

The Old Man

WILLIAM L. PITTMAN

Seated in the conning tower or standing on the bridge dressed in a suit of nondescript khakis with his cap set at a rakish non-regulation angle, he is perfectly at ease. He seems to be as much at ease there as in his house in California.

A picture of the Admiral shows the benevolent grin by which he is recognized. The rugged, lined face, with the tiny blue eyes and overhanging brows, reflects the life and disposition of this genial master mind of naval warfare. His body is as rugged as the life he has led. His clothes hang on a compact, powerful frame. He once proudly wore the coveted N of the naval academy and now, just as proudly, shows some of the country's highest decorations.

The respect he receives from his men is not derived from the four stars he wears on his shoulders because they

salute him, and not his rank. They know he has the skill, the determination, the intestinal fortitude to carry out the most demanding assignments. They know he would not ask of them more than he himself would do or has done.

This little man with the strong chin has become an almost legendary figure to the men in his South Pacific squadron. He is a "good Joe" to thousands of men, and in the Navy this is one of the highest compliments paid. To the men under his command he is "The Old Man." This means not only that he is the commander, but that he is father, mother, and guardian of their safety.

I do not believe there is a more familiar or beloved sight in the whole South Pacific than the wrinkled suit of khakis and battered sun helmet housing the robust body and fertile mind of Admiral William F. Halsey U. S. N.

I Examine My Instructors

JEANNE SUTTON

The room was deadly quiet. The sound of scratching pens was the only noise which dared to break the silence. Someone sighed once, and four heads turned accusingly toward the offender, who dropped his head and hid his crimsoning cheeks in shame. Outside the door, which was padlocked with an enormous ball and chain, a pin dropped, and six professors jumped from their seats; but they sank back again, remem-

bering that they must finish before I should declare their time was up and should decide, on the basis of unfinished papers, to flunk them all.

This was the greatest moment of my life. I had under my absolute power six members of the Butler faculty, and I was giving them the toughest and the hardest examination that my brain could conceive. I remember one question very well; it concerned the exact number of

iambic feet reaching from Jell Hall to the School of Religion. I didn't expect them to get that one.

I had required a written, notarized statement that they had each studied from seven o'clock the preceding evening until three the next morning, and so I knew they were in no condition to undergo one of my tests. My . . . professor looked terribly haggard. I remember she bothered me constantly by asking me what I had written on the board, pretending that she couldn't read my writing. I took her grade down two points for that! But the one who was really under the weather was my . . . professor. You see it was such a strain for him to have me do the talking, and he was so unused to writing. He probably hasn't done a thing but talk for so many years that he was really suffering. In fact his face was actually red from the effort of holding back his words.

My assistant had frisked the professors for possible cribs before they started. She must have missed one or two, though,

because I caught my . . . professor holding out his foot to the . . . professor, and discovered that the date of the end of the war was written on it. When he saw me descending with my horsewhip in hand, he scuffed if off on the floor.

As the time grew shorter, I got a big bang out of their frantic gasps and their furtive looks at one another's papers. It was in some ways a big shock to me as I had previously supposed professors to be so honorable! But live and learn. I know which ones cheated, and they will suffer accordingly. I have arranged for all their classes next semester to be filled with Grade C morons. It may not be much of a change, but at least I can try it out.

Finally the last second had arrived. With concerted effort they wrote down the last word. Pens stopped their hideous noise. They began to breathe like human beings again. I went to the door, unlocked the padlock, and let out my professors. The examination was over.

The Unconquerable Hero

JEAN HANCOCK

"Eek! Bang! Ouch! Don't get excited, Mother; I just skidded on that rug again. Isn't it at all possible to buy a new one? I don't think I'll be able to stand this little specimen any longer."

This rug that I call the Unconquerable Hero resides between the kitchen and the dining room. Of course, the rug always reclines in the doorway—his favorite napping place and my favorite landing place. Betwixt the two of us we do not get along so well. But try to

explain this to Mother. The little rag rug is her pet of all the rugs in the whole house since she spent many precious hours stitching him together.

I have thought of several ways by which to avoid the undesirable conflict between the rug and portions of my anatomy. Why could I not put a sign cautioning me, as well as the many other victims, to slow down for the dangerous crossing? Another idea, which might accidentally work, is to build a pontoon