

Compulsory Military Training

(*Impromptu*)

ROBERT HAYS

I am not in favor of compulsory military training. There are many things to be said for it, I will admit, but it is my opinion that for one very good reason, which I shall attempt to give you, we should study this question very thoroughly before enforcing such a matter upon ourselves.

When a young man comes from school, out into the grown-up world, he is at the age where his mind is like a sponge, a sponge that has been little more than dampened in the pool of know-

ledge and experience, softened barely enough that it is just becoming really ready to use.

It is at this age we are considering sending this boy into one of our armed forces. We will force a young man to live with older men, some of whom have been in the service for years, who are not capable of teaching this boy anything but their specialties.

I feel that this would retard the development of the minds of our young men in this country.

Ascent Into The Blue

CLARIS DAKE

Up, up, up we glided. The take-off was so smooth I did not realize we had even left the ground until I could see tree-tops down below. This memorable occasion, my first airplane ride, occurred when I was about five years old.

The view below was like a picture from a fairy tale book. The people looked like dolls, the houses like doll houses, just right to play with. The most interesting sight, however, was the checkerboard pattern of the fields. From such a height the small imperfections of the lines of division were not obvious so that it seemed as though someone had used a ruler to draw them. One field dark-green, the next light green and still another earth brown truly

gave the appearance of a picture from a farm journal. The perfection and multi-color of these fields made such an impression on me that now when I think of looking down from an airplane I can still plainly see them.

At the time this experience did not seem as important to me as it does now. Then it was just another of the interesting and exciting things the world holds for an individual of five years. Now I realize that that panorama of peaceful rural towns with fertile, well laid out fields, is my symbol of America. If it is ever necessary for me to live away from America, the thought of home will always bring this picture to my mind.