

in; they have no thoughts of their own. Actually they are poor imitations of the professors who taught them.

There is an increasing number of schools which emphasize the classics. In these schools the students learn to interpret and appreciate the fine arts. From studying and analyzing the great masters of art, literature, and music, they acquire a profound philosophy of life. Since these students can find a reason and meaning for their daily lives, they can often find a satisfactory answer to the sometimes unanswerable question "why?"

In the business world such a knowledge of the arts is frowned upon. These students with the high ideals are frequently referred to as intellectual snobs. Some employers feel that the fact that one enjoys symphonies and art galleries gives no indication that one will succeed in a money-making process.

However, there are highly specialized schools. A student in one of these schools may become an expert in a given field. He may be able to obtain a position in his field and advance in it. Nevertheless, he will not enjoy life to

the fullest extent, nor will he appreciate the numerous advantages that life has to offer if one delves deep into the subject.

Offers of positions come readily to a student who has specialized. He will succeed until a problem arises which he must reason out for himself. The employer blames the failure on the individual when often it is the fault of his previous training. The materialistic system taught him to do the work of a particular field, but it neglected to teach him the principles of thinking and reasoning.

In my opinion the ideal system would be a skillful combination of materialism and idealism. I am interested in radio work. At one time I was advised to go to a strictly professional school; yet another time I was told that if I had a liberal background in the arts, I could succeed not only in the radio work but also in other fields. Today the problem of materialism and idealism in education confronts youth as well as educators. It seems, however, that the materialism of the modern business world is crowding out the idealism of the classics.

View From The Choir

BARBARA HARDING

Softly the organist begins the opening strains of the prelude and we, nun-like in our flowing black robes, tread with slow steps to our usual places in the choir. The members of the congregation sit below us whispering and, at times, talking noisily together, seemingly unaware that the services have started. The whispering ceases abruptly, however, when the

organist swings from the soft, slow strains of the prelude to the thundering tones of the *Doxology*.

A quick glance around the church during the opening prayer reveals that the congregation has avoided the front rows of seats as if they were infested with a rare communicable disease. The pews begin to be inhabited about midway

toward the back of the church, with the first row being made up of the members whose hearing is not so sharp as it was in years gone by. The pews gradually become more densely populated as they get nearer the rear of the church, with the back pew containing about three more people than it can comfortably hold.

Looking down at the audience, I marvel at the variety of wearing apparel that outfits so small a group. I am much impressed by the different types of queer looking hats. Looking to the right, I see a monstrosity which resembles a stove pipe much more than a fashionable bit of millinery. To the left I gaze upon what looks to be a market basket filled with a week's supply of groceries, but which turns out to be a bonnet that is the pride and joy of the fond wearer. Directly in front of me is a bluebird with its wings spread as in full flight. This work of art seems about to make its exit through the open window instead of continuing to grace the brow of the sophisticated matron honoring us with her presence. As I glance toward the pew of the older and slightly hard of hearing sect my eyes halt on a sporty looking model designed originally to be worn by a gay, young school girl, but now sitting squarely on the head of an aging member as if she defies one ear to hear more than the other.

The male members of the audience also possess a few peculiarities. One gentleman sitting in the back row seems totally unaware that both tabs of his collar are curling out and greatly resemble a pair of water wings. In the second row sits one of our more distinguished members who slightly resembles Cupid with a wisp of his thinning gray hair standing at attention on the top of his head. The younger generation of the male members have crowded themselves into a narrow

pew in the rear of the church. These boys are attired in loud plaid sport clothes and are covered with various cuts and bandages. These marks of disfiguration signify that they have been the major players in a rough athletic contest, or they have undergone their first shave.

Watching and listening to the congregation sing an old familiar hymn proves to be quite an experience. One of the oldest members in the church, who no longer can hear with the accuracy of former days, still retains his splendid deep and resonant bass voice. With the assistance of the choir leader, who gives him a program of the hymns to be sung, he is able to stand in his place with a look of supreme rapture on his old, weather lined face and fairly boom through the hymn. A lady standing in the middle of the audience sings in a violent and stormy manner, the sounds bursting forth from a face which is disfigured from the strain and agony she is evidently undergoing. These tones seem to be the best God could offer her but they turn out to be neither alto nor soprano. Occasionally, I can hear the faint voice of one of the two or three-year-old members droning away in a loud monotone which fails to stop with the rest of the voices when the hymn ends. Frequently I hear one of our loud soprano voices, belonging to the lady who feels that this voice is much too refined to waste on our small choir. This voice frequently can trill through an entire score two notes behind the organist. The boys attempt to sing a deep bass in their school boy voices and occasionally I hear a croaking sound which proves to me and to them that they are not fully prepared to attain such depths.

As the sermon progresses, it is quite interesting to note the different changes that take place. The first hint that the

sermon is not hitting the soul of every member is the sight of a nodding head here and there over the church. Mothers are also seen digging deeper into their purses for more and better means of keeping their little cherubs from upsetting the quiet. Now and then I see a strained, impatient look passing over the face of a member who feels that the noise of whispering children and the occasional scraping of feet is depriving him or her of the full meaning of the sermon. Often I see the exchange of knowing glances among the group who are still keeping up with the theme of the sermon. This exchange of glances signifies that the minister has uttered a statement which he has uttered at least once before in the

last few weeks during his sermons.

The sermon at last draws to a close. Faces begin to brighten with the thought of being able again to breathe clean, refreshing air. Perhaps the possibility of a feast awaiting them at their homes tends to add a bit of a glow to their already bright and shining faces.

The little minister with small blinking eyes and a hoarse little voice has imparted his words of wisdom and truth to the group before him. Although on the surface it seems that these words have been wasted on an unlistening audience, I believe that some part of his message has reached each person present, giving each a pleasant and warm sensation that he is now a happier and better person.

Vignettes

I have found that the preparation of a good theme is rather like the preparation of a good cake. You must have several ingredients for both, but the blending is what really counts. What better blender is there than imagination?

from *What Constitutes a Good Theme*,
by Doris Campbell.

. A few weeks later my picture appeared in the newspaper—below were the simple words, "Killed in Action." People shook their heads and said, "Poor boy." Then they dismissed the thought from their minds, for they had a New Year to celebrate.

Happy New Year, everyone!

When I died, I knew that many more would die, too, before it was over. But they died as I died, happy in the thought that we were making the world safe in that the new year and all New Years in the future might be happy ones.

from *Happy New Year*,
by Carolyn Harvey.

Now and then the thunder pealed louder and nearer, and the rain would slacken down as if in apology.

from *Rain*, by Orville Fosgate.

This served as a common meeting place for the skillets—full of freshly popped corn, melted butter, and salt. From this pan to smaller individual bowls went the most deliciously roasted and seasoned popcorn I ever hope to taste.

from *The Chief Chef of Popcorn*,
by William Smart.

Justice is the quality of mercy. However it has been beaten, bribed, and twisted until it is an elusive quality, intangible. Yet, it is supposed to be watching over us and guarding us.

from *This Thing Called Justice*,
by Glenda Rose Vaughn.