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The Post-War College

JEANE SISKEL

If I were about to enter college as a freshman, I should choose a school that specializes in liberal education, liberal in the classic sense. I should want to know that my degree, when earned, would mean that for four years I had devoted my thoughts and energies to the contemplation of political, economic, social, moral, and scientific problems; to the reading of great books, and to the development of independent thought. I do not ask that any school help me adapt myself to conditions as we know them now; I should far rather be made to realize that the world today must not be the world of tomorrow, and why.

The school has become a tool of industry, preparing the student for occupational dexterity, and even worse, helping him to feel satisfied with the economic systems of this age. Further, the school, as a step-child of the business world, has obligated itself to the continuance of this "don't-think-just-work-we'll-show-you-how" kind of education. The program of study must be changed; it must teach the "why" of existing institutions as well as the "how." A curriculum must be formulated which will dissipate the ignorance, prejudice, and narrow-mindedness prevalent among college students and graduates.

Can a girl of twenty-one assume the responsibility of working in the capacity of a teacher of high school students if in college she spent most of her time learning how to teach instead of learning what she will teach? Does she know enough history to distinguish between truth and falsification? Is she familiar with all theories of government? Does she know

how to use the English language? True, she knows how to give intelligence tests, is familiar with education journals, and respects problems of discipline, but can she really teach? As another example, we have well trained doctors in our communities, but are we making social progress if the doctors themselves do not understand the social significance of their work? Under the present system, medical care is available to the very poor in our cities and to the very rich, but the people of average income and our rural population have not been provided for. The practice of medicine is being taught only as a means of earning a living; it has not risen to the plane of true service. Yes, prepare our teachers, our doctors, our lawyers, our ministers, our bank presidents, and our corporation officials, but do not prepare them for these tasks only—first, make them men!

What are men? Science teaches us how man is different from other animals, and also how much like other animals man is. This knowledge is essential. If we are to live well, we must know how life developed, how life is to be maintained, and how life can be made better. We must understand man's relationship to the physical world. However, there is more to man than science can teach us. Man can think, he can dream, he can build new civilizations, new worlds. He can create objects of eternal beauty. He has the capacity to conceive Heaven on earth. To illuminate this vision of man's potentialities is the obligation of the university.

How, specifically, should the curriculum of the college be planned? The stu-

dent must learn to think. He must learn to express his own thoughts, and learn to understand the thoughts of others. In order to fulfill these basic needs, the English language must be studied and understood. The exact meaning of the words of our language and the use of these words in sentences must be known; then when the student reads he will understand, and when he writes he will be understood. However, this is not enough. Communication must be international, and the language habits of other peoples must be known. Foreign language study is becoming more and more obsolete in American schools, and yet we ask our students to think in international terms. If we cannot read German literature, cannot understand the German language, how can we understand the German point of view? And how can we plan world peace?

The peace to come, if it comes, will be a political and economic achievement. Our colleges must open wide the whole field of political and economic thought. The real significance of "We, the people" will have to be disclosed. This phrase does not refer only to the government of the United States; rather, it connotes political and economic order for all peoples of the world. Cease to prattle the wonders of our democratic nation; for our government has weaknesses to be recognized, understood, and removed, and our political life will be modified to fit a world order. In our colleges, teach the principles and theories of all social systems, in order that peace may be won.

Language emphasis, political thought, and scientific study are not sufficient; the college curriculum must include an aesthetic appreciation. True, absolute Beauty should be as much an object of thought as any scientific idea or economic plan. Is it not Beauty that survives all natural or man-made catastrophes? Beauty stands as an eternal monument to man's creative genius, is the manifestation of man's vision of perfection, is the objectification of man's dreams.

What, then, is to be the basic thought in the planning of the curriculum of the post-war college? Are our universities going to give us men, or give us mere technicians? I plead for a generation that thinks, rather than a generation that fights; for a generation that loves, rather than a generation without feeling; for a generation that builds, rather than a generation that destroys. Give us men with vision, and men who can dream. Give us teachers who teach Truth; give us doctors who serve every man; give us lawyers who practice Justice; give us statesmen who love Peace; give us ministers who live the Faith; give us artists who love Beauty and give us wise mothers. Teach men to work together to build houses that are works of art, to print books that are beautiful, to sell merchandise that is genuine. Teach men Freedom.

If the faculties and students of our colleges do these things, they shall be called blessed: *Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the sons of God.*



"Give us men with vision . . ."

The Storm

MARY ALICE KESSLER

Helen was a cold woman. There was no other word to describe her — she was as austere and aloof as a sheet of gray cliff. Never did her face betray her inner thoughts. Sorrow, happiness, pain, fear seemed never to have pricked her soul. There were no lines in her face to betray suffering. She was silent, cold Helen, and none of her friends knew more than a handful of stories about her guarded existence.

Helen was not beautiful, for at fifty only her sharp, gray eyes seemed to be alive. She was very tall and straight, and her figure was as thin and mannish as it had been thirty years before. Her wiry auburn hair was cropped close to her head, and it swept up from her wide forehead in deep waves. The clear gray eyes were set in well molded sockets, and her high cheek bones swooped to a very square jaw. Her mouth was large and loose, and her aristocratic nose was long and thin, giving a pinched expression to her features. The pince-nez which she wore constantly only intensified that carved countenance. Helen's color was brown, and from the tip of her doe skin oxfords to the peak of her large-brimmed Knox, she was clad in brown — always brown.

She was a spectacular woman without intending to be so. Hers was the fame of driving the first car in town, of smoking the first cigarette, of wearing the first trousers, of flying the first plane. She was daring and, as a young woman, distantly coveted by men. But no man had ever possessed her; no man had ever dared try to confront her. She froze those admirers with her steely eyes and

sent them back to more welcoming front porches.

Helen had not needed men in her life. She had her estate, left to her by a doting father, she had her dogs and horses and cars — and she had her mother. The tall, slim Helen always adored her mother, probably because she was her exact opposite. She was small and helpless and gay, and she understood her silent daughter as well as anyone could understand her. She knew the girl had been overwhelmed by a passionately affectionate father and pampered by two spinster aunts who had so greatly impressed upon her the strength of her own independence that she had come to see the male as a silly animal with lusts for the flesh only. Her mother knew her and pitied her silently.

When Helen's mother died, the great house was sold — everything went; the dogs, the horses, the cars, the Louis XIV furnishings. Helen showed no signs of loss, her face remained set in its chilled lines, her eyes were the same gray. No outward changes marked the great wave of tragedy that had crashed over her. For when Helen lost her mother, she lost the last person, from the millions of people on the earth, who loved her.

* * * * *

When Helen stood in the doorway of her summer home in Coldpost, she felt an embryo rush of pain in her breast. "The last time I unlocked this door, mother stood behind me, waiting to see in. The last time, she smelt the mustiness of the closed house with me, and

walked about the rooms making little X's on the dust-coated furniture with her finger. The last time, she helped me lift the white, time-powdered sheets from the chairs, and caught the pine-sweet linens as I stood on a ladder, flinging them into her opened arms. The last time"

The lost, lonely, empty weight of pain again stirred at the depths of her heart, and she sighed as she made a funny, crooked X on the window pane in the door. She picked up her luggage, piece by piece, and set it inside the door, and then she did a strange thing. Helen closed the door quickly and locked it. The snap of the lock ran through the house, echoing the fear that suddenly possessed her. In her terror, she had locked out the lovely, calm day, so flooded with sunshine and gay, mackerel clouds, she had shut herself off from the happiness of the birds and bright flowered hills, the dark, cool woods, and the roar of the surf beyond. She was isolated in a world of dusty memories, and as she sank into the big chair before the chilled fireplace, a cloud of white dust puffed up from the shapeless sheets that covered it. Then she fell into exhausted sleep and the bright world outside fell asleep with her.

Helen spent long hours cleaning and straightening the house. Her mother's room remained locked, for she hoped to keep her memory imprisoned there. The guest room and long, pine-knotted dining room were shut off, and, when at last the kitchen was shining and fragrant with the clean smell of soap, and the den had been swept until great clouds of choking dust spilled from the rugs, Helen sat down to rest on a hard, straight little French chair that had been her mother's. She propped her elbows on

the chair's arms and clasped her hands under her chin. From the great bay window she could see stretched before her a complete three dimensional canvas. For there lay the sea, with a sullen smirk on its lips, as gray and curling as the smoke of Time. And from it sprang the bosoms of the land, slate and firm in the drugged sun's gaze. There was no sound; no leaf quivered; the sands at the sea's throat were silent, motionless.

Helen picked up a thin, leather-backed book from the coffee table and began to read in the uncertain light:

Do we ever understand those with whom we have been cast? Can we distinguish a look in the depths of our mother's eyes? We have stirred in the darkness of her womb. We have suckled the milk from her breast and been created through her passion, but can we fathom her laughter and her tears, her savage moods of bitterness? The flesh with which we suffer and work, share longings, is as lost to us, as strange as the wind to the earth's body. It is a foreign, whirling, escaping element so intangible that no fingers of thought can grasp it and hold it. Words are the mere tokens of deceit, for the draughty mind seldom speaks what it believes, nor can it be willed to do so. We are twisted creatures, forever working to elude analysis, fearing capture, never allowing for one pulse of Time the complete giving over of our soul's depths. We are too intricate to formulate; our fancies, too swift for understanding.

What in the strange bodies that cloak our misty dreams makes us what we are? Is it the innate qualities of our ancestors? The landing of a Dutchman in New Haven, of a Frenchman on Florida's thumb, the whim of a bourgeois German, the sin of an English cousin? Is it the sad, confused blood in our veins, the

crooked nose and snarling lips on our faces? Is it the memory of a cruel uncle or a bawdy street scene or the pictures in our nurseries? Is it the hurtling knowledge of sin and bad dreams that casts our fumbling feet into the ruts of the road?

We cry with the dying sun and laugh in a storm's fury. We spit at our friend's feet and elevate to the dignity of saints the strange millions we pass on the streets. We kill the love in our mistress's breast and drop to bottomless pits when a face refuses to return a smile. We thrash through life, hurting, hating, loving ourselves, blind to what we are, exalted in what we seem. And we never know our dearest brothers. We never know ourselves.

There was a low, troubled cough of thunder, and the canvas on the bay window began to sway back and forth, left and right, a crazy whirl of blurred shapes and sounds. The wind scooped great handfuls of foam from the sea. How angry and black that sullen sea had now become! It was being mocked by its terrible brother, the wind, and it was now broiling in its fathoms, calling a death cry to the newly ruffled headlands. The heavens turned a poisoned green, scarred with long, ugly streaks of lightning, and the whole canvas became a demented dance of wind, water, electricity. Helen sat, frozen in a mood of fascinated awe. Her long fingers clutched the arm of the small chair, pressing the gold ring on her little finger into the

flesh. Her face remained the same—taut as stretched gray rubber, immovable.

The storm before her tore at the house like a mad woman, pulling splinters of wood from the sills and slates of shingles from the roof. It roared and screamed its insane song and suddenly the skies turned over and wept sad tears onto the land. Great sorrows sent these tears to flood the earth's majestic paths and drown those cries of frightened men that are so stifling in a calm. The rush and power of this mighty canvas engulfed the sea, stirring the loose flesh at its bottom, and swept the lands toward the sea.

In one great climax, the thunder cymbals clashed and the lightning revealed a finale of a world, subdued and bruised, kneeling before its God.

Helen sat very still, her hands clasped limply in her lap, breathing hard. The sky was now the ~~deepest~~ winter blue and in the peace and stillness that follow all of Time's storms there was a steady drip of rain from the cowed branches of the living. Now, like some repentant artist, stealing into his studio in the young hours of the morning to mix a lovely color for the lips of his portrait — the portrait that he has so ruefully neglected — the sun crept along the horizon, leaving tracks of ruby bands after it. The canvas was glowing and hopeful and calm again, and two jagged streams of tears cut through the frozen face of a woman who had seen and learned a great thing.

The Easter Hat

ROSEMARY HAVILAND

Putting the lid on the ivory powder-box, Doris gave the dressing-table a last hurried glance. She moved the pin cushion an inch to the right and snapped off the lights. Picking up her gloves, she walked with firm, steady steps to the door of her room and paused. After a moment's hesitation, she walked back to the dressing-table and switched on the lights.

"My old hat looks terrible," she thought to herself. "This is such a nice day . . . I think I'll wear my new hat — just once, to break it in before Easter."

Doris threw the brown felt on the bed and untied the blue box. She folded back the tissue paper and carefully took the blue straw from the billows of white froth. It was an expensive hat — that is, expensive for Doris; but it was such a temptation, and with proper care, she could even wear it next year. Mentally she calculated her savings. Yes — Tom would want her to have the hat, even if he could not see her wear it.

She adjusted the veil and once again walked to the door, with light-hearted steps; and hearing the clock in the hall hiccough seven tinkling dings, she ran down the stairs.

"I'll be home at four-thirty, Mrs. Hartly. Please put my letters on the hall table." And without waiting for an answer Doris left the house.

Waiting at the curb for the stop light to change, she smiled at the green daffodil shoots bordering the lawn. After crossing the street, she had to walk across Climbing Creek bridge to the street car stop. Leaning over the wide gray stone

railing, she looked at the splashing river, swollen with spring rains.

The March wind gave a tug at the new hat, rolled it down the stone railing, and snatched it from the bridge. Doris uttered a combined cry of surprise and anger, but it was of no use; the Easter hat was gone. The water grasped it from the wind and playfully tossed it from her sight.

The street car was grinding to a stop, and Doris ran to catch it. After losing her hat, she did not want to be late for work.

* * * * *

"What's all the trouble? Somebody givin' away cigarettes?"

"I don't know. Seems like it must be somethin' important — police all over the place."

"Life savin' squad, looks like. Probably somebody left the gas on all night. I hope the street car won't be tied up. I have to get to town in a hurry. See you later, Ed."

"Good morning, Miss Newcomb. Lots of excitement this morning. Ed just told me that somebody probably left the gas on all night. If so, there isn't much hope for them. Police might as well go back."

"Do you know who it is?" asked Miss Newcomb, eyes wide with concern.

"No, but it must be someone who lives near here. There's my ride . . . You find out the particulars and let me know all about it tonight."

"Mrs. Findley!! What's the matter? I have such a short time before I must

leave for work and I'm alive with curiosity. Mr. Bradford said that someone left the gas on all night."

"My dear," twittered Mrs. Findley, "I wouldn't know about the gas, but they finished the business by drowning."

"Drowning?"

"Yes, evidently it was a woman. They found part of her clothing. Real expensive it was, too. Harold told me her hat was straw with lots of veiling and white flowers."

"Do you mean to say that she leaped off the bridge?"

"Leaped, fell, or was pushed," said Mrs. Findley with some satisfaction. "I don't doubt but what she leaped."

"The crowd seems to be leaving, Mrs. Findley. Are you going downtown?"

"Yes, I thought I'd do the marketing early. If I don't get down there when they open, all the fruit is bruised."

"Good morning, Reverend Price. I suppose you've heard the news?"

"Yes, it started out to be a fine morning, Miss Newcomb. It is a shame that a thing like this should happen. I heard that she must have had unfortunate news from her husband. So much sadness in the world; the war leaves terrible sorrows. If I can find out her name, I'll see that her family is notified. Waiting for a street car? You are welcomed to ride downtown with me."

"Thank you, but I believe I'll wait. I don't want to get to the office so early, and I'd like to find out more about this poor woman."

* * * * *

It seemed to Doris that the daffodils had grown an inch since she had left that morning. She stooped over to touch the leaf of a slender green shoot and

straightened up when she remembered the letters waiting for her.

Mrs. Hartly opened the door for Doris, saying, "Your letters are on the table. But just wait until you hear what happened today. A girl committed suicide by jumping off the Climbing Creek bridge — must have happened about the time you left for work."

"Why did she kill herself?" asked Doris as she glanced at the postmark of the two letters. Thank God! Tom was still all right. She listened halfway to Mrs. Hartly's chattering.

". . . and they say she got a telegram from the government and just killed herself. I suppose she didn't want to live after her husband died. They found part of her clothing on the bank. She must have had plenty of money . . . the prettiest hat . . . veil and flowers. Doris, you should have seen all the excitement. Policemen came out with grappling hooks. She tried to kill herself with gas, but it didn't work, so she leaped off the bridge."

"What did she look like?" Doris still thought of Tom.

"I didn't see her. In fact, they didn't find the body. The police only stayed about a half hour, just long enough to question the boy who found the hat. I tell you, I've really put in a day . . . It's hard on my heart. Run along, dear, and read your letters."

Doris bowed to the clock in the hall and opened the door of her room. The brown hat was still on the bed.

"I guess I'll wear the brown hat tomorrow," she mused. As she opened the fat letter, her mind flitted back to the girl and Climbing Creek bridge.

"I'm glad I'm not that girl. I'm thankful that this isn't a telegram from the government."

The Trust of the Medics

BARBARA GENE LUCAS

The small city bus coughed and lurched forward, causing passengers who were standing to scramble for the hand holds on the seats. The rain-drenched crowd jostled back and forth as the bus struck the breaks in the old brick pavement. Helen relaxed in her seat; she was tired from her long day's work. The rain was still beating against the window at her elbow, and she wondered how much mud Paul's division was plowing through on their inland drive. Maybe it wasn't raining there. Brushing her hair back from her forehead, she strained her eyes to see the neon signs. Two more miles and she would be comfortable at home. She sighed. How many more miles for Paul before he would be home? He's probably sitting upon the fender of his truck, proudly exhibiting my miniature in the little brown leather case, she thought. He might be carrying his admiration a bit too far, but she enjoyed being "his girl." With a start Helen came back into the reality of the steaming bus. There it was again — that wild, boisterous laugh. She turned around and saw in the seat behind her a glassy-eyed woman with disheveled hair, who was convulsed with laughter.

"We'll be rich tonight after the paymaster comes," she said to the man who accompanied her. "Joe's place will stay open to cash them for us. Then we can burn up the town."

"I won't do much splurging," he said. "I'm saving for the big crash that's sure to come." He had taken off his hat and was brushing the water off the brim with his leather glove.

"Today's important. Let tomorrow wait. You'll not lose your job with..."

"Not lose it? I'll lose it before the peace is signed. There'll be a monkey-nut of a veteran without a leg or minus an arm who'll be sitting at my bench and drawing my money." He turned his head to look out of the window, and Helen shifted in her seat. She noticed that people were staring at him.

"You'll already be rich," his companion continued. "Anyway, the company will call you back."

"I won't come back even if they do call. I don't want to spend my time keeping an invalid from ruining the machinery, and that's what it'll be. Looks like the medics would give those broken guys an overdose of morphine. That's all it would take. Save us the worry. Just put them out of the way."

The woman leaned over to him and whispered, "Quiet down . . . watching."

"I'll take care of myself," he boasted, tapping his leather jacket. "But you wait and see how many pieces of veterans we're going to have to support."

Helen stood up and jerked the buzzer cord. It flew back into place with a crack. "Sorry, I'm getting off here." She wedged through the crowd of passengers.

When she stepped off the bus, the rain had slackened to a slow drizzle. The lights from the windows of the tall apartment houses flickered through the damp haze. Square patches of dark hung in most of the windows. She wondered if a service flag hung in the window of the boaster on the bus. He would feel different. Why didn't I say some-

thing then? she pondered. If Paul were wounded . . . No, I must not think about it. She quickened her steps, but again the question came back into her mind. If Paul . . . No, it wouldn't make any difference. I can work all of my life. Helen stopped in the entrance of her building to pick up the mail. She found

the V-mail from Paul, and she tore open the envelope. Her eyes dropped to the last two lines. "I may be home on furlough soon. I've had a little bad luck . . ." She rubbed her eyes to clear the blur, but the words still stood out black and foreboding on the gray background.

The Valley

VERA GOOD

*I stood alone and looked across the valley;
The trees whose roots were far below made webs
Of yellow lace through which the smoke of fall's
Gray fires was spiring to the gentle push
Of wind. The near was indistinct, the far
A furry mist that hung upon the earth
And made me feel infinity I could not see.*

A Study on "Paradise Lost"

E. JANET RUGG

Presented in prose form, *Paradise Lost* would still be recognized by the most casual reader as poetry. It has a cadence independent of strophe or metre, a certain motility produced by devices of resonance and syllable grouping, which combines satisfying euphony with perfection of diction and achieves an exalted poetic tone that is enhanced further by the mystical subject.

In such lines as

The infernal Serpent; he it was
whose guile,

Stirred up with envy and
revenge, deceived

The mother of mankind,

There is an alliterative resonance which sweeps us into a chill dread and dislike of the Deceiver, who

- - - with ambition's aim

Against the throne and monarchy
of God

Raised impious war in Heaven - - -.

We are gratified at the thought of his confinement,

In adamant chains and penal fire.

A remarkable use of two-syllable emphases attains upon occasion a sinister rhythm like the beat of jungle war drums, in which an occasional break of emphasis (although not of rhythm) serves but to intensify the effect, and seems rather to be a part of the intricate pattern than a departure from it. In the following, the breaks in emphasis are italicized, as,

Against the throne and monarchy
of God

Raised impious war in Heaven
and battle proud,

With vain attempt. Him the

Almighty Power

Hurled headlong flaming from the
ethereal sky

Reserved him to more wrath; for
now the thought

Both of lost happiness and last-
ing pain

Torments him; round he throws
his baleful eyes

That witnessed huge affliction and
dismay,

Mixed with obdurate pride and
steadfast hate.

At the same time, each of these variations seems to increase the tempo of the narrative.

If the poem is to be considered an allegory, it is, of course, a continuous figure of speech. However, the author is relatively sparing in his use of particular metaphor and simile, depending rather upon direct, vigorous, descriptive words to limn the images and action. Such words as *seduced*, *foul*, *infernal*, *envy*, *revenge*, *ambitious aim*, *baleful*, *fierce contention*, do not place any strain on the imagination but create a forceful picture. Wherever simile is used, it is largely the Homeric or epic simile which is employed.

Ornamentation in Book I of the *Paradise Lost* consists in a profusion of pictorial and musical words rather than in more intricate devices. So carefully, so precisely is each word chosen both for connotative and for phonetic values, that the effect of ceaseless struggle and on-rushing evil never falters; and if one attempts to isolate the words which are indispensable to the design, even the articles and prepositions seem to demand special consideration.

If there is any intricacy of stylistic construction, it is in the phrasing, which is often complex and involuted to meet poetic requirements; but even this factor is turned to good account in furthering the sense of relentless power and determination with which evil presses on to doom.

It has been said that poetry is the mother tongue of man, and surely this is

confirmed in Milton's great work. Through poetry he unfolds the emotional sublimity of elemental passions,—

— the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal
hate,

And courage - - -;
and gives full expression to the concept of "utmost power."

On "Le Petit Prince"

EULAH DAVIS

Le Petit Prince by Antoine de Saint Exupery, although presumably written as a child's book, reveals such a skillful use of French and sets forth such an estimation of the world and appreciation of mysticism that it is worthy of examination if for no other reason than a consideration of the symbols used.

The dexterity with which these symbols are formed is enough to cause speculation about the writer who, in one instance, makes a single rose different from all other roses by having it symbolize love, and in another, makes a king and a businessman representatives of power. Power is but one of the vices of the world that he attacks through symbolism, and love but one of the virtues, but they show his romantic nature and his sensitivity to beauty.

Antoine de St. Exupery was sensitive to beauty from his earliest years and had a love of music that later formed his rhythmic style and influenced his play on words. Essentially a philosopher, he lived in the two worlds of earth and sky, and might never have done so had he

not been a failure first. From his birth in 1900, the one thought that was developed by his family was his service in the merchant marine. He was well on his way to fulfilling their desires when he failed an examination that would have made him an officer. His family was greatly disappointed, but he was happy, for he was free to study flying.

He learned to fly, and by describing some of his experiences he became Antoine de St. Exupery, writer. In *Le Petite Prince* a flyer is forced down in the desert, and while repairing his plane, he meets The Little Prince; in reality St. Exupery himself made a forced landing in the desert while on a long distance flight from Paris to Saignon, Africa. In reality also, St. Exupery always wore a scarf with the ends streaming over his shoulders. In the book, every picture of The Little Prince shows him with a scarf that streams over his shoulders. These two characters are used as symbols of the spirit of Man that seeks illumination in time of adversity and stress; and of the wisdom, understanding, and sym-

pathy that is attributed to Christ.

The Little Prince, who symbolizes wisdom, speaks some of the most beautiful sentences found in the book. If I were limited to two quotations, I believe I should choose these two: the first, spoken to the aviator after they have thirsted and found fresh water in the desert to quench their thirst, "Mais les yeux sont aveugles. Il faut chercher avec le coeur." (But the eyes are blind. It is necessary to search with the heart.)

The second quotation is spoken when The Little Prince explains why he must die in order to leave the earth and return to his own planet. He says, "...C'est trop loinge ne peux pas emporter ce corps' la. C'est tres lourd . . . Mais ce sera comme une vieille ecorce abandonne. Ce n'est pas triste les vieilles ecorces." (It is very far away. I can't carry that body. It is very heavy . . . But it will be like an old, abandoned shell. Old shells are not sad.)

To One Who Climbs

BETTY JO FARK

You are not, in your search for fame and fun
Within these limestone walls of our small world,
Alone. For others, long before you, formed
Ambitions here, have sought the beckoning Sun.

And striving, touched, and touching, snatched at one
Above the others they could see, lips curled
As they returned to earth and held their World
In one small hand, triumphant. They have won.

So you, too, follow in their gold-paved path.
And striving, touch, and touching, grip and hold
Till all be lost in wakening aftermath.

Then peace will follow wisdom, life unfold.
Our world is small and petty, holding wrath
Of Gods in glorious Suns a thousand fold.

Deduction

DEDUCTIVE REASONING

I

E. JANET RUGG

All fish are vertebrates. They may be long or short. Their bodies may be thin and trim, or heavy and ungraceful. They may cut through the water like a knife or plough along after the fashion of a flat-bottomed scow. Within the layers of their flesh there may be myriads of tiny bone spears that cause one to rue the attempt to eat thereof; or the succulent flakes may be bone-free; yet always there is the long, strong line of the vertebrae. The rainbow trout, with its gorgeous lamination of scintillating color, has the whitest and tenderest of flesh, interspersed, though not too profusely, with the unpleasant little bones. Its body, in form and proportion as well as in hue, is a thing of utmost grace and beauty. Yet it is only a fish; and since it is a fish, it is a vertebrate.

II

MARGE YELVINGTON

All Mongolians have slant eyes. This race includes the peoples of nearly all of Asia excepting Hindustan and the Mohammedan countries of the Southwest. The typical Mongolian is of a yellowish complexion, has coarse, straight black hair, scant beard, a broad flat face with a small nose and prominent cheek bones, and eyes which often have a narrow slanting appearance due to the peculiar formation of the lids. The Chinese have

slant eyes. Their physical type is fairly homogeneous and conforms to the yellow race's standard. The Chinese skull is higher and proportionately longer than that of other yellow races. Therefore, the Chinese are Mongolians.

III

EULAH DAVIS

The arteries take the blood pumped by the heart and distribute it to the sections of the body where it is used. The blood is released from the heart in waves due to the contraction of this organ, and is, in all arteries except the pulmonary, free from impurities. When an artery is cut, the blood will spurt or gush from the wound and will be bright red in color.

The largest vessel in the body with the function of carrying blood from the heart to the rest of the body is the aorta. It leads from the left ventricle of the heart and branches three times in order to form the carotid, subclavian, and femoral arteries. These vessels in turn carry the purified blood to the neck and head, the upper limbs, and the lower limbs.

The aorta carries blood from the heart to the rest of the body, so cannot be anything but an artery.

(These paragraphs were written to illustrate the development of subjects inductively, or by reasoning from the particular to the general, and deductively, or by reasoning from the general to the particular.)

Induction

INDUCTIVE REASONING

I

GEORGE DOWNEY

The change which had slowly been creeping over my habitat was almost complete. The robins—what few there were—looked round and plump, as though they had donned their overcoats. The trees displayed the work of an artist, that Artist who alone can paint the trees in all their splendor—amber and gold and deep red and green! Tattered, shaggy stems o'er which little flowers once reigned supreme bent down to touch the earth. Creations for kings they once were, as they looked up toward the trees and seemed to smile when larks would sing; but now they were gone. A squirrel went flipping past and stopped. He juggled a nut and played around a tree to entertain me. Nature was taking care of her children about my dwelling place. She was preparing them for their sleep for it was autumn.

II

JEANNE HAVENS

The musical composition was divided into three distinct sections, each section being connected to that one following by a transitional section or episode. The style was polyphonic, having many voices, and the voices were entered one by one until four parts were playing simultaneously and counter to each other. The harmonies were clearly defined, as was the central theme, which was announced clearly in the first section of each of the four voices as it entered. In the middle section this subject was changed to another key and embellished somewhat by

various musical devices; then it was restated more emphatically than before in the final section, again in the original key. This form indicated that the composition was a fugue, and, since there were no deviations from the accepted fugue form, it could be of the classical period during the time of Bach, in the early part of the eighteenth century. Certain embellishments and excellency of structure mark it as typical of Bach, for he brought this type of writing to its highest degree of perfection. The fugal form then, may be said to exist in its highest form in the writings of Bach, and a Bach fugue may be recognized by its conformance to an accepted pattern.

III

E. JANET RUGG

One of the most beautiful of fish is a specie of trout. A true fish, he is a vertebrate, with scales, fins, and tail; but nature seems to have accentuated his every characteristic to make him a thing of vibrant exquisiteness. His body is sleekly slender, yet well-formed. His fins, sufficiently large and shaped for usefulness, nevertheless cling close to the body as though reluctant to mar the graceful symmetry of its lines. The tail is well proportioned to harmonize with the perfection of the body's line. True, these are, in a greater or less degree, the characteristics of all trout; but this one crowns his glory with a coat of gleaming scales that surpass the brilliance of all the jewelled sequins ever conceived by man. Well is he named *rainbow trout*, for only the rainbow in the sky, painted by the same Hand that colored him, rivals him in loveliness.

They Know Not What They Do

JOANNE VIELLEU

Before time and space and mortality, the Almighty looked down upon his newly created world, barren and cold. Into it He put light and heat, vegetation and animal matter. Then he created a being of purely animal existence, and into it He breathed a soul that was like unto Himself. This soul, this tiny bit of immortality elevated the being to a status between animal and divine life. This, then, is God's creation, dependent upon him for sustenance. This is His property, worthless though it may seem, that owes Him a debt unable to be repaid by its merely human capabilities. But God has infused it with enough of divinity that it may attain heights unachieved by any other type of being. And God is proud of His handiwork, and calls His creation Man, and gives him the earth for a plaything.

Now that God has given Man this beautiful, unsullied earth, what will Man do with it? He has within his power the ability to make of it a monument to its Creator, or he can destroy and degrade the work of God. What will become of Man and Earth?

Looking down through the ages, we see what has become of Man and Earth. We see Earth rocked and tossed upon the waves of Man's selfish will. We see the perpetual madness into which Man has thrown God's earth. We see the wars of all times — wars of avarice and greed, wars of revolt and religion, wars of punishment and peril. Finally we see the last three wars, each more horrible than the preceding one

The time—1865—the end of the Civil War

The huge, gaunt figure of the spectre Time holds silent vigil over a battle field strewn with dead of white and black in uniforms of blue and gray, though the color of both men and uniforms is obliterated by the same mud and blood.

Time ponders,

"Men say that I have done this—that I have littered this field with the bodies of their kind, that I have covered many more such fields with many more such mangled corpses. Men say that the pressure of Time is overbearing, unendurable, that I drive them to such murder and suicide. Men say that I am the overpowering cause of the mass slaughters which they call wars. 'If only we had more time,' they cry. 'If it weren't that time is driving and crowding us, we wouldn't need to be rushing into this war!' That is their mocking cry that echoes and reechoes from mouth to mouth.

"Yet, I am he who 'heals all wounds.' I could have bridged their gap of racial prejudice, had they but let me. Slowly, but surely, I could have taken this country, torn asunder, and welded its pieces into one beautiful union of mankind. But, no! men must fight and rage and seek for excuses to destroy themselves—and then they say that I have caused all this carnage."

The time—1919—the end of World War I

The shadowy, unsubstantial figure of Fate looms over a bloody mass of flesh

and barbed wire. Slowly he extends a long, bony finger

"Men accuse me of this bitter, futile struggle for life. Everything inexplicable is accredited to me because I myself am inexplicable. 'It is Fate,' they cry at life and death, joy and sorrow, pain and happiness. Then into my face they hurl the taunt. 'This world has been thrown into mortal chaos because it is Fate. Fate decrees that I must torture and kill my fellow beings. Fate drives me on and on in blind and savage lust for power and possession. It is Destiny!' This is how men mock and degrade the name of Fate. True, I am unyielding, and for this men have stormed and cursed me bitterly. I am inexorable, but I am not cruel or blood-thirsty. I am everything that will be because it must be, because it is inevitable, but I am not death or destruction. Those few men who have resigned themselves to Fate have found me a firm but gracious master. I can bring peace to the aged, comfort to the sorrowing, and solace to the bereaved. But I am Fate and men blame me for this brutal, callous massacre."

The time—the present

The tiny, insignificant figure of Man rises out of a charred and blackened world, a world that is a mass of tortured, twisted machinery, covered with dead and decaying bodies of his own kind. Man gloats and shouts for all to hear . . .

"I am the greatest reaper of them all. I am Man in all my vulgar, crude, and uncouth glory! I am Man exulting in my selfishness and pride, rejoicing in my insolence and defiance. I have torn out the hearts of many and the souls of millions. I stand here and face the Almighty one, the Omnipotent one—God,

in all His splendor and majesty—I stand here in my pettiness and triviality and I laugh—from the shallow depths of my small, mean heart, I laugh! Here am I, supposedly the human likeness of this Divinity. When I should be humble and grateful, I laugh and mock and defy Him. Then I build weapons, feverishly. I build weapons of destruction to cut, to burn, to tear, to maim, to torture, and to slaughter my fellow beings. And going still further I connive and contrive deceptions with which to corrupt and wither the pure hearts and souls of these few men who seek to express the pattern of the Almighty.

"God, I call you now to hear me. Here is your masterpiece, a world bleeding and dying, a world merciless and cruel, a world corrupt and crushed. I have done this with my own avarice and lust. And I hurl this battered, shattered cosmos back into the face of its Creator and I mock—'Here is your dream of peace and love. Here is your trust and belief in mankind! I toss it back to you now, besmirched and sullied, and I, I am the greatest reaper of them all!'"

And God from His heaven looks down upon this creeping, crawling Worm called Man, His creation. Why should He not destroy this puny creature who dares defy Him, who pits his futile wits against the wisdom of Eternity itself? Why should He not blast this wretched being from the face of the earth? Why not destroy this entire, rotten earth, this earth that was meant to be a tribute to its Creator? But wait, perhaps there is some decent corner of Man's soul worthy of forgiveness.

Search, O God, and search blindly for one single part of the soul of Man to love and cherish!

Is a faint glimmer there, amongst so

much that is cold and dead to love and warmth?

Once more the Almighty looks down upon three figures

Time, burdened and sorrowful,

Fate, grim and foreboding,

Man, petty and pompous

dancing grotesquely among the hideous ruins of the war-torn earth.

And as God determines to eradicate all this rottenness, to wipe it from existence, a fourth figure looms before Him, casting a protective shadow over Man and Earth. The figure is in agony, suffering torment, but from between parched lips, it sobs,

Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.

Comparison

HELEN CARTER

(This selection was developed as the result of a class assignment to compare the themes of Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and Yeats' "Among School Children.")

The theme of "Ode on a Grecian Urn," by John Keats, is that "beauty is truth and truth beauty;" that ideally beauty is everlasting, but actually the beauty of life, its happiness, does not last. This thought is developed through the implied comparison between the everlasting beauty and unchanging perfection of the imaginary life revealed by the figures on the urn and the changing, sorrow-beset lives of the actual world, where all things pass through the stage of beauty to a final fulfilment of purpose.

The theme of "Among School Children," by John Butler Yeats, is that "when the mind and body are in harmony, there is no distinction between the real and the ideal; the image and the actuality are one."¹ It is implied, however, that this ideal condition does not exist permanently in the life of man.

In that both express the character of

an ideology, inherently the same, the two themes are basically very similar, but the poets employ different methods of developing their ideas.

Keats is addressing a beautiful old Grecian urn which he is studying. He wonders about its history, what the carved or painted figures upon it symbolize, who they are—"What men or Gods are these?" Commenting upon a "fair youth, beneath the trees," who is evidently playing on pipes, he says, "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." Tunes heard by mortal ears may grow stale but one that is never heard, one that plays to the soul, will never die or cease to be beautiful in the minds of men. Furthermore the youth cannot leave his song, the contentment represented by the scene will always be his. In real life, so Keats implies, the song would die

¹ Cleanth Brooks, Jr. and Robert Warren, *Understanding Poetry*, Henry Holt and Company, New York, 1943, p. 484.

and the boy would move away, perhaps leaving his happiness behind.

The "bold lover" is addressed in the same manner. Though he will never be able to kiss his love, he will always have the thrill of anticipation; she will never grow old or lose her beauty; they will always be together, and he will always love her. Such is not true of life.

He sees the leafy trees and realizes that they will be forever in their glory, for spring will never depart, and winter will be forever in the future. The scene described in the fourth stanza is a pastoral picture of a religious sacrifice. A heifer is being led by priests to the "green altar" while many people follow the procession.

To conclude the poem, Keats concentrates the substance of the implied comparison inherent within the whole into the last five lines. He uses a great deal of selectivity in choosing pictorial images, and the result is a unified whole—mellow, graceful beauty.

Where Keats uses the term with its thought-provoking figures as the source of motivation for developing his theme, the situation stimulating the movement in "Among School Children" is the author's visit to a school room, where the children's eyes

"In momentary wonder stare upon

A sixty-year-old smiling public man."

The scene provokes a contemplative mood, and the man dreams "of a Ledaean body" (referring to Leda, the mother of Helen of Troy), his love, and the time the tale of childhood "tragedy" drew them together in "youthful sympathy." The children in the room make him wonder what she looked like at that age. Then he sees her "as a living child," and as

she looks today, old—"hollow of cheek." The three stanzas show the relationship of youth to maturity and maturity to age, and follow naturally the sequence of the thought of a person in a reverie.

From the specific he proceeds to the general and wonders what mother would think of her son at sixty years of age as "compensation for the pangs of his birth," and the "uncertainty" of his life's road. Plato, Aristotle, and Pythagoras were old men, "scarecrows." Mothers' images or ideals are seldom fulfilled by their sons, for at the height of their wisdom and at the peak of their success they are old and no longer possess the beauty of youth.

The seventh stanza expresses the idea that both nuns and mothers worship images, but the marble and bronze ones revealed in the light of the nuns' candles are not the same as the images, ideals, which haunt the minds of men and mock humanity because of the inability to attain ideals.

The theme becomes more obvious in the last stanza when the poet shows that where there is complete harmony the real and ideal are one—"O chestnut tree, great rooted blossomer, Are you the leaf, the blossom or the bole?"—and calls attention to the movement and expressions of a dancer, which become so much a part of the dance that it is impossible to tell the actuality (the dancer) and the image (the dance) apart.

The poems are much alike in their use of classical language and subdued rhythm, which are in both appropriate for the theme and method of development. Keats is clear in the pattern he uses for development, while Yeats leaves more to the imagination of the reader.

Mike

BILL SENNETT

Congratulating Mike's father about his stalwart son's being brought into the world was like congratulating a Kansas farmer who had just lost his home in one of those twisters for which the Jayhawker State is noted. The principal difference between Mike and a tornado is that a tornado is usually over in a flash. Mike goes on and on.

Mike is my sister's youngest boy. He was born on November 23, 1939. Little did the family realize as they gazed at this little cherub with the angelic face that they were looking at a reincarnation of "Peck's Bad Boy." The maternal side of the family feels sure that Mike inherited his sweet disposition from the paternal side.

Mike failed to display any homicidal tendencies until he had reached the ripe old age of sixteen months. It was on a Saturday afternoon that I was honored with the task of guarding this little bundle of innocence and delight from any harm that might befall him. Our mothers, armed to the teeth with advertising matter and some of my father's hard earned cash, had sallied forth on a shopping expedition. Mike was cheerfully playing in his play-pen, and I was stretched full-length on the couch listening to a football game. I must have dozed off, because the next thing I remember was that I jumped to my feet thinking the ceiling had caved in. I was mistaken. It was only lovable little Mike, standing there with a wicked gleam in his big brown eyes and a tack hammer in his hand. The big brown eyes with tears replacing the wicked gleam were all that kept me from "nephewicide." Despite

the huge lump on my head, I had great difficulty convincing my ever-loving sister that her pride and joy had attacked me with mayhem in his heart.

Mike's brown eyes are his chief stock in trade. About three weeks ago I took him to the grocery with me, and, as soon as we entered, women began commenting on his beautiful eyes and presumably sweet disposition. Mike stood demurely by, taking all of this in and probably thinking, "What fools these mortals be." I was going on about my business when suddenly I heard, "... and the little devil pulled it right off his head!" I was afraid to look around, but look I must. There stood Mike, leering at me from the doorway, with a malicious grin on his face and a sailor cap cocked jauntily on his head. I retrieved the hat as quickly as possible, returned it to the bawling brat whose mother had spoken, and stole silently from the store.

Mike is known as the "Roselawn terror"—Roselawn being the section of the city in which we dwell. It is well known that when Mike comes out the rest of the children go in. His advent resembles the approach of a swarm of locusts, or a leper, in the reaction that it brings forth. Mothers scurry hither and yon, guiding their flocks to safety; others rush to the phone and plead with their down-the-street neighbors to take the youngsters into their houses, as the distance is too great for them to make it home. When I walk down the street, I can feel the eyes burning into my back, and I can almost hear, "There goes the little brat's uncle."

The Judge

JANE KLEPPER

The shadows in the library of the big house cause eerie figures to dance and play across the walls and ceiling. One small light is burning on the thick wooden library desk. The air is stuffy and smells of worn pages and battered bindings. There is also the odor of new, slick pages, and bright smooth backs of books. It is quiet, except for the crisp sound of a page occasionally turning. Being attracted to this sound, one looks for its source, and is successful. Sitting in a huge leather rocking chair is a man in his middle seventies, with a bald head rimmed by snow white hair. As he shifts his stout body in the chair, the leather creaks loudly. His eyes are encircled by black, shell-rimmed spectacles. The furrows which are creased between his shaggy white eyebrows give one the impression that upon this man rest the problems of the world. This is my grandfather, and whenever I think of him, it is in this setting.

My grandfather is one of the most remarkable men I have ever known. He graduated from the University of Michigan fifty years ago. While there he studied law, and he still practices this profession in this middle-sized, Indiana town. He held the position of judge in the county, and still goes by this title, which pleases him very much. He has also studied music, and in recent years has composed works for piano and band. My grandfather was a lieutenant colonel in World War I, and he resents the fact

that Washington recently turned him down for active service in this war because of his age. His libraries are overloaded with books concerning wars, generals, and war presidents.

Grandfather is a stern man, and quiet, yet he has a great sense of humor and is very witty on certain occasions. He is kindly and sweet natured, but he can deal with opposers of the law with stubborn strength. Grandfather has always been strong and exceedingly intelligent, but is sometimes very one-sided in his views. When I was younger I feared him, yet loved him. Now my fear is gone.

There is nothing my grandfather would rather do than march in parades. Since he belongs to many organizations, among them being Knights Templars, American Legion, and bands, he has many beautiful uniforms, and they are his pride and joy.

I am very proud of him, and I like to tell about him. He has always seemed a pillar of strength, but one incident stands out in my mind in which he turned into an old man, overnight. Last March my grandmother died in the night, having been ill only a few minutes. When we left my grandfather after the funeral it was snowing very hard. He accompanied us to the bus station, and when I looked back I saw him walking away into the blinding fury of the snow, leaning heavily on his cane. He had, for that moment, lost his strength, his power. He was an old, tired man.

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

bridge over the rug as the Seabees do. But the best and most sensible idea, I decide after long consideration, is simply to move the rug to some desolate corner behind a nice comfortable chair. I have also debated many times with my conscience about quietly slipping from my room, after everyone is dead to the world, and building a pleasant bonfire with this cunning little rug as fuel. But that idea would bring forth the problem of getting a new rug, which might not fit in with the surroundings, either. No, I am

opposed to all these policies and have decided to meet the rug on his own battleground with better weapons than he.

The last time I went home, I greeted my dear enemy, the rug, with a cautious step. Alas! He heard me coming. Just as I was gingerly taking the last steps, the rug rushed from under my feet, leaving me breathlessly trying to regain my dignity. This little old rug is still the Unconquerable Hero . . . but he does not trip me any more. I approach the kitchen through the hall door.

It Could Happen Only To Me

BETTY FERGUSON

Prepare for the invasion! This is my slogan as I put the vases, the imported lamp, and the little knickknacks that usually grace our home into the back of a secluded closet. Every breakable object must be out of sight before my eleven cousins arrive for the annual party that I, as the oldest cousin, am obliged to have for them. My cousins range in age from tiny babes-in-arms to thirteen year old neophytes, and all of them come to this party except those who are suffering at the time from measles, mumps, whooping cough, chicken pox, or some other plague of childhood.

At the appointed time they charge into the house, their lusty young voices leading the attack. With their arrival come the problems of keeping them entertained and keeping them from dissecting the few pieces of furniture that have been left in the house. I know that each of these dear cherubs has had the proper training from the cradle to the present

time, yet they all seem to forget their careful manners at the precise moment they enter our house, which is converted into a combination race track and battlefield as my beloved cousins spring into action. More and more the action drifts toward the clash of the two opposing armies that are battling it out across the sofa in the living room. They have taken the expression "over the top" quite seriously, and they proceed to go "over the top" of the sofa. I had visions of a broken spring popping through the upholstery at any moment. As I saw the children mauling both themselves and the furniture, I realized that something must be done to halt the ever-growing tussle, so I hauled out the Pin-the-Tail-on-the-Donkey game. They were reluctant to give up their glorious fight for a quiet game such as this, but the promise of a prize finally induced them to concentrate on the game. Said game was not as quiet as I expected. Three year old

Eddie aroused a good deal of excitement when he thrust his weapon into his sister instead of into the cardboard donkey. Pleased at the result of his impishness, Eddie proceeded to do the same thing to one of his cousins and then to another before he could finally be stopped. Looking at the tear-stained faces of my young cousins, I wondered why the manufacturers advertised this game as the game for young children.

I attempted to rectify my error by having them play Musical Chair. Boys and girls were both slugging one another; the youngest tots were taking quite a beating. I stopped this game immediately and awarded the prize to Charles because he had behaved the best. Everyone began to pout, so I had to present everyone a prize just to "keep peace in the family." Before they had a chance to become dissatisfied with their gifts, I hustled them off to the dining room for refreshments. This plan also backfired. Not one of the children was satisfied with his paper hat, so a mad scramble ensued, in which paper hats were grabbed from one another and torn to shreds. This probably would have proved catastrophic had not the refreshments been brought in at that time. Most of the children dived furiously into eating the refreshments, but a few of them, who had paid a previous call to the kitchen, had already stuffed themselves, so they merely minced over the food and then began to throw

chunks of cake at each other. This looked as if it were fun, so everybody began playing this new and exciting game which they called "Socko with the Cako." In a few seconds the room was filled with flying morsels of angel cake, and my dear cousins were climbing on the chairs, darting across the table top, and crawling in and out under the table. I tried with what I thought was good psychology to stop this vicious new outburst, but my tact in urging them to eat their refreshments rewarded me with a large piece of cake, with very sticky frosting, plastered across my face. I gave up! I could do no more to stop them, so I left them to their own destruction.

When my aunts finally arrived to take my cousins home, they found instead of the freshly pleated and pinafored darlings they had left only two hours before a mangled mass of young humanity sticky from head to toe. Many a quizzical glance was directed at me, but I merely shrugged and said, "They are your children." My aunts very firmly marched each little cousin home, despite the fact that the children wanted to stay because they had had so much fun. After looking under the table, behind the sofa, in the pantry, and in all the closets to be sure that none of the little demons had stayed to heckle me, I collapsed onto the nearest chair. From there I viewed the wreckage before me, but I was too exhausted to do anything about it.

Tired

J. F. WORKMAN

"You're relieved, rangefinder. Go get some sleep." Gosh, was that control officer really speaking to me? Maybe I was thinking of it so hard I just imagined his saying it. But no, the relief was there beside me, yawning and stretching. A good sleep he'd had. Poor me! It just wasn't my day.

I descended the ladder and crawled like an animal into my bunk. Boy, what a day! A sub was nosing around this morning, and immediately the captain, knowing how nicely we were all sleeping, had decided to sound general quarters. Naturally, the fear of being sunk left the captain's mind as soon as we manned our guns. But woe for us! As it was breaking dawn, anyway, he thought it would be nice for us to see the sunrise. Not that we hadn't already seen it rise a thousand times before.

After missing morning chow because my relief was arguing politics with the cook, I assumed my place at the court martial table. A messboy was being tried for shooting dice, and of course I understood every word he spoke, especially the first and last. Just then the quartermaster, having nothing to do, suggested getting a chronometer reading and needed charts which were locked away and for which I had keys. So, politely interrupting the hearings of the life and death trial of the messboy, who liked games better than his officers, I descend-

ed five decks to the hold of the ship to retrieve the quartermaster's charts, only to find on my return that he had some in his desks.

Life boat drill came soon after noon chow and I relieved the watch, after frantically searching for my life jacket, which had remained hidden since we left port. Knowing the sun was hot, I went ahead and peeled off my jumper. Three hours later I realized my mistake. Sunburned and blistered, I watched the darkness descend. A destroyer appeared on the horizon just as my watch was relieved, so I remained at my battle station, as ordered.

Being as fresh as a daisy and twice as weak I climbed down from the rangefinder. There the Officer of the Day informed me my mid-watch had started.

Yes, it had been a big day, but now, being at last relieved, I lay there in my bunk. Once again I stretched out in my own little sack! Ah, how peaceful and quiet! The slow soft moan of the twin engines put me gently to sleep.

Then — Ding Ding Ding — General Quarters. Man your battle stations. Scream I did. But my officer said, "Heck, you'll get plenty of sleep—when the war's over." But what did I do when the war ended for me—go to college. Looks as if I'll have to die before I get my deserved sleep.

Equalizing Educational Opportunity

BETTY ANN EVARD

One of the problems that education faces today is a disconnected school system. A fact which I read recently in "Education in a Democracy" astounded and startled me: The state of New York expended \$147 a pupil in average daily attendance while Arkansas spent only \$31 per pupil during the years of 1937 and 1938. The salaries of teachers range from \$500 a year in some states to \$2500 in other states. Interestingly enough, it has been found that states with the least per capita income frequently make the greatest effort to support the schools.

How much better equipped the child from the far-seeing state would be in comparison to the one who goes to an outmoded school taught by poorly paid teachers. Yet both children are American citizens, and, as such, should have an equal opportunity to develop their talents and abilities.

Yes, something certainly should be done to bring about a unification of the school system in this country. But then the question of centralization of control arises. Leaders warn us against a dictatorial government. Wise men mention that Germany has always maintained federal control of the schools and used this power to further the ends of the

state. It is pointed out that remote control of the state of Washington by the capital of our government would be neither effective nor desirable. Also it is understandable that a group of states all experimenting with different methods of teaching would progress more rapidly by comparing notes than the whole nation would by experimenting with one method at a time.

The Senate Committee on Education proposed a bill in 1941 to give states federal assistance to help them meet financial emergencies and to help reduce the inequality of the schools. Although there are many arguments in favor of the bill, I think it would receive considerable opposition at this time from people not in sympathy with the present administration.

Perhaps the same goal can be realized without federal aid if the states will make a more hearty attempt to overcome the discrepancies within themselves. The schools in rural districts are in sore need of having their standards raised to the level of the city schools. If equal opportunity were granted in all sections of each state, then we would be getting at the root of the problem, and the job of making opportunity uniform throughout the whole country would be greatly simplified.

Materialism and Idealism in Education

PATSY WALKER

Much has been said about the modern educational system. It has been praised for producing efficient workers and useful citizens. On the other hand, the modern

system has been criticized for producing students who have no depths of feeling, no initiative. Such students can accomplish only the work they have specialized

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.