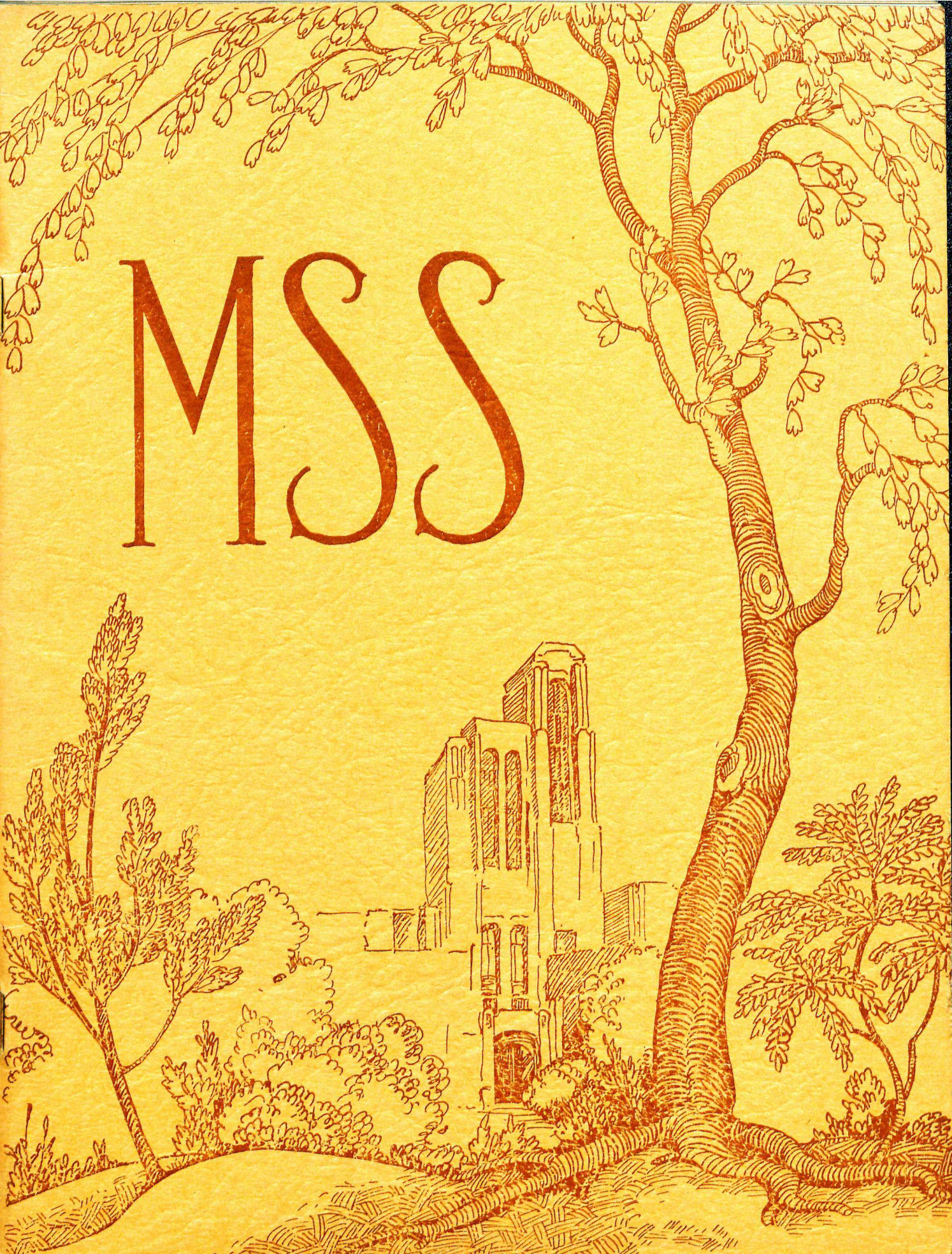


MSS



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I Weep

George W. Coffin

W

HY do I weep?

Why do my

tears well

over the brim

and splash in dark patches on my shirt?

Let me tell you why I weep. Let me tell
you why tears flood my eyes and shower
on my breast.

I have seen the distant town, clothed
in radiant morning sunlight as I stood
upon the throne of a hill. And I could
not fly.

I have heard a voice in the calm
starry night whisper, "You are my love
forever." And I could not love with all
the power I desired.

For one brief moment I felt the hand
of God in mine. And I could not hold
it there.

The waves thundered upon the reef
in a rhythm that I could not play.

The majesty of a mighty forest was

near to me and I could not sing.

The delicate features of a fragile
face appeared before my eyes. And I
could not paint.

All the joy and sadness which are
life, youth and age, love and hate, the
scorching brass sun and cool of the night,
the mighty waters and the motherly
earth, all these passed before me and I
did not have the words with which to
write.

And when I was alone, wordless,
speechless, without a song, and unloved,
I wanted death. And I could not die.

And so I weep. I weep for the
beauty which has passed me by and which
I could not capture by some ingenious
skill or craft for other men to know—for
other men who have no wish to know,
for they have sold their hearts for con-

crete and stone, they have bartered their sheets.

eyes for wheat and oil, their ears were I cannot speak or sing or play or
the price of mighty metal monsters that paint or write or die. They cannot hear
scream and shriek at their deaf masters. or see or love or live.

They have given love over into bondage I am a fool who can only weep. They
for long columns of tabulated figures in cannot.

black and red on large white ledger

Crescendo

Mary Alice Kessler

I heard a horn crunch on the air

And a piece of laughter whistled behind a building,

An old newspaper scratched the curb stone

And a faint horse hoof ticked up 72nd Street.

I listened hard for the moaning child cry of police whistles,

The click of the traffic light, the scraping crippled foot,

I listened, and soon each disjointed sound

Each murmur of horn melted into the great stir,

And its infant pulse began to pound with the great one

To such a climax of roar, twang, beep, swish

That my ears throbbed and my heart beat with the throb,

Throb, throb, throb of this city.

The Red Hibiscus

Jan Skinner

MAYBE I remember it because it was my first cocktail party, but I don't think so. I was in a hurry to be classified as an adult — to live up to my size. So I was sort of grateful when Les asked mother to drag me along to his "Welcome-Home-Liz" party.

And I like Les. He was a concert pianist, with a flair for interior decorating. He'd done some of the things I wanted to do, like playing a sweet piano, making a reputation for his conversation and Martinis, and marrying a girl like Liz.

Les and Liz went well together, like their names. They were two very civilized people. Liz was a little older than Les, but she let him buy all her clothes and pamper her until most people had come to think of her as being years younger than he. There was no doubt about it, their marriage had clicked. Together they could turn a dead evening into a live affair. And they always made me feel like a sparkling conversationalist — me, a high school senior with a crew cut.

It was spring and Liz had just come back from Florida with a tan that was terrific with her blond hair, and a collection of paintings, oils and water-colors she'd done down south. While she'd been away Les had done their apartment over in jewel-toned modern Chinese. Also while she'd been gone, he'd accepted a swarm of invitations, mostly for dinner. I suppose because Liz was back, because

she had new pictures to show, and Les had redone the apartment and collected a fair amount of social obligations, it was the logical time for them to throw a party.

Mother has always timed things perfectly. The brawl was in full swing when we got there. Les met us at the door with, "Mrs. Coleman — and the young Mr. Coleman. We've been missing you two. Liz is in the bedroom, powdering her nose. Yours doesn't need it, but I know you'll want to. Bob, I've got a problem you can help me with, a lovely child that's just lost among us old people. Want to make her laugh for me?"

I let him lead me across the living room to a giggling little brunette, who didn't seem lost at all and who certainly didn't need me to make her laugh. She must have been a couple of years older than I, and she was surrounded by men. Obviously, she was doing all right.

After the introductions I found myself with a drink in hand, in the middle of a strange conversation. The current topic seemed to be Liz's paintings. "Best things she's ever done. Awfully good line, color's too clear perhaps, but they've got spirit." That was from a tall man without his full allotment of hair.

The 'lost' brunette held a cigarette for him to light, "I disagree with you, Herb. Liz has slipped. She hasn't interpreted. She's just put what she saw on canvas. Poof—like that."

He looked at her across the flame of his lighter, "But that's the beauty of them. The simplicity—it's—what shall I say? It's—"

I couldn't compete in that conversa-

tion. I turned around to try to find mother or Liz—anybody I knew. Then I saw it. One of Liz's pictures, an oil, hung over the fireplace, dominating the room, its bright undiluted colors clashing with Les's pale subtle color scheme.

There was a disturbing, exotic quality in it. I crossed the room and stood looking up at it. After a moment I wished that I hadn't seen it, for it turned the magnetism of those suave, clever little people in the room into something old and thin, like cigarette ashes floating in cold coffee.

It was a portrait. A man, bare to the waist, in a pair of dirty white ducks, leaning against the mast of a moored yawl. Piers, a couple of gulls, and a scrap of cluttered beach were faded in as background.

But he didn't need a background. He stood, brown in the sunshine, a shadow fell across his barrel chest. His own shadow, elongated, fell on the deck. In one hand — big hands he had — he held a coil of half spliced rope, as if he had been working it and looked up for a moment.

He wasn't handsome, powerful looking maybe, with those sloping shoulders that belie striking power, but not handsome. His head was thrown back, blue eyes mocking while they squinted in the sun, broad nose that looked as if it had once been broken. He had sensual lips, drawn back over big white teeth in a grin. And behind his left ear, its stem knotted in black hair, was a blood red hibiscus blossom.

I stared at the thing. Liz had done it in brazen colors. Les had framed it in a narrow bamboo frame.

"Now I think that's Liz's best," Les said beside me. "Look how she's done the chest and shoulder muscles, as if she'd studied anatomy for years."

"Who is he?"

"Oh, some beachcomber Liz got to pose, I suppose. She's forever painting the natives. Like it?"

I knew something Les would never know, "I can't make up my mind, Les." I felt inadequate. Looking at Les, I wondered if he'd ever worn a red hibiscus behind his ear.

Purple Patch

We have writing and teaching, science
and power; we have tamed the beasts
and schooled the lightning . . . but we
have still to tame ourselves.

H. G. Wells.

Behind The Curtain

William Osburn

THE two men emerged from the building housing the linguistic offices of the Paris Peace Conference. They hailed a cab, gave the driver the address of a superior hotel, and arranged themselves comfortably for the ride. The older man, a Nebraskan by birth and education, was one of the State Department's lesser officials who was able to speak Russian. He was about fifty-five, yet he appeared to be many years older. His weak heart was barely able to bear the load which he insisted upon assuming. The past three weeks had been a nightmare for him. All too frequently he had felt it necessary to work until almost dawn. Exact translations of the day's speeches were needed in order to prevent an even greater number of misunderstandings from arising. Gilbert Emory, an undistinguished Nebraskan, was doing his small part to help win the peace. Emory was giving his best.

Next to him in the cab sat his co-worker, Georgi Remizov. The Russian came from Izhevsk, a town almost directly east of Moscow near the Siberian border. Remizov was an average-sized man with strong features and prematurely gray hair. His knowledge of school-book English had enabled him to secure a commission with the Red Army as a liaison officer at the out-break of the war. Ironically, he had spent three and one-half years in Detroit at a time when he felt that he was needed most at home. His native land was bending before a foreign foe while he kept Moscow in-

formed of developments in Detroit. Like the American, he had done his duty; still he had not done his share. He wanted to do more. After the war, he applied for government service. His understanding of the English language and the American idioms which Detroit had taught him had qualified him for the position which he now held. He was Emory's Russian counterpart.

A strange friendship developed between the Russian and the American. For a while this friendship was a great joke among the wits of the foreign services. It was pointed out that there was a possibility that an American and a Russian could become friends. This cynical humor incensed Emory and Remizov. They believed that the differences between their countries could be overcome if there were more personal contacts between the ordinary people of the two nations.

The cab stopped before the hotel. After paying the driver, the men went directly to the American's room. As was their custom, they reviewed the events of the day and discussed what policies they would follow if they were in positions of authority. They talked freely about their own governments, pointing out faults as readily as virtues.

The day's conferences had been successful. The most chronic pessimists saw some hope for the future. A crisis of importance had not only been averted, but the problem which led to it had been solved. A recent speech by the Secretary of State added greatly to the wave of optimism which washed the shores of every great power. Peace and harmony

had been the order of the day.

Remizov was aware of Emory's heart condition. He remarked that at the rate the conference was progressing, it would soon end. Then the American would be able to return to his home. Emory replied that he should like very much to be in Nebraska with his family. He wondered what his brother was doing now that he was out of college. Walter had been vague in his letter.

Walter did not disclose the exact nature of his work in the letter he had sent Gilbert. He could only say that he was engaged in experimental work for the government. More specifically, he was helping to install the largest cyclotron ever built, in a huge plant capable of producing atomic bombs at a phenomenal

rate.

Emory asked Remizov if he would not like to return home also. Remizov smiled wistfully. Then he began describing the beauty of his homeland. He told of the broad, unbroken fields which were to the west of his father's home. Now a new airplane factory broke the horizon. The jet planes made there were able to fly non-stop as far as Nebraska.

To Gilbert Emory and Georgi Remizov, the future looked bright. Settling differences by open conferences, as the differences were settled today, was the way to peace. Mistrust was not evident as it had been previously. If the world situation kept progressing at the present rate, the peace conference might soon be over.

What A Measley Shame!

David Craig

I was five years old and my brother Bob was seven when the measles came to our house. I went to bed one night feeling puny and woke up the next morning with a countenance as disfigured as a painting by Picasso. Bob came in my room before I had seen myself and burst into sadistic laughter.

"Oh Mother, come look!" he yelled between gruesome giggles. "David's ruined his face!"

Scared within an inch of my life, I jumped out of bed and looked in the mirror. My face was indeed ruined, but I hadn't done it. I was a mass of foul, red

bumps and I felt awful. Mother came in and comforted me.

"Your face isn't ruined," she said, "You have the measles."

Whenever we were sick, Mother would stay home from the office until noon to make us comfortable. She would fix up the bed with clean sheets and put on the blue pillow cases. We loved the blue pillow cases because they meant that we were going to have a lot of extra attention and we knew she'd come home early at night and bring us presents. On this occasion I couldn't enjoy my ill health as much as usual because Bob had to stay home too, and he kept making fun of my bumps. I felt as revolting as a leper whom healthy citizens avoid with

cries of "Unclean, unclean!" Bob didn't express himself in any such mild language. What he brutally said was, "You stink."

By the next morning Bob's face was ruined too. He broke out with bumps even larger, redder and more repulsive than mine, which were already beginning to fade. When I saw his Picasso puss, I felt a flood of joy the like of which I never before had experienced and haven't since. I fell back on my bed convulsed with insane laughter. Great hearty guffaws shook me from head to toe. Even the Marx brothers never have moved me to such mirth. I couldn't stop. I only could point to Bob and gasp, "He's ruined his face. He stinks."

I guess Mother thought that Bob deserved it, for she didn't rebuke me although she was awfully nice to him and gave him some blue pillow cases. Then she rigged up the electric train so that it ran up and down the hall from bed to bed and we could load the cars and while away the time by delivering small toys to each other.

When we began to get better she darkened the room and let us play in the same bed. The measles had reached the "itchy koo" stage and it was very helpful for us to be near enough to scratch each other. There was a crawly point between the shoulder blades in back which we simply couldn't reach by ourselves, and we were very courteous to each other in our attempts to scratch the right spot.

"Up a little, over a little, down a little, there-re-re!" Our behavior at this point resembled the behavior of pigs in a sty. When you scratch their backs with a rail, they roll over and grunt.

When Mother came home at night, she tried to alleviate the itching by putting us in the bath tub tandem fashion

and bathing us with something soothing and deodorizing. Bob sat in front and I in back with my legs around him. He still had ugly red splotches on his back, considerably irritated by the efficiency of my scratching. I felt relieved that I was nearer recovery than he and heaved a mighty sigh, unintentionally blowing a strong breeze on his sore back.

"Oh!" he shrieked, "You blew on my measles!" Whereupon he turned around and blew violently in my face. This was known as the raspberry, and, naturally, I resented the insult. We started a "gosh-awful" fight, in which the bath tub became a mass of flying arms and legs and churning water. Mother tried to separate us, but our soapy bodies were so slippery she couldn't hold on to us. In the emergency her reflexes worked without conscious direction, and she cracked Bob on the behind.

In some households a crack on the behind is a fairly usual event that attracts no undue attention, but in ours it was an unheard of catastrophe. Mother never struck us for anything. She even bragged about it and often said violence wasn't necessary in the discipline of children. Naturally Bob was terribly surprised and painfully grieved. He let out the dying yell of the mortally wounded.

"Oh!" he caterwauled, "Mother has hit me!" He fell back against me in a dramatic stage faint which knocked me out. Mother fished me out of the suds and pulled the tub stopper. Bob was flat on his back with only his nose out of water, and his hair floated out around his face like seaweed.

"I am drowning," he moaned as the water gurgled down the tap leaving his nude body stranded on the porcelain. Mother dried off the corpse, pulled on its pajamas and carried its staggering weight

to bed. Her dress was soaked and she looked pretty frazzled. As she started to leave the room the corpse opened one eye and looked at her accusingly. "Are you sorry?" it said weakly.

"Quite sorry."

"Then I'll forgive you. I'll even kiss you."

As the pestilence subsided we were allowed to go out of doors to play for a while in the afternoon. The sign was still on the house and we were told to stay on the premises, which we did. It was rather chilly so we took our toys into the garage for protection from the wind. After about an hour we were still chilly but it never occurred to us to go in the house to get warm. Instead we decided to build a fire in the garage. There was a box of sawdust sitting there which looked as if it might burn easily, so we mixed some paper with it and struck a match. Soon we had a nice warm fire and would have been quite comfortable, except that the back wall of the garage caught on fire too. We were frightened but didn't know what to do about it. The neighbors saw the blaze and decided for us. They called the fire department.

Soon the sirens were screaming in our street and the fire wagons rolled up. Firemen rushed about dragging a heavy hose and put the fire out in short order. A crowd formed around our house in no time at all. It would have been a lot of fun, if it hadn't been our garage. Then the neighbors told us what bad boys we were and one woman said she was going to call our Mother. It was then that we finally decided we needed privacy and went in the house. When we got inside we craved still more privacy, and we both

crawled under my bed to wait for Mother.

It wasn't very long until we heard her car in the drive. When she came in, we heard the maid telling her what had happened and blasting our characters emphatically. Mother didn't make any comment. She just asked, "Where are the boys?"

Nobody seemed to know. We were as still as mice and held our breath. We felt dreadfully besmirched and guilty. The maid was scared that we had run away from home, but Mother said she had an idea where to look for us. She came upstairs and lifted up the edge of the bedspread and saw us cowering in our hide-out.

We knew that all was lost and that we might as well come out from under the bed and face the music. Bob, being the older, scrambled out first with each of his several cowlicks standing on end. That guy had guts. He walked right up to our parent and said earnestly, "Mother, we will eat turnips. We even will eat them for breakfast."

There may be some people along Tobacco Road who can't see anything punitive in eating turnips, but to us it was as low as we could sink and Mother knew it well. She thought for a little while and said, "Very well. I'll go down to the corner and buy some."

That night we had turnips for dinner, and the next morning we meekly munched a little dishful for breakfast, washing it down with cocoa to keep from gagging. Neither of us ever has sunk a tooth in a turnip since, but, at the time, the odious root washed our sins away and eased our "measley" shame.

"Great Guy"

Richard J. O. Green

HE cold seeped through Officer Moriarity's greatcoat and numbed his body. Steam spiraled from his nostrils in dragon-like patterns, and the far reaches of the street light at the mouth of the alley fell upon him and ricocheted off his badge and buttons as he lumbered toward the street. With cold-numbed fingers he tugged a ponderous watch from beneath his coat and paused to examine its scarred face beneath the light . . . eleven-thirty, half-an-hour until call-in time.

Great gusts of strong winter wind tore frantically at his clothing as he began his march down Connor's Block, and silent curses sparked from his streaming eyes. God, how he hated this nightly farce.

Officer Moriarity was sick of being a cop. He was sick of being called Moriarity and having greasy mothers beam at him and offer pathetic excuses for the misdemeanors of their snot-nosed brats. He was tired and disgusted with the world that bordered on Connor's Block, the thirty-five dollar a month walk-up and the endless procession of gray mornings when he lay abed and listened to Ella moving about the kitchen, and the sounds of living around him, and he cringed beneath the covers to escape the smells of gas and garlic that permeated the building. He wrinkled his nose at the cold, and wondered what it would be like to do something different; to face the world with a chip on his shoulder, perhaps . . . perhaps like Humphrey Bogart in "Behind Bars." There was a man who stood up and shook

his fist at the stupid world.

Down the block a young girl's laughter tumbled from a dark doorway and was carried to him on the wind; and far away where the streets came together, the lights of an automobile went out. He paused for a moment to try the door of Jennings' hardware store, then walked on to stop at the next doorway, leaving a weird, lace-like pattern of footprints to fade in the swirling snow.

Moriarity wondered why he bothered to punctuate his nightly rounds thus; the haggling little men whose lives revolved around their shops never forgot to lock their doors. It was to kill time, that was the reason, to kill time until midnight when he unlocked the little box on the corner and assured the drowsy desk sergeant that all was quiet on Connor's Block. He longed for midnight to come, so that the call could be made and the biting cold forgotten in the warmth of Jenny Flak's apartment. A glow of warmth accompanied the thought of her; it was nice to have a home away from home, he reflected.

The clock in Kaplan's window read a quarter 'til twelve. Beneath the night light the jeweler's window sparkled like a miniature carnival; displays of rings and necklaces cast rainbows of light upon their velvet pedestals, and Moriarity, his breath clouding the brilliance of the window, stood for a moment on feelingless feet, building dream-castles with the wealth behind the glass.

It began to snow again, and the flakes blew in beneath his visor and melted on his brow. A steeple clock, not in time with the one in the window, tolled a hollow, distant chime somewhere in the

dark distance. Officer Moriarity took a final longing look at the contents of the window and wrenched at the jeweler's door. It opened!

The door spring, seeking release, weighed heavy in his hand. A torrent of thoughts besieged him—snow flakes buzzed about him like a swarm of bees; then Officer Moriarity stepped into the darkness, leaving Connor's Block deserted.

He stood for awhile just inside the door; then a surge of power enveloped him, his senses sharpened, and he began deliberately picking objects from the shelves and cases and stuffing them into his cap. He chose a watch here, a ring there, moving silently, swiftly between the shadowy fixtures. A necklace of pearls for Jenny, from the case; a collection of rings from the centerpiece of a display . . . Moriarity was rich! He began to hurry, tearing frantically at the wrappings of unopened boxes while outside the wind died away, and the snow became lazy and reluctant to fall.

A lone figure bent and muffled in a greatcoat plodded by the front window,

and Moriarity moved toward the door of the back room. There he paused momentarily in the doorway—in time to see the shadow that crept silently through the skylight and dropped to the center of the room. There was no time for him to think, for the wild, staccato clang of the burglar alarm assailed his ears.

The shriek of a siren sounded above the bell, and outside the window beyond the curtain of snow flakes Moriarity saw the cruiser arrive and the uniformed figures emerge.

Jim Garrity drove cautiously over the fresh-fallen snow. He shifted to second and flipped the switch on the squad car radio while his companion lit a cigarette.

"Yeah," he said, "when Moriarity didn't call in, the sergeant got worried and sent me over to pick you up. Can ya imagine . . . the guy wasn't even nervous . . . just standin' there over the body like as if he was waitin' on something. That's what'cha call a good cop."

"Yeah," said his companion, "he sure is a great guy."

Purple Patch

The sun, which has all those planets
revolving around it and dependent upon
it, can ripen a bunch of grapes as if it had
nothing else in the world to do.

Galileo.



He is a Swift,
Lichen alive;
Pine cone with legs
And a fleeting fire
That never consumes him
(Though none could be drier).
Secretive is he
As deserts that hide
Turquoise (like a swift)
On the under-side.

Allyn Wood

Doors

Edna Hinton

You can find behind a door,

Stacks of books,

Jolly cooks,

Gardens fair,

The farmer's mare,

Candy hearts,

Auto parts,

Tables, beds,

Clothes and spreads,

Clocks and rings,

And lots of things.

Or

A girl, who, sitting in her cloister room

At night, looks at her door, and hates its stout

Oak frame that leers up like a doom.

For closing it each night she shuts "him" out.

Maybe Tomorrow

C. P. Hopkins

HARRY, I wish I had a typewriter. If I had one right here now, I'd sit down and write a story. No, I don't think it would be a short story. It'd be closer to a novel. Yes, I'm sure it would be a novel.

What's it about? It's all in the title. "Maybe Tomorrow." It's too big for me, Harry, somebody else should have had the idea. Maybe they'd know. Maybe tomorrow. No, I couldn't write it even if I had that typewriter.

No, the idea's okay; it's sound enough. In fact, it's wonderful. But I just don't know, it's sound enough. In fact, it's wonderful. But I just don't know, Harry tomorrow—what? A job, a home, a family, a car, school, friends, girls, love, sex, the world?

What do you want tomorrow? What does anyone want tomorrow or today? What the hell did they want yesterday?

I guess maybe they wanted and want to be understood. Maybe they wanted to speak and to be heard. Maybe not having a common language, they wanted an interpreter. Is that what they need, Harry? An interpreter?

Maybe they wanted each other. Why can't they fix it up, Harry? Why can't every mother know her son, and every son recognize his father?

Do they know what they want? Or do they just know they want? Haven't they wanted long enough and hard

enough, Harry? How long are they going to have to want? Can't they ever get something so they won't have to want anymore, at least for a little while?

Do they want money? Is it quarters and halves and stocks and bonds they're after?

Or is it watermelons? And if it is, do they want them off the back of a truck or out of a patch?

Do they want time? Do they want Bulova curved to fit your wrist time?

God, Harry, what is it they want?

Does positive want negative? If they do, I say give it to them. Elect me president and they'll be a proton for every electron in the land.

Do they want Faith, Hope, and Charity? If they do, I say let them be faithful, hopeful, and charitable.

Do they want Greed, Lust and Covetousness? Then let them be greedy, lustful and covetous.

Do they want to sing and shout and laugh? Haven't they cried enough? Let's let them laugh for a while, Harry.

See, what I mean, Harry? It's a novel, almost a volume, but it's too big for me. I don't know what they want. Do you, Harry? Do you think they'll ever get whatever it is they're after? They didn't get it yesterday, they haven't got it today. Maybe they'll get it tomorrow. Tomorrow seems like a nice time. Maybe tomorrow.

Yes, it would be a novel all right if I could write it. Maybe tomorrow.

Afternoon Piece

Mary Alice Kessler

I sat down in the gray and green chair
And crossed my legs with retrospect,
The stem of the shining creme de menthe glass
Quivered between his long white fingers.

I pulled a petal of phlox from the stem,
How cool the crushed veins felt in my palm,
The stem of the shining creme de menthe glass
Quivered between his long white fingers.

"Have you read the latest F. Scott Fitzgerald?"
I asked his oceanic eyes,
The stem of the shining creme de menthe glass
Quivered between his long white fingers.

"Do you want to walk, do you want to sing,
(Or shall we feed lemons to green balloons)?"
The stem of the shining creme de menthe glass
Quivered between his long white fingers.

I lifted a cigarette from the jade box,
"Remember the antiques on 49th Street?"
The stem of the shining creme de menthe glass
Quivered between his long white fingers.

I stood near the window and stared at the line
Of gray and green needles stuck through the mist,
The stem of the shining creme de menthe glass
Quivered between his long white fingers.

"New York is like everything else nowadays,
A blaze and decadent means to an end,"
The stem of the shining creme de menthe glass
Quivered between his long white fingers.

"Tell me, why did you ask me to come?
I'm meeting some friends at a quarter to five."
The stem of the shining creme de menthe glass
Quivered between his long white fingers.

"You must hate me terribly, why won't you speak?
After all, you must know I've had other affairs."
The stem of the shining creme de menthe glass
Quivered between his long white fingers.

"Let's forget about this and go dancing tonight,
'Lover, gold-hatted, high bouncing lover'."
The stem of the shining creme de menthe glass
Quivered between his long white fingers.

"I really must go, shall I see you again?
I'll be in tomorrow at half past one."
The stem of the shining creme de menthe glass
Lay in a thousand splintered pieces.

Purple Patch

You sauntered through my mind
Like the little broom-man
Who walks from house to house
Whistling Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

Mary Alice Kessler.

Let's Call Them Glimpses

C. P. Hopkins

TOO INTELLIGENT

"You're too intelligent to drink."

"Yes, I know I'm too intelligent to drink."

So saying, he reached for the bottle. Everybody laughed. And they should have, for it was uproariously funny.

THE ATHEIST

Jim, the guard, and Brown, the minister, stood in front of the prisoner's cell.

"Do you want a minister?" Jim asked.

The prisoner shook his head.

The minister said, "Would you like to say your prayers?"

"I am an atheist," responded the prisoner.

Jim smiled slightly. It was not a grim smile, not a smile of disdain, nor a smile of pity. It was a knowing smile for Jim knew that no man was an atheist.

LET US PRAY

Whatcha going to do, Joe? You see people that don't belong, that are not really people. They make you mad, Joe. God, they make you mad. But, whatcha going to do? You can't hate them. It's not their fault.

And then there's people that are people really, but then they're not. Why don't they wake up? God, why don't you let them wake up? Let them be people. Let them be Tom and George and Sam.

And through it all, Joe, you're lonely, you're so godawful lonely. And everybody that is anybody is with you and

lonely too. God, do we all have to be lonely?

Whatcha going to do, Joe? Whatcha going to do?

RAVE ON, WRITE ON

In the morning he looked at what he had written the night before. At first he thought that he didn't like it, that maybe it wasn't as good as it had looked to him in the night. But then he knew that it was good, that every paragraph, every sentence, every word was good. It was beautifully, honestly good, the only good that is good, because all were a part of him, all were him, the best of him, the him that no one sees. It was all he had to offer, and it was enough.

I DON'T KNOW

Tonight I feel I should write something. I do not know what, but I know I should write something.

I do not feel bitter, nor do I feel happy. I think I'm lonely for I am almost always lonely.

I am in a tent writing with a PX raffled-off fountain pen. I am writing on plain paper from an ordinary tablet bought for ten centavos at the company PX.

I do not know what time it is. I don't believe I care what time it is.

I know it is night and that there is darkness and that in the darkness there is refuge and there is terror; there is comfort and there is certainty.

Lady Of The Sky

Glenn H. Fisher

THERE among the sunlit spaces you came to have a talk with me. I saw you first standing on a sunbeam with your head thrown back and your hair streaming in the wind. On tiptoe you were—laughing—and your laughter was a harmony to the wild, strange music of the sky. How lovely you were—like an angel who had showered in the goldust of the sun.

Impishly you came tripping down the sunbeam to stand on the cold-blue muzzle of my guns. And yet, almost shyly you asked to come inside—my answer was a smile. I opened my arms and you were in them, your lips warm and willing as I held you close.

And then, as if you anticipated the terse command "On Target," you pulled away to sit beside me with your hand just touching mine. "Do not be afraid," you

whispered, "we'll take this ride together."

All my fears left me then. I watched the purple flak puffs fill the sky and felt them rock my plane. I saw another plane shudder, hesitate, then gently fall away to burst into orange flame and plunge into the sea. Through it all—the thunder of the bursting shells, the shout of "Bombs Away," the breathtaking descent of "breakaway," the monotone on the interphone—I still could hear your song above the tumult—joyous, thrilling, and free!

Then, in the strange stillness that follows a battle in the air, I felt you lift your hand from mine. You stepped through my turret window and poised on my guns again. Your smile was a caress as gentle as shafts of sunlight and your words that shouted down the windstream are etched upon my heart—"Goodbye—goodbye, we'll meet again in just a little while."

Freshman Section



Leaf By Leaf

Wendell D. Phillips

A Tree in Autumn is a lovely sight. One tree alone can concentrate the beauty of a whole woodland, leaf by leaf and branch by branch, as one flower can give the essence of a whole garden. For the beauty of the turning woods is not alone in the scarlet of a maple grove or the sungold glow of a hillside stand of beeches. It is in the subtle change that creeps along the leaves themselves, running from point to point and vein to vein. A woodland in full color is as awesome to me as a forest fire, but a single tree is like a dancing tongue of flame to warm the heart.

Watch even a single branch outside a certain window and you are watching the color of change. One morning there is a spot of yellow on a certain leaf, yellow which has not yet quite achieved the glow of gold. Another day and that glow may

be here. It spreads. The spot becomes a splash of gold, edged perhaps with a thin line of scarlet. It creeps down the leaf between the veins, and then across the veins; and the scarlet edging widens into a band and then a border. Meantime, other leaves have begun to turn, some to gold, some to dull bronze, some to blood-red, all extremely beautiful, all on the same branch, yet no two are alike in either pattern or coloration. Finally, it is a branch as full of color as the whole woodland.

Thus comes Autumn, leaf by leaf and tree by tree; thus the woods become a hooked rug flung across the hills with all its folds and all its colors as they come to hand. I paused beneath one tree the other day, looked up and could see Autumn all over the hills of America. I can pick up one leaf of those already cast adrift and hold Autumn in my hand.

Going Home

Anne Morgan

We retired early, although sleep seemed a waste of time as we were so anxious to start, but rest was needed for the long day ahead. When the soft gray violet light of dawn peeped out of the East, we scrambled out of bed. The first faint call of the redbird floated through the window, and the song of the neighborhood oriole seemed sweeter than ever, because we were so happy. The rest of the world was hushed. It was for the moment ours and ours alone. We were soon ready. Our two dogs danced and pranced and romped upstairs and downstairs, and then hopped into the car first. They knew only too well what all this meant. The motor whirled, started, and we were on our way. We fairly flew over the highway. We passed the cheery milkman with his gray mare jogging on his way to the sleeping city. We waved a friendly "Good Morning," and settled back watching the miles check off. We knew so many of the landmarks. We watched for the double curve and the great sign that said "Goodbye to Indiana and Hello to Ohio." We knew that we would soon pass the "little Church by the side of the road" that would mark the end of the first hundred miles. We also knew the cool shady grove where we would eat our lunch that had been packed with things that would taste better here than any other place. Here, in the quiet of the country, the dogs would romp, and we would rest and relax to make ready for the next few hundred miles.

The hours passed on, the miles in

back of us grew greater, while home grew closer, and as the sun sank, weary from his journey over the sky, we also grew weary from the long day's journey over the land. Suddenly, the first soft blue of the distant lake appeared on the horizon, and we found a new excitement in thoughts of the clean white cabin where we would rest for the night. Probably, it would be the one where we had stayed many times before. We had no desire to drive into the city and stop. We were in the land where the sky would be like a carpet of diamonds. We would sit on the shore and listen to the soft lay of waves and drink in the wonders of that star-decked sky. Again, the world would be hushed and mere words would be out of place in this land which seemed so beyond this world.

The day was over. We sank into our beds weary, but relaxed with thoughts of tomorrow. Tomorrow, we would be in the mountains; we would be where the smell of pine filled the air; where deep blue lakes nestled in pine arms; we would be where the mountain brooks rippled through the brush, where the speckled trout hid behind rocks and boulders; we would be nearing home where our families were waiting; where we would play and live and then return from "whence we came" thankful for this gift of beauty.

"Deep in a pool of a mountain brook

I wrote a little prayer,

And hoped that God in passing by

Would find it nestling there."

I Have A Rendezvous

George C. Taylor

There was no light in the compartment, unless you want to count a dim red night lamp at the base of a bulkhead as light. For a moment the red glare confused him, but when he rolled over, a carbine butt struck his forehead and he knew exactly where he was.

No one else seemed to be awake. He glanced across the aisle and he could just make out the fellow on the next rack. That would be Jimmy, "The Mad Finn." At the moment, "The Mad Finn" sounded rather peaceful. Nothing but a soft snore. He wanted to wake Jimmy up and talk but decided against it. Every time he talked to Jimmy the conversation always got around to Jane. And right now he didn't want to think about Jane. . .

He jammed his field jacket under his head and began to imagine where they were going. A longshoreman had tried to tell him it was the Philippines, but he wasn't buying any of that. Calcutta sounded like the best bet. He'd just about decided that it would be Calcutta when the quiet of the compartment was broken. For a moment he wasn't sure that he'd heard anything. But there it was again . . . a slow, steady, pulsing beat. The engines had started.

He'd been fairly certain that they'd sail that night, but now that they were really moving he felt surprised. Behind

him the coast of California was slipping over the horizon . . .

In a roadhouse in Asbury Park a corporal was ordering another beer and listening to a negro band play "Rose Room"; in Chicago a dime-store clerk was leaving a movie and thinking immoral thoughts about Cornel Wilde; on a lonely road outside of Memphis a boy and a girl sat in a car listening to a newscast; in Seattle a tired merchant tossed the cat out the kitchen door and turned out the lights.

. . . and Marine Island was fading away over the fan tail.

The compartment wasn't quiet now. They were out in the ground swell now, and the canvas cots stretched and squeaked. Jimmy was awake now. Jimmy didn't say anything. He just lay there and stared up at the rack above him.

He supposed that all the fellows who were awake weren't doing much talking. Not much you could say. A neon light, a soft laugh, snow falling at two in the morning on a lonely street, a warm hand in yours; how do you frame these things in words?

"Aw, the hell with it," he muttered and proceeded to fall asleep.

And the snow and the laugh and the warm hand slipped away over the horizon. . .

A youth is to be regarded with respect. How do you know his future will not equal your present?

Confucius.

Secret

Lester C. Nagley, Jr.

For weeks we have been sitting here in this position. The camouflage nets have been draped over each vehicle, looking like a nightmare out of the Arabian Nights, for weeks now. Everything has a harried, slovenly look, but maybe it's because this is a "secret" position. When we were ordered up here, it was under the heaviest cloak of secrecy. All identification was removed from the trucks, each man was inspected for any signs of which outfit he belonged to; they went through our clothing for addresses or cards. This was big, we had been told. We were to cross the Ruhr River and then it shouldn't be too long before the Germans caught onto how useless it was to try to keep on fighting.

We moved up under the cover of darkness and there were fairly decent roads most of the way. But even as we moved through the cool night, we couldn't help but think how peaceful it was back there in that little town in Holland where we had billeted while getting instructions for the river crossing.

It was peaceful in Herleen, and not unlike the States in many ways. We saw a lot of modernistic houses and metropolitan districts on our way across the continent. Yes, Europe was a lot like home; but gosh, how far away that seems now. The people even reminded us of our countrymen; they had met us with open arms, tried their best to make us comfortable, and had even pulled out their cherished whiskies to drink a toast to us and to a short war.

But now, with all this war about us, the question came again. Why are we over here? Of course, something had

happened, but my gosh, there had been only a few people involved in that and now, here were millions of men, men who had never seen each other before, thrown against one another on the field of battle and told to kill Germans. We have been shoved around from one place to another, we have slept in everything from mud to a count's master bedroom in Castle Rhiecenstien, we have been crammed into tanks, trying to get some rest as we roll along, tired, not caring what we had to do to get it over with. We weren't asking questions other than, "What do we have to do next, and where do we have to go to do it?" This time we had drawn the mission to cross a river; we were hoping it would work and that this would be the beginning of the end. Our minds were filled with other thoughts, too. "Will I get through this one, who will get it this time, on this last drive, will I be lost?" Yes, we have been sitting here for weeks looking at pictures, pictures that had been thumbled, crumpled, made dirty by the mud on our hands. We have been re-reading letters, punching the guy next to us, telling him to "listen to this." Many of the men have held small brown books that the chaplain had given to them, and their lips moved slightly.

We had moved up that night with a bit of moonlight deepened by the searchlights that played upon the low-hanging clouds. It was too bright to suit us, but the drivers were glad for the light—they made better time than usual. Even with the light, it seemed as if we were crawling. We didn't like the flame that belched from the exhausts of the tank in front of us. It made us into a beautiful target,

spotlighting us with flame. The Krauts could sure pick us off if they wanted to. The loud, powerful motors of our tanks, the huge, roaring, powerful motors that move forty tons along with ease, seemed to race with a dangerous groan. Nothing seemed to be going right; those darned tanks creaking and clanking, the light... couldn't we ever make a silent approach?

Then we went off the highway and dust began to whirl about, kicked up by the tracks. The greasy smell of the fumes from the exhausts blinded us. Then we really began to crawl. It shouldn't be too far now. All at once the darkness was penetrated by the small red light on the radio panel on the tank. "Button up, keep a watch out on the right, snipers." "A" Battery answered, "Roger, Able." The battalion executive officer said, "Roger, Baker."

It was really dark when you had only a thin slot to look out of, and five people sat in the large tin can where the sides were cold, four inches of cold steel, to protect you from the small arms fire that might be waiting out there somewhere. "Were the Krauts waiting with a panzer-

faust?"

I sat there realizing that a certain amount of sureness had left me when I saw that one go through Mac's tank, blinding him and crippling Harrison. I tried not to think of that, I tried to think of the other night when the rations came in and what a beautiful sight that Haig and Haig was and how quickly it was gone when it was passed around the circle of fellows. I wanted a nip right then. I tried to think of anything . . . what my wife was doing right then, what time it would be at home, if she would be going to work. Oh well, we were both going to work!

Then we slowed up and someone yelled. I threw open the hatch. The fresh air was sweet and cool. I strained my eyes to make out the figure of the "old man." He told us to stop for the night, to sleep close to the tank so that we could move out in a hurry.

That was the night we came up here. Now we sit and wait and complain. Nothing ever goes right, the guys up the line of brass sure goofed off this time. Maybe we'll never cross that river.

Purple Patch

Even as mother bakes into her prize-winning pies something of the charm of a hazy autumn day, with its frosty shock of corn and its cider barrel, so grandfather introduced into his recipe for friendship a binding quality of reliability, stalwart yet hinting of the warmth and understanding of autumn.

Donald H. Emrick in
BLUE RIBBON FRIENDSHIP.

How I Got My Name

Andrew Sutton White

During the last days of slavery, my grandfather was a child on a plantation in Mississippi. He, being the son of a favorite household servant, was given the privilege of studying with the master's children under an efficient tutor. Gratefulness for this opportunity and eagerness to learn caused him to advance rapidly.

This uncommon kindness meant much to Grandfather. He often longed for an opportunity to express his appreciation to his kind benefactor. What could he do? Again and again he thought of what he might do, but nothing seemed to satisfy. He continued to ponder the matter, but the Proclamation of Emancipation was signed before he came to a conclusion.

Freedom brought with it the problem of identification. Most of the slaves' only identity was that of belonging to the master's plantation, and the problem of finding names was a great one for people

who were not accustomed to thinking for themselves. All of his life he had been Mandy the cook's son or Old Man Sutton's yard boy. After much thought my grandfather decided that to take his master's name would be a good way of perpetuating his memory. This would give him a first and middle name but a last name was needed also. Thinking for a while, he remembered the acres and acres of white cotton that grew on the plantation. That was it! He would take the name "White." To the master's name, which was Andrew Sutton, was added the name White, and he became Andrew Sutton White.

Realizing the need of companionship, Grandfather took a wife and began a family. When the first son was born, it did not take much thought to decide that he would be christened Andrew Sutton White. Since this son became my father, you can see why I bear this traditional name.

Purple Patch

Chicago is just as Carl Sandburg pictured it, "a city of big shoulders." When I was sheltered beneath those big shoulders, I was never lonely or alone. The constant movement, the unending flow of sounds, the big city life that pressed itself against my senses, always made me feel warm and happy.

MY CITY by Howard Michaelson.

On Solitude

William T. Edwards

In the early months of World War II, I had occasion to spend six months on the construction of a refinery in the northern reaches of the Yukon Territory. Because of the inaccessibility of the location, men hired to build the refinery were flown in by airplane. A more remote spot is not to be found on the North American continent than this particular region. The entire Yukon boasts of only two small towns, Whitehorse and Dawson—cities that came into being during the gold rush of 1898. The only other points of human habitation are a small number of Hudson Bay Company trading posts which support a few Indian trappers.

Here is an area rich in minerals but barren of tillable soil, a vast tract of mile upon mile of muskeg and scrub pine, a locality where the winter temperature frequently reaches seventy degrees below zero. There is nothing whatsoever to encourage its settlement. It is desolate.

It was during this six month stay that I came to know the awe-inspiring effect of solitude. From a hilltop near the refinery, I have breathed the cold wind that has swept hundreds of miles across nothing but snow and ice. I have seen the late afternoon sun glisten from a snow-capped mountain thirty miles distant. I have heard the solitude speak. There is nothing so thrilling as the nearly inaudible call of a distant wolf, or the whispering of pines on a frigid plain—sounds that carry miles in the brittle air. I shall never forget the silence when the

wind was stilled; nor shall I forget the breath taking beauty of nature's pyrotechnics, the Northern Lights; or the startling whiteness of the deep snow; or the awareness of a fear that can creep into the soul when the intensity of solitude is felt. There is nothing so inspiring, nothing so sublime, nothing that can create a deeper sense of admiration and respect than a part of God's earth completely void of the works of man. The presence of the refinery seemed sacrilegious. I felt as though I were imposing on the secret workings of the infinite. If there is an omnipresence, if there is a universal essence, it was there with me in the Yukon wilderness. There was something more than the mere stimulation of the physical senses.

The months I spent in the North are the most treasured months of my life, and I would like to describe the spell under which I lived, but it is not possible for me to convey the mingled feelings and sensations one may experience in a setting such as this. There is something intangible, something ethereal, something too deep for the pen and paper. I believe William Cullen Bryant was under the spell of solitude when he wrote:

“—Take the wings of morning, traverse
Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no
sound
Save his own dashings—”

My Room Is Mirrors

Jack Wilkins

My life is a room of mirrors
In which I alone am repeated infinitely.
Some of the mirrors show me as I appear to others,
But Fate has twisted some of the mirrors
So that I look horrible and grotesque.
In one mirror I am fat and gluttonous with a fishy eye,
And in another I am thin and pale for want of spiritual food.
In one, the mirror of my conscience,
I am a twisted, deformed creature
That no one would believe to be human.
But if I had you with me in my room of mirrors,
I would never look at the mirrors Fate has twisted.
I would sit with you all day
And look at the beauty of our reflections
In my mirror of perfect love.

A Country Rhapsody

Beverly Mussawir

The water was so clear that I could see the bottom at the deepest point. Bright shafts of sunlight shone through the branches of the trees and pierced through the water to the bottom where they glistened on the brightly-colored pebbles, transforming them into shining jewels. As I swam along under the water, close to the bed of the stream, it seemed as if I had entered another world. The song of the birds, the sound of the breeze, and the whispering of the leaves were all

shut out. A heavy, penetrating silence hovered over everything. In the places where my body brushed against the bottom, tiny swirls of sand rose and dimmed the water, then slowly settled down again. The current of my movement in the water lifted the satiny water plants in loose, waving masses of purple and emerald ribbons. The bed of the small inconspicuous brook was to me a great treasure land beneath a great sea.

Futility

Anonymous

We stood in bread lines. We slept on "trustee" mattresses, drank "trustee" powdered milk, ate "trustee" canned corn--beef, wore "trustee" shoes and clothing, lived in "trustee" houses, burned "trustee" coal. We existed. We are today's young men and women. We were yesterday's children. We carry the scorch of the depression. Our parents knew what they were fighting. We knew only what we heard in the muted conversations of our parents, the look on our father's face when he came home from tramping the streets all day looking for a job or just sitting on the Court House steps. We knew, too, when our mothers wrote to the "Santa Claus Fund," and the churches had us put our names on the "basket list," but said they couldn't promise anything. We wore large campaign buttons at election times and fought with the Republican "kids" in school about the outcome, but we didn't know why—it just seemed important. Why did some of the "kids" have nice clothing and go home for lunch, while others went to some "Sunshine Mission" (or some such ironically named "soup parlor") . . . just because they were Republicans? We felt like extra burdens. We were unconsciously marked in body, but still more in

spirit and soul in these, the five years of what is supposed to be the happiest time in our lives—the most impressionable years—the carefree years—our childhood.

Was it no wonder we went money crazy when the war brought us prosperity . . . to us who could not afford to buy a pound of pork-chops when they were three pounds for a quarter? We hoarded, we skimped, we saved. Now, we saw a light, a hope, a chance for material security, but that wasn't enough. We were afraid. We are still afraid. What good is materialistic security if we have no mental peace?

All seems futile. We are young. We were brought up in a depression; our first jobs were war jobs; and on the horizon looms another depression. We are young enough to live through another probable war followed by a depression. Morals are corrupt, politics are corrupt, evil is on a rampage. We stir occasionally from our mental depression, but our energies are just quick "flashes in the pan" . . . false hopes. We are like Nomads—always wandering—stopping only now and then at some oasis—then plodding on. We want to belong, to believe; but what is there? We just think and that very thinking dulls our minds.

Purple Patch

Across the river the footbills rose
like a gentle crescendo.

Raymond R. Griffin in THE VIEW.

Lady

Jack Averitt

In a little mound of dirt about two miles south of Kwanghan, China, lies the remains of the best friend the 425th Bombardment Squadron ever had. Her name was "Lady" — a name that was symbolic of her character, a name that became synonymous with luck in the only heavy bomber outfit in China.

Lady was the only female in a litter of four born to one of the stray dogs that hung around the outfit when it was stationed in Kunming. Chestnut in color, she was the prettiest of the lot and immediately became the sweetheart of the squadron. When she was several weeks old one of the pilots took her on her first mission — a low altitude job that didn't require oxygen masks. That was just the beginning. Six months later, the fuzzy little pup had more combat time than the Commanding Officer.

One of the crews had salvaged an old oxygen mask and had remade it to fit Lady. It was on the first try-out of the

mask that Lady saved a man's life. She was lying down in the rear of the plane when she noticed that the tail gunner wasn't moving. His mask had somehow slipped off without his knowing it and lack of oxygen would soon bring his death. Sensing all of this, Lady ripped off her own mask and raced back to the waist gunner for help.

This was only one of her many deeds. Spoiled by the squadron, she never lost her popularity and was destined to return to the States with the outfit, had not Fate played its traditional hand on one of the last missions.

We were flying at 18,000 feet over Hankow when a piece of shrapnel ripped her body as though it were a piece of paper. She never had a first chance to recover. That afternoon the entire squadron turned out for the funeral — the burial of its best friend, Lady, Queen of the Squadron.

Purple Patch

There is nothing more pleasant than drifting through a large eddy shaded from the hot sun by a high bluff, the face of which is spotted with hardy Columbine. It is quiet. The only sounds are the gurgle of the water as the paddle is drawn slowly through it, the soft swishing of a fly line as it is cast, the gentle splash of the fly as it hits the water in among the rocks where you are sure there should be

a fish, the clear "good year" of a red bird perched high atop the bluff, the frenzied thrashing as a small mouth Bass takes the bait and breaks water, the excited voices of the other fishermen, and the distant roar of the river as it plunges headlong into a shoal.

OZARK MEMORIES

by J. Winston Martin.

The Departure

Frances King

You will part the tree branches
And step through the clean arc
Into the low boat.
The dawn is the strange, misty
Pink that dawns are said to be,
And the fringe of grass is there,
The way you knew it would be.
Tears in your eyes let you know
That you would feign stay here
With the reluctant birds that rise
Into the pink mists with a strange
Unity of motion and sound.
You don't know where you've been
Or what place you are departing for,
But you only know it's very sad
And you won't come by again.

The Vital Storm

Frances King

Lo, when the storm clouds
spiral on the land's edge,
And the rising tempo is felt
In the heart's corner,
Then is the time
For stealing danger.
Then, when the dark
Starts through the blood,
Then, when the rain
Fills the four chambers,
Then, when the wind
Fans up the fire,
Fanning and blowing
Beating and whipping
Adding more fuel
To the too-hot fire.

The Last Word

MSS goes to press in 1946, beginning its fourteenth year of publication. We have had a lot of fun looking over the first copies of MSS. Those early covers were so small and brave; Marguerite Young and Louise Dauner were contributing early verse and short stories, and the corner stone was being laid for a literary structure that has grown larger and gathered the aura of tradition about it.

This year MSS becomes larger, in a sense, just like every phase of every attitude and structure has become larger in this after-the-war America. The magazine will be distributed to over two thousand students at Butler this year. This is the largest circulation MSS has enjoyed since its birth. The freshman staff includes over fifty representatives from twenty-three freshman composition instructors' classes. The senior staff has twenty-five members who serve in various capacities. So you see that MSS is growing larger.

We hope you will like the new cover designed by Miss Marian Hill; we hope you will like the wood cuts designed by Miss Allyn Wood, one of the art editors; we hope you will like I WEEP by George Coffin and LEAF BY LEAF by Wendell Phillips and all the other pieces of writing from the creative writing, verse forms and Freshman composition classes; we hope you will like the Purple Patches and, most of all, we hope you will see the magazine for what it is — a laboratory for experimentation, for developing growth and ease and maturity in writing.

We wish to commend Mary Fritsche, Exchange Editor, and Jeanne Malott, Freshman Editor, for their excellent assistance with proofing and make-up work.

The students at Butler have good reason to be proud of their literary magazine for the excellent record it has maintained during the past fourteen years as a laboratory magazine for those of us who are interested in writing as a skill and, perhaps, an art.

The Editor.