

MSS

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Vol. XII, No. 4

Since this issue of Manuscripts completes ten full years of quarterly MSS publication, the issue includes, in addition to prize material from the 1945 writing contests, a brief anniversary section. In this section are some of the poems of Marguerite Young and Louise Dauner, both of whom won Literary Contest awards while they were Butler students, and Joseph A. Berry, a winner of the League of American Pen Women prize.

MISS YOUNG, whose "Jonathan's House" is re-printed from the 1929 Tower, MSS predecessor, was graduated from Butler in 1930 and has since received her master's degree from Chicago and a doctorate from Iowa. Last year she was awarded an American Association of University Women fellowship. She is the author of two books of poetry, "Prismatic Ground" and "Moderate Fable," and of a prose work called "Angel in the Forest," which is based upon the Rappite and Owen experiments in communal living at New Harmony, Indiana.

Other familiar names from the staff of the Tower are Don Sparks, 1929 editor, who later became a Butler faculty member, and is now in the Army Air Corps, and Lotys Benning, now Lotys Benning Stewart, who was associate editor in 1929 and has since made a name for herself in the writing field. Mrs. Alice B. Wesenberg was faculty adviser of The Tower; Dr. Allegra Stewart has been MSS faculty sponsor since its beginning.

MISS DAUNER, whose poetry won a Literary Contest first place award in 1936, is represented in the anniversary section by a few of these poems, re-printed from the May issue of that year. A 1937 graduate, Miss Dauner was one of the first editors of MSS and a frequent contributor. She taught in the English department while she was working for a master's degree. After taking the doctorate at the University of Iowa, she was granted a fellowship by the A. A. U. W. and is now engaged in a research project at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. She expects to teach here in post-summer school and will be on the faculty of the University of Wisconsin next year.

A later MSS contributor who exchanged his pen for a rifle and Butler's halls for the world's battlefields, JOE BERRY was a student at Butler from October, 1940, to June, 1942. He entered the army from the University of Chicago, where he had just gone on a scholarship. A runner in the infantry, he served overseas on the Siegfried Line, and was killed by an enemy grenade on January 4, 1945. He is buried in Belgium. An excerpt from his prize poem "The Silversmith," re-printed from the May, 1942, MSS, and part of a letter he wrote to his mother less than three weeks before his death, complete the anniversary section.

The 1945 writing contest prize material might really also be considered a part of this section; it is the "thirty" at the end of the story. It represents this tenth year, and in so doing represents the whole ten years — the 69 students who have published in MSS Vol. XII and the 573 who have published since Vol. I, No. 1.

As has been the case in each issue of the last nine years, any success MSS has achieved this year in providing a good medium for student expression and a representative laboratory project for the English department has been due to the diligence of its staff members, the guidance of its faculty advisers, the cooperation of its printer, and the active interest of other English faculty members. The product of these forces, then, may it continue to grow in the quality of its material and in its service to Butler and Butler students.

Jonathan's House

MARGUERITE YOUNG

(This poem placed first in the 1929 Butler Literary Contest, Poetry Division.)

They used to plan their house long, long ago,
And giving of their strength to fragile things,
Erected with the dreams that would not go
A house with few of hoofs and many wings,
With cloistered garden where a fountain sings,
With stepping stones worn thin, a low brown door,
A fireplace of blue tiles, and sunlight on the floor.

They knew all shapes a fountain may assume
In winter when the trees are starkly cold.
There would be great, fire-spitting logs in gloom,
And book backs shining red and green and gold,
And beauty never cast in form nor mold
And Jonathan would muse, with just an air
Of pride, how there would be concealed beneath the stair

A door, built like a panel, that she might
Escape from petty callers. On the wall
Of their old garden would be vines with light
And silver mooded leaves, and over all
The shadows of pale, gleaming leaves would fall.
But that was long ago. That was a dream.
And Jonathan was gone. But he would never seem

Like one who died. He was more like the rain,
Recurring in a way that she had known.
But still, when Thomas asked, she knew again
Her woman's loss. Made certainly of stone
His house, to trade for what was hers alone.
Now, on a quiet street which had not changed,
Was this, the house which Thomas cheerfully arranged.

And now the moss-grown stepping stones she found,
The low brown door, the fireplace tiled in blue,
And through the rooms the swaying silver sound
Of water stabbing through the air anew,
And old, familiar shadows. These were true.
But when, at last, she groped beneath the stair,
No panel gave. The wide, unyielding stone was there.

Poems

LOUISE DAUNER

*(These poems are chosen from the group which won the
1936 Butler Literary Contest Poetry Prize.)*

If You Would Come

If you would come, this luminous flame
Sedately burning at my feet,
These phantoms of a poet's brain,
Like deer on mountains, shy and fleet,
Would burst their bonds of silence numb
If you would come — if you would come.

Upon my window, fingers tap.
Crisp rustlings would betray your tread.
Flame, fantasy and I
Await you; but the hour is sped.
Dead leaves upon the walk, the rain,
These only come again — again.

These are my visitors tonight;
These only come to wish me well.
My book drops leaden in the light
That dies to darkness, and the spell
Falls back on printed things still dumb.
You did not come — you did not come.

Day That Was Mine

Day that was mine—
Gently as maidens' feet upon a hill
Where willows sweetly rustle and are still,
Trailing your dimming hours upon the grass,
Sun-broidered draperies, softly you pass.

Day that was mine,
Leave me one radiant hour, always to keep
Changeless, forever mine So shall I sleep
Tranquil and comforted, soothed by your touch,
Day that was mine, day I have loved so much.

A Man I Do Not Like

A thought, against his seamless mind
Beats with a little hollow thud.
But could it enter, it might find
Strangulation in the mud.

The Silversmith

JOE BERRY

(This selection is an excerpt from "The Silversmith," winner of the 1942 League of American Pen Women Prize)

The boy held fast the silver to the bench
and, hands white-knuckled, traced a simple figure,
working while the years filled out his youth,
steadied his hand, and sharpened his brown eyes.
He sang at work, while nearby stood his father,
watching the light brown curly head bent low,
watching a fine hand, finer than his own,
work carefully; he saw a little box
take silver form, and saw a little joking
pattern on the top take form—take startling
form, if once you viewed it carefully.

But when the singing stopped, the childish voice,
and irritated muttering replaced it,
'twas then alone the father interfered.
He walked at times like these across the shop,
to where the boy was working at his bench—
a new-made bench, already bearing scars
from fire and tool, and holding several bracelets,
and not a few good boxes. He would see
his son dejected, staring at a ruined piece.
"Ruined?" he would echo, "Why, my boy,
you've barely scratched it. Cut the groove
a bit more deeply now, and file it so."
"But that's not how I wanted it at all."
"No difference; who buys it will not know."
"But I know." cried the lad, and bit his lip.
"Still you must finish it," his father said,
and sometimes there would come into his voice
a silver ring of coldness, and an edge
of hardened steel to cut and chill the boy,
who slowly, silently returned to work.

(This is part of a letter which Joe Berry wrote to his mother less than three weeks before his death.)

December 15, 1944

Dear Mother,

.

There are many values here which cannot be construed as other than morbid and tragic and unwholesome in every respect; but there are other values of spirit and manliness and courage, the recollection of which makes a person proud to have come through the whole thing. It is far better for a person to extract those positive values and to try to weigh and evaluate the real and true meanings of the things he sees and the situations in which he finds himself, rather than to allow himself to be too unduly impressed with the external and immediate sordid circumstances which he doesn't need to look carefully for. Of course, that is the way I feel about most everything, as you well know — the power of logic over feeling and the precedence of orderly, reasonable thought over haphazard sensory impressions. I am irrevocably convinced of the might of reason and of the power of the wise man as a moral agent, and I don't think that even this war can change that. It might reveal to me that the specific instance of mental control and development in myself is not so far advanced as I should like, but it can't alter my belief that the truly intelligent person can come through anything without being made bitter and hard and cynical. I hope I can do it — maybe not. The rest of the road which we have yet to travel will show that.

I am not too concerned about my own safety, which I suppose is the greatest matter of worry to you. If I can maintain my own integrity so long as I am here, I don't think it matters much in the larger picture of things what happens on the way. I'm not yet convinced of the honor of war and the nobility of the soldier's profession. I am convinced of the necessity of doing my job as efficiently as possible in order to save the lives of those around me and eventually of those back home. Well, enough for now — I have much to do, as usual. It's been snowing here for a day or so and the country looks awfully pretty. I think, sometimes, if the German people had gone to their windows and looked out at the snow covered pines once in a while, we might not have had to come over here. I have never seen such beautiful scenery, even back home.

All my love,

Joe.

The Translation of Peter Polo

MARY KERSHNER

(Prize Story — Indianapolis Branch,
League of American Pen Women Contest)

I

In a way, the morning opened like any other morning. Peter awakened, scratched an ear, rubbed an eye, straightened out a leg that had been folded like a bent wing beneath him. The same stiffness all over his body, the same heaviness weighting down his eyes. The difference was that he had wakened earlier. He floated quietly on a wave with his face turned to the sky.

But his mind, which had started stretching after drifting lazily in a white cloud, suddenly came to life. It began to receive messages, sending them on to Peter. The first one, nothing special, *Get up, breakfast is ready*, Peter ignored completely. The second one broke through the shell. *Ten years old today. You ought to get up.* Peter let the message hover in midair then coast like a feather to earth. A third message was coming in; slowly, painstakingly, a flower dropped in the dim pool of his mind unfolded its petals one by one. Funny, how they differed. The others had been straight to the point. This one just sidled in suggestively like a pink jellyfish with tentacles trailing. *An important day for you. You are standing in the path of an avalanche. Get up.* Now what did that mean?

Opposite the bed lace curtains swayed a little drunkenly at first. Their indistinct outlines, the blurred folds, and the softness hardened into photographic clarity. Dervishes, three of them, nodding, talking, wagging their heads over a small camp fire . . . Wild yak they were now, stampeding on a pale narrow prairie . . .

When sails sprang up, white, yellow, red, and the tropical sunset was a copper bowl overturned . . .

Hear it, the avalanche! It's sending out feelers, beginning to scatter rock already.

Peter was whisked to a coral atoll. He gathered a few coconuts, strolled to where the copra was spread out drying crisply in the sun, caught an orange flamingo by the tail feathers. The flamingo rippled away, too hot to hold. Peter found a lotus and tasted it. He stumbled upon tracks in the sand made by roc and followed them over a cliff, down a canyon, between boulders, at last underground.

So, an avalanche. What do you do about an avalanche?

Here, Peter, are the day's gains; count over the birthday loot. Old coins from south China, an atlas, stamps from Avis, and a pair of knitted gloves resembling sponges. But what gift from his mother? What had escaped detection, the cautious peering into dresser drawers, the opening of closets? Unanswered, that question, and with a sigh Peter let go his birthday. It sank into the chasm, an empty husk drained dry.

Now it was breakfast — and mother and father and Avis were all looking at Peter as if they shared some unmentionable secret about him. They would not talk of anything except scrambled eggs, how hard they were and how three tablespoons of milk lightly beaten in would have improved them.

"Peter, will you have toast with your eggs or muffins? Peter, some butter?"

A new experience, tom-toms disrupting the monotony of his heartbeat. Actually

he could both see and feel the drums — black lizard skins drawn taut over the thigh bones of ostriches and thumped by nervous brown wrinkled fingers. Moonstones on the fingers and living turquoise. A sweet flute, a whining bag-pipe. And Peter suddenly laughed without meaning to. His mother, talking about brussel sprouts, looked up:

"Either they are wrinkled or yellow or the delivery boy piles a lot of canned goods in, right on the top, and the bruises—"

He kissed her and was gone. He left by caravan, passing through mountains where the atmosphere was so rare that he could scarcely breathe. How impetuous Peter is! thought his mother. That boy, thought his father grimly, should show some respect for conventional rules of conduct. A wild weed, if ever . . .

"Passamint jelly please," said Avis, blond and preoccupied. They were Stoics buried to the eyebrows in averages. And they had all missed the avalanche.

II

The first misadventure took place on Ceylon, where Peter, after some irregular navigation, landed. In every direction the island leafed and shivered, drenching him in its full green tides.

"Hey, Pete! Look! brand-new!" Two racquets, slim-handled and oval at one end, rose among the leaves, They teetered back and forth.

"Come on down. Watcha doin' in that tree?" A feathery round object of no weight bonged on one of the racquets, sailed upward and stuck fast between two twigs.

Cannibals with filed teeth, luring him to the hideous rites of the underbrush.

"We're champs, Pete! We learned

how yesterday. Teach you — for a small fee!"

"Naw," filtered out of the tree, from the core of beleaguered Ceylon, "Naw," and the leaves closed, a solid green wall. The cannibals went their way.

Peter, creeping from the island's beach warily, circled the bay of Bengal in an outrigger canoe. Stretched flat on the bottom of the boat, he could see, distantly, the yellow and blue trolley car plummet down its tracks. The monster stopped instantly, lurched and lay still. The mailman, a Red Dress and Flower Hat got on board.

"Three chimps and a flying lizard," muttered the navigator scowling. "Gotta be careful. Might be more of 'em."

The dark Indian jungle spread like a vast opaque umbrella to shield him from impending dangers. It hid the gleaming trolley tracks, smothered the roar of the blue and yellow beast as it ate along the rails, and protected him from hostile, inquisitive men. Beneath it Peter humped and crawled and slid.

Though most of the trails had been systematically marked, their trees long ago nicked with deep cuts from Peter's knife, the one he now followed wound as faintly as a thread. Just when he decided it was no trail at all, it ended in a clump of elderberry bushes. The elderberry extended very far, forming a small jungle of its own. It grew thick and high, in one place screening an old rotted stump that blossomed with brown fungi.

Where are the maps, the charts, the compass?

Peter, diving into pockets, found none. His mother had betrayed him and laid out clean trousers. He tested the wind with a wet finger; there was no wind. He looked for moss; the trunks were bare of it. So the lost explorer sat down in the elderberry.

Before Peter, sprawled in these bushes, the white camel, Mago, who had been chewing May apple plants and now and then a pine cone, was observed by no one, not even the chipmunks. The noise drew him; and if Peter, instead of thinking about signal fires and flags and other aids to distress, had been using his ears, he would have heard Mago, for he came with all the stealth of a small landslide. He came dripping May apple leaves from his mouth and leaned over Peter's contemplative face.

The next five minutes while Peter and Mago were getting used to one another must be omitted. It is impossible to get a distinct picture of them . . . Peter was terrified, of course. Mago — well, Mago was only tired. This may have reassured Peter, who saw, as if he watched the swirling colors under a kaleidoscope fit gradually into brilliant patterns, first the travel stains on the white fur, then the blood-shot eyes, and at last the broken and dragging chain. Mago's saddle—red leather, silver-fringed — had been shaken a little to one side. Peter touched it with a great caution. The camel neck shuddered, and from under the shaggy throat a small bell jangled.

"Well," said Peter, "Well, I never." It was a vast truth.

In order to loosen the chain which throttled Mago and was working a crimson bruise on his neck, Peter had to climb into the saddle.

"See here," said Peter, "Now don't you move." At the same time his foot caught in the stirrups.

"Wait!" echoed among the trim straight pines. "Hey, Wait!" whispered the empty woods.

Now he shouts in the wind, into the dusk and cold fog of rivers. Now he reaches for a comet's scorching hair, for

the camel is rising through a hundred churning levels; on one the earth flies in clouds from under the beating hoofs; on one more the pale spray rises; another, the mist leaps up in tiers of pearl; and the pit of night reverberates. Is this the avalanche? In the silence between two stars Peter knows and is nodding.

III

"I am Peter Polowski from Grand Rapids, Michigan," the boy was saying to the three men in front of the camp fires. "Your camel brought me here. Where am I?"

Peter could not understand the man who spoke. The words reminded him of the soft sounds made by a covey of quail. In the impenetrable darkness animals whinnied or moved, and the general restlessness which ran through all the currents of the camp heightened. The unknown words poured over him again; helpless, Peter shook his head.

"English. Can some one speak English?"

The men looked beyond Peter where huge trees blackened. The nightmare quality of those moments only increased by the arrival of two more men in the firelight. These — filthy, grotesque, ragged — carried dirt caked loosely on their bodies, and not even the startling masses of hair could cover up the dirt-lined faces. They were received with the greatest respect. Peter watched the operations of the two men; while one piled branches on the fire the other held a silver bowl over them. The flames turned blue and a light haze began to roll upward through which, as though from the hollow of a far off valley, Peter heard one speaking:

"You, brought by Mago from beyond barren Lop, where is your home and what

are you named? Tell us, for while the fire smokes we can understand each other."

Peter's voice had been reduced to a mere trickle.

"Peter Polowski is my name, from Grand Rapids, Michigan."

Some one laughed.

"Peter Polowski? Michigan? There is no such kingdom, for if there were these men would know it. They travel the world."

"Who are you?"

"We? The Baksi, priests of Buddha, magicians to the great Khan Kublai. We come from the imperial court of Ta-in-fu to assist the Polos." The fire sank to a trace of purple, then flared.

"Who, did you say? What?"

"Speak loudly. The Polos. You know of the Polos, the travelers and merchants? Two brothers, Nicolo and Maffo, stand here with a young one, Marco. Tomorrow Kublai meets them in his winter palace."

"But the Polos," screamed Peter. "They died."

"They say that, do they, in your kingdom Michigan? The world bellies with rumor. No, the caravan of the Polo brothers has doubled in strength and tomorrow will find honor. You, boy, how do they say the Polos have died?"

"I think I think in prison" Peter could not go on.

More laughter rose. Then softly, "Where does this Michigan lie?"

"In America."

"Mago found you in America? He has brought you, then, like the others?"

"What others?"

"Listen, Peter Polowski. The white camel has broken loose before, three times, and returned with strange men. Never a boy till now, never a young one."

"Who are they? May I see them?"

"They wait at the court. You may see

them tomorrow when you are presented to the Khan."

"Why are they here? Why am I?"

"Mago brought them. One said he climbed a mountain named Everest and slipped through a deep crack. Mago found him lying in the snow. Another comes from your America, from a place called Ecuador. The last one was crossing a desert, Australia he said it was, when he lost his company. They are brave men, all of them. They will travel with the Polos."

A long silence fell on Peter. The wind pushed the flames to one side and he could see the Baksi talking.

"You must learn the language, boy. Marco desires to teach you."

A fear seized Peter. "Must I stay too? Can't the camel take me back?"

"Mago is chained Why, think of it, boy, do you want to return so badly?"

Peter thought of it. He reached for his home and parents but stubbornly they refused to transcend the mist. He felt that they were lost to him. Determined, he asked:

"Is there any way back?"

"Why, if you say so. We can send you before the sun rises. Our power can, when summoned, hold off the monsoon. Yet there are limits; after the first dawn we can no longer help you."

"I must go. I belong at home."

"Then why have you come? And who knows, at least in his heart, where he belongs?" Then "What do you do at home, in Michigan?"

"I go to school. I play and" remembering a phrase from his father . . . "study to make my place in society."

"There is more to learn here. There is the mystery to be resolved of lands beyond men's knowledge. There is Zipangu, an island of pearls, which has never been

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remembering a phrase from his father . . .
"study to make my place in society."

"There is more to learn here. There is the mystery to be resolved of lands beyond men's knowledge. There is Zipangu, an island of pearls, which has never been

seen. Also castles like Thaikim and mountains where swift falcon fly. Shandu is a city set in the hills like a dove among emeralds . . . You care for such things?"

"Oh," said Peter, "I have always wanted to be an explorer, but my father says I am to study law."

"What does your father do in this society?"

"Why, he is in business. He works hard every day in an office, buying and selling stocks. He is very successful."

"What is an office that he works in?"

"It's a small room where people work and telephones ring a lot"

"He stays there every day? In one room? Always the same?"

"Yes."

"Men do not live in a box here. But perhaps in his mind he is free. What of the law you will learn? Where will it take you?"

"Well . . . to courtrooms and offices. It settles men's problems, you see."

"Our camels will carry you farther. And here you will find problems. Some survive the plagues, some do not. Wisdom is needed in the desert."

"Don't you see. I can't stay. This place isn't real. It's not the world or anyplace or anywhere. I can't stay."

"You know what is real and not real then? You know where each world stops and where each begins?"

"No, no," choked Peter, "I can't understand."

"There are many worlds and many confusions It is your choice, boy, since it has been given to you. Make it."

With that the Baksi withdrew. Peter stared for a long while into the smoking

ashes. It was nearly dawn. He could glimpse minarets like shafts of radiant silver pointing into the heavens. Around him the notes of a flute spiraled infinitely high as if they would pierce the moon. The odor of grapes and mulberries drifted from darkened gardens.

The Baksi returned. The old man, Maffeo, stood behind them. "It is dawn soon, boy. You may stay, Peter Polo, or leave, Peter Polowski."

Tears stood in the boy's eyes. "They will miss me. They will miss me." His arms which had been rigid and tensed dropped freely. "But I am here now."

The sun rose all at once as if a giant basket of red magnolias had spilled over the sky.

* * * *

Mr. Polowski was speaking:

"Phyllis, I'm going to do something about that boy. I'm going to send him to a military academy, that's what I'm going to do. Get some sense knocked into him for once."

Avis tossed her head. "Oh, you know how Peter is. He's always chasing tigers or climbing imaginary sand dunes. He can't even remember when he has a birthday."

Mr. Polowski growled, "Hang it, I'll remember him into a good stiff school."

Mrs. Polowski brought out a book from under the sofa cushions. "This is my present to Peter. Do you think he'll like it?" The book title read *The Travels of Marco Polo*, translated from the French.

"Like it?" remarked Avis. "Yes, I think he will."

Mr. Polowski had begun reading the newspaper.

Objective

E. JANET RUGG

(First Place, Essay Division, 1945 Butler Literary Contest)

Have a purpose! Certainly if one is to get on in life with a degree of success, this seems a practical injunction. To know one's objective is prerequisite to worthwhile living, for the goal determines the course to be pursued, and the nature of the goal influences the method of pursuit.

Objectives are of two kinds, temporal and eternal; and whether we choose one or both is a deciding factor in our manner of living. It is thus that character is built. "If in this life only we have hope —, we are of all men most miserable," says Paul. For him who looks only to temporal objectives, life is a prison, its circumscribed area surrounded by high walls that exclude any view of broad horizons, thwart nature's urge to spring up and grow and reach ever farther into the glory of the infinite. And soon such a one forgets how to look into the immeasurable and mysterious distances of eternity; finds himself smothered by the things of today, exhausted by the anxieties and fears and perplexities of mere existence.

God, let my temporal objectives be conditioned by the eternal, my hope abounding in the faith that makes each day's adventure the promise of a more glorious tomorrow! Such were my thoughts one day toward the end of a cross-country journey by automobile.

The whole trip had been like the advance of Eisenhower's armies. At 6:30 a. m. on a Tuesday we left Cleveland. On schedule we lunched in Dayton. Cincinnati was entered according to plan at 5:30 p. m. The next day we failed to make our noon objective because of an unfore-

seen detour; however, in spite of this delay, we arrived at our planned night position only an hour off schedule. And so it had gone for five days. Home was now only a few hours away, and the question was: should we stop for the night or proceed by hard driving to reach our objective a few hours earlier?

Perhaps it was the desert heat; or perhaps my mind did not wish to make the decision. I was suddenly weary of concentration on objectives. It is a form of exercise, on which the mind may become like the over-trained athlete, or the horse which is brought to the peak of form too soon and breaks pace in the middle of the race. The mental pace was broken for me, and my thoughts wandered to a summer of long ago, my first visit to Colorado.

Men with teams and carriages for hire unerringly spotted us as newcomers. They angled for us with the highly colored bait of alluring folders and enticing speeches, and each tour offered seemed to us more attractive than the one before. We did them all. Through the Garden of the Gods in one and a half hours; ten minutes at the Balanced Rock, five minutes at Steamboat Rock, time for pictures of the Kissing Camels and the Sleeping Indian. Three hours round-trip to the Seven Falls, allowing forty-five minutes for the climb up the two hundred and twelve steps (if you are a good climber there is time to go on to Helen Hunt Jackson's grave on the mountain top, and there you may pause for a moment to picture the author of *Ramona*, writing in this spot.) Williams Canyon, Cave of the Winds, North Cheyenne Canyon, Pike's Peak — all on schedule! *Veni, vidi, vici.*

At last I rebelled against the crack of the driver's whip and his urgent call to move, just when I found a place for lingering. One day must be my own.

In the cool dawn I was on my way, warm sweater over my shoulders, stout walking shoes carrying my feet along as though buoyed by the light mountain air. Before the drivers were at the curbs with their wheedling calls, I was beyond their reach. The Rocky Mountains lay before me for possession. A large objective, someone says. But this day I had no thought of objectives. I would possess the mountains by allowing myself to be possessed.

No scaling of lofty peaks for me that day, merely to stand at the top and flap my wings like Chanticleer, demanding attention for my exploit. I found the secluded, shady canyons where were lush ferns and columbine untrampled by the gawking throng, who craned toward the barren summits overhead and missed the lavish beauty at their feet. I drank from singing waterfalls unsung by men, and watched, in quiet pools, the rainbow trout that here found refuge from the wiles of anglers. I sat enthroned upon a rock, while the tumbling froth of a noisy stream leaped at my feet, cooling, refreshing, so that I walked with new pleasure on my way. I found a bed of pine needles, and drowsed to the whispered song of the wind through the parent trees overhead, until a distant diapason note aroused me to see cloud legions in the sky, casting their fiery lances toward the earth.

Discretion sent me to the nearest road, which wove its way by devious turns up the mountain side. And there, basking in radiant sunshine, I stood serene as Juno gazing down from Mount Olympus, and watched the scurrying tribe of mortals seek shelter from the storm as it broke in

glorious fury on the mountain slope below me. I saw the lightning at my feet, I felt the mountain tremble as the thunder rolled, and I smelled the sweet, clean odor of the rain borne to me on the upsweeping current of the wind. And the sun warmed me against the chill of the storm, and I was at peace, while other mortals strove against the elements.

A bird burst into thrilling song above my head, giving voice to the rhapsody of my own soul; and a chipmunk paused in the door of his hole to share with me the harmony of this exalted moment.

Perhaps I had had an objective after all; this union of my being with the mountains, this submerging of myself to the moods and charms of nature, had brought a sense of peace that was in itself the objective toward which all mankind is yearning. By ceasing to strive, I had possessed it.

I turned toward home. The way was pleasant; the evening air was balmy, aglow with the sunset. I walked in an aura of splendid reverie. The coachmen flicked the tired horses with their whips, and the passengers, dusty, weary, surfeited with seeing, sore from reaching to glimpse the unattainable, clung to their seats as the carriages clattered down the pass. In their eyes I could have seen visions of hot tubs, steak dinners, bed. But the wind still whispered in my ear; thought of the cold mountain stream set my flesh tingling anew, and the scent of the pines and the rain was in my nostrils.

Today I had had peace. But tomorrow the whips would crack again and I would be one of the hurrying throng, pressing and striving for the objectives of the moment, again seeking peace.

"If in this life only we have hope—"

* * * *

"Behold I show you a mystery: we

shall not all sleep."

This mystery Paul wrote about, which he could show to us but not explain: what is its meaning? This has been a question in the thoughts of men from the beginning of time. It lies at the root of all world religions; it is the mystery that has influenced men for good or evil throughout the history of the world.

Sleep itself is a mystery. Who knows whither the soul takes flight while we are sleeping? Impossible that it should go to the realm of our dreams! — to that unseen landscape peopled by fantastic, yet vaguely familiar figures. The trivia and chaos of that realm surely cannot encompass the greatness of the human soul! No, dreams cannot be a vane to point my soul's course when I am sunk in slumber. Perhaps, then, my soul is also in repose, needing like the body, rest and refreshment from the stress of daily life; perhaps it, too, but sleeps until the dawn of a new day.

But there is a deeper sleep, a sleep from which I shall not arise to resume the daily business of living. What then of my soul? I read,

The dead know not anything—
their love and their hatred and their
envy is now perished;
neither have they any more a portion
forever in anything that is done under
the sun. for there is no work, nor
device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom,
in the grave, whither thou goest."

Ecclesiastes 9:5,6,10

Is there, then, nought but oblivion ahead?

* * * *

I was engulfed in a viewless eternity. It was the moment of ebb tide, and the ocean was asleep, and all life with it. The cushion of sand on which I rested might have been the velvet padding of a casket. No sound reached my ear; my eyes strained to catch an elusive gleam in the blackness

which pressed so closely that I dared not move my arms, a hand, a finger, lest I find narrow, trammeling walls. Now and then I seemed to sense, rather than to see, a glint of light, a fleeting reflection of a star in the unruffled water. Or was it an illusion, product of the longing of the eye to pierce the gloom? A ghostly shadow hovered momentarily and was gone. Then, swiftly it returned bringing a legion with it. The smothering silence of the fog enfolded me. Earth and heaven had slipped away, and I was alone in an eternity of hopelessness where no life stirred.

"The dead know not anything." Ah, oblivion were sweet escape from this dread solitude.

* * * *

"There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: — so also is the resurrection of the dead." I Corinthians 15:41,42

I stood at the brink of eternity. About me, faintly seen in the gloom that precedes the dawn, were ghostly figures that appeared somehow to move; and I was moving with them. The earth itself was reeling gently, and I felt the rhythm of the spheres as they swung and swayed to the music of the universe. I could go no farther; before me there lay neither earth nor sea. A mystic vapor moved restlessly under the first kiss of dawn. Off in the distance a faint glow touched a snow-crowned summit, slipped on to bestow its caress on other beauties; and in its wake it left a windening blush of rosy light.

My soul was yearning toward that brightness, which seemed so near yet was so far beyond my reach. I could only stand and watch while a miracle took place. Down into the shade of eternity's chasm the light made its way. The rosy tint of the mountain peaks was changed to golden brightness which reflected upon

the misty depth imparting a glowing radiance. Shadows of form and color came into being, veiled in the clinging mist but giving hope that here was no lonely void. And then the sun leaped over the loftiest mountain top, dispelling every trace of uncertainty and doubt. The mysterious chasm at my feet became a scintillating

jewel, as the glorious azure of Crater Lake caught the sun's rays and flung them joyously upward to the sky again.

No longer was I standing on the brink of the unknown. Here was joy, and freedom, and glorious existence, realities that neither life nor death can dim. "Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not sleep."

The Birthday

JOAN FULLER

*(First Place, Short Story Division,
1945 Butler Literary Contest)*

The woman's arms were tired, and her back, as she pushed the iron. But the pain of her body was somehow outside her, and she was only her thoughts. There was so much to do before Grandma's party. After Mrs. Knox's ironing was done there was hall and living room to clean, the cake to ice, and lunch to fix for Grandma and the baby. If only Ella May's time hadn't come early, she could have helped with the easy things. She'd been early with Carol, too, though, and they might have known.

It seemed awful not to be with the poor girl. But there was so much to do. And Ella May was a big strong girl. And this time they even had money enough for her to go to the hospital. Almost nobody had trouble having babies in the hospital. It wouldn't be like when Ella May herself was born. The woman smiled a little at the slip on the ironing board. Once in a while she'd thought it would have been as well if she'd died then and Ella May too. But that wasn't so. Sometimes it was very good to be alive. And sometimes even cleaning people's houses wasn't so bad.

Most people were awfully nice. They sent you jellies and chicken when you were sick. And look at Mrs. Pohl. A hundred dollars for Grandma — one for each year. Certainly was lucky, seeing that Ella May had had to go so quickly. Babies might be a lot of trouble, but it was fun to watch them grow up. And to think of all the times Grandma'd seen that. It was lucky too that Mrs. Pohl had said she could clean on Friday this week or she never would have got ready for the party.

The slip was the last thing in the basket, and as she folded it she planned what she'd do next. First the cleaning. She'd hung the curtains last night, and there was only the floor and the dusting to do. She put the ironing things away in the closet and then stood still a minute. Pushing back her hair with her arm, she sighed a little. Her forehead was wet, and she could smell the perspiration from under her arms.

With a big cap on her head and brooms and mops under her arms, she went into the living room. The sun shining in and the starched white curtains made it look pretty nice and cheerful even if the floor wasn't cleaned. And with Grandma in her

black silk with the lace collar sitting in the window, nobody'd notice the shabby chairs. It wouldn't be much of a party really. But people would be dropping in and she had a recipe from Mrs. Foster, her Thursday woman, for a kind of tea punch. With the cake, and Grandma sitting there being gracious and trying not to look excited, it would be fine.

She began to whistle as she brushed the flowered carpet. The legend of Grandma had always been such a wonderful thing. And to think of living a hundred years. And clear up to last year she'd been able to do fine sewing for people. Then the arthritis got into her hands, too. But she could still tell stories that made the whole world seem to glow. When they were children and didn't have any decent clothes to wear and the other kids laughed at them, you could sort of not care because you knew you were better than anyone else and your grandmother had been a lady in England and run away with an American sailor and got disinherited. She'd had an awful time when he died, but she was always gay and gentle, and her eyes would shine as she told about being a girl, and she never let them forget their English. She'd tell about riding in the wind and dances in great white rooms, and you forgot how tired you were and that there was still ironing to be done. And the idea of her having the courage and doing something people in books would do. That was good, too. And to live a hundred years mostly being well. That was most wonderful.

She'd finished the carpet, and it looked pretty good in spite of its being threadbare. She looked at the glass things on the mantel and decided to wash them. But first she'd better find out about Ella May. Of course it would be a girl. Everybody in their family had girls, and Ella May's husband

had four sisters. Carol had plenty of little dresses that the new one could wear.

She went next door to the Shell station to phone the hospital. The air was wonderful and fresh because of the rain last night, and the sun sparkled on everything. Carol was playing with the little boy down the street and called to her, and she yelled "Hi!" She wasn't at all worried about Ella May. Nothing could happen today. When the nurse said, "Just a moment, Mrs. Thompson. I think I have good news for you," she wasn't even surprised.

However, when they said, "It's an eight-pound boy, Mrs. Thompson, and they're both in fine shape," she nearly dropped the receiver.

"A boy?" she repeated.

"And a big fellow, too."

"My goodness," was all she could say.

But when she went outside again, she thought she might have known. This was a day when wonderful things happened. And what a surprise for Grandma. She'd seen four generations and this was the first boy. Oh, it was a good day. She almost ran back to the house and up the stairs.

"Grandma!" she called as she went.

But she stopped in the quiet room. The old woman was lying back in her chair looking out of the window at the sunlight making shimmered spots on the drying leaves. She was so still that suddenly her granddaughter was frightened. She remembered stories about babies being born and old people dying at the same moment. You were always supposed to be consoled by the new life. But then the old woman said, "It's pretty. When you're old, you can notice things again."

An enormous feeling of relief made her feel a bit weak. Then she said, "Ella May . . ."

"Is she all right?"

"Yes, Grandma, it's a boy. Isn't that a birthday present?"

"And the mother?"

"Oh, fine."

"I'm glad." The old woman's voice was flat.

"But isn't it wonderful?" her granddaughter insisted. She was suddenly afraid again. And her mood of happiness was gone.

"It will mean more clothes to buy. Or be given."

"Oh, don't think of that now. You wanted us all to have boys. And now you have one. And for your birthday." She wanted desperately to feel again as she had a while ago. But somehow she knew she couldn't. If you counted on something and wanted it too much, you were bound to be disappointed.

Suddenly the old woman turned her head toward her granddaughter, staring at her. Sometimes her eyes were vague and their color the indefinite blue-edged brown of the very old. But as she stared they were very dark and glittering. Then her mouth twisted. "I wish you wouldn't give me a party," she said harshly. "My life has been evil."

"Grandma!"

"It has. I had money and a good family and I ran away for love. Oh, it was romantic, wasn't it? And you're romantic. Look at yourself. Broken and ugly and old from work, and your mother and me before you. And Ella and those children, too. Never a moment to notice the clouds of a sunset or the light on the leaves. You're all stupid and insensitive and each of your children a little more so. And I've done it. It's my doing." Abruptly she put her skinny, twisted little hands over her face and began to weep, noisily like a child.

The other woman was stunned and filled with a kind of horror. She wanted to say something wise. She wanted to make some gesture. But she was suddenly very tired again. She looked at her own face in the mirror and it was yellow and lined and her hair was dull and nearly gray.

The old woman looked up from her hands and said almost savagely, "Get out of here."

Because she still couldn't think of any thing to say she turned and went back to her cleaning.

Not Guilty

JOSEPH F. WORKMAN

*(Second Place, Short Story Division,
1945 Butler Literary Contest)*

The courtroom was lighted with a bright, blinding flash. The twelve selected ministers of the jury, representing all religious denominations, stared solemnly at the defendant who sat in the seat of judgment. With firm straight lips but in a

manner not unkind, the foreman arose, and said the jury was ready to hear the evidence. The defendant, a sailor with an oil-soaked uniform that showed spots of blood on his shoulders and chest, stood and faced the jury. His voice gurgled a little—then broke. Perspiration stood out on his face. He started again, this time in a

clear, confident tone.

"God knows I didn't want to kill! My youth's training made me not a killer. But, Sirs, there is something that happens that can't be explained. At first you feel it and know it's everywhere. What this something is you don't rightly know; it's just there. After a few weeks aboard a warship it gets in the marrow of your bones, and in a few months it drugs your brain.

"One night I found what this 'something' was. I, with tired muscles and bloodshot eyes, had just been relieved from the forward three-inch gun and had gone to my bunk, located three decks below, for some much needed rest. After an hour or so of restless tossing I found I couldn't sleep. Arising, I walked along the forward passageway, with no particular intention of action. Then, up ahead, I saw a small light, and knowing that it was unusual for someone to be working after 2400, my curiosity arose to find out the circumstances. A long conveyer, used in carrying the sixteen-inch shells the length of the ship, was on one side of the passageway. This made it difficult to approach the small light without detection; however, I arrived without a sound, only to find the captain's yeoman, stooped over his mimeograph machine, innocently mimeographing some postcards. This certainly didn't seem irregular, so I let myself be seen. When he immediately covered his work, I knew, then, that he must have some secret job at hand since he found it necessary to pick midnight to accomplish it. I was not to be daunted by his gesture, however, and began asking questions to find out what he was doing. Knowing, I suppose, that I kept a closed mouth on confidential matters, he let me in on my first real surprise since I had boarded the ship. His secret was a group of some thousand cards print-

ed with these statements.

Dear -----

I am well, slightly wounded,
seriously wounded.*

*(Delete the words not needed)

Innocent enough this job, and yet, Sirs, I smiled, for I knew then what the feeling was that I had referred to as It. It was war."

The sailor lifted his eyes and squared his sagging shoulders, then continued:

"I had realized for a long time we wanted and needed war, every enlisted man of us. Can you imagine a basketball team practicing all season and not playing a single game? We practiced enough, in fact too much. Sometimes the General Quarters alarm would ring out four to five times a day, and each time we would hurriedly spring to our gun positions. Within ninety seconds the crew would be at their stations. But no enemy. No shooting. What we wanted was real targets; insane desire to defeat someone was within us. The thought of killing men never entered our minds. It was steel against steel. Shell against shell. Our ship was indestructible; and our lives were quite safe, for we were powerful. This the captain had told us many, many times.

"Yet now that it was imminent — why those cards made me believe this I can not tell — I felt a strange nausea growing inside of me. Thereafter I tingled nervously each time I mounted the gunner's seat. Yes, practice was now pleasure, for soon we would fight.

"And then it came. The morning air was cool and delightful. The Hawaiian fields of varied green hue blended with the blue sky. I arose late this Sunday but was on deck to see the beginning ceremonies of raising our battleflag. There was something awe-inspiring in this everyday occasion. Each time it went up, its colors

seemed to herald a victory. Those colors waving against the blue sky gave us the confidence of an assured glory in battle. As the bugle's call-to-colors sounded, every man would drop his work and stand at attention, facing the flag. On such occasion the flag was ours to protect and forever hold on high.

"But today it wasn't to go up. Instead the air raid siren shrieked through the quiet morning. Surprised, but orderly, we sprang to our stations. This wasn't practice. Never would the captain sound G.Q. on Sunday morning in port. We watched anxiously the quiet waters of the harbor about us, the neat and orderly rows of destroyers lying far off to the starboard, the battleship row sneering at the world behind its huge sixteen-inch guns, the cruisers and submarines stretched out from piers 9 to 19, all forming a thick mass of guns pointing up toward the as yet invisible enemy. Alongside the ships, small boats and motor launches lashed back and forth nervously. The sun was just on the eastern horizon, and our eyes hurt as we stared into it seeking our enemy. Slowly mounting within us was a feeling of newborn power.

"The wait wasn't long. Over on the dock, bombs began to explode. We sighted our unknown attackers at level twenty-five coming in at an altitude of about one o'clock, and waited for them to come closer. Our eyes were glued to our sights. Our hands twitched nervously on the trip lever. Suddenly a young seaman, without orders, opened up with his machine gun. With the sharp rending of his fifty-calibre, at a target he could not hit, hell broke loose. Within seconds the sky was black. The old navy blanket of covering the sky was in full progress. One or two planes fell. Moving with the precision of robots, turning our guns like good timing-clocks, we

followed the bombers. The ship aft of us took a direct hit on the forecastle. Every man of us cringed. The next explosion came from the ship further aft, and its vibration shook our thirty thousand tonner as though she were made of paper. A kind of pandemonium broke loose. Gunners reared up from their seats to watch the ships aft of us battle a fire that was spreading from stem to stern. Oil was escaping from the damaged ships out over the water. As it engulfed us, fire rose quickly, eating it up. The black oil-fire smoke smothered our sights. Immediately the fire-control men sprang to their hose and sprayed long streams of white foaming salt water around the ship to keep the fire away. Orders were screamed out over the loud speakers. Our small boats were quickly manned, and the crews took out for the other ships to rescue men who had jumped into the inferno of fire and were screaming so loud that the sound could be heard above our guns.

"Then, as this mad scramble reached its height, our ship took a fish. The noise of the explosion was horrible. Steam pipes began breaking, releasing hot steaming water on panic-mad sailors trapped below decks. The men in the brig died painfully as they clung to the bars of the cells, scalding to death. The ammunition men tore at each other trying to reach the upper decks. The weak fell beneath the blows of the strong and were trampled underfoot. Fire menace periled the whole ship. Water poured in so fast that the pumps became useless. The ship started capsizing as I crossed to the port. There, plane after plane, came in out of the sun. Each descended to water's level, streaked almost up on us, dropped its torpedo, pulled up sharply, wheeled, just missing our superstructure. I again caught sight of the ship to the aft. She seemed to belch

with smoke, rise a little out of the water, then slowly capsize. From her starboard ports men were scrambling out like long lines of ants; in the water, thousands of bodies were floating. Slowly the ship sank in the soft mud of the harbor till only her double bottom could be seen. Along the shores, many men were crawling up the dirt ledges. I snapped back from this bedlam to think of my own safety, for I was standing squarely in front of the oncoming enemy planes.

"Scared — Yes, Sir. Plenty scared. We could not understand why we were losing. We had had up to this moment no time for prayers. If the thought of Him had crossed our minds it was, God, what awful might is this? We hadn't meant to kill, my mates there, dead by the hundreds on the deck."

And here a slight shudder shook the taut frame of the young sailor, as he unconsciously passed his hand over his eyes. "And the rest? Scorched flesh of the living writhing about us."

"Although we came back as strong as equipment would allow, the great spread of gun fire was too inefficient to be effective. Local control was ordered and more favorable fire was mustered for defense. Planes began to drop before our guns; but, by this time, a fourth fish had rumbled our steel. Number one three inch gun went up in flames with its crew. Number two three inch gun went practically under water as our ship tilted to the port. I crossed back to the starboard and clung to the railing. Abandon Ship alarm rang; but only the wounded went over the side, helping one another.

"Suddenly, the terror of fear grabbed me. I heard the e-e-e-e-ring of a bomb. Then a blinding flash and a deadening noise. Blood came to my throat; my ears became clogged. Chancing a look inside the hatchway, I saw that the bomb had

hit amidship, and the scene of the bloody mess made me quickly forget myself. *Abandon Ship! Abandon Ship!* With another fish in the port it became very difficult to stand on the slanting deck. Most of the guns were out of operation. The wounded were more than those able to fight. Any minute we would capsize. We had to go." And here his voice grew tense. "Believe me, Sirs, when I say we had to go.

"I climbed the starboard railing and lowered myself over the side to a small boat just below. I was fortunate to reach it while hundreds of others tried to swim through the oil fire. Shore was about a hundred yards away, and we seemed forever reaching it. With me were sailors so badly burned that their lives meant nothing to them. They screamed and moaned. They wanted to die.

"On shore we watched our ship sinking. Our minds were numbed by the devastating horror which lay about us. Charcoaled pilings were all that remained of the docks. Bodies of those that men could not reach floated back and forth against the remaining stanchions, blinding us, deafening us to everything but our own misery. As the burnt steel odor of our ruined ships mingled with that of the dead and scorched bodies about me, my vacant, fire glazed eyes wandered back over the harbor. There lay our navy. There lay our shipmates. Yes, and there lay our love of War."

The room was silent. No one spoke. Then the foreman arose and faced the jury. His eyes caught those of the jurymen, and each nodded his head in the affirmative. He turned again to the young sailor. As he gazed, a thundering noise broke the hushed expectancy. Did he only dream, or was it the ack-ack salvo of God's welcome to a returning hero, now safe in his last port?

Songs From "Wilhelm Tell"

DAVID C. PATRICK

(The following selections are translated from the German of the first three songs from "Wilhelm Tell," by Friedrich Schiller.)

FISHERBOY

The lake is now smiling. "Come bathe," it invites one;
A lad went to sleep on the green shore alone;
 He soon heard a ringing,
 A dulcet flute strain,
 Like the voices of angels,
 In heaven's domain.
And as he awakens from joy-giving rest,
The water is gath'ring around at his breast,
 And a voice from the deep calls:
 Dear boy, you are mine!
 I draw in the sleeper,
 This life now resign.

HERDSMAN

You meadows, farewell,
You fields in sun's glowing!
The herdsmen are leaving,
We'll return to the heights, when we come in the spring,
When sweet songs revive, and the cuckoos sing,
When the valleys are clothed with their flowers again,
And the rivulets flow in the freshing rain.
 You meadows, farewell,
 You fields in sun's glowing!
 The herdsmen are leaving,
 For summer is gone.

ALPINE HUNTER

The mountain tops thunder; they tremble with wrath,
The hunter fears not on his shuddering path,
 A rumbling resounds
 From uplands of snow,
 Where spring never visits,
 And frosty winds blow;
And under his feet is a nebulous haze,
The dwellings of mankind are veiled from his gaze;
 Through the rifts in the vapor
 He views the far scene,
 Deep under the billows,
 Earth clad in her green.

When The Apple Trees Blossom

ROSEMARY HAVILAND

Regina waved the bee from her face and watched it circle around her in a dizzy path. When she could no longer see it, she ran to the lilac bush and shook it. The last bee had been hovering among the great purple clusters and had fled when she had touched it. Perhaps there would be another one to shoo away if she looked at each purple mass. Carefully she separated the blossoms with her hands and peered into the shadows. There were no more bees, only the scent of the flowers.

Soon tiring of her search, Regina walked with heavy sliding steps toward the house. The grass was soft, and Regina could almost feel it tickle her feet through her cumbersome shoes. In the spring it was always a soft, lush green with enough dampness to make it cool.

"If Grandmother would only let me," she thought. "If she would only let me." She walked to the driveway and kicked at a rock. It went skipping down the hill. Rocks always felt sharp at first, but after a week she could walk down the driveway to the mailbox and back without flinching.

With a sudden gush of courage, Regina ran to the house, opened the screendoor and burst into words. "Grandmother, the grass has been mowed twice, and I won't walk on the rocks."

"No."

"But Grandmother, the lilacs are out and it's warm outside."

"No!"

"The bees are everywhere, and they only leave the hives when it's swarmin' time. Please, Grandmother."

"Genie, I've tol' you time and time again; I can't let you go barefoot yet. When the apple trees blossom, you can

take off your shoes and stockings. Not before."

"It is warm. It's almost hot."

"I never did hear such a piece of nonsense. Like as not there is still ice on the pond. Now stop worrying me about going barefooted and fix yourself some sugar bread."

Regina opened the drawer and cautiously took out the bread knife. The long silver blade looked like Mr. Hessman's corn knife, and she remembered his cutting the corn into tiny cylinders. Mr. Hessman had let Regina try it once.

"What are you doin' to that bread, Genie? You've hacked it into crumbs. You mustn't cut bread like you're killin' rats with a rake."

Grandmother took the knife from Regina and with deft strokes cut two slices. One piece was as smooth as the sand bar by the pond; the other piece, the one cut by Regina, was smooth on one side and as ragged as the gravel driveway on the other.

Poking her finger through the two slices of bread, Regina slipped into the pantry, holding the bread at arm's length in front of her. King Arthur had a shield shaped like a slice of bread; only it had many figures painted on it. His sword was silver with rubies and diamonds on the hilt. King Arthur's picture was on page one hundred and seven in her reader.

With lightning jabs she killed the dragon in the butter jar and spread the butter over her bread, taking care to smooth the rough patches. Plunging the knife into the jar, she heard it scrape the bottom. Regina left it sticking up like a fence post to mark the grave of the monster.

After sprinkling sugar on her bread, Regina put the lid back on the sugar can reluctantly. The sugar had somehow sifted to the floor, and as she walked across it, it made a grinding noise.

She shut the screendoor, ran down the steps, and sat down on the bench beneath the grape arbor. She bit a huge chunk out of both slices of sugar bread. The next time she would put more sugar on it.

After she had finished eating, she wiped her hands on her green plaid skirt and hopped to the barnyard gate on one leg. From her perch on the gate, Regina could see down the slope of the hill to the orchard. The delicate pink blossoms of the peach had been roosting on the naked twigs a week ago, and now they were drooping with weariness. Thought exploded into Regina's mind . . . the apple blossoms might be out now.

Jumping down from the gate, she caught her skirt on a picket and hung there for an instant. Freeing herself, she examined the torn garment.

"Torn again. This time in the back," she said aloud. "I'm glad it's in the white part of the plaid. Grandmother can mend it so as it won't show much."

The skirt was the least important of her worries. It was not fair that their apple trees and peach trees never bloomed at the same time. Sometimes the apple trees were two weeks later, and one year they forgot to bloom at all.

"Grandmother," she screamed toward the house. "Grandmother, I'm gonna take off my shoes and stockin's to cross the ditch. I don't want 'em to get wet. Do you hear me, Grandmother?"

Without waiting for an answer, she pulled the shoes off without untying them. The stockings were wadded into two balls and stuffed into the toe of each shoe.

Regina stood back from the ditch and pitched the shoes in a high arc at the other bank.

Leaning over the edge of the ditch, she managed to fish the shoe out with a stick. The inside was wet, even the stocking. She placed both shoes next to the fat boulder and gathered air into her lungs to explain to Grandmother.

"Grandmother!" Regina stopped; Grandmother could never hear from that distance. It would only be a waste of breath. She took careful steps to the orchard, barely glancing at the peach trees. Regina could hardly hold back the tears; tomorrow they might be out, but not today. Searching the branches was in vain, and she turned to go to the house.

"If Grandmother would only let me . . ." she stopped to put her hand on a plum tree. It was certainly curious how hard it was to tell the difference between plum blossoms and apple blossoms at a distance. Picking up her shoes and a plum blossom in almost one motion, Regina raced toward the house.

"They're out! I can go barefooted now. See, Grandmother!" Regina extended her upturned palm in which lay a squeezed blossom. Grandmother glanced at it, and before she could take it, Regina threw it into the coal bucket.

Setting the soggy shoes by the kitchen range, Regina grasped a handful of cookies from the crystal dish on the table and fled out the backdoor.

"Genie! Come back here. I've lived on a farm for sixty-two years, and I know a plum flower when I see one. Regina."

Through the window she could hear Regina yelling across the Hollow to Mr. Hessman. "Spring is here, Mr. Hessman. Look, I'm goin' barefooted."

It Rained Today

MARY ALICE KESSLER

It had been raining all day. Fritz hated the dingy flannel clouds that hung upon the forlorn pine trees; he hated the squishy gray sand and the dimpled cheek of gray sea water that lay at the foot of the slippery hill. He hated the prostrate sand grass and dripping birch leaves, for they held him imprisoned in the cottage, and he wanted to walk and swim and race with the wind. He wanted to write, but he couldn't write on a day like this. His inspiration was as bogged down as the muddy sand. There was no wind today, only a sullen breath of wet air, and Fritz kicked the dripping porch glider hard with his foot as he stood on the wet porch watching that which he hated.

"Hell," thought Fritz, "this is the kind of day I wish I were dead." He sat down disgustedly on the cold, wet glider and rested his chin in the palms of his hands. His dark blue eyes stared out past the forlorn day into a second world, and he unlocked that part of his mind that usually remained closed. He allowed the terrifying thought of death to creep from the locked part of his brain and stand boldly before him.

. . . . What would it be like? It was the only thing he could be certain of. He remembered Dr. Nesbitt saying in his psychology class that "birth and death are the two inevitable facts in our story. We must cease living in a state of waiting, of actually breathing and feeling, and step over the indistinguishable line between life and death." But what was it going to be like?

Like the newspaper boys said would it be a bullet tearing flesh, or a car careening from a cliff, or terrible pain and

blood-spotted sheets, or clenched fists and taut bodies and etherized air?

Or would it be like the poets said was it walking, floating easily into a sea of mist, where the color was faint and the atmosphere cool and empty? Would it be a great, gentle wave pushing him into the clouds and caressing his body with warm liquid? Would it be drifting into blue clouds and hearing high winds and feeling the roar of a great sea?

And could eternity be as eternal and everlasting as he felt it must be? Would it go on forever and ever and ever?

Fritz could not bear the thought, so he chased it quickly into his unlocked mind and locked that part securely. It was too depressing a thought for a rainy day.

* * * *

Late in the afternoon the rain stopped, and the house became oppressive from the big log fire on the hearth and the sounds of people. Fritz pulled on his trench coat, buttoning it high about his face, and stepped out into the clean, biting air. The tramp down to the sea was steep and rocky, but he felt he must get down to its roaring mouth and feel it in his face. The steps that descended to the breakers creaked from standing against the wind, and Fritz stood, hypnotized by the rumbling surf, the biting spray that stung his face. After the rains, the skies were clean and chilled, having put on the garb of winter. Frozen navy blue clouds stuck into a frosted orange flare of sun. Ice-coated waves lurched against the low slag vapors of darkness and the trees twisted wildly, nodding and gesticulating to the trembling glazed cliffs. Fritz felt elated

and powerful. He felt as if he could conquer the world. There were no fuzzy blurs in his mind now. Death was remote, impossible at such a moment. He had to live and prove himself. His soul shouted brave words to the sea.

"I am not of the slums or castles or dark rooms. I will not be weighed down by squalor or wealth or mediocrity. My soul shall not be veiled and spent, nor shall I sink . . . I will live and reach lofty heights as if some great throbbing swell of music or words were lifting me higher and higher and nearer to my answer. I will not bow my head under yokes of pain or death or hypocrisy. I will not level off

on an even keel of monotony. Ah, Fate will fling me to the moon; I mustn't be thrown back, fumbling in the mist like a boat in a hot swirl of sea vapors, lost and hopeless. I will try, try, try for perfection — a word, a book, a song, a symphony — just one perfect whole thing, Dear God, with the throb and color and grate and loveliness of Life itself. No dreary, endless sea. Let me taste beauty. I must have done one thing perfectly, no matter whether the world knows it or not."

Fritz closed his dark blue eyes, exhausted, and as he pulled his free body up the blown hill he was too weary to hear a low rumble of thunder in the night. It was going to rain tomorrow.

Case Of Claude

BETTY JO FARK

Claude rose easily when he heard the monotonous voice of the judge announcing, "Case of Claude Winters versus the United States." He was surprised when his pulse didn't quicken. He wasn't excited. He walked forward slowly because he walked stiffly, conscious of the filled court room behind him.

Claude felt as if he were moving in a most unrealistic world. The Claude he used to be — the old familiar Claude — seemed to be looking down from somewhere on this Claude — a stranger. His senses were sharpened to the finest point, but his reactions were few and mechanical. Outlines in the courtroom appeared hard and clean-cut as Claude looked at them with cool brown eyes. The judge's bench before him stood out black and massive against the pale cream wall. The murals on the ceiling were painted in

subdued colors and the carved wall panels on the sides of the room added a solemn tone to the whole, which would have appeared majestic except for the simple actions of the people in the elaborate surroundings and for the excess of yellow-gold sunlight filtering through the high windows and filling the room with warmth.

The words of the judge were staccato and sure, but were over-shadowed by the sameness of the tone in which they were spoken. The drone blended with the lazy sunlight and fitted into Claude's dream.

"Take the table on the left," the judge instructed. Claude put his hand on the back of a carved mahogany chair, walked around it, and sat down. His lawyer spread a few papers on the shiny table top and sat opposite Claude. They both faced the judge.

"You will rise and be sworn in," the

judge said.

Claude stood up and raised his right hand.

"Do you swear to tell the truth . . ."

"I do."

"The state will call the first witness," the judge said.

Claude stopped listening. He knew the procedure almost to the minute when he would be sentenced. The state's first witness would be a girl from the draft board who would testify that he had been classified and called up for military service. Next a man from the induction station would testify that Claude had failed to report for service. Then the clerk of the court would testify that his case had been booked three months ago.

The process rarely varied. Occasionally the secretary from the draft board wouldn't be sure of the date on which he was classified as a conscientious objector. Then a second witness would be called. The point was trivial. All the state wanted to do was to prove that he had failed to report for limited service. In some respects his own trial didn't seem much different from the others Claude had attended. Today he was playing the leading roll which had been written long ago. He was moved less now as a participant than he had been as a spectator.

The girl on the witness stand handed the prosecutor a pink carbon copy of Claude's induction orders and several other papers. The prosecutor passed the evidence to the jury, and the bald men and the men with white hair leaned forward in the box to see the pink paper. The prosecutor's gray suit was framed in a carved wall panel. At times Claude couldn't believe he was actually going to prison.

The prosecutor finished his examination of the evidence and the defense had

no cross-questions. The state called the second witness. Claude watched the girl walk back to her seat. She was nervous. She was pretty and she was young—about twenty, Claude guessed.

The thought jarred him. Four years ago he was twenty. For a moment he could think of nothing more.

He looked across the room to the jury. The sunlight passed over their heads, leaving them to fade into the brown panels of the box. Most of the men were leaning back in their chairs. The second man from the right was sitting forward with his elbows resting on the arms of his chair and his hands clasped in front of him. He was a little man with gray hair and glasses. He would be sensitive and very fair in his decision, Claude thought. He would have a son in the service, too. Some of the other men probably had sons in the service, Claude imagined, and then wondered what they thought of his case. Because it didn't matter and because he didn't care, Claude shifted his thoughts once more.

The testimonies soon would be over. The clerk had just closed his book containing the court calendar. The judge cleared his throat and briefly reviewed the evidence. He then began reading his instructions to the jury. Claude knew their content as well as he knew the order of procedure.

"Remember," the judge would say, "You are not to pass on whether or not this man should be called to service, but on the two points: 1. Was he called? and 2. Did he appear for induction?"

The jury filed out of the room and Claude saw that the little, gray-haired man walked with a slight limp. The door leading to the jury chambers closed and Claude was conscious of the crowd behind him. He could feel their eyes burning into his back. He wondered how many

others in his position had gathered strength from those same eyes. Claude needed no bracing. He had chosen his path three years ago, and he would stick to it. He turned toward his lawyer and glanced at the back of the court room. A wave of blue eyes seemed to roll toward him. He was mildly shocked by the strange sensation and looked away. The eyes weren't filled with sympathy, he knew. They were almost icy and glazed with a sparkle from deep inside the witnesses, generated partly by pride and also by the strange religion which held their faith. Again Claude felt that he was on the outside looking in. He wondered if there were any others behind him whose eyes were brown instead of blue.

Marge's eyes were blue. Last night when they had been planning the way in which they would spend the next few years away from each other, Claude had wondered what she would say if he suggested entering the service. The desire to find out had lasted only a second and he was glad he had said nothing. He knew what Marge and the others believed. It was his creed, too.

The chamber door opened and the court room became very still as the jury

filed in. The judge asked, "Gentlemen of the jury, do you find the defendant guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, your honor," the speaker replied.

The judge faced Claude. "You will rise and be sentenced," he said.

Claude stood between his lawyer and the prosecutor as the judge said, "You're a young man, Claude. You're an American. You believe in the democratic way of life. Other young Americans are fighting for their beliefs on battlefronts all over the world. I'm going to give you another chance to fight, too — not at the front, but behind the lines. You may have until 3 o'clock this afternoon to make up your mind. Then, if you decide you still don't want to fight in the army of the United States, I'll read your sentence. Remember, you have five hours to think it over."

"Thank you, your honor," Claude said. Then he turned with his lawyer and walked to the door with sure, easy steps. The trial was over, and he was relieved. He didn't look at the witnesses waiting for another trial to begin. Five more hours... Marge met him at the door. He put his arm around her, and they walked down the hall outside the court room.

That "Exciting Newspaper Life"

JOAN WERNER

If you were to enter the City Room of a morning newspaper, such as the Indianapolis Star, at noon, it would be virtually deserted. That "exciting newspaper life" of which people often speak would seem definitely false. The shiny black and silver typewriters would have ceased their noisy

clatter. The sleek black teletype machines, with their yellow paper tongues curling to the floor, would squat dormant and waiting.

About 1:30 in the afternoon a glimmer of life is injected into the long room known as the City Room. The arrival of the city

editor along with a handful of reporters marks the beginning of the working day for the morning newspaper.

After the city editor has taken his place at the large double desk, the business of the day begins. The reporters with regular "beats," such as the City Hall or Federal Building, get a few tips on what is expected to come up during the day. The others, who go by assignments, merely wait for the city editor to make out the assignment sheet. One reporter grimaces as she sees her name opposite "Casualties." Her job entails checking the casualty lists by the War Department against the lists already run in the paper; and, from that, writing the story for the next day. Another picks up a stack of copy paper and several pencils as he proceeds to his post at the police station.

Beyond the copy desk at the far end of the room, the telegraph editor shouts "Hi!" to everyone as he flicks on the light and hangs up his coat. In a few moments the steady tap-tap of the United Press teletype machines in the Western Union room is heard as the latest news from the war fronts is carried over the wire.

Countless stories come in during the course of the afternoon — by mail, by wire, by phone. During the afternoon a reporter or rewrite man may be asked everything from, "What's happened to Pegler's column?" to "Has England declared war on Japan yet?" and "Where is Dumbarton Oaks?"

The phones ring intermittently with such statements as, "I'd like to get my son's picture in the paper. He's overseas. How do I go about that?" and "You used my son's picture with a write-up last week, and I've never got it back yet. It's the only one I have, and I don't want to lose it."

Or the reporter may get an excited

woman who trills, "I just saw a robin! Oh, I'm so happy! I'm sure the end of this awful war can't be far away. Why, honey, he sat up on that branch, and just *trill-l-l-l!* It did my heart good just to hear him. I know that if he could sing like that the end just couldn't be far off. I'm sure it will all be over in the next two weeks! I just *had* to call and tell you!"

And then there are the people, full of self-importance, who come in with their autobiographies and can't seem to understand why the paper won't print them.

Between these phone calls and personal interviews, the reporter writes up odds and ends — "little stuff." This includes meeting notices, church and school items, and stories for the soldier page.

"Let's make it short," the city editor says as he doles out the stories. "Only got five columns tonight."

About this time an irate member of the "Ladies of the May," or some such organization, calls in to give the unfortunate one who answers the phone a dissertation on how awful she thinks it is that you can't *ever* print anything the way she sends it in! It does no good to explain that all stories are re-written to meet certain standards agreed upon by the "higher ups" of the paper; and that you can't print a list of twenty-five or thirty names because there is a paper shortage now, and you don't have the space.

A little before five the reporters start coming back from their "beats" and assignments. Between five and six the tempo of the day is heightened to its peak. All the teletype machines are running now — occasionally the voices of the Associated Press men can be heard shouting over the tumult of the ten machines in their tiny office. The high whine of the wirephoto machine is discernible above the roar. Men from the various mortuaries come in

with "obits" and pictures. The managing editor stands in the hall in discussion with two reporters and the harried city editor. Copy boys saunter down the hall with pictures being sent to the Engraving Room, quickening their slow gait when they see the managing and city editors.

At six the copyreaders are all assembled around their large horseshoe-shaped desk. The reporters on the city side leave for dinner or home, and by quarter past six all is comparatively quiet again, save for the steady hum of the machines across the hall.

During the evening there are few calls save mortuaries reporting death notices and obituaries. Occasionally, however, a reporter gets an indignant publicity seeker who bears a tale of "shameful injustice."

"I would like a piece put in the paper about my returning from the hospital. I was in a *terrible* automobile accident two months ago, and I'm just now coming home."

"Well, I'm sorry, but we don't usually put that sort of thing in the paper."

"Well, I've seen it about other people!"

"I believe you're mistaken. We don't run such information; it might have been one of the other papers. We do, of course, report the accidents, but as far as running an item saying that you have returned from the hospital, I'm afraid we wouldn't be able to do that."

"Well, my husband brought in a story all typed out the day after my accident, and when it came out in the paper there wasn't hardly *anything* left of it, and they didn't even mention my *name!*"

"Well, if that was the case, you should have notified us at the time. It's too late now to reprint it. It's lost all its news value."

"I think it's a shame the way you hush up some of these accidents just because those responsible are prominent citizens!"

"Well, I'm sorry, but I'm not the one who has the final say as to what will or will not go in the paper."

"And who is that person?"

"Oh-h-h . . . the city editor, for one."

"What is his name?"

"Robert Early."

"Thank you. I'll contact him through my attorney!"

The remainder of the evening is fairly quiet, unless the police reporter calls in to report a fire or holdup. Even though this may be the case, the City Room never resembles that of the silver screen, where a city editor, suffering from high blood pressure, bellows orders to reporters with hats perched precariously on the backs of their heads.

By 10:15, and the arrival of the first editions, only the city editor, his assistant, and a handful of reporters are left to see the effect of their labors in print.

Canine Caprice

CAROLYN HARVEY

"These Never Were Traitors" was the title of the huge composite picture — an artist's attempt to convey his idea of the noble dog. Evidently he knew well the story of the faithful dog mourning in watchful vigil at the grave of his dead master, for he pictured him there amid the eternal green of life and the stone-gray of death. He knew well the knightly heroism of the German shepherd bearing his sign — the Red Cross — among the bloody battlelines of Flanders Field. Perhaps he had seen a child tugged by its clothing from the path of a moving train or had observed the blind man walking briskly with self-assurance, led by his Seeing Eye. His purpose was clear — unlike men and women, "these never were traitors."

Seldom have human friendships been heralded, or even pictured, as have the relationship between man and dog. At one time it was the duty of former Senator George Vest of Missouri to prosecute a man who had killed the dog of his client. In his address to the jury he delivered the following tribute:

The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in contact with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth, an outcast in

the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death.¹

I, too, have known noble dogs, although my experiences have not been so dramatic. I have watched the once-exuberant body of my cousin's dog grow listless and gray as he grieves for his master who has been overseas for nearly two years. My own family once owned a brilliant-minded German shepherd who died of grief when his mistress went on a month's vacation and could not take him along. A human being has that faculty of mind which tells him he can forget grief — that he must forget it and live on; a dog has not. To him the loss of a loved one means the end.

In order that the reader may not suppose that I am primarily a sentimentalist, I shall dwell at length on the pleasure and humor derived from a life of experience with dogs. I can picture clearly and call by name at least twenty of the dogs my family has owned. Of these, all came to us by mutual adoption but one — an expensive, pedigreed animal, who escaped out the coal-shute the first night we had him. We learned a valuable lesson, for ever since we have had only "mutts" — lovable ones with hearts and souls.

1. M. V. O'Shea, *World Book*, W. F. Quarrie and Co., Chicago, 1928, page 1987.

Fawnie could almost talk. This little brown fox-terrier with the vibrant energy of an electron was so named because he resembled a baby deer much more than he did a dog. His doctrine was "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of rabbits." He and his girl-friend, a huge chow, would roam the woods together, splitting their catches. The tail-end usually found its way to our doorstep.

Fawnie had three weaknesses: his lack of will-power in the presence of a soft bed, his hatred of mail carriers, and his utter aversion to the feline members of the household. Cats, he felt, were absolutely unnecessary to the world, and his pride would not allow him even to touch anything that smelled of one. His unique talent for getting into scrapes has never been surpassed by even a brass monkey. His scientific name, *canis familiaris*, fitted him well, for he made friends with everyone, including the city dog-catcher. When my father went down to bail him out of "jail," there he sat, aloof from his prison-mates, head high, one ear up and one ear down, apparently indifferent to the small talk going on all around him.

As I have previously mentioned, Fawnie intensely disliked mail-carriers, because of their black bags, I suppose. He lost his temper one day when Mr. Brown refused to stop at his command, and bit his leg. The United States Government threatened to sue us for \$10,000, and warned us that if the same incident occurred again, Fawnie would be shot on sight. So began the long years of locking the little criminal up every day, until three o'clock in the afternoon, a sort of "dog parole," I suppose.

In spite of his faults — or maybe because of them — Fawnie was a perfect gentleman. He practiced chivalry as valiantly as any Ivanhoe. He learned early

that ladies come first. Always he dropped a dog-biscuit at his sister Feline's feet before indulging himself. Though only twelve inches high, he dashed out to meet his foe, no matter what its size or power; cowardice he knew not. Many times he sent a huge bulldog limping away, yelping because of the beating Fawnie had given him — all for the love of his beautiful Rusty. Could any knight have been more valiant?

Fawnie, like many people, refused to allow himself to believe he was getting old; the last years of his life were as vigorous as his puppyhood. The only time I ever saw his usually vibrating body quiet was on that fateful day in August when he refused to get up when we called him—and we knew he was dead. Now he lies in my garden under the violets. His soul is in Dog Heaven, as I feel sure there is such a place. There must be, for Colonel, Wags, Teddy, and Skippy are all there.

The little pitchers who lurk in our cupboard and supposedly possess big ears, might tell you of the numerous dialogues in which my father has firmly informed me that one dog is enough for any family (the Republican party says so — the Republicans should know). I disagree with him heartily and, being a nonconformist, assert that I do not think a thousand would be too many. However, since neither of us is a bit "dogmatic," we compromise — at the present time we have six. Each has his own particular, perhaps peculiar, personality.

Cupid is like Jane Eyre — plain and conservative — yet beautiful. Our home is her Thornfield Hall; I am her eccentric, headstrong Mr. Rochester. She roams the house in her gentle, unobtrusive manner, craving only kindness, and beaming when shown the least affection. Alas, she is but a prosaic old maid for she is much too shy to attract suitors. Thinking, however, that

perhaps she had a motherly instinct in her, we gave her two of the puppies. After she had overcome her fear of the tiny, crawling, squeaking doglets, she grew to love them as her own. Attempting to show her affection, she lifted a gigantic paw into the air and let it fall heavily on the tiny little head — a well-meant though somewhat ungentle caress.

Cupid is very sensitive — perhaps too much so. The least remark will cause tears to come to her eyes, and, as a martyr, under the bed she crawls; only the most tactful persuasion will bring her out again and then she must be hugged and kissed to convince her that she's not the worst of sinners. Though she cannot read, Cupid knows Emily Post almost as well as I. As a perfect lady, she eats not a morsel of food until it is offered to her. She seldom barks; only when she wants in the house does she sound her soft, soprano "Woof!" She keeps herself immaculate — even her fingernails are scrupulously clean. Unlike most modern women, she possesses the gentle dignity and grace that become a queen.

Lambie, however, represents the all-American type. She's frivolous and very much of a flirt. She's never quiet — always can be heard her unmusical "rooster crow." She lacks social graces though she tries desperately to learn. I could tell you that she is small and white with black ears, but I cannot describe her better than by saying she looks exactly like a little fuzzy lamb — and acts just like one. Incidentally, she also eats ivy, as all good little lambs do.

Lambie's pride and joy are her chubby brown and white quadruplets. Because she pays so little attention to them now, I have taken over what my father calls my "menagerie." Certainly no collection of wild bear-cubs could require more attention. For that reason we call the twins

Big Bear and Little Bear. Big Bear is very intelligent. He figured out scientifically that there was a grand world outside of his box and that by painfully scaling a long flight of stairs it was possible to reach that world. Little Bear is an example of the results of progressive education. Although most affectionate, he presumes himself to be the center of the universe. Lambie, Jr., is a miniature stereotype of her mother. She's as cuddly and playful as a kitten and as independent. Taffy, on the other hand, is rather soft-spoken and the beauty of the four. A more affectionate little family could not be found, for they stay as close to one another as a brood of chicks and sleep in a contortionist's nightmare of interwoven heads and limbs. Such devotion and brotherly love is rarely found in families of human beings.

There are those who dream of a devoted husband, a brand-new automobile, or a beautiful home. There are others who desire success, fame, or a huge bank account. But my idea of happiness is this: I wish to own a huge pice of land, covered with woods and sunny meadows. This estate I would call Dogwood. As its name implies, it would be filled to capacity with romping, healthy, happy dogs. The woods and meadows would be theirs for hunting and hiking; I would provide comfortable kennels for them to sleep in and juicy beef-steaks for them to eat — a dogs' paradise. Oh, that dreams were realities and realities dreams!

As a final thought I submit the following, which might appropriately be called "Doggerel:"

Human friendships depend largely
on position or wealth;

A dog loves his master because
he's himself.

An Asset To Society

NINA GALLIN

The illnesses of four out of ten people go untreated. Thirty-eight per cent of all small loans made are to pay doctor bills. Twenty to forty per cent of the doctor bills in this country go unpaid.

These are rather startling facts. It has been very truly stated that only the very wealthy and the very poor are able to get medical attention. The wealthy are well able to afford a doctor and medicine, hospital bills and nurses' bills, all the things necessary in curing illness. The doctor, in turn, caters to the wealthy family, for he knows that by charging higher prices for services rendered to these people, he will be compensated for the failure of some less fortunate family to pay his fee.

A poor family, on the other hand, has the benefit of free clinics. Of course, these clinics are not restricted to the poor only, but the so-called middle class would seldom accept this type of "charity." It is the in-between person who suffers most when illness and disease strike. This is the man who works for a salary, spends it each month, and is unable to put much aside for the proverbial rainy day. This is the man who is more likely to come in contact with disease, for he generally works with large numbers of people; his constitution is likely to be worn down, for this is the person who works hardest. When illness does strike, not only is his means of sustenance cut off, but the additional burden of large doctor and medical bills faces him.

Doctors themselves are not as well off as many people believe them to be. Their profession requires a minimum of

seven years' college work to obtain an M. D. degree, an expensive college education, expenditure of from two to four thousand dollars to purchase preliminary office equipment, and additional expense for the upkeep of an office and, in many cases, a nurse-assistant.

If all people could afford doctors' fees, then most disease would be treated and all doctors would make a living; unfortunately that ideal situation is far from true. Many American doctors are unable to make a good living, either because they cannot afford to set up an office with up-to-date equipment or because many of their patients are unable to pay the fees. Even then we could face the fact that we have too many doctors in the United States if it weren't true that over half of our illnesses go untreated, if facts didn't tell us that the United States leads the world in smallpox, venereal disease, deficiency disease, and maternal mortality. Surely some solution is possible to aid both the doctor and the American public.

Following a recent study of state medicine, I have become convinced that this is the simplest and most beneficial way of solving this problem. Under this plan clinics would be supported by the state, staffed by good physicians and supplied with the best equipment. The doctors would be paid adequate salaries which would be sustained by taxes levied for that specific purpose. In that way the middle class would not be ashamed to come to the clinics for assistance, for they would know that they paid for this assistance in the same way that they paid

for the sidewalks on which they walk. They would have the further advantage of having more expert care, for a number of experts working together can accomplish a great deal more good than one doctor who would possibly only have to send his patient on to another physician specializing in a particular field of medicine.

The state could use part of these same funds for public health. The public could be educated in preventing illness; public sanitation would have more possibility of being assured.

According to this plan, those doctors who wished to could retain their private practices on the fee system for those of their patients who still wished treatment by their own personal doctors. Even this system will be changed somewhat following the war, whether state medicine is adopted to a great extent or not. Doctors will no longer maintain private offices, but will group together with four or more in an office, arranging hours that don't conflict, managing to use common

equipment, and having only one office girl for the whole group. In this way, office upkeep expense is reduced to a minimum, equipment used by all in the office costs much less, and these doctors have the benefit of each other's advice. According to some plans, the offices will even provide laboratories in which the doctors can experiment.

The majority of the good American doctors today are in the armed services. These doctors have become accustomed to working together and they have had good equipment. Many of them have closed their offices completely, and a large number of these will have no desire to go to great expense to reopen their offices and buy up-to-date equipment (for that, too, is constantly changing). These men have stated preferences for state medicine or, at least, for group work. If it is what the physicians wish and if it will benefit society as much as I believe it will, state medicine is something which we all must consider a necessary part of our future.

Fashions Of Spring

BARBARA BARD

*The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has
spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.*
(William Wordsworth)

Queenly spring is here in her cloak of moss-green, trimmed with folds of orchid, white, and yellow. Her fair head is crowned with a golden, glowing sun, and a pale

blue and white veil. She brings with her a treasure chest, lavishly filled with natural beauty. Her warm soul gently penetrates through the long, raw winter's cold.

Spring is like a spectacular fashion show, known and seen only by those who appreciate her grace and fantasy. Nature style shows are very different from ours. Their styles do not have to be constantly changing to remain popular. They are simple and conservative while, at the same

time, very pleasing to look upon. The same thing every spring season does not become a monotony, but instead becomes only more and more beautiful.

The stage for the show is placed in a wooded valley far away from the busy, uninterested city. It is pleasantly cool in this intimately hidden glen. As I walk toward the entrance, I find a pathway strewn with waxy, white lillies of the valley that seem to advertise this coming review of nature. At the entrance I see the musicians preparing their orchestrations. The music is plentiful and is partly supplied by a rippling stream, whose waters are gurgling over boulders which obstruct their smooth, flowing path. It sounds like the magical, tinkling tone of ivory piano keys.

The other musicians are attired in soft plumage of various contrasting shades. The cardinal is the maestro. His explosive red suit is set against the blackish-green of a nearby pine tree. The woodpecker, resplendent in his black frock coat, white ascot tie, and red hat, provides the percussion instruments. The soft coo-cooing of the gentle brown-speckled doves becomes the light sentimental strain of a harp. Meadow-larks in brown and yellow add the soothing lyrics of the violins. Kingly bluejays, angry because of their unimportant role, give volume to the various notes.

There is much squeaking and shrilling while this industrious orchestra is tuning up. Suddenly everything is ready. No longer can I remember the cold snow and sleet of winter, for before me there is such a dazzling spectacle of warm, vibrant beauty that I do not want to think of anything as ugly as winter can sometimes be. The birds, their feathers fluffed and groomed to the utmost perfection, stand poised in their various places around me to begin

a formal welcome to spring.

Slowly, yet excitedly, I dare to intrude upon this lovely interlude. Quietly and unobserved, I sit down on a mossy-cushioned mound and lean against a tree trunk. The wild flowers of spring are before me in vivid array.

First on the program is evening wear by Madam Naturale. The violet family is modeling the princess-like finery.

*A violet by a mossy stone half hidden from
the eye!
Fair as a star when only one is shining in
the sky.*

(William Wordsworth)

The pure, tiny, white violet stands shyly in front, introducing her sister to the fresh new season. She is modeling a sweet, unsophisticated gown. Next the regal purple violet enters. She comes carrying her proud head high. This alluring sophisticate stands dressed in a five-tiered velvet top of deep purple declining into a contrasting, slender-throated green stem. Demure and serene, the yellow violets make their entrance. They are the tallest in the family and carry their height with ease and assurance.

*The yellow violets' modest bell peeps from
the last year's leaves below.*

(William Cullen Bryant)

They are wearing small heart-shaped evening hats in pale yellow, lacy lined in purple. Madam Naturale has once more created three spring favorites.

The sport parade is coming out now. Forest green appears to be the most predominate shade this year. The bloodroots are first and their appearance suggests the strength and staunch rigor found in sports-loving people. Dressed in forest green and hunter's red they look very striking. These two bloodroots are dressed as twins. They have on two piece suits with a full top of green outlined in red. Their skirts are

simple and of solid green.

The bloodroots are closely followed by jack-in-the-pulpit. She is a "tomboy" as exemplified by her name and looks radiant and aggressive in an entire suit of green with cool green accessories.

There is a thorn in at least every bush, and on the other side of the tree trunk against which I am leaning is the always uninvited poison ivy. She comes like a demon, seeming ruder this year than last. She is bent upon unpleasantness for those unfortunate enough to come into contact with her. Insanely jealous of the charm and beauty she can never possess, she de-

lights in making people suffer. "Ivy" is climbing over the tree trunk and crawling along the ground. She cannot sit or stand quietly during this delightful performance so graciously given by spring. Her three-fingered hands greedily grab the ground.

The show is ending. The spring models are framed inside draperies of fingery, overhanging branches. They daintly stand, slightly swaying either in keeping time with the slowly fading music or with the caressing breeze. Dusk is gradually descending like a curtain. The docile blossoms nod their heads in grateful appreciation of their success.

Informal Interview

BETTY JEAN WIRTH

While eating dinner at the Indianapolis Athletic Club the other evening, we noticed an old gentleman dining alone next to us. His loneliness was so apparent that we invited him over to our table. We were quite surprised to find that we had a celebrity in our midst when he joined us. The old gentleman was Meredith Nicholson, American essayist and novelist.

Mr. Nicholson moved to our table with great muscular difficulty and as he sat down said, "You know I'm crippled." While Rog talked to him about current affairs, I had a chance to study the old gentleman. Mr. Nicholson was well up in years and to me was the picture of a kindly old gentleman. His hair was snow-white and his eyes a faded blue. He was excessively nervous and smoked one cigarette after another. The one question I asked him about his literary career was "How did you start to write?"

Mr. Nicholson said, "When I was a boy in Crawfordsville, I and a companion decided we'd never get any place if we didn't learn shorthand. Shorthand led me to newspaper work, for I covered lectures and political addresses for different papers. While working on newspapers, I wrote essays and books on the side." Then he asked me, "Have you read any of my works?"

I replied that I was acquainted with some of his novels, "The House of a Thousand Candles" and "A Hoosier Chronicle," but not his essays.

Meredith Nicholson interrupted, saying, "I don't want to be remembered for my novels, for I don't feel that they are my best work. I would rather be remembered for my essays, for I feel they express much more my writing ability." During our discourse he repeated the same thought again and again and again, "You

know they just published a new edition of "The House of a Thousand Candles" last month." Mr. Nicholson's memory has lost its keenness and has left him with just a few deep-planted thoughts that keep coming back into his mind.

While recalling his past, he told of his friendship with Riley. He was very upset about a woman writing for the *Star* who evidently had called Riley a drunkard, for Mr. Nicholson said, "Riley was not a drunkard, for I knew the man all the time he was living. He had no home life and lived with his different friends the greater part of his life. Anyone of them could vouch for his character." He recalled many incidents about Riley which seemed to kindle the flame of days gone by.

Knowing that he had been an ambassador to several South American countries,

I asked him, "How did you like South America?"

"I would be in better health and better financial condition if I had never been an ambassador," he said. "Their life is a lazy one because of the bad climate." After this he resorted to saying, "Do you know they put out a new edition of 'The House of a Thousand Candles?'"

As I recall the old gentleman, it seems impossible that a person of his past ability should be lost with old age. His loneliness reaches out and touches one's heart when he says, "Do come back and see me again, for I'm just a lonely old man waiting for St. Peter or the other fellow." Moving his chair away from the table, he rose, saying, "My children always call me every evening at this time, so I must return to my room."

Herr Muller

MARY FRITSCHÉ

(This sketch is based on a short story, "The Lord of Marutea," by James Norman Hall. The setting is one of the islands of French Polynesia. Forrest, a man employed by a German motion picture company, comes to make a picture of island life and finds Marutea ruled by Herr Muller, the German island trader who has established himself there.)

Representing an absolute revolt against paternal domination and against a German society bounded by convention, the character of Otto Muller is revealed through his own statement of his youth, his treatment of Forrest and of the natives of Marutea, and is antilimacti-

cally shown by the destruction of the grand piano in the concert hall. The conflict within Otto Muller arises from a delusion, the chief medium of self-deception being his music. Episodic action and a cumulative effect are devices leading to the interpretation and to the understanding of the character of Otto Muller.

From the lips of Muller himself comes the story of his youth. The fourth of eight sons, he was destined for an army career. While his father supervised the future of his children with ironclad determination, he allowed Otto to develop his musical ability as an accomplishment, not a career. At eighteen Otto was "commanded" to return from Munich that he

might enter the officers' training school. Inheriting his father's "iron will and passionate nature," he refused. After working ten hours a day and studying music at night for three years, he was employed by the Hanover Opera Company. On the opening night, according to Muller's story to Forrest, he was acclaimed and thought that he had re-established himself in the eyes of his father. He had not, and he became a self-made failure after his father pressed company directors to discharge him. Muller believed that he could become one of the greatest singers of Germany and, perhaps, of all times, according to Forrest's interpretation. In his bitterness and in a fit of madness, he fled. He destroyed himself when he swore never to sing again. The desire for revenge grew as he sought for three years something that would break his father and disgrace the name of Muller. Having come to Marutea, he made his final gesture of degradation by sending a photograph of his wife and two children and him, dressed like savages, to his father. He realized, too late of course, the toll of the revenge he had taken. He knew then that he must build his life upon that island where he was to become the supreme ruler and absolute authority. His delusion could not have been perpetuated unless he had been in absolute isolation.

Otto Muller was an escapist; he would not face reality. He had fled originally to revenge himself on his father. He had a tremendous egotism that grew with the years. Yet at the same time he was still naive, for to be a ruler of a savage people does not carry much prestige. The vital, noble "German baron who had strayed out of his feudal system" was totally unaware of his effect on anyone else. His self-delusion led him to believe

that the natives appreciated one of the arts. He did not know that these savages came to his concerts because they both feared and loved him. The pathos of his delusion springs from the blindness of his thinking that the natives could understand the music. The natives offered Otto Muller an escape for his unrealized dreams. With his concerts for the natives, Muller transmitted himself to Germany and revealed on these nights the unshakable confidence in his belief that his father had driven one of Germany's greatest potential singers to isolation. Muller wanted to believe this. And make-believe can, and did, become reality in the passing of time.

Muller was jealous of his domain; but he was generous and quick-witted, particularly when it came to helping Forrest in his work. He was childlike in his eagerness. His egotism, however, had grown to such proportions through his delusion that eventually he resented the variance in the lives of his people. He had been "for so long in the very centre of the Marutea stage."

But Muller had to have his egotism satisfied. On the night during which both a concert and a picture were presented, the large, dynamic, magnificent figure of Otto Muller accentuated the strange tropical night and exotic scene. Muller's music was powerful and passionate. During this concert, with most of the natives at the picture show, Muller realized that he had deluded himself, that his music had lulled him into deception. He realized he could escape truth no longer. He had not participated in deliberate deception; he did not now.

The violence that had brought him to the Pacific, the violence and impassivity that had met Forrest, encompassed him once more. The revenge typified by

sending the photograph to his father was analogous to the destruction of the piano. Since he was capricious, he would have regretted his action by the next day; but, mercifully, through death, he had escaped the tragedy and result of his violence.

Otto Muller, a heroic and tragic figure with his turbulent emotion and desperate homesickness, is psychologically realistic. His motivation, as presented by his background and delusion, is not exaggerated.

In One World

TOM BECKWITH

*I sent my soul through the invisible,
Some letter of that after life to spell.
And by and by my soul returned to me,
And answered, "I myself am heaven and
hell."*

Omar Khayyam

How very strange it seems that the majority of minds still believe in distinctions — yes, distinctions while experiencing life, and, even more absurd and unethical, distinction after life. Can it be that after being submitted to the distinctions between race, color, creed, religion, and position while on earth that we must go on through eternity, that endless span of existence, still making a distinction between supposedly good and evil?

General opinion has it that heaven is the land of the blessed in one section of the everlasting, and hell is the place of punishment for the wicked after death. Do we not atone for our misdemeanors and sins on earth, in life? Is it possible for us to believe that we must go throughout the endless time still suffering for that score which has already been settled? If this be true, what of the supreme thrill, the infinite zest of living?

Long ago Vergil wrote of hell in his "Aeneid," describing it as a place of extremely brutal and maddening physical torture, where the ancient idea of distinc-

tion betwixt good and evil existed. That was long ago. That was in the days when people would not accept new ideas and when ridicule and scorn followed a master. People once stated that the world is flat. We now know how utterly wrong they were.

It was many years after Vergil that the great John Milton, known for his "Paradise Lost," and Oscar Wilde, who wrote the deep and moving "Portrait of Dorian Grey," expressed their opinions in their works of the "heaven and hell on earth" theory. They believed, as I most strongly do, that hell is a psychological state, which is experienced entirely on earth and within the individual.

It is a general consensus that the misery of the mind, that which is psychological, eclipses the misery of the body, or that which is physiological. Then why must this wall of stubborn doubt separate goodness and evil, that is if there exist any, after death?

Let us look now at four of the most hardened, and surely the most evil masters of crime of recent years: John Dillinger, Al Capone, "Baby-Face" Nelson, and Belle Gunnis. We would wonder how these people could live at all with any peace of mind. For example, let us focus our attention upon Belle Gunnis, who was one of the cleverest and most fiendish woman

murderers in the annals of history. Her list of ax murders startled the universe. She finally died *by her own hand*, and are we, as intelligent individuals, prone to believe that physical punishment in the imaginary Hades could overshadow the anguish and mental torture which this mistress of the gory ax experienced? Belle Gunnis did not hasten her fate because she had fear of capture and the dreaded hangman. She died because she could no longer live with her own conscience. The intrinsic fire had reached her soul with its flame, and the end was destined. In like manner, could the gun shot wounds of Dillinger and "Baby-Face" Nelson, that painful physical agony, eclipse the torture in their minds?

Al Capone, the big boss of Chicago, never committed a murder, but he was responsible for many. Sent to prison to serve his time on circumstantial evidence,

he is now released and free. He must live, as all of us must live, with his own mind, his own conscience. Can he, can we, then be free?

There is a God, a supreme diety, a spirit within us. There is that thin link between right and wrong within our being. If our sense of right is violated, it is obvious that our reactions are based on the psychological rather than the physiological. A small boy steals an amount of money from his mother's purse. Is not the remembrance of stealing it far worse than the spanking he would likely get?

We pay the full price for our wrongs while on earth, and then we are gone. We are gone forever — existing in the vast space — but we are together and free.

" . . . my soul returned to me,
And answered, 'I myself am heaven
and hell.'"

Compulsory Religious Courses

PATRICIA JOWITT

For the past twenty-five years religion has been classed by the "moderns" as something for old people. This lack of knowledge of moral and ethical standards has resulted in a society with a very casual outlook on right and wrong. It has been only in the past two or three war years that any credit whatsoever has been given to the work of the church and religion. People, since their beginnings, have set up gods, good or bad, to worship. This sloughing off of good sound religious principles has caused the formation of Nazism and Facism. The people, in their basic need for religion, have turned to a bad philosophy. The only solution to the problem is the reinstatement

of Christian ideals in the hearts of our enemies. This same remedy will cure many of our national difficulties.

More and more Americans are turning toward God to discover an answer to their personal needs. Today many of the people of the last generation have no knowledge of the mores which are the necessary foundation of religion. These consider themselves too adult to attend Sunday School; therefore, a substitute for this basic instruction should be provided.

Few young people have a sound knowledge of the moral and ethical standards laid down by society. Since it is the aim of colleges to prepare the youth of the country for the world, there should

be included in their curricula required courses that will give a sound basis for codes of life.

Most intelligent young people between the ages of seventeen and twenty desire an explanation of many of the accepted ethical principles. Many youths have worked out their own codes of living, which may be in direct conflict with accepted ideals. An individual's idea of right is not all that is necessary; society's demands are also important. If colleges required students to take courses in which were studied the "why's and wherefore's" of ethics, many young people would have less difficulty in adjusting themselves to life.

These courses should cover thoroughly the basic questions that arise in the minds of youth. Most young people wonder if there really is a God, if a good life is worth the effort, if the world is worth the supreme struggle of doing right, and, finally, just what the purpose of life is. All of these are answered fully in the Bible. Therefore why not use the Bible as a textbook? The examples in the New Testament in the form of parables are applicable to every-day life. The problems that faced the people of Jerusalem are no different from those which have to be faced today. Christ's life was an example of perfection to all. He taught by example. Therefore the instructors of these courses should exemplify

two types.

The first should be an older person whose code of life has been mellowed by many years of living. He should be a brilliant man with universal knowledge and experience, whose word would be respected by students. He should be admired for his ability to solve the problems presented by students. It is this type of man who should lead the youth of today into a more gracious way of living.

The second should be a younger man who is known to be a "regular fellow." If he has seen the right way of life, people will want to follow him to a better way of living.

Most Christian colleges require courses in Bible. If taught in the proper way, this can be the most interesting course offered because it deals with the student's own problems. In Christian colleges this is almost a necessity. If the student objects to the forcing of religion on him, let him go to a state university where nothing of this kind can be required. In a college founded by the church, why not have religion a factor?

Many answers to social questions have been found in this Book which has offered a solution to every problem since its writing. Why not educate the college students with a workable knowledge that will help them solve the problems that will confront them in future life?

Compulsory Military Training

RHEA MCGOLDRICK

The compulsory military training plan now before congress, but with little chance of immediate consideration, is one of great importance to us all. The fact that we were thrown into war, and were definitely unprepared, has made us fully

realize that we should give some deep thought to the problem of future military training for our boys.

We Americans are divided into three groups on this subject. There are those completely opposed to compulsory mili-

tary training, those who are in favor and yet believe a decision should be delayed until after the war, and those who believe the plan should be modified and adopted now as an element in the national security.

Let us consider the first group, those who are completely opposed. They give the following reasons for such a stand:

First: Such a plan would interrupt the student's educational program, coming at the time when most boys are going from high school directly to college.

Second: Most decisions are made for boys in the service; they have too little chance to use their ingenuity.

Third: Life would become very serious for these young men with preparation for war beside them every minute.

Fourth: They are likely to become lazy.

Fifth: Some would feel a lack of interest in the program, since there would be no immediate crisis. They might feel the training was not necessary and that they were wasting their time.

Sixth: They would be temporarily detained from getting started in their life's work.

The second group are those who are in favor of the program and yet believe the decision should be delayed until after the war. Their reasons for such a stand are:

First: The men would be fully prepared in case of another war.

Second: In the service discipline is enforced and many boys at this age are in need of such supervision.

Third: The competitive spirit can prove stimulating with the men eager to advance in rank.

Fourth: The physical training program would be especially beneficial for all boys. Healthy bodies are the basis

for happiness and success.

Fifth: Men would be taught the ability to get along with all types of people from every walk of life.

There are in the last group those who believe that the plan should be modified and adopted now as an element in the national security.

Of the last group I quote Dr. E. C. Elliott, president of Purdue University. Writing in the current issue of the American Legion magazine, he has this to say:

"At the moment I have the conviction that, as a nation, we must face the tragic and realistic fact that conditions approximating an enduring peace in the world are beyond early attainment—human natures, peoples, their governments and moralities being what they are, and are likely to be for many years to come. Meanwhile, we have the task of dreaming and energetically doing for peace. Meanwhile, too, we have the solemn and continuing obligation of being fully prepared for W (War) Day. Such preparation requires a comprehensive and closely knit program of national security. This program naturally includes industry, communication, transportation, food, national health and finance. Universal military training must be regarded as a part of a program of national security and must be carefully fitted into the whole of that program. The time to adopt the universal military training policy is now and not later."¹

Upon discussing the opinions of the three groups I have reached the following decisions: I believe in military training of a limited degree, an intensified R. O. T. C. program working through the education systems. I would favor a pro-

gram intensified enough to make sure that we could defend ourselves against future aggression, could at all times preserve our independence as a nation, and could preserve a world in which democ-

acy may live.

1Dr. Edward C. Elliott, "An Educator Looks at U. M. T.," *American Legion Magazine*, Vol. 38, No. 5, p. 19.

My Brother's Recital

BILL DYE

The big night had arrived. My eight-year-old brother was to perform on the "eighty-eight" in his first recital. Tonight was the climax of a month of madness. Four long weeks had seen the rise and fall of the neighbors' patience. Day and night, night and day, all they heard was piano, piano, piano! They, as well as we, almost went mad. It would not have been too bad if Al could have played the piano without making it an instrument of torture. But his brand of music involved no more than two fingers, one on each hand.

When Al's music teacher first told him of the coming recital, Al had almost passed out of existence from nervousness. He play in a recital? Ridiculous! We thought so too. But the teacher convinced him otherwise. As time marched on, he became more confident of his abilities: the family gave up trying to discourage him.

Tonight all the parents and friends of the students had assembled to endure the agony with these budding virtuosos. I came prepared to enjoy myself. In one pocket was a deck of cards and in the other a pocket edition of "Captain Horatio Hornblower." I had been to these affairs before.

The choice of the place for the recital bordered on the sacrilegious. A fine old Methodist church was chosen as the victim. A majestic organ maintained its dignified aloofness in the left corner near

the pulpit. The piano, unaware of its impending disgrace, was placed nonchalantly in the right corner. Dogwood stared open-eyed from the front of the auditorium at the audience.

When all was ready the pupils marched in from the right of the hall. The line started with the youngest and smallest and climbed up to the tallest — a girl — who brought up the rear. They took their places gingerly on the front rows and stood until all were in place. Then they all sat down as one body. The recital was about to begin.

In spite of my apparent unconcern, I began to get nervous. I had noticed that evening before leaving the house that Al's confidence had left him. He was scared. So was I now. Captain Hornblower lay neglected in my pocket; the cards were still in the box. I sat on the edge of the pew and dug my fingernails into the wood in front of me. I am sure my parents shared my anxiety. Regardless of my slighting remarks about my brother's pianistic accomplishment I really felt proud of him and was eager to see him do well.

Al, in the front row, was as pale as was Brutus upon beholding Caesar's ghost. And I noticed that in his right hand he clutched his music. This recital was supposed to be conducted entirely from memory. Why should Al, then, have his music? He must have gone to pieces so completely that he was afraid to play

his number without the music in front of him.

The first pupil to perform was a four-year-old boy. Too young to have any fears, he leaped to his feet when he was announced and with a little assistance from the instructor climbed the three steps to the platform, which extended the width of the auditorium, and pranced across to the piano. He was placed on the bench and a box was shoved under his feet since they could not reach the pedals. He played very well and received a nice ovation. And so they went — some nervous, some confident, some audacious, and some quite frightened.

Finally it came time for my brother to do the honors. Slowly he got to his feet and climbed to the stage. The family was now on the edge of the bench with me. I saw mother's hands open and close nervously. Dad showed no external signs of emotion, but I know he was closely watching my younger brother. As if in a trance Al stared for a time at the piano

on the far side of the floor and then slowly and hesitantly moved toward it, the music still clutched in his hand, his eyes riveted to the piano. He carefully placed the music on the piano and then turned to face the audience. He placed one hand in front of him on his stomach and the other on his back, as if about to do a Scottish hornpipe, and bowed. Then he sat down at the piano. His tongue raced back and forth over his lips. Beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. Then he began to play, the music lying open before him. Throughout the entire number the family joined with the audience in holding its breath.

He passed the trial with flying colors. Not one mistake did he make. When the last note had sounded, he sat on the bench in a trance while the people vigorously applauded. Then he seemed to come out of the spell. Slowly he raised his head, his face now wreathed in smiles. Something queer met his eye. For a second he stared; then he broke out in laughter. The music was up-side-down.

Let's Stay Out of It

MARY SCHREIBER

Once upon a time a golden haired princess lived on the top of a great mountain. Now this princess was the ruler of a kingdom whose people occupied all the available living space on that mountain. Everyone was very happy because the princess was a good ruler and all desirable commodities were plentiful.

All about the base of the mountain were other little kingdoms. One day all these rulers got into an argument, and so these kingdoms started a war among themselves.

Up on the mountain the princess and her council heard about the war which was going on down below. They called a

meeting, and the talk buzzed around for days and days. In fact, the talk was so loud that even the warring kingdoms could hear it. After all the discussion died down, the princess decided not to enter the war. Her people were self-sufficient on their mountain. It seemed sensible to stay out of the quarrel.

Down at the base of the mountain the cannons boomed and the rifles shot. And one day a soldier mis-aimed his cannon and shot at the mountain. Boom! went the cannon. When all the smoke cleared, the people down below saw that the kingdom up above had been blown away. Poor princess, poor council, poor mountain!

The Value Of An Art Course

SUSAN ARNE

In the approach to art in its tangible, concrete aspect let us say that art is man's truest and deepest outward expression of all that is within himself. It is his profound emotion, his slightest fancy, his mode of thought, his way of revealing himself to the outside world.

It follows that he must have some way of knowing how to put this self-expression into such a form that his fellowmen may see it, become acquainted with it, and judge it upon its real merits. This is not an easy task; hence we have devised a set of tools called the art principles whereby man is not only able to carry out his ideas in recognition of these truths, but whereby we are able to judge the finished product in light of them.

The significance of art is its natural tie-up with a great many fields of endeavor. As we begin to recognize art in all of its phases, we gradually see its relation to religion, science, philosophy, history, and numerous other branches of learning. Art, like religion, involves all the good which dwells within man's soul. Art, like science, entails a knowledge of a given series of causes resulting in logical effects. Art, like philosophy, demands a sensitivity to all of the deeper meanings and real values of life. Art, like history, gives us a clear, concise picture of all that has gone before in the saga of the human race.

As we look upon this historic panorama, we cannot help becoming increasingly aware of the effects of art upon mankind. It is a pictorial review of man's hopes, desires, and accomplishments through the ages. We see the effect of self-expression in all of the great literature, music, paint-

ing, drama, and architecture which has been so carefully preserved. We perceive that it has been a process of growing and developing. We notice that the beauty of this progress is that as it produced an effect upon one individual, so it overpowered many people, even many nations. Through this opportunity for self-expression, man was able to formulate principles for forms of government, educational procedures, international relations, and business laws.

It is difficult to leave this picture without searching ourselves for the answer to a question. If I am to experience life in its deepest sense, would not a knowledge of these principles be of great advantage to me? In a world where success or failure is measured by the yardstick of materialism and its artificial luxuries, what an asset a sincere appreciation of the aesthetic would be! To seek after, to acquire such a sense would be not only to round out the individual's character but to lead the thoughts and actions of others, as well, in the direction of a deep-rooted love of truth and beauty.

This must be the primary aim of our institutions of learning if we are, as students, to leave the college campus equipped to meet and to cope with the problems which beset humanity. We must be capable of an appreciation of that which is fine, that which is beautiful, and that which possesses merit.

Here, then, in art, is an opportunity unleashed for us to grasp and hold in the struggle for the development of man's unlimited resources in the field of humanitarianism.

Highest Place In Indianapolis

LINN HUDSON

Maybe some of you don't know what or where the tallest structure in Indianapolis is, so for the enlightenment of those who don't know I shall describe my first visit to this pinnacle of engineering ingenuity.

This structure is the new twelve-million-cubic-foot waterless gas holder of the Citizens Gas and Coke Utility, located on Northwestern Avenue. My first opportunity to go up on the top of this holder presented itself while I was visiting a friend of mine at this plant. The chief electrician asked me if I should like to accompany him while he made a routine check of the electrical apparatus on it. I quickly accepted his offer, and my friend, the chief electrician, and I climbed into a truck and drove across the field toward the holder.

On approaching it I grew more and more aware of its huge size and height as compared to my own. Although I had scarcely noticed any wind before, there was quite a gale whipping around the base of the holder. What had seemed at a distance to be an oversized drain pipe turned out to be an elevator shaft that housed a regular-sized elevator, which was to carry us to the top. I was allowed to run the elevator, and after a rise which took almost four minutes, we stepped out on the broad top, which is 386 feet, 8.5 inches above the ground.

The panorama which greeted my eyes was a little frightening at first, but after being assured that the structure upon which I was standing would not blow over, I became more at ease and began to enjoy the scenery. I could look down on

the tall buildings downtown and even the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument on the Circle. The structure on which I was standing was almost half again as tall as the Monument. I had never realized how large Crown Hill Cemetery was until seeing it from there. And I could watch the planes landing and taking off from Stout Field. If I had had field glasses with me, I should have better enjoyed the ball game which was in progress at Victory Field.

We walked all the way around the edge of the top, holding onto the railing for fear of being blown off. The almost flat top is 218 feet in diameter and looked large enough to land a B-29 on. After getting our fill of Indianapolis scenery, we went into a small house on top and entered another elevator, which would carry us down inside this huge monster.

One might believe that it would be impossible to go inside this gas holder without being gassed or without donning a gas mask. But, in reality, there is no gas in the top part where we entered. The huge part of the holder which we see from the outside is only the shell for the inner chamber which rises or lowers as gas enters from the bottom or is taken out. This piston rolls up and down against the sides of the tank and is sealed by three feet of thick black tar. The elevator descends onto the top of the piston, which may be near the top if full or way down if almost empty. If the tank is almost empty, one can go as far down on the inside as one came up on the outside. The elevator is nothing more than a wire cage suspended by a cable from the top, and it continually rocks and sways while travel-

ing. The holder was about one-third full when we went down, and we had a sensation of being swallowed by a large whale as we slowly sank into the dark and shadowy interior. We got out of the elevator and walked around on top of the piston. It seemed like miles up to the little hole at the top where we had entered. There were eight pieces of pipe, cut into different lengths to form musical tones when struck,

which were suspended from a girder. One could play a tune on them which would echo back to him for five minutes. When the chief electrician was through inspecting the inside, we again rode the elevator, which swayed and rocked like a drunken man going up stairs. I was glad to see daylight and fresh air again as we stepped out of the elevator onto the top and took the other elevator to go to the ground.

Vignettes

The pine trees, like soldiers, had marched to the very edge of the lake's sandy beach and afforded the deer and other wild life that came to drink a perfect camouflage.

from *Her Majesty*
by Gene Miller

Has man's time not come to have peace settle over all the world? We were chosen to be born in this age, and we will die when we must. Has not our time to kill, to break down, to weep, and to mourn surpassed its appointment? Is it not now time to do some healing, building up, even a little laughing, a little dancing?

from *To Every Thing There
Is a Season*
by Jean Farson

It (love) will always exist in some form. It is the cogwheels of a nation, the orb of the universe, and the blessedness of the world. From the little child, who lays his sleepy head on his mother's breast and drowsily falls to sleep, to the tough little bear cub, which crawls up

to its mother for protection and warmth, love is the mainstay which makes life worth working for, worth fighting for, worth dying for, and above all, worth living for.

from *Pertaining to Love*
by Joan Schumacher

Though in my fits of temper I say much which is better left unsaid, I sometimes feel that I am more fortunate than those people who believe themselves tolerant because they are masters of their tempers. I hold no grudges, and while my intolerance causes many quick blazes, there is no bed of coals where a smoldering flame may be nourished.

from *Tolerance*
by Jane Butler

Her character seems to indicate conviction that her place is as a guiding hand to fate. She feels horribly cramped that a lifetime is only one hundred years, and wants her epitaph to read, "Died of extreme old age."

from *Dynamic Dorothy*
by Winifred Ham