twas simply that King's sons must be strong . . .

And Henri died with a thrust to his brain, and I died too that night, his death-blow through my heart . . .

And yet at times I wish that I had never borne those babes, those sons of great destiny, for they were weak and needed my hand to guide them on their way. And I was young and proud, glad of the active chance. But ruling's not for women. They've not the strength to support defeat, nor to live in the hate of men. 'Tis wearisome, heartrending work. Nay, I'm but tired. I lie, for I loved it. Diplomacy's Medici's life . . .

'Tis strange that I who ever wanted peace, should live all my life in war . . .

They say I've been traitor and fool and double-minded. But I did what had to be done. I could take no side in religious war lest I tear the country to shreds . . .

My poor Francois, so handsome and pale; my poor foolish pigeon who died so young . . . I remember the vision I had at Chaumont when the Kings turned about in the glass. So often they turned, so long would they rule, said the seer in a whispered tone. Once went my Francois, and one year he lived — but perhaps it was best for France. They say that I killed him, refused him a doctor. But they lie. Ah, God, how they lie! For there was naught that could save my son . . .

Poor, poor little Francois, always so frail. He loved the little things I loved and cried for the trees when he died. And whispered, *Ma mere*, when he died. But as I saw his wasted face, so small and young on the silk, I was empty inside like a dry-wrung cloth, and I had no tears to shed. If you refuse too long to be humanly weak you set a key to your soul . . .

The trees are constant, gentle things. Men may laugh and shed tears and die, but

they, in renewal and plan, live through the chase of springs. They soothed me then in softened tongues, and drank my difficult tears with the moss, and helped me accept my fate Peace, we'll have now, I thought at last, and sat on the grass and planned . . . And I banished the Guises from the back of the throne. But like fate, they ever return, and the peace that I've built is destroyed . . .

Oh, why should religion bring political war? It's a matter of conscience, not state. I tried to be fair. I allowed the Huguenots worship and made them an Edict for faith. But they wanted more, the Catholics less, and both named me Jezebel . . . How right was the old King to warn, *Gardez-vous des Guise!* It was they, not I, who lit the fire that burned Bartholomew's Eve. . .

They'd gathered in friendship, with laughter and reconciled smiles. The factions were joined with Margaret and Henri, with Margaret as Queen of Navarre. Ah, God, how unhappy each made the other. But such is Royalty's fate . . . Then, Guise in his hatred, shot at Coligny, and the huguenots plotted revenge. 'Twould have been they or us. One must be first, and they'd plotted mass death before. But we meant but a few, and Paris went mad and lapped at the blood in the streets. But it was Guise who arranged it. He rang the bell and shouted the mob to the kill and the black sky went orange with fire . . . And I watched the shadowed line of trees and I heard the bestial cries and I wept there in my silent room with horror in my heart.

Oh why did they say that I'd done it when I'd struggled so hard for a peace and I had the thing under my hand? Perhaps they didn't see me weep and show craven

remorse for the deed. But I'm Catherine de' Medici, Queen of France, and I must cover my heart . . .

So three more wars were fought, and my second son lay dead . . .

Henri, dear silly Henri, always so brave and so gay. I fear I always loved him best and spoiled him, encouraged his whims. He was so clever and charming, I shut my eyes and didn't see the cruelty and smallness beneath.

I've laboured so hard for Henri. For Henri and for France and for peace. I've traveled through France, I've ridden a horse, my great bulk a trial for his back, though my flesh was torn with pain. I've pled with our enemies, reasoned our leaders and stayed blood again and again. Sometimes in fatigue I've despaired — and I've looked at the trees and gained strength. The trees of Dauphine, of Provence and Languedoc. They're different in shape, but they're friendly and green, and they witness God's hand in kindness.

Now Henri, my loved one, my dear, with one foolish blow of a jealous, jeweled knife, has ruined again what I've built. For Henri de Guise lies whitely dead beneath a velvet shroud next to my room this night. He came to me, my son, and said, "Now I alone am King." But he's wrong, my fool, for the League is strong and hot with hate, and his years in my vision nigh gone . . .

Oh, the trees through my window, are distant and dark, and my weariness weighs on my chest . . .

The trees are black against the sky tonight. The trees are black shadows on the sky. So many times I've seen them thus, but soon shall see no more. Black winter lace and solid leafy form. Shadows on the sky . . .

Not One of Them

DAVID CRAIG

Steve plowed through the snow, past the college, and up fraternity row, with a flat, square package clutched under one arm. He was a big, blonde boy with a pink face and a wash board wave, which made him look as if he just had come out from under the dryer. He walked briskly with his shoulders back and his stomach pulled in, until he came to the little incline in the sidewalk where he always began to move as if he had lead in his feet. At the top of the incline he would turn right into the red brick fraternity house with the dirty cream pillars.

It was mid-afternoon and he noted that Onnie's jallopy was not yet parked out in front. He assumed an elaborately casual air as he climbed the steps, opened the door softly, and stepped inside, listening as intently as an F. B. I. agent. He heard Blackie's booming voice in the living room singing, "I hate you 'cause your feet's too big." Cautiously he moved toward the door until he could see the singing Serbian with the black crew cut and heavy eye-brows.

Steve laid his campus coat on the radiator but held on to his flat package.

"Where you been, Steve?" Blackie boomed.

"Down town," Steve answered.

"Whatcha got?"

"Records."

"Who are they by?"

"Bizet. Offenbach. Murphy-Davis is selling out at a fourth off."

"Can I hear 'em?"

"You really mean it?"

"Yeah, I mean it."

"I don't want to open them unless you really mean it."

"Yeah. I want to hear 'em."

Steve put Bizet's Carmen Suite on the Vic, sprawled out in a leather arm chair, and lit a cigarette. He rubbed his hand over a two day growth of blonde beard and tried to act relaxed.

Blackie tapped his foot to the opening strains of the Intermezzo and said, "What's that?"

"First part of Bizet," Steve said. "It's got a lot of feeling."

"That's beautiful," Blackie said.

"Yeah. I rather like it. I spent a hell of a long while picking the stuff out for my collection."

"How many records have you got, Steve?"

Steve made a deprecating gesture with his hands. "Oh, I dunno. Forty-five or fifty albums."

"I'd like to hear 'em some time," Blackie said.

"I didn't know you liked this stuff, Blackie."

"Well, I don't know much about it, but I like to hear it all right."

"You're a queer fellow. I saw you reading Hemingway the other day."

"Yeah. I like to read."

"Do you read much?"

"No. I don't have time, but I like to write."

"What do you like to write?"

"Short stories. I've got a lot of them. Would you like to read some of them?"

"Wish I could, but basketball practice takes up a lot of time."

As the Carmen Suite swung into the Toreador, the front door slammed with a shattering crash, and Onnie thundered in with a couple of pals.

"Jesus Christ! Turn that stuff off. Let's have some good music," Onnie shouted.

"Aw, cram it. I've got the Vic," said Steve.

"Well, why don't you play something decent?"

"This is decent. You're just ignorant."

"Oh, so I'm ignorant, am I?" mocked Onnie in a high, falsetto voice. He bent his body to a forty degree angle, thrust his impish red head forward, and took a few jitterbug steps.

"Tall, tall, tall skinny Papa. I want a tall, tall, tall skinny Papa," he sang in competition with the Danse Boheme on the Vic.

Blackie scowled and got up. "Aw, pipe it. You guys are bats. I'm gettin' out of here," he complained, as he two-stepped it up the stairs.

Steve listened until the Carmen Suite came to a close, when he packed up the records, grabbed his campus coat, and left the Vic to the jitterbug, who was still crying for a tall, skinny Papa. He put the records in his locker upstairs and went to the dorm where he kicked off his shoes and piled into the lower shelf of a rickety iron double-decker. The dorm was wide open, and he pulled the blankets over his head and dozed.

He was half asleep when he heard a commotion on the stairs. Suddenly his body grew tense under the covers. The dorm door swung open and whammed shut. He pretended to be asleep.

He heard Onnie whisper, "Yeah. He's here." Then the covers were ripped off with a great tearing of sheets. A snow ball broke open in his face. He gasped and sat up, wiping melted snow out of his eyes. Before he could pull himself together rough hands grasped him by both arms and legs and dragged him off the bed into the hall.

"What the hell's going on here?" he cried.

"We're going to take you for a little snow bath, Steve, old man," Onnie said.

"Not if I can help it!" With a mighty thrust of his arm Steve sent Onnie spinning half way down the kitchen stairs. Another powerful jerk freed his other arm, and he saw that the fight was five to one. Patchy Page, varsity full back, had hold of his legs.

Steve let out the distress call of his class. "'45! '45!" But no member of the class of '45 appeared. He saw Onnie staggering back up the stairs with every pimple on fire.

"Hey! Hold it! Take off my watch, will you?" asked Steve.

"Okay. Okay. Take off his watch, fellows, while I hold his legs," grinned Patchy. "Better de-pants him, too."

Onnie dived at Steve and tore his T-shirt from top to tail.

"Take it easy, Onnie," said Patchy. "You beat it downstairs and open the door. We can handle him."

A minute later, still struggling, Steve, wearing nothing but his thin, white skin was thrown out the back door in the snow. A circle of boys stood in the back yard armed with snow balls which they let fly. A boy on the roof above dropped another huge snow ball on his head. It shattered and caught in his hair and eye lashes. Red in the face and panting, Steve struggled to his feet, packed a handful of snow and threw it blindly. Everybody laughed as it missed the mark.

Steve thumbed his nose and ran for the back door, but Onnie flew out at him and pushed him back. He slipped and fell flat while the audience roared. Awkwardly he struggled to his feet, his skin wet with perspiration and slippery as a greased pig's. His broad chest, covered with blonde fuzz was heaving. Thick patches of pale freckles

stood out on his heavy shoulders. With lowered head he glared at Onnie's slender, muscular body. Suddenly he lunged at him, grabbed him by the belt buckle, and tossed him in the snow. Steve stumbled over him into the house, hurried upstairs to his room, and locked the door.

His roomy, Dick Price, was there, sitting with his feet propped up on the desk.

"What the hell happened to you?" exclaimed Dick.

"Aw, the fellows threw me in the snow. Have you got a towel?"

"Jesus Christ, where did you get that gash on your foot?"

"Must have cut myself," Steve said, staring at a stream of blood that trickled from his toe. "Got some alc?"

"Sure."

Steve wrapped an old terry cloth bathrobe around him and fell back in a swivel chair, shaking like a wet dog. Dick brought a bottle of alcohol and a towel from the closet.

"Jeez, that stuff stings."

"It's a hell of a cut."

"I'm sick and tired of this house. I'm moving out," Steve said.

"I don't blame you. I'm kind of tired of it myself. Ever since the war, the fellows have gone hog wild," Dick said.

"First they take me, an active, on a road trip, and then they throw me in the snow. Don't you think I take more bull than any other guy around this house, or am I just nuts?"

"I'm afraid they've got it in for you, Steve."

"But why? I haven't done anything."

"Well, I don't know. I heard some stuff."

"What stuff?"

"In the bull sessions you're always the first one they talk about."

"What do they say about me?"

"They didn't like the way you took hell week last year."

"Christ, I took it just like anybody else."

"You cussed Jeff out when he made you drink halibut oil."

"Anybody would cuss who drank a quart of that stuff. What else do they say?"

"Some of the guys don't like the way you walk."

"I've heard that before. What's wrong with my walk?"

"They say you hold yourself in a superior sort of way. You come downstairs one step at a time, and the fellows can't hear you coming."

"Afraid I'll hear them talking about me, I guess."

"They hold it against you because you never had to work. They think you're spoiled because you never had to fight for anything. You can buy what you want, and you've got good clothes."

"I suspected something about the clothes. I don't bring much down here any more but this old bathrobe and a coat for dinner . . . to wear when the alums drop in."

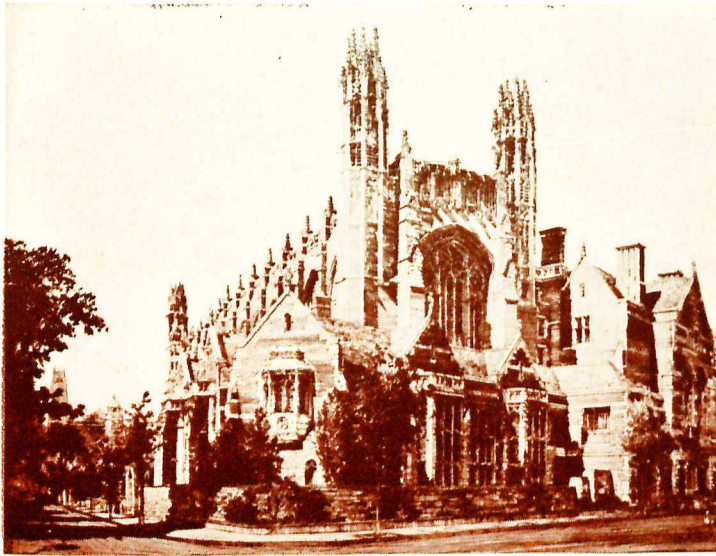
"Another thing is you're too damn neat."

"I quit shaving every day a long time ago."

"They said you had sophomoritis, because you made the pledges clean up your room."

"Well, hell, I'm an active. I have a right to demand that they keep my room clean. When I was a pledge I painted the showers without being told, and I didn't get any credit for it. Took me four days."

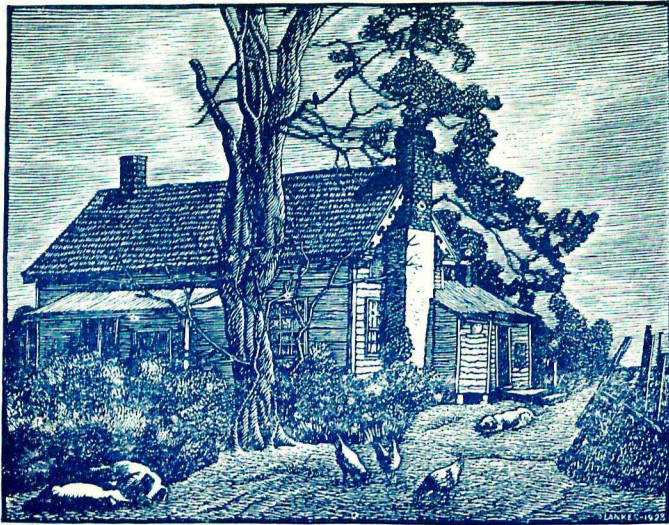
"That's what they mean, Steve. Those guys don't give a damn whether the showers are clean or not. It's the sort of thing that makes 'em say you're just not one of them."



STERLING LAW BUILDING

BY SAMUEL CHAMBERLIN

John Herron Art Museum



IN VIRGINIA

BY J. J. LANKES

John Herron Art Museum

"I don't know what to do about it. The pledges don't consider me an active, and the actives don't consider me an active."

"I think it's the reason your grades have gone down."

"Yeah. My grades stink. Seems like I just can't settle down and study."

"Well, hell, I'm all for you. The guys in this house don't know a gentleman when they see one."

Someone knocked on the door.

"Yeah?" Dick answered.

There was another knock.

"Who is it?" called Dick impatiently.

There was still another knock.

"Aw, whaddaya want?"

"It's Jeff," said a sirupy voice. "Got my lamp?"

"Well, get it later. I'm busy."

There was a light shuffling in the hall. Somebody snickered.

"Sounds like Onnie," said Steve suspiciously.

"If I had your physique I'd beat the hell outa that damned fool."

"He isn't worth it, and besides I hate to fight," Steve answered. "How about taking a shower with me before dinner?"

"I just took one."

Steve stood up and tightened the belt of his bathrobe around his waist. "Okay," he said. "See you later."

He flung the door wide open and jumped back. Onnie and his click were waiting there for him.

"Get him!" cried Onnie.

Like a flash they were on him in a snickering pack. Onnie jumped at him from the rear and stuffed a snow ball down his back, squashing it as it oozed to his waist. An angry red color flooded Steve's face and neck. Snaky blue veins swelled out from their hiding places on his forehead. His lips drew back over his teeth in a bloodless line.

A little startled the boys fell back. Furiously Steve wheeled on Onnie.

"I've had enough outa you," he snarled.

With his right hand he caught Onnie by the bosom of his shirt, and with his left he crashed into his jaw. Onnie crumpled up on the floor and lay there motionless. Steve stood over him, heaving, with fists clenched so tightly that the bones in his knuckles stretched the skin white. His teeth still gleamed between locked jaws.

Patchy broke the silence. "What the hell is the matter with you, Steve? It's all in fun!"

The blood ebbed from Steve's face leaving it a greenish white. His hands relaxed and his eyes were watery. He saw somebody throw a glass of water in Onnie's face and heard Jeff mutter, "Jeez, he's out like a light."

The president of the house came up and spoke angrily to Steve.

"What did you do that for?" he snapped.

Steve unlocked his jaws with difficulty. "I — I don't like snow down my back," he said uncertainly.

"Well, that's a hell of an excuse."

"You're a fine sport," said Jeff.

"He asked for it," muttered Steve. He turned abruptly on his heel and walked down the hall to the showers. He hung his bathrobe on a hook and turned on two hot sprays to warm up the room. When it was thick with steam he cooled off the water to a bearable temperature and stepped inside. With shaking hands he lathered himself from head to foot and let the hot water run luxuriously over his body. Then he worked his jaws up and down and massaged the muscles in his arms, while gallons of hot water rushed down his back into the drain. Finally he closed the faucets and rubbed himself slowly with a towel.

The room was getting cold again, and

he hurried into his half wet bathrobe. He heard the gong downstairs calling the boys to dinner ,and waited just inside the shower room door listening silently to the din in the hall. He heard the boys pour out of their rooms and call to each other in easy comradeship.

"Come and get it! Let's eat!"

He heard their laughter as they chased each other down the stairs. Dejectedly clutching his clammy bathrobe about him he opened the door quietly and stepped into the hall. Alone in his room he pulled on a fresh T-shirt, corduroy pants and some moccasins. He looked at a saddle stitched cashmere sweater a moment and then pushed the hanger to the back of the closet. Instead he chose a green slipover, frayed at the elbows. He looked in the mirror on the back of the closet door and tried to flatten the ridges in his hair with a comb. Reluctantly he turned to the door and walked down the steps one at a time, still listening to the voices below. He paused outside the dining room and head the boys talking noisily about last night's basketball game. Somebody said, "Patchy scored 18 points. He's good."

Steve shoved his hands in his pockets and slouched into the room. He noticed

that there was no one in Onnie's place. His own empty chair was between Blackie and Mack Slade. He fixed his eyes steadily on the back of the chair while he walked casually across the room and sat down. He saw a plate of fried meat with cooling gravy and a dish of the inevitable mashed potatoes sitting on the cheap white tablecloth. The boys at his table stopped talking as suddenly as if a Prof had come in. There was an awkward pause in which Steve stood out like a sore thumb.

"What the hell happened to you?" Mack asked.

"Heard you had a fight," Blackie said, grinning.

Steve gulped down a cup of coffee. "Yeah," he said. "I blew a cylinder head."

"Whatja do?" Blackie asked.

"Get somebody else to tell you. I don't feel like talkin'."

"He knocked Onnie colder than a mackerel for no good reason," Jeff said.

"Aw well, fights happen in all fraternity houses," Blackie said.

Steve pushed the mashed potatoes around his plate distastefully.

"Yeah. But I wish it hadn't happened to me," he said.

At The Gates of Jerusalem

ARTHUR HOLLANDER

Far away, in the eastern part of the land, by the banks of the Jordan, the Lebanon mountains raise themselves up. On the slopes of the mountains a valley stretches out. There are fields and vineyards, orange groves and forests. In this valley a small village is built. In this small village live simple farmers. Among the farmers lives an old man, ninety years old, and his old wife, eighty-two years old. The old farmer and his wife live in their small, simple tent. The stable in which their white ass stands is built by the tent. By the stable lies the iron plow, gleaming in the sunlight. Every morning, after the rising of the sun, the farmer arises and goes out to his work. He saddles his ass and takes his shining plow. A small field stands near by, waiting to be plowed. The field stands empty, awaiting the old man.

The old one toils from morning until evening. Plowing and harrowing, he sows his grain. Roundabout all is quiet, all is peaceful, all is calm. The whole plain is silent as the farmer labors. The old man walks behind his plow, walks and thinks his pure thoughts. He thinks of the years gone by and of the time that his eyes beheld the holy city of Jerusalem. He used to bring the first fruits of the land to the Temple as a gift offering to the Lord for his bountiful gifts. The old one thinks of the priests, the Levites, and the elders of Jerusalem who came out to greet him. Even the king of Israel in his full glory bowed to him, an old farmer. "Peace to you, old one!" called the king. "Peace to your wife, your tent, and your animals!" "Peace, yea peace!" was heard from around. Thus the great community greeted him with a blessing. Then the timbrels were

struck, the horn was sounded, and everywhere throughout was joy, happiness, and merriment. And all this was to honor the old man who lived on the slopes of the Lebanon.

The old man remembers how he stood confused and did not know what to say. So the farmer plows, plows and reminisces. "Oh, that I should be fortunate enough to have yet another opportunity to see Jerusalem. Alas, I am old, ninety years of age. My days are already nearing their end, and my strength is ebbing. Yet before I die I should like to see the holy city once more. Would that I could again see the blessed Jerusalem!"

Tumult and congestion reigns throughout the capitol of the kingdom, for Jerusalem rejoices, and its inhabitants celebrate. Thousands of people are milling about in the tumult of the streets and markets. Some people are in chariots and some are on horseback; some are in carriages and some go on foot. Also, the boys and girls run and play in the midst of the festivities. By the gates of the city, by the gates of Jerusalem, the noise is seven times as great. The elders of the city, at whose head is the king, are seated on their thrones greeting the guests. And the guests are many, and their numbers are great. They are drawn in from all the borders of Judah. Among the guests are included the rich, the poor, the widow, and the orphan. They bring with them to Jerusalem their baskets in which are the flasks of wine and the first fruits of the land, gifts to the Lord and to those guardians of his place. The people of Jerusalem go out to greet them and to ask their welfare. The frivolity is beautiful,

the celebration is great, and each one blesses his neighbor.

Lo, the guests already have completed their duties; the elders of Jerusalem are arising to go. But see, there in the distance totters another traveller on his way and strengthens himself to continue on. There in the distance an old man of ninety years walks and stumbles, walks and draws near. His white beard is heavy with dust; his heavy coat is already damp with sweat. Yet the old man plods onward and draws nearer. In his hand is a staff; on his shoulders is a knapsack. His white ass, laden with corn and oil, is drawn behind him. The elders of Jerusalem see him from afar, hurry towards him, and prostrate themselves to the ground. "Peace to you, old one!" Calls the king. "Peace to your wife, your tent, and your animals!" "Aye, peace and blessing!" is heard from around. Thus the great community greeted him with a blessing. Then the timbrels were struck, the horn was sounded, and everywhere throughout was joy, happiness, and pleasantry.

The old man bowed twice to the ground after which he raised his eyes to Jerusalem. "Peace to you, mother, oh holy city! Peace to you, father, oh king of Israel! Peace to you, priests and Levites, and to your fami-

lies! Peace to you, brothers, oh people of Israel. Behold I am an old man, ninety years of age. My days are already nearing their end and my strength is ebbing. This is the last time that I shall be able to see Jerusalem, its king, and its officers. Receive my blessing, the blessing of an old man. I bring it to you from the slopes of the Lebanon.

"Like the cedar of the Lebanon, oh king, may your glory and honor greaten and flower. Like the morning star in the mountains, oh priests and Levites, may you light the way for your brothers, the Hebrews. And you, oh community, the children of Abraham and Isaac, like the stars of the heavens, may your numbers increase. Like the whelps of the lion, may your strength increase. Like the blueness of the sky may your hearts be pure. May you live in peace, my brothers. Peace and blessing be with you — my brothers, my people, my land, and my God."

As the old man finishes his last word, he lays down to rest at the gates of Jerusalem. The old man is old, ninety years of age; his strength is leaving him; his joints are weakening. And at the gates of Jerusalem he was gathered in unto his people, this old farmer from the slopes of the Lebanon.

This story is based on the Hebrew idyll,
"B'shaare Yerushalayim" (At the Gates of
Jerusalem) by N. Levin.

The Legend of Laughing Jack

JACK KILGORE

Long before the starched, clean stiffness was gone from their striped denim work aprons, the greenest boys at Herr Grosskopf's wholesale house were familiar with the Legend of Laughing Jack. They heard it from the wrinkled and gnomelike Isenhorst; they heard it from the wrinkled and deaf Shmidt; they heard it from Schneider, Fischer, and Schultz; but the most terrifying accounts were those given by Sam, the colored janitor. Only Jones of the shipping department never talked of it, but then Jones was different.

Throughout the first long months spent emptying the enormous wastebaskets and sweeping the endless aisles, the new boys became as familiar with the tragedy as if they themselves had seen it. Vividly the incident was recreated by the guttural accents of Isenhorst, by the shouts of Schmidt, and by the awesome whispers of Sam. Soon the boys themselves would hear the shadows echoing, "Take me down, down, down, . . .", until the basement would come to hold such strange terrors and stranger fascinations that the boys would anticipate with eagerness and fear the day when they would be promoted to basement stockboy.

I received my first hint of the Legend from Schmidt. He was explaining to me how to dust his stock. "And these are the funeral wreaths. Understand?"

I nodded, knowing it was useless to speak.

"Dust them everyday. Understand? And cover them at night." He indicated the large folded strips of cloth beneath the counter. "Understand?" I nodded. "Handle them carefully; they are fragile. And this is the florist's grass." (Whenever it was

spoken of in reference to Laughing Jack, I later learned, it was called Graveyard Grass — otherwise florist's grass or plain imitation grass.) "Shake it occasionally, out in the back room. But not too hard. Understand? And don't try to sleep on it," he laughed soundlessly, "as Laughing Jack did. The same thing might happen to you. Understand?" I didn't, but I nodded, and he left me.

Later I asked Isenhorst about Laughing Jack. "A lazy boy. Much like you. Always he radder standt andt talk. Neffer vork. A lazy poy."

I asked him about the funeral gress. "You mean the Grafeyard Grass. Ya, ya. He slept on it. Pack in that liddle room under the sidevalk. A deep pile of Grafeyard Grass. Ven he should haff vorked he lay there. Andt slept — or sang.

"That vaste-pasket, empty id." Thus he dismissed me, and the next day as I ate my lunch on a swivel chair in the back of the packing room, I pressed Sam for the details.

"Why, he sang the Werceburger Song, yeah, the Werceburger Song. "Take me down, down, down where the Werceburger flows, flows, flows; It goes down, down, down, but nobody knows where it goes."

Perhaps it was the awed look in Sam's eyes, perhaps it was the awesome whisper to which his voice had sunk, but from the dark of the excelsior bins came the echo, "Take me down, down, down where the Werceburger flows, flows, flows . . ."

"And you can hear him to this day, down in the basement, under the sidewalk, singin' 'Take me down, down, down' . . ."

And again came the echo from the excelsior bins, "Take me down . . ." and

to blot it out of my chilled hearing I asked Sam what had happened.

"What happened? Why he died; that's what happened. Or rather he was killed. Yes sir. Killed. Old Mister Grosskopf come down one day to check up on him. He found Laughin' Jack lyin' there, one heel swingin' in time, and singin' that Werceburger Song. Well sir, old Mister Grosskopf took one look, glared like a thunder-cloud, and let out a roar I heard up here in the packin' room. And Laughin' Jack just up and died."

The next day I saw Herr Grosskopf and believed the story. He was short and had a body like a barrel. He was tremendously fat, huge of girth, and his jowls were large and pendulous. Even his cheeks sagged into flabby pouches. Instead of wrinkles on his forehead, his flesh fell in little flaps of fat. His little pig-eyes were fierce and glaring, almost obscured by folds of flesh. The fact that they were browless and lashless only made his moustaches the more terrifying. They were large handle-bar moustaches, more Turkish than German, and were quivering with anger when I saw him. Some minor detail had enraged him, and he was terrible to see. I slunk unobtrusively away.

Thereafter my days were haunted. Each morning as I stepped to the front door my feet echoed hollowly over the opaque glass grating of the sidewalk. In the ring of my steps lay the essence of my terror, and the sound filled my days with a painful sensitivity. The long aisles, as I swept them, awoke to the stroking of my broom; and in the whisper of broom against floor I heard an awesome voice repeating, "Take me down, down, down . . ." The music boxes would imperceptibly shift from "The Blue Danube" and tinkle instead, "Where the Werceburger flows, flows, flows . ." The funeral wreathes rustled,

"It goes down, down, down, . . .", and the Graveyard Grass whispered in reply, "But nobody knows where it goes," until the whole building seemed to be softly chanting its song of terror. Then suddenly the sound would cease abruptly, and I would hear the heavy tread of Herr Grosskopf.

I passed through the Christmas rush in a daze of horror, dominated by that interminable singing and by the occasional glimpses caught of Herr Grosskopf. My panic at the sight of his awful visage finally became so great that I could not look at him without being attacked by a proxysm of will-less trembling, and for hours afterwards my heart would pound painfully. I grew to fear meeting him even more than I feared being sent to the basement; if indeed anything could be more frightening than descending into those eternally dim regions.

After Christmas came inventory, and I worked late New Years Eve to help tabulate the last of the stock. I helped Mr. Schmidt who worked more slowly than the rest, and as we were finishing, the others began clearing the wrapping, counter at the back in preparation of the customary New Years' celebration. Isenhorst already had donned one of the colorful hats in which the house dealt. Bowls of punch were beginning to appear, and bowls of pretzels and potato chips, as well as sandwiches. Horns and bells were in evidence, and many signs of coming festivity. I, of course, was pleasantly contemplating the preparations, when Mr. Schmidt said, "It is finished except the funeral grass; you will count it. Understand? It is in the little room in the basement. Under the sidewalk. Understand? Well, hurry up."

The terrible door to the basement gaped wide for me, but I shrank back, unable to summon the courage to pass through it. From behind me came the

voice of Herr Grosskopf. "Vell, vat are you waiting for? Id iss almost midnight." Automatically I plummeted down the stairs, clammy with fear and breathless with panic. Long, dark corridors stretched away on either side, flanked by yawning bins of blackness, the whole but scantily illuminated by my flashlight. In the echo of my footsteps I heard more loudly than ever before, "Take me down, down, down . . .", and the sound almost robbed me of my volition. Only the memory of the figure at the head of the stairs drove me forward. Far in the distance I could see the utterly black opening into the room under the sidewalk, from which long tentacles of fear extended to wrap me in their chilly grip. They drew me inexorably to the dark door, and with each step the singing grew louder in my ears.

Inside the door I found the hanging light and pulled the chain. Wanly the small light illuminated the room. It was small and brick walled. The bricks were coated with fuzzy white mould which gave off a stifling air of decay. The Graveyard Grass was piled on low platforms on the floor. Trembling from my fear of the voice that was now ringing in my very ears, I started to count the green squares. I only succeeded in tumbling a few to the floor before I lost control over my palsied limbs. I strove to sing to drown out the voice that

beat upon my mind in unending waves of horror, but the only words my lips could formulate were, "Take me down, down, down, where the Werceburger flows, flows."

The sound of my own voice quavering the dread words so demoralized me I sank to my knees upon the Graveyard Grass and lacked the strength to rise again, nor did I have the will to stop singing. Above my head I could hear the sounds of festivity beginning. Cries of "Happy New Year" and the sound of the horns and rattles penetrated to the room but could not blot out the sound of the weird duet being sung there. "It goes down, down, down, but nobody knows where it goes." But suddenly the voice that accompanied me ceased.

"Ha! Loafing iss id?" Terrified I looked into the blazing face of Herr Grosskopf. His eyes were baleful; his mouth was working furiously, making his dreadful moustaches quiver with rage. I screamed from the depths of my fear, and a terrible pain struck my chest.

And now in the little room under the sidewalk, down in the dark basement of Herr Grosskopf's wholesale house, there are two voices singing an unending duet. The hearty tones of Laughing Jack and my own quavering squeaks chant eternally, "Take me down, down, down, where the Werceburger flows, flows, flows. . ."

The Second Gull

MARY MARGRETTE SCHORTEMEIER

And the sea mew
The scavenger, the unclean,
Made clean by an unclean that ransomed,
According to its kind made new
In rare beauty.
Descending bird, salt crested,
Dropping down, circling spirit
An offering made in death's duty
Gave life to man
And freed the gull from holy curses.
And the whiteness of the second gull
The man will praise whene'er he can
To the wedding guest.

LUCY KAUFMAN

We, having known harrowing hunger's pain
through desperate days of drifting, unassured
of rescue, doubtful of reaching land again,
were grateful when we saw the long-winged bird.
Around our raft he circled cautiously,
then came aboard within our reach. He stood
a fellow voyager in strange company.
But he, perhaps surmised our need of food.

Monotonous dawns moved out of the east and drifted
across the vast Pacific leisurely,
and slow suns sombered their lamps and sifted
from unknown corners of a western sea.
Then with silver pinnions pounding space.
with feet that trailed the sun, with wings that laughed,
another gull with unintended grace,
swept down toward us, and stopped upon our raft.

We, still rocked by harrowing hunger's pain,
unassured of being rescued still,
found, in a moment we could not explain,
the second gull too beautiful to kill.

In Fond Remembrance

By

Rupert St. James*

ARTHUR GRAHAM

While rummaging through an old trunk in the attic the other evening I noticed a rhyming dictionary that I had discarded some time ago in favor of a revised edition. It was wedged tightly between a small metal box and the side of the trunk, and only after considerable effort was I able to dislodge it from its position.

I had seated myself on the corner of the trunk and was thumbing through its worn pages when I came suddenly upon the prostrate body of an old, almost forgotten acquaintance — a bookworm named Hyacinth Cadawallader. He was little more than skin and bones; the usual flamboyant green of his coat had turned to a deathly gray, and his legs hung loosely at his sides. I gently raised his limp body with my finger acting as a back-rest, and for several tense minutes I watched for a sign of life. Then one of his legs twitched! A feeling of helplessness surged through me. A dearly beloved friend literally dying in my hand, and there was nothing I could do to prevent it! In desperation I wet my finger with my lips — such as one does to facilitate the turning of a stubborn magazine page — and tenderly placed it against

his forehead. This apparently did the trick, for he groaned and then opened his eyes and gazed glassily about.

He muttered "Where air blare care stare dare swear am cram swam lam clam ham ja—" A look of horror swept across his face. He screamed, rose to his full height, and began beating his head against my thumb-nail, foam streaked with blood oozing from his mouth and nostrils all the while. Slowly, however, his rantings subsided in violence. His screams faded to a hoarse whisper and then became inaudible. Gradually he slipped down the length of my thumb to fall in a crumpled heap on the book. My endeavors to revive him were futile. Hyacinth C. Cadawallader had passed into the promised land of *Encyclopaedia Britannica's* and *Webster's Encyclopaedic Dictionaries*, where all good bookworms go.

It was not until I picked up my friend's flacid corpse, with the intention of giving it a respectable burial in the geranium bed, that I noticed a book-mark at the spot where I had first seen his body. Detecting a blood-red tint I leaned forward and examined the book-mark more closely.

*THE AUTHOR: *The late Rupert St. James, whose violent, tragic death created heartfelt repercussions throughout the literary world, was born May 1, 1915. Rupert, although he early showed signs of poetic genius, did not come into his own until after the still unsolved disappearance of his father, himself a versifier of ability, in 1929.*

Graduating from Harvard in '34, Rupert had already written two volumes of poetry. On scholarship funds he did post-graduate work at Oxford, the University of Paris, and the University of Prague, all the while producing in an ever increasing flow the verse that was to characterize him as not only the most talented, but the most prolific poet of the past decade.

This fantasy, found in the St. James mansion in Lockbury shortly after the suicide, has been the source of much speculation in higher medical circles.—THE EDITOR.

There, to my astonishment, I found penned, in a minute but scholarly hand, these words:

"To all whom it may concern: I, Hyacinth Cuthbert Cadawallader, in all humbleness, do hereby leave this record of the last two years of my existence upon Earth to posterity.

On December twenty-first, 1941, I entered, of my own free will, the portals of The Master's Rhyming Dictionary. After excursioning through said book's contents for some three weeks I became of mind to abandon its habitat for something of a more profound nature. It was then that I made the frightful discovery that my paths of exit were blocked in such a way as to prevent either ingress or egress.

Resolved to my fate I wandered aim-

lessly through this accursed dictionary for months. It was on December thirteenth, 1942 that I first observed that my constant diet was having a most singular effect upon my speech. (To clarify this account I herewith provide the information that in so much as I have never taken unto myself a spouse I have cultivated, as a defense against loneliness, the eccentricity of continually talking to myself. HCC) To continue. This hiss miss kiss bliss strange mange range grange exchange derang—"

Fantastic, yet, is it not feasible? A delicately balanced mind such as Hyacinth's being unable to withstand the continual repetition of rhymed words.

What a ghastly vastly lastly fate bait date hate mate sate strait wait debate relate incuba— —

Tribute to "Bessie, The Jalopy"

BILL FREELAND

"Bessie" was a good old Ford, even if she was of the 1924 vintage, with old-fashioned clincker tires and all the out-of-date accessories that made her comfortable like an old, old shoe.

To really appreciate the virtues of "Bessie" the reader should know that she cost John Ganger and Bill Freeland, the proud owners, ten dollars in cash, not to mention many a sleepless night and dateless week to aquire the aforementioned sum.

To return to "Bessie's" physical features, she had a coat of brilliant blue paint starting at her anterior end and progressing to her posterior section, said coat of blue being generously splashed with a subtle shade of red, thus creating quite an aesthetic, or sometimes anesthetic effect upon the on looker. One beautiful feature about "Bessie" was her body design. Her engineering lines flowed together with all the

grace and elegance of a soap box. Even with this, all who rode in her loved her, and but few could leave her without some fond token of remembrance, generally a grease smudge, or more often a sprain here or a bruise there from one of her thoughtless, jolting moments on a rough road.

With gasoline "Bessie" was a bit more of a spend-thrift, but to do her justice it must be mentioned that she drank 14 cent per gallon with the same pride and pleasure that she did the very rare 22 cent per gallon brand.

As with all good things, though, "Bessie" soon came to an end. She never recovered from the rationing of her food to four gallons per week, and was soon retired to the scrap heap for the paltry sum of \$2.50.

All hail to "Bessie," queen of the Jalopies.

Team Fights Team

ROBERT L. ZINKAN

On a cool brisk Saturday afternoon in the late fall of the year, thousands sit watching two teams warming up to engage in a fierce battle scheduled to be raged long before by the coaches of the opposing teams. They have been practicing, putting themselves into condition for months, maybe years, in order to be prepared to defeat any team which they come up against. Later in the dressing room the coaches try to rouse their tempers by speaking strongly against their opponents. After making their blood boil with hate, he reminds them not to lose their heads because strategy, not temper alone, will win the game for them. The boys come running out upon the field on which they will fight, lining up in front of the goal they are to defend for their Alma Mater. The student body sings victory songs and cheers the boys on in order to raise their morale, their spirit, and their confidence toward defeating the enemy who would have the greatest pleasure in crossing their goal, putting the game into their own advantage.

Finally the game is ready to begin, and the ball is kicked deep into the opponents territory, but is caught and returned as quickly as possible until the carrier is knocked down hard by a vicious tackle of the charging defensive team. The fight has begun. The offensive team forms a strong line with three or four men behind to call signals and to carry the ball. The defensive team, likewise, builds for itself a strong wall to stop the offensive attack with a few men to back them up in case their wall breaks.

Tackling, blocking, driving, kicking, slugging — these are the causes of injuries, but injuries are nothing to become frantic

about as long as there aren't too many; for every team has its reserves anxious to get a "crack" at the foe.

There are several ways of attacking the defensive team: through their line, around their line, or over their line. The most popular and, consequently, the most performed is attacking through the line with all the power centered at the point of attack. If the offense has perfect team work, coordination, and power, this is the most effective. Once in awhile, in order to "cross" their opponents up, they run around the end. When in desperate need of ground, attacking by air is the most effective. Forward passes, if completed, will gain more ground at a clip than any other method, generally speaking.

What have you been reading about? It sounds very much like a football game, doesn't it? Maybe it is, and again maybe it isn't. I could call it something else by using a little imagination — war. War is a game; team fights team. Soldiers at war go through the same procedure that those boys on that football-field go through. Both condition themselves; both receive cheers from those whom they fight for; both receive "pep talks" from their officers; both have reserves; both use a line for their formation backed with capable officers to encourage them on; both fight with everything they have, striving for a common goal behind the enemy's line; both fight in the air as well as on the ground. The only difference is that one is performed a little more cruelly than the other; the cause of one is a little more unjust than the other; the results of one are a little more horrible than the other.

The Cathedral of Our Lady

BETTY ALICE HODSON

INTRODUCTION

Just one block from the central plaza of a small Mexican town, on La Calle de Las Rosas, stands a small Cathedral, built in 1830 by the hands and the sweat of peones who labored on nearby haciendas. It is built of limestone and marble, and is one of the finest Cathedrals in Northeastern Mexico, even though it is small, and seen by few but the townspeople. I shall try to show how it is seen through the eyes of three different people.

1. A Native

Juan Pedro Serraz de Onatey Driego walked slowly up and down La Calle de Las Rosas, in front of La Cathedral de Nuestra Senora, waiting for the time for evening prayers to begin. As he walked toward the plaza for the second time, he met Padre Jacobo, priest of the Cathedral. Juan Pedro greeted him cordially, with a smile.

Juan Pedro was a kind, good natured sort of a young man, with more money than was good for him. However, he behaved well, most of the time, and was well liked by all. Perhaps his best trait was his kindness to his peones, a trait seldom seen in the rancheros. Like all handsome young men, his thoughts were often on the young ladies, and as he strolled up and down, he thought especially of Maria Concepcion, his sweetheart, whom he was soon to marry. Her face could not be called beautiful, but the light that shown from her eyes made it seem so. Many times Juan Pedro could not get the thought of those luminous, black velvet eyes off his mind. And now as he strolled, they were constantly before him.

As the bells of the Cathedral tolled the

time for evening prayers, Juan Pedro returned from his dream, shook himself slightly, and smiled. He turned toward the Cathedral just as the last rays of the setting sun were striking it, bringing out the pink tones of the limestone and the blue of the marble. Juan Pedro thought he had never seen it seem so beautiful. Just before he entered the door, he stopped to admire the lovely bell towers, with their bells that had been cast in Old Spain, the perfectly formed columns and arches, and the well sculptured figures of saints surrounding the door. For nearly twenty-two years, now, Juan Pedro had entered that church at least twice a day, to offer a prayer to the Virgin. Tonight he would offer prayers to all the saints, in the honor of his Cathedral, the divine and holy piece of architecture which had been his spiritual home for all these years. Juan Pedro, has head high, step firm, and eyes bright, entered the Cathedral, and with his sombrero in his hand, he slowly walked toward the altar.

2. An American Business Man

James E. Mason, a middle-aged American business man, known as "J. E." to his friends and business associates, walked, or rather bounded, with forced American vitality, up La Calle de Las Rosas. He was the president of a large American mining company, and he had come to Mexico to see about buying some large gold mines. Being a typical American, he wore what all American business men wear when in semi-tropical lands; white flannel trousers, white silk shirt with a brightly-colored silk scarf knotted at the throat, and a cream-colored Panama hat, with a silk band to match the scarf. He had another typical

American trait: he detested and distrusted all Mexicans and called them unflattering names.

It was early morning in the little Mexican town, and most of the townspeople were walking slowly toward the little Cathedral that was just ahead. The only thing J. E. could understand about the Mexicans was their beautiful women. But he could not understand why the young ladies ignored him when he smiled and tipped his hat to them. Neither could he understand the black looks that were thrown his way by certain of the young men when he did this. He attributed this to the fact that all Mexicans were hot-headed, and he glanced around furtively to see that no one had a knife to stick in his back, as he had so often heard was done. J. E. could not understand the "laziness" of the people; they walked slowly to church, and slowly home, while he rushed around all the time. Of course, he had to admit to himself that he didn't seem to get much done, but he at least tried.

J. E., much to his chagrin, was going to have to go to church with these people. It was Sunday morning, and even though he was not a Catholic, he considered it his "duty" to attend some church, and La Cathedral de Nuestra Senora was the only one for miles around. Before he entered the door, he stopped to gaze at the edifice, as it was bathed in the early morning light. Suddenly, as the bells began to toll, three white doves flew out from the tower, and soared against the rose-colored sky. J. E. wasn't thinking of the beauty of the building, nor of the religious purpose it served. To himself he said "Whew, what a job! Must've taken a lot of money." He didn't even see the sculptured saints surrounding the door. As he started in the door, he glanced toward the altar, and saw the lithe young men and women kneel gracefully before it. With a slightly red-

dened face, he took off his Panama, and respectfully walked toward the altar.

4. A Good Neighbor

Marian Hawley had just graduated from a large university in Northeastern Texas. She had majored in Spanish, and studied about the people of Mexico and their customs. Now that she was in Mexico, she found good use for these studies. It was still rather a puzzle to her how she had ever been sent to this little town. She had a job with a travel agency, and she had been sent to look over this town, and to get information concerning its interesting places. She had arrived two days ago, and she thought that those two days had been the most interesting of her life. When she arrived, she went to the home of Senora de Lareda y Alvarez, a widow with whom she was to stay while in town. Dona Alvarez had two sons, who were two and three years younger than Marian. They promised to show her around, and they had shown her everything.

On the first day she had visited many little shops, where they made and sold hand-made articles — jewelry, lace, embroidered goods, felt sombreros ornamented with silver and mother of pearl, boots, shoes, tooled leather goods, and pottery. In most of the shops, as she was leaving, the craftsman would give her something he had made, and would grin bashfully when she profusely thanked him. In one of the shops, as she was explaining the purpose of her trip to a leather worker, she noticed a nice-looking middle-aged man talking in low tones to the elder of the Alvarez boys. Later the boy told her that she had been invited to attend a wedding fiesta at the man's rancho.

Marian didn't awaken until after eleven o'clock the next morning, and the boys awoke just in time to dress for lunch. After lunch, they visited the home of the mayor, who showed Marian some articles

of furniture which his ancestors had brought from Old Spain in 1797. Since the boys had said they had one more place to show her before siesta time, they soon left, after Marian had promised to dine with the mayor and his wife that night.

As they walked around the plaza toward La Calle de Las Rosas, the boys told Marian the history of La Cathedral de Nuestra Senora. She was intensely interested in it before she saw it, and when she did see it, she could do nothing but stand and stare. With the bright afternoon sun shining on it, the Cathedral looked all pink and gold, and showed all the carving

in detail. Marian slowly walked through the doorway, and in the quiet of the little Cathedral she hardly dared to breathe, for fear of disturbing the saints. She walked slowly up to the altar, stood for a few minutes looking at the carved figures of Mary and Jesus, and slowly knelt to pray. As she neared the end of her prayer she said, more as a question to herself than a plea to the Virgin, "Why can't all people be like these in this little town? If it were possible, greed and wars would be unheard of, and the world would be more as He intended it to be."

Americanism

HERBERT EATON

Americanism. This is not a new word to me; in fact, it is one with which I have been familiar for several years. Yet it has not been long since I have come really to understand and appreciate it. "Americanism," to me, is the one word which symbolizes all of the ideals of a great nation. It signifies the ideals of which we are very proud, the ideals which our ancestors set up and struggled and fought to maintain, the ideals which we are fighting to preserve against our enemies today. It is the love of our churches and the free establishment thereof regardless of our religious creed. It stands for the principles and rights of a free people, the freedom of speech and of

the press, the freedom of opportunity and of enterprize, the right of the individual to seek the kind of employment he chooses, the right of the individual to sell his products to anyone at any time, the right of the individual to use the proceeds of such sales as he sees fit, the right of the individual to own private property, the freedom of election and assembly. All this is Americanism — the one word which symbolizes all of the ideals of a great nation which today, by the preservation of these ideals, stands as a guiding star for the conquered peoples of the world, leading them from the pit-falls of barbarism onto the road of peace, hope, and happiness.

There's a Soldier

DONNA HOFFMAN

As the peircing north wind blew his icy gusts around the corners and swept the streets with his broomlike blasts, the people stamped their feet and drew their coats more closely about them. It seemed as though Wind and Sun were having a terrific argument and Wind was doing his utmost to win this battle. The crowd was beginning to lose a little of the feverish excitement that a military parade always seems to cause. Suddenly the strains of the national hymn were carried to their ears; and, forgetting the cold, the crowd cheered and sang as the band marched into sight. What a day for a parade! What a day for fighting; it seemed almost a Russian day!

Little Jimmy hopped up and down excitedly as he heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of marching feet. "Here they come!" he shouted. "Man! Look at those guns!" (Gee, if only I were in Brother Danny's shoes, I'd show those Japs a thing or two! Wish I were a soldier, but Mom says I'm too little to fight. She says that I can help stop up the hole in the dike by putting my dimes into war stamps. Well that's something, but I do wish I could wear a uniform and carry a gun like Danny. There he goes now!) "Hey, Danny! Over here we are! D'ja see 'em, Mom? Gosh, isn't he swelegant lookin', huh?" (Maybe I'll look like him some day — tall and stern — marching with that carefree swing. Gosh.)

Down the block they come, smiling at the cheers from their people. Tall, short, thin and muscular, blond and brunette and red head — all just boys, but marching on toward the brink of manhood, their child-like qualities giving way to the grim, determined expressions of men who have something to accomplish.

Leaning heavily on his cane, Phillip Worth searched the young, hopeful faces of youths who were leaving behind them the comforts and fellowship of home and loved ones just as he had done in 1917. "I feel so old," he thought, "and so helpless." Sighing deeply, he remembered Armistice Day, and again he heard the cheers and singing of a different crowd — a happy, thankful, hopeful people. Then he had believed there would be no more wars for America. Then he had dreamed of having a son who could live in a peaceful, loving world — a son who would not have to endure the scarring agony of seeing bullet riddled bodies, helpless and squirming from pain, the screams and cries of children and women and old men. He had dreamed of a mankind constructive and not destructive — a people who would turn from hate and selfishness, from lust and greed to a universal brotherhood of kindness. What good dreaming? What good if a man dream ideals impossible to attain when other men were continuing to dream as of old. "Oh, my boys," he muttered under his breath. "God grant it will not be in vain. God give us the wisdom to keep it from being in vain." Shivering, he turned and limped through the throng unmindful of the tears slipping down his cheeks. He brushed past a young, lovely girl who was eagerly scanning the lines of marching soldiers. A picture flashed through his mind. Again he saw Lilian as she fluttered a gay handkerchief toward where he had stood on the deck. She had waited, just as this lovely girl would wait — a time lost out of their lives. It would be a time always lost which could never be made up

Jeanne's eyes darted to and fro over the lines of tramping soldiers. Don had

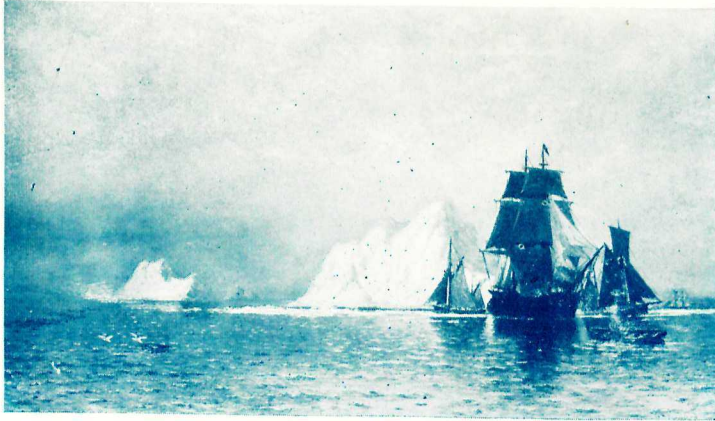
told her to stand on their corner where he couldn't miss seeing her. "This may be the last time I ever see him." Her heart felt laden at the thought. "Maybe he will find someone else where ever he's sent. Maybe — O, stop this nonsense," her head ordered. "It isn't as bad as all that." There he is! He sees me! How brave and strong and determined he is! They're singing, *Keep the Home Fires Burning*. I will, Don. I hope it won't be long. I'm so proud of you, dear. I know you'll do your best — a splendid best. Why is it men like you must sacrifice careers and futures because of the selfishness and arrogant superiority of men who destroy all that is light and good in the world? What right and through what power can men make mankind squirm and be smashed to pulp under their heels? But I must be gay and laugh and hold my chin up. Moping is no good, you said. "Good bye! Good luck."

"Huh, they're suckers to leave girls like that one behind," sneered Moore as he leaned carelessly against the flag pole and watched Jeanne's goodbyes. "Well, I'll not be caught keeping time to that kind of rhythm. Dad can take care of that. He knows all the ropes. They act so important and big. Think because they wear uniforms that they own the country. Well, it's their battle, not mine. Let them fight it. Some day they'll wake up to the fact that it isn't all just cop and robber play. Jeepers, she's

some gal! I think I'm going to enjoy being left behind."

As the parade moved farther from sight, Mother Pierce whispered a motherly "God bless you, my sons." Whisking the tears from her eyes, she smiled up at Father. "There they go — the last of the Pierces. The twins have grown up." Her proud head nodded. "I could almost see them grow from the boys who used to scuttle from my pantry with cookies filled pockets, to grown men who on accepting their inheritance, are going to see that inheritance preserved for all. They'll do it, too. They and all the other mothers' sons. They have the lives of great Americans before them to live up to, and they're not going to let them down. It will seem lonesome, though. Home will be so empty — Goodness, it's cold today. Let's hurry home."

The Wind, in its frigid determination, was still sweeping the earth with shivery gusts. Bits of paper and confetti were tossing and blowing in the deserted streets. No marching feet were treading time to the national anthem now. No crowds were thrilling to the strains of the great song of their land. They had scattered to warm homes to write cheery notes to men who had left home to keep their freedom. The wind and the gathering dusk reigned over the deathlike stillness of the empty streets.



WHALER AND FISHING VESSELS

BY WM. BRADFORD

John Herron Art Museum



VERONA, ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH

BY SAMUEL PROUT

John Herron Art Museum

Elmer's Evolution

MARYANN McLAUGHLIN

Spring is here! Can't you hear the rumble of skates as the children zip by the house in their youthful glee? Can't you hear the mingled chatter of the spring birds? Can't you smell the sweetness of the pure, clean air — such a relief from that choking smog of the long winter? Can't you see the first buds as they peep through the small gray tips of the dismal twigs? And can't you see Elmer — his beautiful red hair and his bright eyes gleaming as they catch the ray of the warm, mellow sun? Can't you see him? He's standing right out there in the yard like a victorious king in the center of his domain.

This winter with its excessive dose of snow, slush, and dirt told pitifully on Elmer. He was always dirty, and his restlessness reflected the uncertainty of the world around him. With the first sign of spring Elmer perked up. His attitude became that of one who thinks life beautiful and worth living. He took more pride in himself, and hung his head in shame when forced to make an appearance in anything but his Sunday best.

Today Elmer paid a visit to his favorite beauty parlor. His hair has taken on a new radiance and is as soft as silk. The ends of his long hair curl up in tune with his pert little nose; and his coloring, portraying him as a ball of Satan's fire, is a more lustrous red than ever before. Over and above all is the distinct fragrance of tar soap which surrounds him like a halo. And Elmer is proud — with a proudness that is half egotism, for Elmer knows he's beautiful. He's proud because he is clean and pure and radiant like all the other signs of spring.

Isn't it warm today? Summer's here

at last and here to stay — for a while anyway. The biff — bang of the tennis ball, and the splash and gurgle of the swimming pool impress upon me the spirit of vacation and relaxation. Elmer, too, catches the enthusiasm of the season, but he is unable to enjoy it to the fullest extent. His hair is so long and so thick that with the extreme intensity of the summer heat he presents a true picture of agony.

Now, I've read articles by many well-known authorities on the subject; and the majority agree that Elmer, minus his hair, would be no cooler. They claim a thick covering will keep out excessive heat and retain the desired coolness. If this is true, then why am I more comfortable in the heat of a summer day when attired in a bathing suit instead of a fur coat? With this firm belief to guide my conscience, I've decided to put Elmer into the hands of a competent barber for a few hours.

The massacre has taken less than thirty minutes, and when Elmer reappears again I am both shocked and amazed. Can that really be the same Elmer? Or was there a mixup in all the fur which gave me Farmer Borwn's young lamb by mistake? Instead of the long gleaming tresses, I see only short stubbles that almost resemble hair. The creaminess of Elmer's skin beams and his dark eyes stand out like beacons against the light background. Poor thing, he knows there's something wrong. He shys away from people and even his own kin stand by with expressions of shock and hilarity. Elmer's had a crew cut! He may look slightly queer at first, but he is more appropriately attired for summer.

It's fall again! Don't you hear the enthusiastic shouts of the boys on the lot

renewing their favorite game of football? Don't you see the massive formations of birds flying south? Don't you feel the harshness of the chilled breeze as it sweeps around the corner? Don't you see the broken rainbows as they fall rustling to their winter bed? And don't you hear Elmer's soft feet pattering over the blanketed earth, and don't you see his cute little pug-face peeking around the corner of the porch? Don't you see him? He sees you and with the slightest invitation he barges into the welcoming warmth of a cozy living room of early fall.

With the passing of each week, Elmer's hair grows longer and the stubbornness of his summer hair cut decreases. His new hair which did not suffer from the bleach of the summer sun, is as red as before, although now it is a deeper shade which

lacks the richness of his former coat. Elmer's eyes still sparkle for there is no weather or circumstance capable of dimming his proudest possession. And Elmer is gay — he shows it in every move he makes. If he's not on the football field with the other boys, he's browsing around an open fire where the girls are toasting weiners and marshmallows. He's in for everything — that versatile Elmer.

But now it's evening — the evening of a typical fall day. Elmer's been out playing all day — he should be tired. Say, where is he anyway? I'd better see — I thought surely he came inside when I called him. Oh, there he is stretched before the blazing fire on the hearth. There lies Elmer, the pride and joy of our family, as he enters the final stage in his cycle of evolution.

Three Reasons Why

TED LEMASTER

The United States is a great nation not because of its natural water ways, acres of timber, acres of wheat, corn, oats, rye, mines of iron, coal, copper, tin. It is the people who man the water ways, level the trees and run the mills, sow the crops and reap the harvest, operate the mines who make the United States so great a nation. The people of the United States have made this a nation to be proud of because they have kept it growing, kept fighting, and kept the spirit of competition alive.

Since the first Continental Congress this country has grown. It was a determined people who made this country grow from coast to coast. It was a determined people who pushed back the halls of learning from the little red school house to the halls of Johns Hopkins, Chicago University,

Harvard, and many other fine colleges and universities. Americans have grown and continue to grow in the development of chemistry, aeronautics, agriculture, electricity, radio, political science, as well as many other fields. Americans are for the most part a race of people that likes to know all the answers. Insignificant as it may seem the popularity of quiz programs is indicative of this trait.

Americans are a fighting people, but not in the crude Hitleristic style. They, on the other hand, fight a war among themselves. This war is fought in all fields of athletic competition. It is fought in the schools, in business, in every walk of our American life that offers competition. It is not a war of the Hitler kind profiting only blood, sweat, and tears. It is a war of the blood-

less kind profiting knowledge, sportsmanship, and achievement.

Americans are great lovers of achievement and record setters. It is a concern of almost every American whether or not Whirlaway's winnings can be surpassed, or if any one will be able to pass DiMaggio's consecutive hitting record, or will Joe Louis, as well as his record, ever be beaten. Thousands of dollars are spent annually for the editing of magazines giving the records of baseball teams, football teams, hockey teams, races automotive and horse, track men, and golfers. Americans admire the best and continually strive to better the records of those who have gone before.

The competitive spirit, kept within the bounds of fairness, has been a large factor in the progress of American science and business. The present conflict is an example of competition out of bounds. The war, regardless of its disadvantages, will give the survivors many new and beneficial scientific discoveries. American manufacturers do everything within their power to supply the public with articles a little better, a little more efficient than their competitors.

When the United States stops growing, stops fighting, or loses its competitive spirit, the Old World will have conquered the New.

A Disruption in The Family

MARJORIE L. SWARTZ

Flavius Germaine cocked his short, little leg over his knee, loosened his yellow polka-dotted tie, leaned back in his chair, and prepared to read the market reports. He tried to concentrate on the rise and fall of stocks, but the bang of a piano and wild shriek of a clarinet distracted his poor, befuddled brain. The noise ceased; within two seconds he heard the pad, pad of two pairs of rubber soles on the hardwood floor.

"Hi ya, Pop! Whatcha know? How about the kid and me usin' the buggy tomorrow? There is gonna be a battle royal when Pembroke High meets Whistleville. I'll bet we mow 'em down." He illustrated by picking up his clarinet and playing a bit of taps in boogie-woogie rhythm.

"Philo Germaine, don't call me a kid. You know very well that I am only one year, four months, three days, and two and one quarter hours younger than you,"

screamed Ophelia, as she tugged at her hip length sweater and furiously kicked at the dog's ball with the toe of her dirty saddle shoe. It was a perfect connection. The ball sailed across the room, hitting Flavius squarely on the nose.

Poor Flavius, his already jangled nerves began to jingle. He jumped to his feet and, waving his paper in the air, cried, "What kind of a place is this? I come home to get some peace and quiet, but what do I get? A couple of youngsters tearing around as if they are maniacs. Stop arguing and speak English." He rubbed his little round nose that had now taken on the hue of an over-ripe tomato and then proceeded, "What do you want?"

"We don't want very much. We just want to use the car tomorrow to go to the football game."

"You want to use the car tomorrow?" Flavius fairly yelled at them. "Do you

realize that I haven't used one ounce of that four gallons this week? I think it's my turn to do some driving."

"We didn't have the car any last week and it is our turn. Besides, we have already told the gang that they can go with us. Philo has asked that Jimmy McGimnee, who is simply a doll," explained Ophelia. She closed her eyes, clasped her hands, and started waltzing around the room with a dreamy expression on her face.

Philo stuck his foot in front of her and she nearly fell flat on her face. "Come out of that trance 'Sleeping Beauty.' We've work to do." Turning to his father he began, "Don't you want your daughter to be a success socially? I've gone to all the trouble to arrange for her to go to the game with the smoothest boy in the school. That is, he is the smoothest with the exception of me. Think how much it will mean to her to be seen out with such a piparoo. On top of that, we want him to join our club."

"Listen 'Superman', you talk as though I am some sort of an ickie. If you don't quiet that noise, I won't fix you up with Honey Bunny for the G. I. G.'s Rat Race," Ophelia threatened.

Flavius finally managed to get in a couple of words, "Why . . . why can't this Doll or Superman or whatever kind of an animal it is, drive his own car and use his own family's gasoline?" He sat down in his chair again and started to unfold his neglected newspaper. "You know I don't like to be bothered when I am reading."

Philo sprawled on the sofa. He threw one leg over the arm and began drawing hearts, with the words "Honey Bunny" within them, on the knee of his cream colored "cords."

"Mother told you that she used half a can of lye the last time she washed those things. From the look of them now she

will have to use a can and a half the next time," Ophelia warned. "Please Pop," she continued, "couldn't we have the car, just tomorrow? I promise that we won't ask for it again until at least next week."

Old Flavius looked fondly at his daughter, "I'm sorry, Ophelia, but I want to use the car myself." Turning again to Philo he bellowed "Why can't Joe Bloe use his car? It seems as though someone else in this town would have a gallon of gas to waste on a bunch of kids. Why does it always have to be me?"

"Joe's dad is out of town, and have you forgotten that you forbade me to ride with him after the time he was seeing how close he could come to a parked car, and you were the man who chased him all over town trying to get your fenders back?"

Flavius nearly dropped his teeth at this answer. "These kids," he thought, "a man hasn't a chance. They have an answer for everything and usually two or three questions to go with it." He didn't know what to say or do for there was nothing left to say or do. He jumped to his feet and tore across the room and shaking his finger in his son's face he roared, "I am using the car tomorrow and that is final."

Just then there came a sweet voice from the telephone in the hall, "Yes Mrs. Greene, I am sure I will have enough gas to drive downtown tomorrow. Neither Mr. Germaine nor the children have used the car this week, and I have been especially careful that we might have enough to drive. Tell the girls that I shall come for them around eleven o'clock."

Flavius walked dejectedly back to his chair. Picking up his paper he murmured, "I *thought* I was going to use the car."

Ophelia started up the stairs, but Philo called to her, "If we split the cab fare six ways, it won't cost very much will it?"

“What I Believe”

RUTH HOPPE

Life is an experience not to be missed. There are the rough spots in life of course, and then there are the smooth stretches when one is at peace with the world. One fine solution for the feeling of depression, insecurity, and futility is to stop and think, “Would life be full if it were a life of ease; would life have depth?”

As young as I am, I have my certain ideas on the fundamentals of life. My convictions are of the most immature type, yet they are mine until they undergo a metamorphosis.

Heading my standards is the quality of truth. Thoreau, in *Walden*, states, “Rather than love, than fame, give me truth.” It is most evident that only a minority of the people have an inner impetus while a majority of the people use the intellectual formula. Truth is a quality to be admired and sought after! All corruption would be banished if truthfulness were the dominant characteristic of every living human being.

Among the higher qualities of life is honesty which is also a quality to be admired and sought after. “A good man will avoid the spot of any sin.” Honesty is often abused; it is worn as a cloak and is thrown off like one. There are too many suspicious, untrusting, and distasteful people in the world today, who if they were honest with themselves and others, would find more faith in others.

Men are jealous fools, afraid that someone might have something that they are lacking. Our wars have always been based on jealousy, if not on a single human’s

jealousy then on the jealousy of one nation of another nation’s resources. Jealousy, not a quality to be admired, will reign as the source of all evil. Man may be what he wishes . . . for “man is man and master of his fate.”¹

Freedom is a luxury of life. “That man is free who lives as he likes; who is not subject to compulsion, to restraint, to violence; whose aversions are unincurred.”² Above all, I am going to strive for complete freedom. Man is like an animal; he likes to be free to do what he wishes, to roam where he likes, and to be suppressed by none. A life of freedom is a goal, yet freedom cannot be made the dominant quality of one’s life. To lead a harmonious life one must have a taste of every dish, to sample the tasty and the unsavory.

Most disturbing in our life is the shadow of the “Grim Reaper.” “Men fear death as children fear to go into the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other.”³ Death is not to be feared, but it is to be looked upon as a stage in the evolution of mankind. Religion should be heeded and glorified in. We should receive comfort and knowledge from our teachings. The church helps to prepare us for our after life, and as school prepares us for our adult life, so should we make use of our religion. Shakespeare says in *Julius Caesar*, “It seems to me most strange that men should fear; seeing that death, a necessary end, will come when it comes.” I am trying now to adopt this as my philosophy of death.

1 Tennyson, “*Geraint and Enid*.”

2 Epictetus, “*Of Freedom*.”

3 Bacon, “*Lord Verulam*.”

Checkmate

W. S. McLEAN

Six men sat around a table. They had been sitting there for two hours. The ash trays gave evidence of the intensity of their thought. The glasses had been emptied and refilled, and now, they were empty again. The silence of the room was as thick as the cigar smoke. The grandfather's clock in the corner counted off the seconds with a heavy tread. The hour was past midnight.

One of the men changed his position, making an effort to do so quietly. No other sound disturbed the stillness of the room. Every face was turned toward the center of the table. Every eye was focused on the same spot. They seemed to have no other interest. Like giant birds perched about their prey, they seemed to be absorbed in the contemplation of the small objects before them.

Old Judge Thomas, with his flowing white beard carefully spread over his vest, sat holding his big black cigar in carefully tended fingers. The black ribbons of his pince-nez glasses curled with conscious dignity over the lapel of his perfectly tailored coat.

Mr. Parker—the Mr. Parker, of Parker and Brownley, Real Estate and Investments — sat in the richly over-stuffed chair which was his favorite, with a cold cigar between his big thumb and forefinger. His two hundred and forty pounds were hunched slightly as he studied the problem before him. His thin, greying hair was rumped. A perplexed frown scored his brow into ridges and valleys, like a miniature of some vast rolling plain. His steel grey eyes, behind the bifocals, were squinted, as they always were when in deep thought.

The other men, unimportant except that they were present, presented in more

or less detail the same deep concentration, varying only in personal appearance. There was Banker Hobbs, long, lean and lank, with a long beak nose, and a chin which seemed to try to touch the point of that nose. And there was Rothstein, of Rothstein's Department Store, with his short stubby legs and arms, and his great head of hair, which seemed always to be blown by a strong wind from behind.

Longman, who always tried to look the part of a sailor, and who controlled most of the shipping which came into the port, was there. Wilson, who had made a fortune in a gold mine of uncertain location and reality, giving off, as always, an air of long accustomed wealth, but falling, as always, a little short of making it convincing, sat beside him. His small, uncertain eyes were the only quickly moving things in the room. Those eyes were never still, darting from the face of one to the face of another of the men in the room, as though he wanted to make sure they knew he was there.

Small, loud-mouthed, bald-headed Brownley, Parker's partner, sat, as usual, slightly apart from the others. He fidgeted with his tie and then his handkerchief, which was always too much in evidence in his breast pocket.

Finally the tension was broken. Parker's face burst into a smile. He took some time to get his big body into motion. With an audible sigh, he leaned over the table, picked up the queen and moved it two spaces to the right, and said, "Check, doublecheck, and checkmate."

The game was over; the tension relaxed. The old Judge collected the chessmen in the center of the board, and the meeting was adjourned.

Moonlight Mood

SAMUEL SMITH

As I walked down the country lane I saw for the first time the universal power of night. The full moon hung in the center of a magnificent arch, formed by the boughs of trees meeting like touching fingertips. I could almost hear the moonbeams tenderly kissing the tree leaves and then falling down, down into the earth, to be buried there like secrets that can never be told.

Stars peeped shyly through a passing cloud like children behind their mothers' aprons. Far ahead I saw a couple strolling arm in arm. As they stopped and kissed a

star zipped down two million light years and stopped in astonishment. I looked at the man in the moon to see his reaction and discovered the coward trying to hide behind a cloud, so that I would not see that he was playing Cupid. The clouds breezed nonchalantly through the sky, leaving Mr. Moon hanging naked in the circle of trees.

As I continued walking, the stars marched across the sky until the Big Dipper scooped the horizon. The moon became bored and went to bed. The clouds drifted listlessly on and the couple in the lane kissed again.

Injustice

HELEN WELLS

Chuck couldn't understand grownups. He couldn't understand them, and they certainly didn't understand him. All he wanted was just one little corner in the basement.

"Just one little corner, mom. I won't take up much space," he pleaded. His plea fell on deaf ears.

"You may not take up space, but any space is too much when you're going to fill it with junk," his mother answered. "I haven't any room for delapidated bottles, cast-off rubber tubing, and whatever else you have there."

Protestation was written on Chuck's face. "Mother! It ain't ----"

"Isn't, dear."

"It *isn't* junk. It's my chemistry set."

"All the more reason why you are not going to transport it to my basement. I enjoy having the roof over my head."

"Ah, mom, can't a guy do anything 'round here?" All the disgust an eleven-year-old could muster was in his voice. "Women don't understand a fellow at all. I ain't ----"

"I'm not, Chuck," his mother corrected.

"O. K., I'm not going to blow anything up. All I got is just a few chemicals and water."

"And my cleansing cream, not to mention my hand lotion, face powder, my best cologne, and heaven knows what else," chimed in Chuck's older sister, Helen. "Mother, can't you do something with him, nothing is sacred on my dressing table."

"Heck, sis, I was just gonna, 'analizz' that stuff."

"Don't you mean analyze, Chuck?" inquired his mother.

"Well, analyze it, then."

"I don't care what you're going to do

with it, "annalizz" or analyze, if I find anything else missing, it's coming out of your allowance," Helen warned.

"For gosh' sakes, mom, she can't do that, can she?" Consternation showed on his face.

"I'm afraid so, if you don't let Helen's things alone. They cost her money, you know."

"Ah, nuts, how can I be a scientist if I don't get any cooper — coop — well, any help from you."

"Oh, you want to be a scientist, now?" asked mother. "What made you decide that?"

"Gee, mom, just think, I can make explosives, and synthetic rubber, and television inventions, and rocket ships, and—"

"What does a pipsqueak like you know about television?" asked Helen incredulously. "Listen to the kid brother rave."

"You're not so smart." Chuck was getting mad, and as usual, his voice doubled in volume, "I know as much about television as you do, what do you think I am, a moron?"

"Sure, but that is beside the point. The point is that you are not having any mess in the basement, and you're not taking another ounce of my cosmetics," Helen put her hand on the kid brother's shoulder. "Understand?"

"Yeah, I understand, but it sure ain't—"

"Isn't," Chuck, when are you going to learn to speak English? Queried Helen. "It seems that you ought to learn something about English in school, or would

that be too much trouble?"

"You just think you're smart because you're going to college, and as I was saying, before I was so rudely interrupted, you aren't fair."

"I'm not fair?" Helen cried in astonishment. "Do you actually think it's fair to abscond with someone's personal belongings?"

"Personal belongings she says. I call it just plain paint and flour that smells good. Don't know why you use it anyway; don't do you any good." Chuck ducked the palm of his sister's hand as he finished his last sentence.

"Mother!" expostulated Helen, "can't you do something with him? I never have seen such a smart aleck in all my life."

"You run up to bed now, Chuck," said his mother. "We'll see what can be done about a place for your experiments. I guess I can't impede progress; that is, if you are a good boy."

"O. K. mom, g'night," Chuck said, starting up the stairs. "Sisters," he muttered, "a regular pain in the neck. But if mom would let me have a place in the basement —" Chuck's thoughts wandered, visualizing a thousand dreams. "Gee, television, and rocket ships, and ray guns. Gosh, the Japs wouldn't have a chance 'gainst my ray gun, and robots that did what you told them, and —, Maybe it won't be so bad being grown up, but if my kids want their chemistry sets in the front room, I won't say anything like mom and Helen do."