

MSS



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Sonnet 29

ALLYN WOOD

THE boy Argus, who is nineteen, with palette colors in the corners of his fingers, turns back to the house as if to make a last precautionary round before a journey. Instead he has decided to stay. He leaves his belongings in the debris of the hall. A cat from the end of the hall peers and they exchange reserves across silence heavy but for a hum, compoundly powerful and accustomed, like a thousand cats purring, or as a tornado may sound to those it has left behind, with implication eternal, both retrospective and ominous; from the core of which pierces a steady tapping of his father's typewriter. The boy starts to go through the rooms when something rises and catches in his throat, a cough or a cry, unclasping time that rolls out before him. 'How did it begin? By what way have I come?'

His mother was dead and he was four, drawing her portrait with enormous head in a sunny room. His father, Pere, began to care for him with preoccupied tenderness. Papers collected on the floor and on the furniture. Strangers came who made tables rap and curtains move, who looked down at him as if he were too alive. One night Pere pointed to the bottom of the bed and said, "Your mother's there, if you could see her." Thus had begun his father's journey to find the meaning of death.

Then rain was falling through immeasurable afternoon and he was eight. His father was reading aloud Shakespeare's *Sonnet Twenty-nine*. Deeply, softly as a lute he sang the words—lute in a troubador's hands who sings of love and the crusades. The child drew, frequently looking out into the strange dusk that brought

Pere so near and held him becalmed, or even had delivered him to stay. Pere sat in shadow, only the book extended to window light; seeming to shrink, to let the rest find its way toward Argus. So reading, darkness became complete, when suddenly as his father rose to pull the curtain, scent of thaw filled the room, which they stretched to breathe, held on the pinnacle of a wave that was too great to be of one, or even two, or even three.

Then pitched into stormy blackness, unmapped chaos, while the dead were deracinated! The crusader found not a holy land, the explorer not a welcoming world. Did Pere, trying to be open-minded, know when he looked without or when within? Driven, tormented, pursued by the unseen, he said that in seeking her he had asked the way of others who had fallen upon him and were robbing him of life. He told the boy that his mother was trying to save them, "us," he said, although Argus did not feel in need of rescue. "People must know about death," cried Pere—"What a difference it will make!"

Gradually as time passed and less and less could be changed, the house grew to look as if they were starting for a long journey. Trunks containing his father's manuscripts—diary of the invisible odyssey—pressed the furniture toward the centres of the rooms. The world of their domesticity shrank until it was only channels such as a mole makes. Isolation pressed inward; his father was too busy to be hospitable, and friends made a detour of thought about him as they do about one dead, seeming reluctant to admit that he had ever lived. At night Argus, waking, heard Pere's typewriter tapping, or his

voice talking with whom he did not know. He tucked in one of the great purring cats that had come, been named Lares and Penates, and remained. In pauses of typing, through the room channels that by night were the interior of an ear, he heard the other purring. But he waited to hear the typewriter again. Pere was ill and lay on the couch too long, laughing grimly at the suggestion that a doctor be called. "I know what it is. He wouldn't believe or help." But when he rallied, their life was a citadel, to Argus exciting when curious, officious persons from without tried to invade; from which they frequently emerged to mingle unrecognized and happy.

Time grows short, is almost now . . .

When did the citadel fall?

He was sixteen. He called toward clear faces, and the call shook the walls. He summoned Pere to adventure in artists' terms of space and harmony and light; for a while he stayed by Pere who yearned yet feared, until seeing he grew adamant, not bold, at last he went out alone. Until after sunset he roamed through strange streets—streets that climbed hills and rolled into valleys; wherever he walked, children on roller-skates followed sliding through melting ice on their skates, which were Christmas gifts they had had to wait to use. Scent of northern thaw swelled strong as magnolias or vast tea shops. Then twilight came, tea-colored, with porcelain sounds through opened windows, with a lost kitten that he tucked inside his coat. Home was so different now he scarcely knew it, a ruin with a door, though outwardly the same. Pere would not forgive him but took the kitten.

Being part of the world, he returned to it many days. Never quite gone: sometimes in the midst of life his soul stood in a doorway barring the sight from something horrible. Among certain persons he

felt ashamed, until he went back to the beginning of the journey to find the meaning of death, and understood that no matter how mistaken he might be, Pere was brave.

The cats increased. Huge impenetrable cats slunk about the house keeping their counsel, children of Lares and Penates, the first pair, or others that came along the street; huge pent cats that felt not want nor weather. Their purring and singing were intense and loud, sometimes a tremendous largo, again, as they divided, spoke, and answered, a fugue of Bach's aspiration. There was never silence until their sound became silence in his exhaustion or preoccupation. Sometimes it did not speak contentment, but was a vast voice of resentment Argus heard, a rumble that masses make before a revolution, rumble that is ignored until too late. He asked Pere to let him give some of the cats away. Pere replied bitterly,

"They do not desert me. See! they watch the mystery that you deny." Tears rose to Pere's eyes but did not flow. "The thaw—the late thaw, my father, remember?"

Argus is climbing the stair to his room. Papers crackle about his ankles and piles of manuscript ascend the stair. If this morning there had been poetry, even a poached egg, what a difference such things make! But he had had an idea; he had wished to paint; the cats were maddening. Suddenly he went downstairs into the crypt filled with morning light where his father was writing, and told him that he must make a choice between himself and some of the cats. His proclamation was far from amusing or dramatic; he trembled for the decision, which Pere made silently by gathering the cats about him. So Argus went upstairs to pack, calling down hopefully, "How about Othello? . . . Poe? . . . Jenghiz Khan? Won't you give *him* up?"

Then it was time to go.

Pere stood in the hall holding a crucifix. He exorcised his son, but there was no appreciable change. Argus was in agony to stay and yet to go. He thought of Pere filling his empty room with cats; the walls of the citadel raised, reinforced, the walls besieged and someday broken. And he thought of the intervals of peace when Pere read, a wanderer barely touching shore; life like people streaming to the shore from a ramparted city beyond, bearing food and clothing; for Pere was both within walls and without. He asked his father again and then went out.

There was a sound of something falling.

Pere lay on the floor in the corner where he had shrunk. The boy fell beside him and raised his head, which was very red. He was gasping. Argus shouted in his face things one shouts to another be-

loved, who sails, when many waves are between, and the words must carry above the deep. He ran to the telephone to call a doctor. But Pere rose unsteadily and snatched the receiver from his hand. "I know what it is. He wouldn't believe or help."

Argus stands in his room. Presently he must bring his belongings up again. His father is typing and the cats sing a tremendous largo. Pale gold eyes stare from under his bed; his tired mind thinks, 'color of wine that goes with fish . . . translated fish.' There is a fish-spine on his bed. Among his belongings is a canvas that he had prepared for his idea this morning; he feels a faint magnetic pull toward it that tingles his fingers, or are they going to sleep? 'Yet I wouldn't be anyone else,' he thinks,

Though for such, an uncertain individual eternity at once begins.



The Man With The Loud Voice

LOREN MOORE

WAR had been declared about one year, I guess; anyway, the first killed - in - action notice had been received in Cripton, Indiana, and the news shocked the whole county seat for that Halen boy was a good-natured lad who had married the Foster girl. It was a cold Saturday morning when we first heard of it and hardly anything else was discussed at the dinner table. Father was angry that we had ever got in the war in the first place saying that it was a shame that fine young man like the Halen boy should die for nothing. Harvey, that's my older brother, answered that it just couldn't be helped that we were fighting to rid the world of the enemies of democracy. I thought Harvey was right because my history teacher had said the same thing only the day before. My mother made me keep still because Father was visibly upset and could not eat his pie. The door opened and in came Emily Philips who lived next door. She was all out of breath from running and could hardly speak. My mother told her to wait till she caught breath before telling us what was wrong. She said that Kato Inamoto, the restaurant man, had been arrested because he had failed to register as a spy—or something—but she did know that he was a spy and that all of the men of the town were gathering down at the jail. Father, Harvey, and I left the house on the run without bothering to take our coats because the jail was not far. We passed Judge Faix on the way who was already worn out but the new groceryman kept up with us all the way. A big crowd had gathered in front of the jail. Hardly any of the men had coats. There were no

words of welcome to anyone because they were too busy mumbling over something. Father sensed it too because he kept Harvey and me on the edge of the crowd. The first thing I noticed was that greasy rope hanging from the porch with a slip knot in it. Harvey just kept staring at it all the time we were there. Mr. Hines, Mr. Peterson, Mr. O'Neil—why I guess just about all the big men in town were there. I even saw my history teacher close to the jail porch. I sure did hope he saw me but I don't think he did. That's when Charlie Synder, the mechanic over at Miller's garage who is drunk most of the time, jumped upon the porch and began to talk. Oh, how he talked ! He said things just like Father had always warned us not to say. But he had such an art to it. The wind was blowing his hair or else it was messed up from the night before. He never wore a tie anyway so he looked perfectly natural except something seemed very unreal about him. It was his voice which I finally decided was different. From that moment on I never questioned but what he said was true that the yellow son-of-a-bitch within the jail should be strung up. I wished that my father would quit yelling so that I could hear Charlie talk a little better, although Charlie was doing very well against the whole mob. I was really surprised to hear the awful things that Charlie knew about Kato. Who would have thought that Kato had killed the Halen boy? They would sure think different about Charlie around here from now on I bet. Mr. Kellin, my teacher, started pounding on the door of the jail just as they pushed old man Halen up on the porch. He was shaking his head and tears were rolling down his cheeks.

Why don't he say something and tell us to hang the Jap? I had never seen a man hung before. What was he thinking? Didn't he know that Kato had killed Bill? Now the men were on the porch demanding that Sheriff Mason bring out Kato. Sirens started blowing from everywhere as three

cars of state troopers pulled up. Sheriff Mason had probably called the Evansville post for help. With Father leading the way, we ducked behind the new feed store building and ran home. I was really cold when I got home.

THE MAD RUSSIAN

GEORGE FULLEN

The Russian composer bravely sings
Mad melodies on ranting strings,
Inspires us to the passionate stage,
And leaves us while we turn the page

With tongue in cheek, he makes a jest
By turning east when we go west,
His forte measures prophesy
The end is near, but by and by,

He thinks of something else to say;
So then, the listener must stay
To hear him make a witty pun
Which adds to nothing but his fun.

Mad Russian, do relearn your scales
To tell us some sincere tales.
But Russian, do not get us wrong
And go away to stay too long.

The Long Journey

JAMES SALEE

THE boy stood near the entrance to the club-car and looked at the people. And the people who stirred in the smoke were like people in a dream.

There was a woman who sat talking to a soldier. She had a pencil over her ear and held a glass in her hand. Her gums were whitish when she talked. The soldier nodded his head in long, easy movements that seemed ever about to stop and yet continued on, like the pendulum of a clock. And once when he turned all the way around, the boy saw his face. For a moment it seemed a face with no eyes, a face whose eyes had no pupils. Like a statue, the eyes were so dull and dry.

There was a large, fat man who sat upright in a chair like a white-gloved bishop fingering his crozier. He was a great sociology professor from Chicago, but he had the features of a peasant. And now and then his little eyes would quiver and bulge in their sockets like those of a great dog striving to break clear of the force that held its head.

There was an empty seat; the boy sat down. The three boys in the booth across the aisle were singing "Good Night, Ladies." He knew them; they were from school. One of them recognized him, left off singing, and leaned across the aisle, shoving a tall frosted glass into his face. "It's a Tom Collins, Ed," he said; "tastes like lemonade." Ed did not want to draw attention; he did not know what to say. So he took a sip. It did taste like lemonade.

The man next to him, a portly gentleman who looked as if he fed within himself and quite enjoyed the fare, asked where he came from.

"Fort Wayne."

"You don't sound like a Hoosier."

"I used to live in New York."

More people were filing into the already overcrowded car. Ed decided he did not want anything. He got up, squeezed through the crowd and walked back to his coach.

Johnny was still asleep with his hat over his eyes; Ed picked up the magazines and sat down next to him. The girl in the seat ahead whom Johnny had kidded earlier was now talking to a blond, well-scrubbed sailor.

A group of college boys were clustered about two girls in the first seats. Ed watched them. They were matching pennies, talking and laughing. Johnny had called the girls farmerettes, for they wore moccasins, woolen shirts and dungarees. One girl was sitting on the arm of the seat, chewing gum. She would clap her hands together and laugh when she won. She seemed to win quite often. She was slim and lithe in boy's clothes.

Somehow Ed wanted to shout at them to be still, to stop laughing. He wondered what would happen, how he would feel. But it would not be like him to do it. *And yet he screamed at them.* And he listened to himself in wonder.

Everyone had turned and was staring at him. They did not understand at first. He wished they would never understand. He wished they were all asleep. Then the girl snickered. Only Johnny slept. And he could hear them, not with his ear alone, murmuring against him.

He wished the night would come and the searching white light on the ceiling would give peace to the soft darkness and

the faint blue lights. He had always waited for the night. The light of the day, he used to tell himself, was a thing that snatched the covers from the shivering world. It would never let him alone; it hurt his eyes. It showed him things he did not like to see. The sleeping drunk who rolled off his seat in the railroad station and split his head. The blind, legless man who wheeled himself about in a little cart and tried to sell pencils as the crowd hurried by. The backyards of cities you saw from a train. And he would ask himself why he had warm clothes and was riding on a train homeward. He could never be happy or self-content this way.

He would close his eyes and pretend to sleep. They were looking at him, as people were always looking at him, as the gray man had looked at him in the theatre lobby the time his mother had given him a ten dollar bill to buy the tickets and he had hurried after her, clumsily stuffing the change into his wallet, and the man asked for a quarter, but he did not hear. He would sit here in the brilliant car naked before all people and he would wait for the old self-hatred to seize him. It would not be very long. And it did not really matter. Nothing would ever matter. He would close his eyes and pretend to sleep.

THE ANT-HILL

JOANN-LEE JOHNSON

The world is an ant-hill
 Swarming with men,
Who seethe with activity,
 Like ants in their den.
They scramble about the
 Face of the earth,
Going no-where for nothing
 With no time for mirth!

Alan Takes A Wife

MARJORIE LITTLE

THE Dobbinses never had seemed to belong to Wayneboro society. Their children had always been my biggest problems in grade school, and scarcely a year went by that I didn't gain a new Dobbins while I still had one to cope with. Some of them could not help being problem children. They should not have come to school at all, for I didn't have either the time or the training to help their slow moving minds. Others seemed bright enough, but they were indifferent to school and left it any time a better occupation offered itself, perhaps to work in the coal yards, or peddle trinkets for a few days, and their school attendance was spasmodic.

Even though not all of them were feeble minded, the Dobbinses all had another fault: They were dirty. Of course, one must understand that living in the last house on Walnut Street, across from the coal yards, would make nearly any woman despair of keeping her home very clean, but Mrs. Dobbins was fat and lazy and did not mind a filthy house. She did nothing to account for her woman's existence in this world but to bear children. I remember that once she came to the school with real distress in her face and voice, to ask my advice about one dull child. After she left, I couldn't bear to breath until I had opened the windows to let in clean air.

"Mama wants to know would you read this for us?" Kinney Dobbins was standing before my desk. "It's a letter from my brother Alan's girl in England, and Lou and Peggy and Ellen can't make out all the words." I was surprised to see that the letter was written in delicate handwriting, from a girl who evidently had refinement and education. I read the letter aloud to

Kinney and he took it home again to read to the rest of the family. After this one, several more letters were brought for me to read. I thought them beautiful.

Big brother Alan was one of the brighter Dobbinses. He had learned quickly and seemed to enjoy it, but he had left school while he was nearing the eighth grade. The other school children usually kept away from the family. "They smelled." Sometimes, talk they had heard at home would make the children taunt the Dobbinses with, "Your father doesn't work hard enough to feed you!", and other such cries. This taunting had first hurt Alan, for he was sensitive to the point of being what I thought weak, but gradually the cries hardened him. They were responsible for his not returning to school after his father got a job for him in the coal yards and led to his lying about his age and enlisting in the army when he was seventeen. He had been gone for about two years when Kinney came to me with his mother's request.

As more letters came, I could see that the girl was in love with Alan, and it made me heartsick to realize that the Dobbinses had lied to her about their position. Her letters showed that she believed they owned the coal yard, for she would write, "I am glad to hear that your coal business is progressing well." I was afraid that Alan had helped to deceive her. With his background I thought he must have developed the attitude that if he wanted something badly enough, it was all right to cheat in order to get it. I hoped that she would discover in time what the family was like, but of course it was none of my business, so although I greatly wanted to write to

her, I did not do so.

Gossip ran high in Wayneboro when the pretty English girl's picture appeared in the "Sunday Record." "The announcement of the engagement of Miss Rosemary Johnson of Northumberland, England, to Mr. Alan Dobbins, of Wayneboro," the item read. It went on to say that "Miss Johnson brings with her a veil which was worn by her grandmother at her marriage in London nearly seventy years ago." No one was more sorry about the approaching wedding than I, and I couldn't help wondering if I was to blame for not writing to tell her the truth. Early one Saturday morning Rosemary arrived on the train. Alan, who was now a civilian, and the other Dobbinses met her at the station, and it was not mere chance which brought me there. Those of us who "happened" to be there could see that she was a charming girl, happy at being in America and at meeting her fiance. We all pitied her, as we thought of her going home to that small, crowded shack at the end of Walnut Street, and we wondered whether she would really marry Alan.

At church the next morning the minister announced that everyone was invited to their wedding. Nearly everyone in town came, most out of curiosity. It was quite an elegant wedding. The four oldest

Dobbins girls came down the aisle, thoroughly enjoying being looked at, because it wasn't often that people noticed them at all. They had filmy dresses, and capes over their shoulders that greatly resembled window curtains. Alan stood as straight as a soldier, smiling. When the bride came, I gasped, because she looked so beautiful in her white satin dress and heirloom veil. Mrs. Dobbins, fat and overdressed, had tried to squeeze out tears most of the time before the wedding, but after it was well under way, she became so interested in the ceremony that she forgot to be emotional.

After the service we crowded outdoors to see them off. Mrs. Dobbins started out to the jalopy first, looking pious, while Mr. Dobbins shuffled along beside her. The girls and boys ran out to the car and last of all went the bride and groom. I had pitied Rosemary until that moment, but, startled, I realized that she was not thinking of the Dobbins family; she was looking up at Alan, kindling pride in his face, and her eyes were full of love.

On the way home I scolded myself, "This isn't anything for you to worry about. You're just an old maid school teacher and not supposed to know about love." But I couldn't put the thought of the English girl and her heirloom veil out of my mind.

Every man felt the authority of the skipper like the sting of a whip. One could almost picture the green sea in his sharp bright eyes, and his graying hair reminded one of the white caps on a rough sea.

The Skipper

TOM KING

SCHIZOPHRENIA

GEORGE FULLEN

In a slattern country of pond and paradox,
He is a stem resisting the most violent winds,
But whose dead roots prevent the flow of the sap of life;
He is a sterile reed standing in fertile soil.

Warmed by the sun, and bathed by the rain,
He grows to the prodigious height of corn
And does not bear a single ear or grain.

The world may hear the boasts of Whitman from his lips
May hear them intoned in strident Wagnerian harmony,
May see in him the power of another Jupiter.

He is an immortal poet; and he dies.
He is a heroic tenor; and his voice has not yet changed.
He is a Greek God; and he is too weak to live.

But his real love is privileged to know the truth.
She alone sees this dualism,
The cause of it, the cause of him—
The boy impoverished and the god struck dumb.

Flight 501

GEORGE FULLEN

THE African sun was excessively brilliant and hot as Jack and I struggled toward the Operations Buildings, carrying his bulging and unwieldy barracks bag between us. We dropped the bag in front of the unlovely red building with a gasp of relief. Jack mopped his face and tugged at the necktie which he was so unaccustomed to wearing.

"I'm damned if I don't choose a cool day the next time I leave North Africa," he said.

"You're luckier than me," I said. "It'll certainly be a cold day in July when I leave this place."

I sat down on the bag and lit a cigarette. My stomach had felt squeamish for two days—since the orders for Jack to move had arrived—with a premonition of loneliness. I recognized that symptom. It had happened so many time before. So many people had come into my life to be in my affections for a short time, and then had moved on: the men in my Flight at school, the girl in St. Louis, countless others briefly met; and then, two of the three who had traveled so far with me; and now, Jack.

"Watch the bag while I check in," Jack said. I nodded and he went into the building. I sat and stared at the familiar planes, the runways, and the mountains in the distance. The salt flat was dry and glistened in the sun. The mountains, veiled by the dust-laden air, seemed vague, remote, and unreal. When I listened, I could hear the rattle of trucks on the highway, the clatter of typewriters and the businesslike voices from the offices behind me, and from the small building across the street, an occasional shrill protest from a poorly adjusted

radio receiver.

Must I be friends with this? I asked myself. Must I now accept Africa as home? I wondered. It is all I have that I've known for more than six months.

And suddenly I was alarmed. Where were the smells that once had sickened me? Where were the sights I couldn't stand to see? They were still there, but they had disappeared. How long had it been since I had last practiced shallow breathing against the odors of dung and decay? How long since a diseased Arab had made me wince and squint? Long enough that I couldn't remember.

Jack interrupted my reverie: "Flight five-o-one takes off at eleven forty-five." He motioned me off the bag so he could tie the shipping tickets on it. Then he said: "Let's put this on the loading truck."

When we had accomplished that task, we sat on a bench for a minute without speaking. Then I said: "First Hank, then Dick, and now, you. By God, they've done a thorough job of it."

"Well, I always said I wanted to move on when Italy opened up, but, of course, I hoped you would move with me."

"After eighteen months together, our luck was due to run out."

"Expect nothing from the army and you won't be disappointed. You've been saying that to me ever since we met." His emotions, usually so carefully controlled, were more turbulent than mine. His Germanic pride in self-possession was breaking up. "Dammit, Bob, in the army you should never have friends, only acquaintances. But what can you do when you're thrown for so long with people you like?"

"Do you remember—it was almost exactly a year ago—when we got our orders to go to Jefferson Barracks? Just the four of us—you, Dick, Hank, and I. We thought we were being sent to the salt mines, and then it wasn't so bad. What a wonderful time we had in St. Louis."

"We were lucky. We passed through J. B. too fast to get any of the over-seas training."

And then the little bomb, which had been lying indigestible in the pit of my stomach, exploded, reopening old wounds. The faces marched past again, and many were in the parade whom superficial thought had forgotten before: the long discarded first love, the man who had been grandfather to me, the little Jewish playmate of my childhood. I groped for my crutch—a cigarette—and lit it, inhaling the elixir of life.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Eleven-thirty," Jack answered. Suddenly there seemed to be so much to say and so little time to say it. "We'll have that camping trip in the Adirondaks. The equipment is all stored away, just waiting for us. I wrote my folks you were coming and they said any of my army friends would be welcome any time."

"Sure, we'll see one another often after the war. Travel is in my blood and

a thousand miles is no obstacle at all." I said it with assurance, but I needed a word from some God to assure me.

"Twenty-four hours on the Empire State Express."

"I'm sorry I didn't know you very well when we were in New York. I wish I could have met your folks."

A voice blasted from the loud-speaker: "Flight five-o-one loading now. All passengers report to Ramp Three."

"That's me! They're loading early," Jack said, starting toward the ramp while I trailed reluctantly behind. At the gate, he turned and said: "So long, Bob. Take care of yourself. Don't let the African dry rot get you."

"Sure," I answered. "Write as soon as you get settled. Maybe I'll be following you to Italy, soon."

We shook hands gravely. Jack swung his Musette bag over his shoulder and went through the gate. I turned and walked toward the Enlisted Men's Club, intending to get a beer, but I was stopped by the sudden realization that I was the sole remaining member of the beer drinking society. I would not drink alone. Instead, I went to the barracks, dressed, and caught the next truck to town. Yesterday, I had gone with Jack to bid it farewell. Today, I was going to greet it.



Smart Fly

DONALD H. EMRICH

SLOWLY and carefully I studied the signature sprawling lazily across the bottom of the page in grandiose style, so typical of Latin penmanship. Brushing aside an inquisitive fly, I reread the note and pondered at length upon its awkward phrasing. "Yes," I said, at last addressing the buzzing marauder, "Carlos is licking his wounds, all right." It was all between the lines, his strained gaiety, a vain attempt to disguise the frustration, the bitter disappointment that was gnawing at his heart. Of course, the question that persisted in bothering me was whether his simple melancholy was justifiable. From the sidelines it appeared that congratulations, rather than condolences, were in order for my friend, Carlos.

Three years had slipped from the calendar since Senor Carlos de Santosy Rodriguez and I first clinked glasses in a toast to our "salud." It was one of those unbearably hot afternoons when every caballero of any means was to be found comfortably installed in his favorite seaside haunt, or delving into the nightmarish concoctions that only the bar barons of Panama City can toss together in the name of a cocktail. Finding myself in the latter category, I had lost no time in seeking the soothing shelter of the Blue Room. There was certainly nothing blue in the mood of the cosmopolitan conglomeration of humanity collected in that delightful oasis. No doubt, my favorite haunt owed its name to the dirty blue cloud that hung heavily above the patrons of Bacchus, thick as the smoke that rose above our revered sires at Bunker Hill.

Casually edging my way between a platinum-plated blonde and a Brazilian

brass hat, I wandered over the glass-topped bar and settled myself atop a stool 'longside the person of El Senor Rodriguez. By the time the Pacific had swallowed the sun's last blistering rays, I had wangled a dinner invitation out of the congenial gentleman.

It turned out that my swarthy host for the evening dwelled in a modest hacienda embodying some 20 or 25 rooms rivaling Grand Central Station in dimension, and the Waldorf in splendor. It rambled comfortably over the side of one of the hills for which smart suburban Nueva Vista is noted and lost itself amid a grove of mango trees. There I met Joyce, fresh from the States, destined within a month to take over the reins of this palatable tropic retreat.

I confess that my friend must have found me a tenacious "amigo" in the days that followed. I saw a lot of the Latin playboy—and a lot of Joyce, too. It was plain as the black and white labels on his private stock of Scotch, Carlos was crazy about the girl. She hadn't forgotten to bring along her bag of wiles and she wasn't missing a trick. Joyce wasn't exactly my idea of the American beauty, but she hadn't wasted any time corralling this Latin King Croessus, lock, stock, and mango tree.

The sad part was the fact which Carlos didn't realize that this be-rouged scavenger was no more a Newport "niftie" than I was "Lippy" Durocher. Joyce wasn't the first of the chorus girl line that I had encountered in my extended vacation south of the border. There were plenty of them down there, all of the same kind, all with the same purpose. No longer able to knock 'em cold up North, the cuties had headed

for warmer environs and softer shoulders such as possessed by Carlos.

Not many weeks passed before I had found it necessary to depart from this paradise of palm trees and dry martinis. My Uncle up in Washington was demanding my return. It seemed that he no longer deemed my Palm Beach suit either appropriate or becoming to a zealous patroit of my calibre. As a result, my good-will excursion might have remained only a choice bit of memory, had not Carlos followed me from New Guinea to Tojo's backyard with his faithful letters, each a detailed chronicle of his young marital adventure.

Each new letter told a tale of fresh difficulties confronting my friend. The veneer was wearing thin on his Newport addition, and the Flatbush core beneath this paper shell was becoming more and more evident, more and more annoying to his Latin pride. It hadn't taken too long for Carlos to discover that Joyce cherished no noble desire to fulfill her maternal duties, to perpetuate the lineage of Santos y Rodriguez. She had filled his cup to overflowing, having candidly admitted to being engaged to a Stateside admirer at the time when she took Carlos "for better or for worse." The news that a third gentleman, Senor Jose de Hernandez y Rodriguez, was vying for the affections of Joyce failed to diminish the growing consternation of her Latin protege. One minute she was threatening to acquaint the miserable Carlos with the dear meaning of the word, alimony, and in the next breath, exalting him to the clouds—in quest of a new hacienda.

It all boiled down to one thing; Joyce had become a maze of contradictions too complex for the naive nature of her hus-

band, and this other fellow, Rodriguez, of no kin to the illustrious Carlos hadn't helped matters any. I knew it was only a matter of time until my friend would send a letter such as now lay on my desk. He had found out the meaning of alimony, to the astounding tune of twenty thousand a year.

Watching that inquisitive fly nosing around an empty candy wrapper, I wasn't quite sure whether Carlos was mourning the abrupt departure of his erstwhile mate or the depleted state of the family finances. At any rate, it appeared that he had learned lesson number one where that conniving Dan Cupid was concerned, and I was glad. Besides, Rodriguez could plant a few more banana trees. Those things grow up overnight and the family fortune would soon appear respectable enough.

On the other hand there was the telegram posted from San Jose, a nice little spot over in Costa Rica, which had arrived only one day after the letter: "AMIGO STOP JUST MARRIED NEW YORK DEBUTANTE ANITA CARLYLE STOP CARLOS."

The fly paused briefly in mid-air, contemplating my vulnerability as I reflected upon the high-sounding name of Anita Carlyle. I remember when she made her debut at the Roxy over in the Bronx. That was six years ago. She never quite made the coveted door to the "legit" theatre, but she had held top billing at Harry's Place over in Flatbush before hitting the down grade.

I shot a warning glance upward as the fly executed a steep dive on my right ear, and prepared to defend myself. "They don't come any smarter than Anita," I concluded as my intruder returned to the attack. I swung hard and missed again.

LOST GOAL

JOANN-LEE JOHNSON

I explored the caverns of my mind;
The chambers of my soul.
Hoping to find a single path
Leading to my goal.
Stalagmites rose like gleaming cones
From the earthen floor.
Stalactites glittered with rainbow gleams,
Before one sheltered door.
Other crystalline portals passed
Had opened to reveal
Just a web of more winding paths
Having nothing to conceal.
I tugged and pulled, in vain, to pry
This final door ajar,
Accompanied by a taunting laugh
Which echoed from afar.
My courage failed; I turned and fled.
But I shall return to find
The Goal of my Life well-hidden among
The shadows of my mind.

A Mirror For Students

GEORGE E. TRAYLOR

STUDENTS in universities and colleges are there for many reasons. To get an education in its broadest sense is too often not chief among these reasons. Sometimes it is possible to determine the purpose a student has for being in college in a matter of minutes, and in other cases, close association with the student must be maintained over a long period of time before it is possible to determine what his aims and expectations are with relation to his college life. Often students are not certain within their own minds just what reasons they have for being in school. All students, however, may be classified according to their reasons, either realized or unrealized, for being in an institution of higher education. These classes are the academic student, the athletic student, the political student, the practical student, the play boy student and the loafer student.

The Academic Student

The academic student is the delight of instructors. His assignments are always well prepared and turned in on time. He can usually be found in the library when it is open and the rest of the time behind the closed door of his room concentrating on some volume of fact or theory.

This fellow is seldom found in gatherings of social relaxation and has little time for dates or an evening of poker. He is so engrossed with cramming facts, theories, and formulae into his head that he loses sight of the theory that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." His greatest joy is the realization of a 3.5 or higher average. His chief source of entertainment between reports is the accumulation of knowledge, and both constitute his chief

purpose for being in school.

The Athletic Student

Athletic students generally have their purpose well in mind long before they enter the university. They have hopes of being All-American. This type of student is probably more easily recognized than any other because they invariably wear their high school athletic sweaters, complete with letter, stripes, and stars, when they come to register.

As soon as the athletic director eliminates those who don't come up to his expectations, their numbers on the campus drop to a much lower figure. For since the participation in athletics was their only objective they leave and return to their home town where they are more appreciated. Those that are left manage one way or another to maintain the minimum requirements in order to be eligible to continue their participation in athletic activities. To make the team is the only aim and the pursuit of knowledge bores them.

The Political Student

It is sometimes difficult to put the finger on the political student. Because of the very nature of his aspirations it is best to keep his intentions from becoming common knowledge. His interests lie, however, in things political. To be an officer in one or more organizations is his chief desire. He attends all meetings he can get into and has the broad smile and generous attitude that is so necessary to gain the good will of prospective voters. The required scholastic standing or better not only keeps him eligible for holding offices, but is also a good asset at election time.

The Practical Student

The practical student many times is a

mixture of the first three types. The distinguishing feature is the objective. This type of student is enrolled for the purpose of broadening the scope of his intelligence. He follows the principle of "first things first" and if there is time or opportunity after his main objective is completed he will participate in as many other activities as possible. He figures that these activities not only afford a certain relaxation, but are valuable in that they allow him to study human nature from various angles and give him some experience in practical application of the knowledge he has acquired.

The practical student may sometimes carry the maximum load or he may carry only the minimum, depending generally on the amount of work he must do to support himself while in school. Scholastic honors, though, are not his primary aim, but the collection of facts and the study of theory that he can relate and apply practically are his purposes.

The Play Boy Student

The play boy student is in college for a good time. He spends much of his time with the women students or going out with the boys for a few rounds of drinks and general devilment. He is always on hand at social gatherings and does his best to be the life of the party.

To carry the minimum requirements is important to him, for by doing so he can stay in school and continue to enjoy him-

self at his family's expense and put off just that much longer the day when he must give up his hilarious life and settle down to support himself.

The Loafer Student

This type of student is in school simply because he doesn't want to do much of anything and faces the day of self-support with a great dread. He is content to let Dad or society pay his room and board as long as he can think of any possible excuse for them to do so. He spends the greater portion of his time on his bed napping. The loafer type is generally unpopular. Society just doesn't like being loser to a bed in a choice of companionship. The loafer is usually a sponger. He would rather copy assignments and try to get by on the work of others than put forth the effort himself. His chief desire is to get back on his bed and have another nap.

At any given time all students fit into one of these classifications. The ever changing society of colleges and the fact that one cannot help accumulating new ideas if he so much as attends class, will many times cause a student to alter his aims and to strive for a new objective. In the process of determining a standard for himself, the student may pass from one class to another and back again before he finally comes to a definite conclusion concerning the course he would follow throughout the rest of his life.



Meeting

MITZI GRAHAM

I was waiting for a train when I saw them—the young woman and the child. They were standing just a little apart from the others as if they were a little shy—perhaps, a little frightened. Two petite red bows clung precariously to the ends of two ash blond pigtailed that protruded at a rakish angle from under the child's bonnet. Her pixy face and heavily lashed blue eyes were shining with excitement.

"Daddy's coming! Will I know him, Momee?" she asked the slender woman beside her.

"Yes, dear," she replied looking down into the anxious, upturned face.

"Will he look like his picture, Momee?" the child queried.

"Yes," she answered.

A train rumbled over-head. The child became momentarily absorbed in the rush of the station. She stared fascinated at the heavily laden, rumbling baggage trucks, her mouth pursed, her eyes as large as saucers.

Suddenly her brow began to pucker, and two large tears formed in the corners of her eyes and threatened to fall momentarily. A look of horror crossed her face.

"Oh, Momee!" she shrieked. "Will Daddy know me? Maybe he'll think one of the other little girls is me. He's never seen me, Momee! How will he know?" she blabbed as tears streamed down her face.

"He'll know. Daddies always know which is their little girl," the mother assured her.

"Are you sure, Momee?" she asked still doubtful. "He's been away a long time."

"Positive," replied the woman dabbing at two elusive tears on the earnest face before her.

The child blinked her eyes thoughtfully and suddenly smiled. She seemed to smile all over. The pigtailed perked up.

"Do I look pretty for Daddy, Momee?" she asked as she ran two pink hands down the front of the stiffly starched white pinafore that showed below her unbuttoned coat.

The young mother scrutinized her daughter as though she had never seen her and then replied, "Yes, dear, lovely."

"How long before Daddy will be here?"

"Soon."

"How long is soon, Momee?"

For a moment the woman's eyes ceased to rove the crowded room.

"Soon can be a very short or a very long time," she finally answered. Her eye lashes were wet, and she turned her head so that the child would not notice.

"Is this a long soon or a short one?" the child persisted.

"A short one, dear," the woman answered smiling.

A porter descended the stairs from the train level above and propped open the doors of the glass enclosure.

"Daddy coming, Momee?"

The young woman grasped the child's hand and nodded.

"Daddy . . . Daddy . . . Daddy . . ." chanted the child wiggling all over with anticipation as she scrutinized the first passenger to descend the stairway.

"Not Daddy," she murmured, her face clearly showed her disappointment.

"Not yet," the woman comforted as she strained her eyes to see the upper level of

the stairway.

The child watched each figure as it appeared—first, the feet; then the torso; and finally the head. Suddenly her features lighted.

“Daddy! It’s Daddy!” she shrieked.

“Yes, darling, it’s Daddy!” the woman whispered as she released the moist hand and watched the tiny figure scoot across

the tile floor and be scooped up in a massive khaki-clad arm. She stood there for an instant motionless. Then, as if she could stand still no longer, she sped forward and was enfolded in the safety of a strong, brown arm.

As I turned to leave, the high, sweet babble of “Daddy . . . Daddy . . .” drifted after me.

The Old Soldier

GEORGE FULLER

The old soldier asks very little from the world.

He fought and died

And asks only to be free

To choose his private drive,

To determine its length and breadth,

And to enforce his own speed.

And then he laughs at his own absurdity.

He fought and died and lived again

To be crucified on an antique cross of gold.

Merchants thump him playfully on the chest,

Cutting themselves where the knife came out.

He fought and died for a cloudy cause,

Preserving a merchant’s life no less than his own,

But with eager cups they take from him

His last drop, however thin, of saleable blood.

The old soldier asks very little from the world.

Nothing would seem less sane to him

Than an attempt to encompass it

With a white picket fence

Or a request to pretend to believe

That the world is enclosed by the fence and not himself.

He would rather barter in the open market

His inconsiderable power for a comfortable ivory tower.

In medias res . . .

For the first time in its fifteenth year MSS is issued forth. Again this year MSS will be distributed to some two thousand students in freshman composition classes and advanced writing courses. The freshman staff includes nineteen representatives from freshman class instructors; the senior staff, thirteen members.

MSS is a laboratory publication—the laboratory being the writing courses and the publication being the medium through which experimental classroom ideas are presented. Manuscripts are chosen as representative pieces of organized writing classes and workshops.

In each issue one upperclassman and one freshman contribution are selected by the staffs as feature material; each of these works appears first in the section in which it is featured. "Sonnet 29" by Allyn Wood and "Charley: Child of Fate" by William Edwards were chosen for this issue.

The excerpts from papers have been selected as unique presentation in description or exposition. To Mrs. Alice Wesenberg we owe the title—"Sampling."

We wish particularly to commend the freshman staff for their cooperation, and we thank Miss Allegra Stewart and Mrs. Wesenberg for their criticisms.

The Editors

Charley: Child Of Fate

WILLIAM T. EDWARDS

CHARLEY was getting on in years when I met him. We took the same plane to Whitehorse where we were to work on the construction of a refinery, and there we were both assigned to the same crew of electricians.

Charley had been a lineman for Standard Oil in his younger days, and the time he had spent in the oil fields of Saudi Arabia had left deep creases in his face; yet his bold blue eyes gave the lie to the age the creases suggested. He was a medium-sized man who still had lightness to his walk in spite of his fifty-five years of living. His keen sense of humor, enlivened by his quick wit, made him a welcome member of the crew from the very first day. Though he was not assigned the more risky scaffolding work, he was indeed a construction man of the first school. His dexterity at splicing a cable or cutting in a panel commanded the respect of all; at circuit work he was unsurpassable.

If you are at all familiar with construction work, you know that there is always a certain amount of danger around a big job. Let a person work in presence of danger long enough and he will become accustomed to it, but it will have changed him. Generally, the change is not an unpleasant one. Charley, for instance, could take the brunt of a joke and laugh as heartily as the prankster. He did more living in one day than most people do in a week. Always the first out of bed, he would kindle the fire, dress (yes, he kindled the fire first), make up his cot, wash, and then wait around to laugh away our early morning taciturnity.

I never saw Charley flustered or even

surprised, and there were often occurrences that caught most of us unaware. One morning, as an illustration, Charley jumped out of bed and prepared to light the fire. He had a novel way of coaxing a fire to life. He would sprinkle kerosene over the wood and drop in a match; "This," he said, "saves a heap of time." What he didn't know, on this particular morning, was that under the ashes were live coals. He tossed in the wood, poured on a good quart of kerosene, dropped in the match, and landed across the room along with a section or two of stove pipe. Said Charley to our startled faces: "Who the h----- sneezed?"

There was something else about Charley which I again attribute to his hazardous life: his utter lack of thrift. He did send his wife most of his wages, but what he kept for himself might just as well have been sent to a fund for blind moles. We had no place to spend our money, but Charley found it easy to get rid of his at gambling. He would bet on anything — either way. It was in his gambling that I first noticed his fascination for the laws of chance. I believe it was an obsession with him which had been brought on by a life of dangerous work. There were always little things that Charley did or didn't do that strengthened this impression.

In all his years of construction work, Charley must have seen a hundred men die violently, but he never once mentioned an accident. If one of the other electricians started a conversation about some grisly accident, Charley would either change the subject or remember something he had to do elsewhere. He would not speak of death; but, on the job, he was constantly alert and on guard against any possible

mishap.

For a while, Charley and I worked together on the relay rack in the powerhouse. This rack of large, oil-insulated relays carries the high voltage from the generators to the transmission lines. When the rack is "hot," its cables carry a forty-one hundred volt pressure. If the construction of a powerhouse is complete, this rack is inclosed in a steel cage and danger signs are fixed first on the door to the room and then on the cage itself. Forty-one hundred volts is about as nice to handle as a keg of dynamite with a fast burning eighth-of-an-inch fuse, only much quicker and not at all so obvious.

Our job was to tie in an emergency generator to this rack. We quite naturally worked with the rack "cold" (no voltage), but the main generators were in operation, and a switch was all that separated us from the high voltage. We worked all morning hooking in cables, and, when we left for dinner, we were nearly finished. After the meal, Charley and I returned to our work anxious to complete the job. I was just reaching for a cable when Charley said, "Catch!" and tossed me his cutters. I had to move away from the rack to catch them. Then he asked, "Do you hear anything you shouldn't, Ed?" I listened. A low humming sound, barely discernible, came from the relay transformers. The rack was "HOT!!" Someone had thrown

the connecting switch while we had been eating. Charley's keen ear, quick thinking, and his acute sense of danger had paid off. I was weak at the thought of what would have happened had I grabbed the cable instead of Charley's cutters. I tried to stammer my gratitude, but he stopped me short. "I don't want to hear a word about it. We were lucky this time. Let it go at that."

About a week later, Charley won eight thousand dollars on an ice pool. The men were quite excited about it, but it meant no more to Charley than twenty bucks he might win in a poker game. We practically forced him to send the money home. His idea about the thing was quite different from ours. "That's the way it goes," he said. "I work a year to make five or six thousand, and then the ice breaks at 11:26 and I win eight thousand. That's the way life is — anything can happen."

When the refinery was finished, Charley was the first one to catch a plane home. He shook hands all around, and wished us luck. Something he said in those last few minutes before he left is still as fresh in my memory as when he said it: "This has been my last job, men. No more work for me. Just gonna take it easy from now on." And he was right. Charley was killed when his plane crashed into the Canadian Rockies. But "that's the way it goes—anything can happen."



July Comes To Hope

BETTY BLADES

There aren't many towns smaller than Hope. It's just about as small as a town can be and still be called a town, but it is typically Hoosier from the top of the shiny silver water tower to the green tufts shooting through the cracks in the sidewalks around the Square. It lies in an area of large, prosperous farms just south of the point where a small meandering creek called Haw-creek crosses State Road 9. The town is surrounded by rich pastures and tall, golden corn fields, with an occasional wood lot dotting the landscape.

Summer brings little change in the population. There are no vacation motor trips or summers on the lakes. Here, most of the townspeople must take care of their small business establishments, and the greater number who live on farms must spend every minute cultivating the crops and attending to the other numerous chores of the farmer.

July reveals this town at its lowest ebb. At times the almost unbearable heat just about smothers all activity. It weighs like a woolen blanket over the town.

But Hoosiers are used to weather extremes. With the first streaks of dawn in the eastern sky, the town becomes a beehive of activity. Trucks bringing meat from the city are unloaded amid the smell of raw beef and perspiring bodies. The peep-peeps of day old chicks announce the opening of the feed store and hatchery. Snowy white washings dazzle from the clothes lines. Birds accompany this labor, weaving it together into a symphony of activity.

As the sun climbs higher in its path across the pale, whitish sky, the air is filled with the excited voices of laughing chil-

dren and the sharp staccato of barking dogs. The rectangular gardens, under the able eyes of the older children, are hoed and weeded. Sweat pours from their muscular bodies as they work, but they scarcely notice the heat. They are raising the family's food for the winter. They love to strip the water grass and dandelions from around the plants and to leave them standing alone, unadorned by weeds. They love the clean smell of the brown earth freshly turned.

Finding an umbrella to shade us from the beating sun, we head toward the Square, the center of town. Here on Saturday night the 4-H band gives a brassy concert, while all the townspeople and neighboring farmers, eating ice cream cones, gossiping, or talking about the latest farm machinery, promenade around it. Today, however, the concert platform is deserted. The activity is centered near the post office, grocery store, hardware store, or the bank. We walk in the dusty roads, as there are few sidewalks. The sun glistens from the aluminum store roofs like water. The odor of rotting food drifts from the canning factory. In front of the pool hall the habitual loafers lounge undisturbed by anyone.

The afternoons are long, hot and quiet. Stores are closed to trade; the monotonous plink, plink of the blacksmith's hammer striking the anvil ceases; the gay voices of the children are gone. The air is still; the breeze has vanished. No birds or locusts can be heard. Only vaguely can the tones of a distant radio be heard. The heat has suppressed all life.

The evening brings a return of activity. The newsboys deliver their papers while

being chased by yapping dogs. The delicious smells of cooking spice the air. The chugs of Model T engines denote the return of the farmers. Oblong shadows play across the lawns from which locusts begin their constant hum.

Later, when the sun drops from sight,

cool air replaces the hot. Hand in hand, young couples stroll toward the Square. The roar of automobiles on the highway in the distance is a reminder of an outside world—a changing world. But here, amid peace and tranquility, the outside world seems far away.

Island Magnificent

ED LEWIS

The smooth, turquoise waves of the Pacific come speeding up the even coral runways and fling themselves, as if filled with exhaustion, on the glistening white sands of the beach. Graceful palm trees, pregnant with coconuts, stride down to the water's edge and cast their shadowy silhouettes on the blue glass of the lagoon.

Despite its proximity to the equator, cool breezes as soothing as a mother's hand, caress the island night and day. At two o'clock every afternoon jellyfish come floating up from the ocean floor and for two hours their pink, conical umbrellas fleck the surface of the lagoon. At four o'clock, these medusae return to their subterranean abode as mysteriously as they came.

An airborne observer looking down is

startled by the beauty of the isle's contrasting colors. The vivid green of the foliage, against the virgin white of the sand, makes him think that perhaps Sinbad's Roc dropped a gigantic emerald on this patch of white while flying over. The lagoon, filled with water far bluer than the azure skies overhead, forms a perfect backdrop for this display of tropical grandeur.

This is the atoll of Myrna in the Marshall Islands, a simmering Eden, whose luster defies description, sending out its glory in a profusion of colors. Even the impersonal machines of war, which have laid bare the other isles of this group, have passed it by as if even Mars lacked the audacity to ravish its almost unearthly beauty.

Developing Composition In Photography

CHARLES SHAW

Most amateur photographers will approach the subject of composition with fear and trembling. Probably the necessity for it in pictures has been stressed to the amateur since that first day he took his first picture, but a coherent grasp of the subject has eluded him. However, good composition is like good taste, based on simple principles and common sense.

A difficulty with composition for photography is that it is hard to select the portion of the subject that will appear on the finished print. A photographer does not wander around examining each potential subject from several angles before he takes each shot. It is a waste of time, inconvenient and unnecessary. He must first train himself to block off a section of the view at a time in his mind.

Too often as the eye darts from object to object, the unobtrusive details in a shot are overlooked and the results are startling when the picture is printed. The background plays a very important part in good photographs. The garbage can in the background is not very flattering to the girl friend. Just try to tell her that you did not see it! The big tree that takes up half of the picture does not benefit the principle object in the other half either.

Color and contrast must be considered.

A scene whose beauty depends on its aspects of color will seldom make a good picture on black and white prints. Here composition comes to the rescue, for it directs attention to the lines and masses of the scene rather than its superficial colors. Tone fits in with this combination. A little practice with filters can help to control tone.

As balance is an important factor in placing a load in a transport plane, so it is in photography. There must be a balance of lines and masses as well as color.

Composition will not teach you which film, lens or shutter speed to use. It does not deal with the elements of your equipment but rather with those of the scene before you. It is not difficult to become familiar with composition. The most important object should be placed where it will be most readily noticed—with the masses in sufficiently close relationship to each other to give balance and a pleasing pattern—lines where they help create a desired atmosphere and tone accented to give the eye the greatest satisfaction of unity.

Try this art which teaches control and arrangement of form the next time you are taking pictures.



Havana Whisky Run

G. UDELL

Part of my period of service was spent with the Army Air Forces Air Transport Command. The mission of the Air Transport Command was explained somewhat by its name. We transported anything and practically everything which had to be delivered in a hurry to some place on one of our many battle fronts. Our personnel strength was maintained at a very high level because of the fact that we were called upon to transport almost unlimited amounts of cargo at unscheduled times. Naturally, our entire group was rarely if ever functioning all at the same time, and so there were usually a few of us who were doing nothing but waiting for the next flight. Those periods of waiting were rather dull, and it is about the enlivenment of one of them that I am writing.

I was stationed at Morrison Field, West Palm Beach, Florida, during 1944, and as some of you who read this may recall, at that time good whisky was really scarce and at times wholly unobtainable. Even when it could be purchased, the price asked reminded one of the ceiling report of a bright cloudless day.

Air crew members — that is, pilots, co-pilots, navigators, radio operators, gunners and engineers — were required to undergo several hours of flight training each month in which regular duties provided an insufficient number of hours flying time. They were permitted to go anywhere they pleased on these flights provided, of course, basic requirements were satisfied. The main destination of the training flights always seemed to be Cuba — and for a good reason!

Cuba was outside the continental limits of the United States and therefore

was classified as an overseas station. With such a classification, the base was entitled to and received a few things which we in the United States did not get. Chief among these extra items was an unlimited supply of whisky. This was not just any brand of whisky; it consisted of good American brands. There was no federal tax on this whisky either, as such tax was levied only on liquor sold inside the country.

Cuba is about two hours by air from West Palm Beach, and every week end a C-47 aircraft or two would take off with its crew of three men plus about twenty passengers and fly straight for Cuba. After landing at Batista Field, a few miles outside of Havana, we would crowd into rickety little busses which I remember for their chromium plated air horns and decided lack of brakes, and wind our way over the narrow red clay roads to the city. We managed to make the training flights last the entire week end and each trip was thoroughly enjoyed. Before departure for West Palm Beach, each man in the group would stop by the Officers' Club and buy four bottles of whisky. I say four bottles because that is all Uncle Sam's customs agents would allow us to bring in duty free. The profit we made reselling the whisky went part of the way towards paying for our week end, and I am not exaggerating when I say that the fellows at the field were always glad to buy the stuff.

On one particular trip a group of us dreamed up a novel idea which at the time seemed like a profitable plan. We knew we could gain a profit of about five dollars on the regular four-bottle transaction, and we now had a plan whereby we could

double our profit several times over. We knew the customs agents inspected all baggage and that they did not spend much time on the aircraft itself. Therefore we decided to invest in a case of liquor each. We were practically in the business! We borrowed a truck and drove over to the Batista Field Officers' Club where we took on quite a load. We then went directly to our plane, took the whisky on board, and carefully packed it in the belly beneath the aluminum floor paneling where we were sure no customs agent would ever find it. We took off at the appointed hour and headed north for home. The return trip was without event and upon landing each man cleared customs with flying colors and the usual four bottles. Unfortunately the plane was parked immediately in front of the customs office, and since we obviously could not unload our whisky there, we did the next best thing. We decided to wait until the ship had been gassed and serviced and towed over to the parking apron. There we would be at liberty to unload our prize cargo.

Several of us made our plans and met later that evening at the edge of the field with a truck. We began circling the parking areas looking for our plane, but could not find it on the first trip around and so

we backtracked to our starting point. Still we could not find the plane, and then one of the fellows suggested we look in the hangars. It was possible that the plane had required minor repairs and had been placed in a hangar for that reason, but we scoured all the hangars and still could not find even a trace of the plane which contained our investment. It was at this point that we began to think about the folly of our ways. We had to find that plane! There was just one more chance. Operations headquarters of course would know where it was at the moment. We were a slight bit apprehensive about checking at operations though because we really had no legal business with the plane, but since our entire investment was at stake we went over to the operations building. One of the boys approached the operations clerk in charge, said that an article of clothing had been left on the plane, and asked if he could tell us where the plane was. The clerk said he certainly could tell us where our plane was. Earlier in the evening they had received a priority wire directing the permanent transfer of the plane to an airfield in California, and right at the moment it was in the air over the broad state of Texas!

Sampling . .

The plow digs in, rolling up black, glossy earth. Blackbirds bounce along behind the plow, snatching up betrayed grubs and worms. The tractor determinedly draws the plow through the sod; it puffs hot fumes and sputters an endless hum.

Plowing Through a Spring Night

PHYLLIS SWINNEY

Ward Number Ten

JOHN H. SPEARS

Most of the men on ward ten had been brought in the evening before. They were engaged in adjusting themselves to another hospital of the chain of field, evacuation and general hospitals stretched around the globe. They were also getting around to the jovial kidding and banter that is one of the pastimes of every soldier. The patients were arranged so that the most serious cases were placed at the front of the ward. One of these was a youth of about twenty-two whose bed was being prepared for traction by a captain and a nurse.

The other patients, knowing that this was just routine hospital procedure, continued in their wisecracking, banter, and reveries. The doctor and nurse talked at length and looked at the patient in a doubtful manner. It was obvious that they were uncertain about what should be done and who should perform the next step. This drew the attention of some of the patients who had arrived the previous evening. The captain threw up both hands and left hurriedly. The nurse remained, doing what

she could do make the patient as comfortable as possible.

The captain returned, followed by a cool-looking, keen-eyed major who carried a drill in his hand. The major looked at the patient, motioned to the nurse to use the hypodermic needle, then examined and replaced the X-rays which hung at the foot of the bed. The major then very swiftly and expertly removed the cast and bandages from the right arm. The ward was silent — except for the steady grinding of the drill through bone. The new patients looked at the youth, then stared at the major, and then at each other. Some shook their heads. Others hung theirs resignedly as if wondering, "To what kind of place have I been sent? Will that happen to me?"

The major ceased grinding, inserted the pin, adjusted the weights, which applied the required amount of tension and traction, gave the captain and nurse their instructions, then turned with drill in hand and left as coolly as he had entered. The patients on ward ten hesitatingly resumed their jargon, banter, and reveries.

Sampling . . .

The trees are the greatest tattlers. Even the conservative old cherry tree, which clings to its modest green long after the other trees have donned reds and yellows, whispers the news through a few dry

leaves. The maple just a few yards away boasts a complete coat of yellow and has strewn the yard with hills and valleys of leaves. The peach tree droops after a heavy season, but still manages to produce a thin, circular rug of gold.

Autumn Comes to Our Back Yard
ARNOLD WAJENBERG

Poker Club

HARRY AMES

A blue haze of smoke hung over the room. Stacks of red, white and blue chips brightened the dull, green top of the table. A cluster of empty bottles in the corner marked the time of night. The salt shaker shaped like a fat, little man sat forgotten next to an ashtray that was heaped with cigarette butts. A neon sign across the street flashed the words—Mandarin Inn.

The shuffling of cards stilled the group. The grating of a finger nail against

the rim of a chip was the only sound. Half-nude girls on the backs of the cards flashed as the dealer skimmed the cards around the table. The terse peck, peck, peck of fingers on the rim of a glass broke the stillness.

"Check."

"Bet ten."

"Call."

"Raise five."

"Fold!"

A Pasture At Twilight

GLORIA NOVAK

This evening, while riding along a quiet country road, I came upon a field in which a group of horses was grazing.

The pastoral serenity of the scene before me filled me with calm peace.

The red glow of the setting sun was just giving way to the long, sleepy shadows of dusk.

A few stray wisps of crimson light played hide-and-seek among a cluster of purple clouds just above the western horizon.

The deep grass played with the shadows cast on it by tall oaks standing guard nearby.

A small flock of white ducks in one corner of the pasture looked as though they had been carved out of white stone.

On one side of the field a long, low building stretched its red painted boards over the brown earth, and a white board fence coiled itself around the building.

In front of the white gate that led to

the pasture was an old buckboard, its battered green body and faded yellow wheels giving silent testimony to years of obedient service.

The evening was quiet—so quiet that the horses lifted their heads from time to time to listen to the stillness; and the clean feeling of the country penetrated the cool, crisp air of early evening.

I watched the sky grow darker blue, and the cluster of purple clouds moved on.

The mist over the meadow rolled and swirled with the cooling gusts of wind and the horses moved, in a group, closer to the red building.

The white ducks broke their rigid, stonelike formation and moved to the fence and under the white boards to shelter.

Silence enveloped the countryside and the twilight tucked its invisible yet almost tangible blanket around me as it put the world to bed for the night.

Samplings . .

As nature had built the lake, so had Mr. MacSherry built his landing on it—small. . . Each spring his small store comes to life. Its birth is never premature nor unduly late, for the day which officially opens the fishing season brings life to its very doorstep . . . Though Mac's spring preparations end temporarily at nightfall, the natural advance of spring does not pause to rest. In the evening as the rippling water is stilled to a motionless sheet of reflection, we notice nature still at work. In the distance we can hear baby frogs belching out an imitation of their croaking daddy. The shrill of crickets and an occasional plop of a fish are the only other sounds . . .

Spring Comes to MacSherry's Landing

BARBARA HEINEY

But if man has faith and has thought about himself in relation to the universe, he knows there is a plan for everything—from an amoeba's reproducing of itself, up to the tremendous revolvings of the planets in the solar system. The executors of this plan of things are always changing: a star may burn with the same intensity for thousands of years, but eventually its light will change, as all things must.

The man will come to realize that death is a part of the relentless, continually changing plan which is taking place in the universe.

There has to be something which began this tremendous plan and watches over it—something which we call God.

Faith

DIANA HARVEY