

MANUSCRIPTS

MAY, 1950

A Caress for Marie

Kenneth Hopkins

Poems

Jack Monninger

Evening Incident

Patty Lewis

A Conversation . . .

Tom Misch



BUTLER UNIVERSITY

M S S

A Student Edited Magazine Published Three Times a Year and
Sponsored by the English Department of Butler University

Vol. XVII

MAY, 1950

No. 3

CONTENTS

Literary Prize Material

Evening Incident	Patty Lewis	4
Trial by Conscience, <i>a poem</i>	J. H. Monninger	7
Troop Train, <i>a poem</i>	J. H. Monninger	8

Upper Class Material

A Caress for Marie	Kenneth Hopkins	10
A Conversation to Be Inserted Between the "Franklin's Tale" and the "Physician's Tale" . . .	Tom Misch	17
Saturday Afternoon	Louise Grigsby	20
Differentiation Between Sarcasm and Cynicism	Barbara Ziegler	22
Two Poems	Frances King	23
The Byronic Hero	Jean Ann Bates	25
London Epitaph	Barbara Sims	27
Sonnet 304	Verse Forms Class, 1948	30
Flack	Emilio P. Ratti	31

Freshman Material

A Pair of Shoes	Ann Bailey	34
Long, Long Ago	Forrest Dunderman	36
The Bridge	Alice Greene	38
An Artificial Plague	Paul Ross	39
My Misfortunes	John S. Glassford	40
The Acceleration of American Life.....	Alice Aldrich	41
My Favorite Instructor	Ross Copeland	42
On Attending College and Living at Home.....	Sherry A. Rash	43
Life Without Principle	James Cone	45
Study of a "Character"	Walter O. Carter	46
Prayer at Dawn, <i>a poem</i>	Helen M. Glende	48
A Builder	Francis Balcom	49
Give Thanks for Thoreau	Joyce Barnard	51
Silence	Jerry Mitchell	52
A Short Story Interpretation	Robert Malsberry	53
Twenty-five Pounds of Dog Food for a Saint Bernard	Marmi Kingsberry	54
The Working Slave	William Clark	56
What Is Beauty?	Marthella Davis	57
The Ideal Husband	Rosalind Intrater	58
A Flirtation	Judy Job	59
Home on the Range	Roger Kramer	60
A Sundae Stroll	Ronald Trent	61
Charity	Peggy Day	62

LITERARY PRIZE

MATERIAL

Evening Incident

Patty Lewis

SHE SAT ON the steps, idly digging her feet into the loose ground in front of her. She watched with satisfaction as the glossy brown of her shoes became streaked and dusty from the sandy earth sifting over them. She wondered whether anyone would reprimand her. Her dress was wilted and a little damp from the summer heat. She felt sticky and uncomfortable and wiped the moisture from her upper lip with a languid gesture. Her long braids lay limp and heavy on her back. How she wished she had blonde curls like Milly Davidson's!

The sun had now almost disappeared, but the air was still oppressive and thick. She stopped tracing patterns in the earth as she watched her father approaching the house. She arose hesitantly. She remembered when she was younger that she had run with joyous abandon to throw herself into his arms. But her mother thought she was too old for that now, and she could almost hear the words in the high arch tones of her Aunt Jane, "Why Laurie's practically a young lady now. I wish I had a nice girl like her."

Her mother usually sighed or smiled wanly while answering, "Yes, but she is such an odd child. I just don't understand her."

By this time, her father had reached the steps. He was mopping his face with a moist handkerchief and in his preoccupation almost passed by the girl.

"Father," she said somewhat timidly.

"Oh—hello, Laurie. How are you?" He smiled gently while gazing absently beyond her into the house.

"Daddy—I mean Father," she stumbled in her attempt at the aura of dignity and poise she so desired. Then eagerly she went on, words tumbling out.

"Something happened today, oh, it was . . ."

Her father turned toward her. "Your mother, is she—you haven't upset her, have you?" As she shook her head, he added, "You're not ill, are you?"

The sparkle died out of her eyes. She lowered her head to hide the disappointment in her face.

"Everything's all right," she said listlessly.

She watched his face lose its frown, leaving faintly discernible lines.

"Fine, fine. Well, I'd better go in now. Your mother will want me to rub her head. You know how this heat affects her."

He wiped his face again, as if to banish the fatigue that was so evident. Laurie wanted to say something to show that she understood and sympathized, but before she could think of anything, he gave her a quick pat on the head and went inside.

Laurie stood motionless. A few minutes later she too went into the house, being careful to close the screen door with as little noise as possible. The house smelled rather musty and the shades were still drawn against the rays of the sun as they had been all day. Her mother's door was half open and she crept toward it. She stood looking in, catching a glimpse of pale hair on mounds of pillows and her father on his knees by the bed. He appeared slightly incongruous entangled among the lace and ribbons. They did not see her and Laurie turned away silently.

She walked down the hall and paused in front of the mirror. She wished she were pretty—she knew how it upset her mother that she had not inherited her china doll daintiness. The face that stared back at Laurie did not please her with its high cheekbones and sunburned nose—it seemed to be all eyes. She sighed and started toward the kitchen, practicing small graceful steps instead of her usual coltish gait.

Gracefulness was forgotten, however, as she burst into the kitchen and confronted the large woman by the stove.

"Maggie," she said breathlessly, "guess what happened today. I . . ."

"Please, Laurie, tell me later. I've got to go in to your Ma. You know how she complains."

"Should I go see her now, Maggie?" the girl asked almost wistfully.

"You'd only make her nervous." Some of the gruffness went out of the woman's voice as she turned her red, perspiring face toward Laurie. "I mean, not just now, dear. It's so hot and all—later would be better . . ." Her voice trailed off uncertainly, for Laurie had gone, slamming the door loudly behind her.

Back on the steps, Laurie made herself take deep breaths. She clenched her fists. Sudden tears smarted unpleasantly in her eyes, but she winked them back at the sound of voices. Her name was being called at the gate, so she got up and ran down the walk to the two girls who were waiting for her.

"Hi, Milly, Jean. Where you going?"

"Oh, just to the drugstore, Laurie. Wanta go?"

Laurie glanced over her shoulder at the house. "Mother's not feeling well—she might want me here."

"Another spell, huh?" asked Jean, the younger of the girls. "Aw, they won't even know you're gone."

Laurie hesitated. Before she could answer, Milly Davidson was speaking. "Say, Laurie, it was nice you won the prize today for writing that poetry. But really, my dear, it was so strange! Not at

all like the rest of us wrote, and I'm afraid no one understood it. Of course," she paused significantly, "of course everyone knows you're Miss Andrew's pet!" She attempted what she hoped was a gay tinkling laugh, accompanied by a quick toss of her blonde curls. Unfortunately, the laugh came out high and shrill and did not sound as sophisticated as when she had practiced it. No one spoke. Then Jean ventured, "You can still go with us, Laurie."

"No." Laurie wheeled about. She knew they were watching her and she tried not to be all arms and legs as she walked hurriedly back to the house. She did not turn until she heard the indistinct jumble of Milly's words and Jean's appreciative giggle die away in the distance.

She was alone. She swallowed quickly several times. The heat seemed to close in about her, pushing against her throat and chest. She was conscious of people passing by in the street, of their laughter and talking, but their faces were blurred and unfamiliar.

She heard voices within the house. A high thin sound that might have been a moan or a laugh came from her mother's room. She heard the deeper sound of her father's adoring voice, low and soft by turns. She heard someone calling her. The sound was like that of the gnats which buzzed around her face, and she shook her head to rid herself of them until her braids flapped noisily. Presently the screen door opened and closed, and Maggie was beside her.

"Didn't you hear me calling? Your dinner's waiting."

Laurie did not answer. She merely shook her head.

"Are you sick, child?" inquired Maggie not unkindly. Again Laurie shook her head.

"They'll be wondering where you are." At Laurie's look, she shrugged and turned to go in.

"Well," she said perplexed and then sternly, "I don't know what act you're putting on now, young lady, but I'm not keeping your dinner all night!"

Laurie stuck out her tongue at Maggie's retreating back, not caring that it was not an adult gesture. There was a hollow feeling in her stomach and she clasped her thin arms around her body, swaying back and forth in her misery.

It grew nearly dark. Talking loudly, Milly and Jean sauntered by on their way home. They did not look into the yard, nor did Laurie call out. No one bothered her. She remembered the time she had broken her arm. She had not hurt then the way she did now. She had not been afraid then. She had been alone before, but this loneliness was not the same thing. In her imagination it was like a living thing, taunting her, clutching at her, stilling her protests, preying on her thoughts and emotions, leaving her defenseless and empty.

She did not know how long she was there. Lights gleamed here and there in the distance, and the air was so still that she could hear

the swishing sound of fans on neighboring porches and the slap of fly swatters as plainly as the pounding of her heart.

"I'd like to start running," she thought suddenly. She would run and run, past all the houses, past the drugstore and the school until the lights of the town were far behind. She would run until she could not hear or see or think, and she would never come back.

She swatted at a mosquito so hard that the slap stung her face. She remained unmoving on the steps, wondering how long it would be before Maggie called her again.

Trial by Conscience

J. H. Monninger

Would you dare
Convict me for my crime?
Perhaps it would be well
If just to ease my mind,
For in these gruesome nights
I still can find
Those fragments lying near the crater's edge,
The crater's edge one minute old
And I, a mere observer passing by,
Stopped long enough to vomit
Then to cry.
But I was not observer,
Why do I lie?
I am free. Your rules, your codes,
Your laws have set me free.
But then I know this cannot be,
For through the many misty miles of sea
Remains for me
The crater's edge.
Now I cry in my defense
"How could I know?"
For they were crouching low.
Yes, you try to ease my mind
By telling me I should be blind
To circumstance
That was not really mine.
Now you stand aghast to find
A man confused,
A killer of his kind.

Troop Train

"Allez, Allez"

J. H. Monninger

There was no whistle, there was no light;
 And moving as a snake would move, into the night
 It took us nearer to our fate.
 Three days, three nights, and all in darkness. . .
Why was the door locked?
"Allez, allez" we heard the brakemen cry;
 Then moved the snake again, with youthful
 Venomous load. Impossible! How could it be?
 And in the silent darkness there arose
 Some forty silent cries: "How could it be?"
 The hottest hell could not have kindled
 Greater pain. That door! *Why was it locked?*
 And when the snake grew weak it stopped and drank
 And feasted on the food it once had known
 In daylight hours. Refreshed, *"Allez, allez,"*
 (What did it mean?) it moved again.
 Where were our hands, our feet? Where were our souls?
 Could it be true that even then our souls
 Turned cold, then numb, as only limbs
 Should do when elements become too strong?
 No need to pound upon the door . . .
Why was it locked?
 Cry out, you forty fools of saner times.
 Can you be proud of human sacrifice? But wait:
 Such youthful minds should never crack too soon.
 Seek not an exit from your stagnant, sickening
 Atmosphere, for you are only living
 With yourselves. Now let the hate unfurl in you;
 Desire a great revenge and build your will to kill
 Into great massive forms,
 For you are venom in its truest state;
 And fear, for fear shall drive you mad;
 And die, for death shall set you free.
"Allez, allez." The door . . . Why was it locked?

UPPER CLASS

MATERIAL

A Caress for Marie

Kenneth Hopkins

(Because of its apparent resemblance to John Steinbeck's novel, *Of Mice and Men*, the following story could not be awarded a prize. But the judges assured the editor that its merits were considered outstanding.)

MOM ALWAYS said I didn't know enough to love anythin'. She always said I didn't know enough to do anythin' at all and I guess she was right about most things, but she was wrong about me not knowin' enough to love anythin'.

I sat in the front room watchin' the fire flickerin' through the cracks around the door of the old wood stove and listenin' to the rain fallin' on the roof and listenin' to Marie doin' the dishes out in the kitchen, and I thought about what Mom had said and about how I loved Marie.

Marie had been here at the farm for nigh on two weeks, ever since Mom took sick with the pneumonia. Marie was only sixteen, same as me, but she was good at doin' things around the house like Mom used to do before she took sick.

Pa had just gone out and hitched old Prince to the buggy and drove off to the hospital in Jenkinsville like he did most every evenin' since they took Mom there for her pneumonia. There was nobody in the house but Marie and me, and I sat there lookin' at the fire in the old wood stove and listenin' to the rain fallin' on the roof and listenin' to Marie out in the kitchen, and I thought about how I loved her until I thought I'd bust, I loved her so much.

I knew now that Mom was wrong about me not knowin' enough to love anythin'. But Mom was smart, though, and pretty near always right. I knew she was smart 'cause when her and Pa would get to spattin' about somethin' it always ended by Pa sayin', "Alright, I guess you're right," and scratchin' the back of his head like he was a little mixed up.

I could hear Marie tinklin' the dishes out in the kitchen and every little while she would hum a little tune. I liked to hear her hum 'cause I knew then that she was happy, and I always wanted Marie to be happy. I guess Marie was the only friend I ever had except for Pa. I always loved Pa even if he wasn't so smart as Mom. He always used to give me a little pat on the head and told me not to fret

whenever things went wrong. And since I loved Pa, I always thought Mom was wrong about me not lovin' anythin'. And I've loved Pa for as long as I can remember.

There was other things I used to love, too, before Marie came to the farm. I could remember that ever since I got big enough to run around the barnlot I loved playin' with the kittens. They were all fluffy and soft and nice and they must have loved me too, 'cause I was the only one that could get near them. I used to sit in the straw on the old barn floor for whole afternoons at a time in the summer, just playin' with the kittens and talkin' to them. I remembered how Mom was always glad when I was out in the barn with the kittens. She used to say I got in the road when I was in the house and she'd say for me to go on out to the barn.

Marie was like a kitten. She always looked so soft, and her hair was light and silky like a kitten's, and I always thought of the kittens out in the barn whenever I looked at her.

I guess I would have been pretty lonely except for Marie and Pa and the kittens. I watched the fire flickerin' and remembered how Mom never used to like to have me makin' friends. She always said for me to go to the barn whenever we had company comin'. I remembered one Sunday afternoon, a long time ago before I started to school. We was expectin' a visit from Mom's folks from town and Mom told me to go out to the barn and play with the kittens. I remembered how I had just got off the back steps when I heard Pa say, "Now, Liz, that ain't no way to treat the boy when you know his grandfolks is comin'."

Then Mom said in a kind of complainin' voice, "Ben, you know Willie ain't quite right in the head."

Then Pa said somethin' about me bein' only six and that I would turn out alright. And I'll never forget how Mom answered. She said, "You know he won't turn out alright. You know Willie's weak-minded. You know he'll be that way forever. You're just afraid to own up to it. And besides I don't want the folks to see Willie. They're always makin' remarks about how slow he is in catchin' on to things. And they're always tellin' how my sister's kids is gettin' on so good. I won't have them seein' Willie any more if I can help it."

Then Pa said that he didn't think it was right, keepin' a boy from seein' his grandfolks, and Mom said real loud that she wouldn't have me around the house when her folks was comin'. So finally Pa said, "Alright, I guess you're right," and I knew he was scratchin' the back of his head like he was a little mixed up, and I knew Mom had outsmarted him again, so I went on down to the barn to play with the kittens.

That was a long time ago, but it had been the same way ever since when we had company comin', and I used to spend a lot of time down at the barn with the kittens.

I heard the rain fallin' harder on the roof and watched the fire flickerin' in the old wood stove and I thought back to when I first saw Marie. I first saw her in school, and I remembered the hard time I always had in school and how I hated goin' to school.

I remembered one day when I was still pretty little and hadn't been off the farm much. I was out in the back yard and I heard Mom and Pa talkin' real loud in the kitchen. I remembered hearin' Mom say that she wouldn't have me embarrassin' her afore the whole town of Jenkinsville, and I didn't know what she meant until Pa said somethin' about the law statin' that all kids is got to go to school when they're six and that there wasn't no way around it. But Mom kept on sayin' that she wouldn't have me embarrassin' her afore the whole town, and I was sure that she was goin' to be right again like she most always was. But finally Pa said somethin' about the truant officer and how he would put the law on us and then Mom didn't say anythin' more. I remembered how, in a little while, I went into the house to supper and nobody said anythin', but every little while Pa would look over at me and smile kinda' sad like, and I knew Pa loved me.

I remembered how the next day Mom scrubbed my face harder than usual and got me into my Sunday clothes and Pa hitched the horse to the old buggy and we drove into town to the school. We both went in, and I followed Pa around until he found out where the first grade was and met the teacher. She was a nice lady and she smiled a lot.

Pa told her to take good care of me and then he whispered somethin' to her that I couldn't hear and then I remember her sayin' that she thought that her and me would get along just fine. I liked this nice lady who always smiled at me, and I smiled back and nodded my head. Then I remember I looked at Pa and he smiled at me, and it seemed like his eyes was a little wet. Then Pa patted me on the head and said that he had to get back and for me to come right home after school. He said he wouldn't have time to come in and get me as he had to look after the crops, and I knew it was only two miles and I wouldn't mind the walk.

I remembered how I hated school and how I knew that I never could have stood it if it hadn't been for the teacher and for Marie. I liked lookin' at the books, and the teacher came around to my desk and helped me a lot, but it seemed like I didn't get on too good. I liked the teacher, but I hated the recesses. The other kids, all except Marie, always made fun of me in the playground when I wanted to help them play their games.

They always said, "You're too dumb to play, Willie. Don't you know you're too dumb?"

Then maybe one would say, "What's two and two, Willie?" And they always said it so fast that I couldn't think right away. Then

they would start sayin' "Willie is a dunce," all together and over and over again like it was a song. I never had any fun at the recesses.

Then when the weather was warm and the men sat outside the big store in the afternoons when I was goin' home, I would hear them say, "There goes that weak-minded boy of Ben Gorham's." And maybe one of them would say, "I reckon he'll grow up to be the village idiot." I didn't know what "idiot" meant but I knew they was makin' fun of Pa and I remembered I hated them for it, 'cause I loved Pa.

I got up and put some wood in the stove and the fire crackled up 'til I couldn't hear the rain fallin' on the roof any more, but I could still hear Marie hummin' in the kitchen.

Marie had been the only one at school who talked to me and cheered me up when things went wrong. And it seemed like things was always goin' wrong at school somehow. I remembered how Marie had cheered me up on promotion day when we was still in the first grade. We was both real young then and it was a long time ago, but I remembered it just like it was yesterday. I remembered all the kids bein' happy because it was promotion day and the last day of school, and how they all squealed and giggled. The teacher passed out the report cards, all except mine, and then she gave a little talk on how she had liked havin' us in her class and how she hoped we would get along good in the school years to come.

I didn't understand why I didn't get a report card until everybody was leavin'. Then the teacher stopped me as I was goin' out the door and told me to come over to her desk.

I remembered her sayin' that she had my report card there but she hadn't put down any grade yet. Then she opened the reader to the first story and told me to read it to her. I looked at it hard, and I heard the other kids yelling outside in the playground. I tried hard to remember the words that the letters made up, but all I could remember was how the kids always said "Willie is a dunce," and how they said it all together and over and over again like it was a song. And I could remember the fat old men in front of the big store pointin' at me and sayin', "There goes that weak-minded boy of Ben Gorham's."

Then I cried and got tears on the pages of the teacher's book. And she told me that it wasn't that bad, and she patted me on the head like Pa always did. Then I remembered she said that since we was such good friends she would fix it up so as she would be my teacher again next year. I liked that, but I knew that she felt bad 'cause I couldn't read out of the reader and that made me sad.

I remembered how I went outside into the playground and found Marie and told her what had happened and she laughed. I didn't understand why she laughed at first, but then I figured that she

laughed to show that she was happy and to make me happy so I smiled at her.

I remembered how ever since then I always told Marie my troubles and how she always laughed and made me happy. And now Marie was right here on the farm and she was hummin' out in the kitchen and I was happy again.

I began to wish Marie would get done out in the kitchen and come in and sit with me in the front room. And I began to wish Pa would come home from Jenkinsville so we could all be here together and then maybe Pa could see how I loved Marie. I thought how nice it would be for us just to sit here in the front room and listen to the new wood cracklin' in the stove.

Then I heard wheels grindin' in the gravel on the driveway, and I got up to go to the kitchen 'cause I knew Pa always came in the back way. But before I could get to the kitchen, Marie opened the back door and I heard her say, "That you, Tom?"

I was standin' there where I had stopped in the dark front room about halfway to the door leadin' into the kitchen, and I saw Tom come in the back door and heard him say, "It's me, Sugar. Who else do you think would drive clear out here to the end of nowhere to see you?" Then he laughed and grabbed Marie by the arm and they went over to the far end of the kitchen where I couldn't see them any more.

I stood there and wished it had been Pa who had come instead of Tom, and I wished Tom hadn't grabbed Marie like he did.

Pretty soon I heard Marie laugh kinda' low and then she said, "Don't do that, Tom. Willie's in the front room and he'll hear us." And then she kinda' giggled and said "Now, don't, Tom." And then she giggled some more.

I went back to the chair by the stove and sat there and remembered how I had hated Tom when I was in school, and how he had always made fun of me and how he always said I was too dumb to help play the games in the playground. I sat there and wondered how Marie could stay out there in the kitchen and laugh and be happy with Tom when I hated Tom and loved Marie so much.

I could hear the rain still fallin' on the roof and the fire still cracklin' in the stove, and every little while I could hear Marie tellin' Tom to stop, and gigglin' a little, and I sat there and felt like the insides had all gone out of me somehow.

It seemed like a long time later when I heard Tom say he had better get goin' before Mr. Gorham came back and found him there. I heard him go out and drive away and pretty soon Marie came into the front room with the lamp and put it down on the table over by the window. She sat down and the light fell across her face and through her hair, and I thought about the kittens out in the barn, and I thought about how nice it would be to touch her like I used to do the kittens

and like Tom had touched her out in the kitchen. Tom had done it just like it was nothin'. He had grabbed her by the arm and pulled her across the kitchen to where I couldn't see them and then he must have touched her some more. I wished I could touch her, just touch her arm or her dress and let her know how much I loved her and how I knew I loved her better than Tom did.

She said, "I thought you would be asleep by this time, Willie." And then she smiled at me and said, "Tom was here. Did you hear him when he was here, Willie?"

I nodded and wished she wouldn't talk about Tom.

Then she said, "Tom thinks I'm pretty. Do you think I'm pretty, Willie?"

I wanted to tell her that I thought she was as pretty as the kittens out in the barn, even prettier, but I couldn't think of the words.

She got up from the chair and walked around in back of me where I couldn't see her any more and then she said, "Tom thinks I'm pretty, and he's always trying to kiss me. All the boys in Jenkinsville are always trying to kiss me when we have parties."

I sat there and thought about all the boys in Jenkinsville tryin' to kiss Marie, and thought about how I loved Marie, and wished I could turn around and look at her and tell her how much I loved her.

Then I felt her hands on my head and she ran her hands back along my hair, and I felt like I was tinglin' all over 'til I thought I'd bust, I loved her so much. Then she said in a low voice and real close to my ear so I knew she was bendin' over the back of the chair, "Wouldn't you like to kiss me, Willie?"

I got up fast and walked around to the other side of the stove and stood there and looked at her and felt my legs shake like they did when I ran a long ways. I wanted to kiss her. I wanted just to touch her on the arm or touch her dress, but I was afraid. I don't know why I was afraid, but I was, so I just stood there and felt my legs shake.

Then Marie said, "Now, don't be bashful, Willie, I won't bite." Then she came over close and turned her face up and said, "Wouldn't you like to kiss me, Willie?"

I knew I had to touch her. I had to touch her with my hands, so I reached out and touched the front of her dress and it was all soft underneath just like a kitten. She turned away when I touched her and I knew I had to touch her some more. I knew I had to, so I grabbed her and felt how she was soft and warm all over.

She yelled at me, "Don't Willie!" And she squirmed away and ran to the other side of the room. She looked mad and she said, "You're dumb, Willie. That's no way to treat a girl. You're dumb just like the kids in school used to say."

I knew she was mad at me, and I knew I had to tell her how much I loved her, and I knew I had to touch her some more. I knew she had been listenin' to the kids who used to make fun of me at

school and to the fat old men who used to point at me from the front of the big store, and I knew that she must have heard Mom say that I didn't know enough to love anythin'.

I started across the room toward her to tell her that she was wrong believin' what all those folks said, and she looked scared and started for the door. I couldn't let her get away because I had to tell her, so I caught her before she got to the door and held her fast.

She screamed and hit me across the face 'til I got hold of her arms and held them tight. Then she looked up at me and said real loud, "You're dumb, Willie! I always knew you were dumb!" And she said it just like Mom used to say it only she said it harder just as if she hated me worse than she hated anythin'. Then she wiggled around and tried to get away, and I threw her down on the floor, 'cause I had to tell her not to believe all those folks that said I was dumb, and I had to tell her how much I loved her.

I saw how white and nice her neck was, and I knew I had to touch it. And I felt how soft it was when I put my hands on it and how I could feel the blood beatin' under the white skin.

I thought about how wrong Mom had been when she said I didn't know enough to love anythin', and how wrong the kids at school had been when they kept sayin', "Willie is a dunce," all together and over and over again like it was a song, and how wrong the fat old men in front of the big store had been when they pointed at me and said, "There goes that weak-minded boy of Ben Gorham's."

I thought about all these things and when I got through thinkin' about them I felt my hands hurtin'. I looked at my hands and saw that Marie had dug deep scratches in them with her fingernails, and I saw how the blood from my hands had run down across her neck and onto the floor. I saw how Marie's eyes were real wide open, wider than I had ever seen them, and how her face was the wrong color.

I took my hands away from her neck and got up off the floor. Then I bent over and picked Marie up and felt how soft she was and how limp, just like a sleepy kitten, and I put her down on the old couch over by the wall. Then I sat down beside her and put my hand on her dress where I had first touched her and sat there and waited for Pa to come home from Jenkinsville so that he could see me touchin' Marie, and so he would know that I loved her, and so he would know that Mom was wrong when she said I didn't know enough to love anythin'.

A Conversation to Be Inserted Between the "Franklin's Tale" and the "Physician's Tale"

Tom Misch

IN THE *Canterbury Tales* the Franklin tells the story of a woman, Dorigen, wife of Arveragus, who, to escape the assiduity of her courtly lover, the squire Aurelius, makes her consent depend upon an impossible condition: that all the rocks on the coast of Brittany be removed. Aurelius enlists the aid of a magician and apparently fulfills the task imposed by his lady love. To her husband, who returns home unexpectedly, the faithful Dorigen confesses the details of her promise to the young squire. Arveragus, believing that honor is more precious than chastity, generously instructs his wife to meet Aurelius and fulfill her part of the bargain. The lover, from a generous remorse, releases the lady from her promise. And the magician hired by Aurelius generously releases Aurelius from his debt. The "Franklin's Tale" concludes with the narrator's question: "Pilgrims, which of these three persons was the most generous?"

The following imaginary conversation might have taken place . . .

Oure Hooste answered than: "I telle yow
That from oure compaigne an answer now
To youre question of proprettee
As to the man who was the mooste free
Wol surely come. For now I do intend
To asken you as to the shrine we wend.
What thinketh yow, Dame Alys, do us telle,
Chees 'mongst these three the wight knowing full welle
The sentence of al generositee."

"Me thynketh that the choys is twixt the twey
Of hem that loved good Dame Dorigen.
That is to seyn, I chese betwixt the men;
A woman's freedom with a man is lost.
With husbandis five, I wiste well the cost.
I doubt a bit the tales conclusioun.
Of Dorigen have I suspecioun:
Syn she han sworn upon her honor gold,

Why sholde she fear to make her spous cokewold?
 Arveragus was but a fool to goon
 To distant lands and leef his wyf aloon.
 So I vouchsauf for lusty Aurelius.
 That was the only man who acted thus
 In greetest freedom, and in alle his lyf
 Forwent to love another mannes wyf.
 If he were here," quod she, "on pilgrimage
 Aurelius wolde I seek, for at my age
 I am a worldly dame, and this estat
 Whan coupled with the silver that I gat
 From husbondes five (God keep their soul
 Except those three who treated me so foul!)
 It maketh well a hende doweree
 For squires seeking not virginitee.
 Tis knowen that men of wisdom when they wedde
 Be nought concerned with but maidenhedde.
 Be oon among ye here that in good sense
 Wolde chosen first a dame of experiance?"
 Oure Hooste laugh at this new question.
 "By Christes blood, a mete suggestion!
 If any bacheler in good corage
 Wol seken for to enter marriage,
 Forget not what the Wyf of Bath has sedde
 And look not both for gold and maidenhedde.
 But now, enough of this, for as I ryde
 I seldom hear the scholar at my syde.
 Sire Clerk, do telle us what thou thenkest so
 With furrowed brow that counterfeits swich wo.
 Ne studie you alway, but telle us pleyn
 Which of these ilke three to thee is seen
 To be the wight of generositee—
 The knight, the dame, the squire—which of the three?"
 The Clerk of Oxenford with meek assent
 Did answer thus: "Now in my juggement
 The oon that in this tale knew vertu
 Was Dorigen, the faithful wyf who knew
 The sentence of a worthy constancye
 As eek Ulysses wyf, Penelopye
 That wove an endless cloth upon her loom
 But to unravel all when in her room
 Aloon at night she came and there did sit,
 And trickt the lewed suitors by her wit.
 Of all good dames in bookes old, thou woost,
 There be nat many oon that koude thus boost
 Swich wise and stedfast love of governance

As do Penelopye and good Custance.
 In murie Engoland I ken no dame
 Wolde give a single farthing for swich fame.
 Oure English wyves do desire *en lieu*
 The reputation of a nag or shrew."

At this the Wyf of Bath did stert to burn
 So wroth was she that all her face did turn
 From red to white and back to red agayn.
 "Sire Clerk," quod she, "I know not what to seyn!
 Your wordes have abomination
 Of womankind and her condition.
 No married man I rede thou'll ever be
 For scholars mak not husbondes, par ma fay!
 Swich men as ye who spenden alle youre lyves
 With bookes, han but bookes for your wyves!"

Oure Hoost stood up betwixt the two of hem
 Arguing thus about the tales problem.
 "Enough of this," quod he, "By Adames fall,
 In pees must we proceed. In faith I shall
 Conseil a man that lerned is and wyse
 And kan in statutes justice ther divyse.
 What thinkest thee, good Man of Law, pardee?
 In legal terms, who was the mooste free?"

At this request up spak the povre Persoun,
 "Pardon, mine Hoost but ere we reach the toun,
 Me thynketh that the answer nolde be
 Saught out in terms of mere legalitee.
 This were a moral question. I know
 That to the gospel teaching sholde we go."

"Not so!" exclaimed the Merchant lowd and clear
 So that the men atarrying een could heer.
 "In all my yeers of worthy businesse
 With men of court and eek of gentillesse,
 Not oon of hem wolde buy or sell in faith,
 Moralitee or rules; as thus man saith
 That vertu has its prys, I know full welle . . .
 And ther is naught a merchant nolde selle.
 Therfor the man that was the mooste free
 Was noon of hem that you han named three.
 The mooste free was that magicien
 Who lost oon thousand pound, withouten wen.
 And though his bargain hard had driven been.
 He forfeled all rightes to the claim!"

Oure Hooste laugh at this right heartily
 And seyde, "I heer enough of rivalry;
 Lat us forget all this disputisoun

And seek not for the tales conclusion.
 A lusty tale kan yeve us much more pleasour
 Than idyl talk concerning freedoms measour.
 Sire Doctour, entertain us for a tyme
 With humour goode in prose or els in ryme."

Saturday Afternoon

Louise Grigsby

"**Y**EAH, I HAD A woman once." The stooped man in overalls ran a roughened forefinger over his chin stubble, remembering.

"He, he, he," cackled Pop, his hairy Adam's apple wobbling aimlessly in his withered throat. "A woman, he says. Better say wome. . . ."

"Shut up, ya ol' windbag." Jack reproved the old man absently. "I was sayin'—she was soft as dandyline fluff—little bit of a thing. Sorta goldy hair, 'n eyes. . . ." Jake snuffed audibly, then pulled a greasy unhemmed rag from his right hip pocket and blew his nose vigorously. "Eyes green as—as new lettuce. Ellie, her name was."

"Was, Jake?" Parson Jones looked at the big bony face sympathetically, trying to recall the name Ellie in recent death notices.

"Yeah, she drowned 'n it was my fault. Ya could say I killed 'er." The loungers on the spittle-stained porch sat up, their eyes fixed on Jake's miserable face. He looked round the circle of rhythmically-working jaws, then pulled out a wad of tobacco and whittled himself a mouthful.

"Go on, Jake." Henney Henderson urged him. The others nodded eagerly, repeating, "Go on, Jake."

"I ain't told nobody 'bout this, but now I gotta talk ta somebody. Ellie was a woman'd suit any man—didn't talk much, couldn't hardly get a word outa 'er sometimes. But ya could tell she hated the Little Fork—hated any water, fer that matter, but ex-pecially the Little Fork.

"I mind the day I found 'er plain as anything. The year the Little Fork flooded over the Cavens' corn patch, right after Mac

Cavens'd plowed it up fer plantin'. I'd been out in my boat, first day it flooded, lookin' fer a stray chicken er two without no owner, 'n as I was driftin' by the Cavens' place I spotted somethin' splashin' 'n rilin' the water somethin' awful. So I worked my way towards the spot quick's I could 'n found a woman kickin' 'n strugglin' ta keep on topa the water. Well, I pulled 'er into my boat 'n wrapped my extra tarp 'round 'er, so's she wouldn't take pewmonie on topa the cold she'd prob'ly already got. Well, she was shiverin' 'n shakin' too much ta talk, so I took 'er ta my shack ta get dry. Natcherly I couldn't let 'er run around like that, all cold 'n wet. . . ."

"Natcherly," agreed Pop, leering toothlessly at Jake. "He, he, he."

"Ya ol' . . ." Jake advanced toward the frail snowy-haired heckler, threatening him with an upraised fist.

"Now, now, boys," soothed the Parson. "Go on, Jake."

"Well, I got 'er dry 'n found out she was a cousin of the Cavens', from up near Little Rock. The Cavens'd piled into their boat ta go ta high ground, but the boards'd rotted through the winter 'n the boat collapsed 'em all into the water. Ellie was the only one left kickin' when I got there. She was scared ta death of Little Fork after that—always went big-eyed 'n pale when I even said the name. 'N she went around, queer-like, after that, too—looked like a scared rabbit in a trap.

"But cook—that Ellie could cook circles around any female I ever knowed any place. She fixed up my cabin real cheerful, too—even put up checkery curtains so's I couldn't see outa the windows."

"Ah, yes, Jake, marriage is a wonderful institution," Parson Jones beamed approvingly.

"Well, Parson, we never did get around ta a preacher fer marryin', but Ellie didn't mind. Folks scared 'er though 'n I figured she was happier with someone of 'er own to look after. But her bein' afraid of the Little Fork bothered me some. I had ta go up 'n down the river, once in a spell, 'n she'd either got ta fish some er do without eatin' till I got back. So I made 'er go out in the boat one day with me so's she could get used ta the feel of the water, but in the middle of the Little Fork, she got scared 'n wild-like. The boat turned over. Poor Ellie . . .," Jake's voice cracked. Turning abruptly, he stumbled off the porch of Pop's hardware-variety store and headed toward his shack.

"Well, what do you make of that?" Parson Jones questioned the group softly.

"There ain't no Ellie, Parson. Why, that Jake's got brats scattered all up 'n down this county—plenty ta carry on the family name—if he was ta give it ta 'em. But I ain't heard of any green-eyed, yellor-haired Ellie around here. No siree!" Pop emphatically answered the Parson. Looking after Jake, he whirled his stubby forefinger significantly and tapped his head. "He, he, he."

Differentiation Between Sarcasm and Cynicism

Barbara Ziegler

“THE WORLD IS going to Hell in a basket!” emphatically states the cynic. He believes that human conduct is directed solely by self-interest or self-indulgence, for cynicism tells its believers to be contemptuous of man’s sincerity of motives and the integrity of his conduct. Cynicism may allow its followers to stop at this point, or it may become so thoroughly integrated that one carries his convictions on until he becomes convinced that men are hopelessly lost. At this point he advances to the misanthropic stage. A misanthrope is a hater of mankind. Not only has he a deep-rooted disbelief of his fellow men, but he also has an aversion to their society. Cynicism need not reach this latter stage to be classified as a dreadful plague. It spreads quickly. It permeates all who come in contact with it with the same gnawing and persistent feeling of disbelief and doubt experienced by the cynic. Unfortunately, in some sets, cynicism is “smart,” just as atheism is “smart.” The cynic’s words seem to ring of wisdom, but this is because it is easier to be convincingly cynical than reassuringly optimistic. With the large number of professed cynics in the world, it is too bad cynicism cannot be a constructive building material—a foundation for improvement; instead, cynicism tears down and offers no substitute for the ruins it has left.

Some people have confused cynicism with sarcasm. The essential quality of sarcasm is taunting reproachfulness; it is always cutting and ill-natured. The sarcastic person seems to be looked upon with even greater esteem than the cynical person. I have known persons to swell with pride when someone has said, “I must admit you are a master of sarcasm.” What must one do to “master” this seemingly desirable quality? One must practice faithfully the use of bitter, caustic, or stinging remarks. One must have contempt for some object, whether it be mankind in general or one type of man in particular. One must at all times be intent upon wounding the feelings and must become sensitive to some shortcoming and use sarcasm as the offense, yet profess complete indifference to one’s own failures. One must hurt for the sake of hurting. Of course, these practices may eventually entail a loss of values to the faithful adherent of the training program. One may forget how to accept a compliment, or how to carry on a serious and intelligent conversation. One might lose friends, at first slowly and then more rapidly as the

sting of the tongue is felt by more and more. Yes, eventually one might have a comeback for everything, but will have no audience on which to "come back."

Both sarcasm and cynicism demand a contemptuous feeling on the part of their adherents, but here the similarity ends. Cynicism is a moral sentiment; sarcasm is a means of expressing this sentiment. Cynicism is a serious threat to the security of the nation. Its presence can undermine the will of the nation for peace. Sarcasm is a serious threat to the popularity of the individual practicing it. Sarcasm may upon occasion be humorous; cynicism is never humorous; it is always dangerous.

Two Poems

Frances King

Ballad for a Boy at His Sister's Wedding

Do not linger on the stair,
Breathing in the heather air,
Witches in the corner stand,
Bending now to take your hand.

Do not follow them so near,
Though they say you must not fear.
Note the little silver chains
And the gleaming golden reins.

Dark the tamarack will grow,
Softer than the candle glow.
Ah, my dear, it's getting late.
There's the river that you hate.

Now they flutter round your face,
Foam and laughter, foam and lace,
Still above the running dark,
Dimly hear the crowd of larks.

Larks upon the branches sit,
Raveling out their song in bits,
Casting rings for you to clasp,
Vows and promises to grasp.

But the rings and whispered vows,
Only swifter currents rouse,
Swift will rise the parting lark,
Leaving you the running dark.

Do not linger on the stair,
Breathing in the heather air.
Witches wait to take your hand,
Closing round you as you stand.

At the University

We expected Death in the afternoon,
Not on a pale horse riding
At all, but walking ever so softly
Across the East grass.

We leaned in the sun-stained windows,
Not without certain small terrors
Of hope, that Death might be like the poems,
All soft and sweet white.

We talked of Swift and dead philosophers,
Not without wonder at our smiling
Self-possession, and the memory
Of Ophelia descending.

We were shocked at the sight of Death,
Not by its sense of ice and guilt
And gold, but by its actual shape
Of perfect beauty.

We were undone toward evening,
Not by the smothering folds
Of wing, but by the soft voice
Of invading Love.

We put up barricades of gold-edged Keats,
Not without knowledge of the folly
Of hiding, but hoping to stay
The encroaching Grace.

We were taken however in the evening,
Not being helped by Skelton
Or Gay, but quietly, gently falling
Into those Arms.

The Byronic Hero

Jean Ann Bates

THE CHARACTER of the fascinating villain-hero has held a prominent place in the hearts of readers since the beginning of man's literate history. It was not, however, until the nineteenth century, when Lord Byron by his own life and works exemplified so much this character, that the villain-hero was given a standard motif. Thus, the long, evolving villain-hero became the Byronic hero with a fixed set of characteristics peculiar only to himself.

The Byronic hero is distinguished by the clearly defined existence of sensuousness and its antithesis, sensitiveness. Lord Byron himself demonstrated the presence of these two paradoxical elements. One finds Byron in Venice, living a life of debauchery, almost on an animal level of existence; yet during this Venetian period, Byron produced some of the finest and most sensitive poetry of the English language. Rhett Butler, Margaret Mitchell's Byronic hero, spends a great deal of time with the not so respectable Belle Watling; yet he has great respect for the virtuous Melanie. It is characteristic of the Byronic hero that he should awake with a terrific hangover and compose a beautiful lyric poem like "She Walks in Beauty." The Byronic hero is often dismissed as nothing more than a thoroughly imbued sensualist, but one finds him an idealist also and becomes confused. It does not seem unusual for Rhett to save Scarlet from burning Atlanta, but the reader is surprised when Rhett leaves the woman he loves to join the dying cause of the Confederacy. Most men possess an integration of the sensuous and the sensitive. We have seen in the Byronic hero that the two elements are not integrated, but each one represents a separate, completely isolated phase of the same man's nature. It is typical of the Byronic hero that he is a dichotomy of the sensuous and the sensitive.

The Byronic hero is almost always a man with a mysterious past. This past is usually surmised to be of wickedness and sin, and our hero is periodically haunted by feelings of remorse concerning it. Conrad, the Corsair in Byron's poem, is said to be a man of a thousand sins. The reader imagines that these sins must have been deeds of violence connected with piracy, but we never know for sure. As Childe Harold begins his pilgrimage, one is given hints of Harold's past of vice and ungodly acts. Manfred, a psychological projection of Byron himself, haunted by a great sin, the nature of which we are never positive, seeks oblivion. The past of Rhett Butler is never made exactly clear to the reader. It is shrouded in mystery like

the pasts of all Byronic heroes, but we are sure also, like his brother heroes, that Rhett has disobeyed at least a few of the Ten Commandments.

The mood of the Byronic hero is one of intense melancholy and pessimism; yet we feel underlying this apparently static exterior, the beat of throbbing life energy. Like the Corsair, the Byronic hero is "warp'd by the world of disappointment." He seems to loathe himself and all mankind, and is always one apart from his fellow creatures; yet the Corsair is a man of action and distinguishes himself by deeds of valor. One sees a brilliant study of the Byronic mood in Emily Bronte's creation of Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights*. Heathcliff is as alone and melancholy as the moors themselves, but we find also in him the wild, rebellious energy of flesh and blood. The mood of the Byronic hero the reader sees is the end result of a man's running the gamut of human experience. Pessimism and melancholy are thus inevitable, and these are superimposed on the dynamic vitality of a man of action.

The Byronic hero's character is amoral rather than immoral. Byron's Don Juan is a classic example of the skeptical libertinism of most Byronic heroes. He is of aristocratic tendencies, haughty toward equals and superiors. He derives sadistic pleasure in the sufferings of the women who have surrendered to him. He knows himself to be a villain, but he believes the rest of the world no better than he. The Byronic hero is all that is characteristic of the somewhat jaded cosmopolitan man of the world.

In spite of any scruples one might have against the Byronic hero, the reader cannot help but be fascinated by him. One is always shocked by him, and this almost without fail leaves one to become enslaved in fascination. The reader is shocked when he reads of Don Juan's affair with the married Donna Julia, but having read this far he never fails to finish the canto. One is up in arms at the frank way Lord Byron discusses his incestuous relationship with his half-sister, Augusta Leigh, but the reader is sure to complete reading the biography. Another important factor of fascination is the great physical attractiveness of the Byronic hero, and this is enhanced by corresponding conversation and manners. He might be, in the words of Lady Caroline Lamb, "mad, bad and dangerous to know," but any normal woman would like to meet a Rhett Butler or a Lord Byron. She is not interested in the Byronic hero for a husband, but she is sure he would be a most engaging lover. Many twentieth century movie idols, like Rudolph Valentino and James Mason, are nothing more than manifestations of the Byronic hero.

London Epitaph

Barbara Sims

THE WHOLE THING seems as if it happened a long time ago. Even now, when I try to set down the chains of circumstance and incident, some of the details blur together, and it is only with painful effort that I am able to remember my sister's face, and the screaming air raid siren, and the great stone house that stood ruined and smoking after the siren stopped screaming and the bombers flew back over the Channel.

I had sailed for England shortly before this country entered the war and, though I was well aware of the omnipresent threat of death and destruction for the Britishers during those strained, terror-filled years, it seemed quite suddenly important for me to be with Elsa when I was certain she needed the strength and support I had always given her and was prepared to offer her now. She was my sister, you see, nearly fifteen years younger than I, and, although she was in her early thirties then, I expected her to be still as vacillating and immature, girlish, perhaps, as she had been in her childhood when I was both mother and father to her. I suppose I had always thought of her in a maternal way and when, at twenty, she married middle-aged Frederic Channing and went back with him to his home in London, I felt as if she were taking the wasted years of my youth and my girlhood across the sea with her. I was not bitter in my regrets however; she had been a wilful, but never an ungrateful child, and after her marriage she wrote me regularly, asking me at last to come and be with her, and it was sufficient that she was still conscious of her need for me. She was weak-natured, you know, and it was perhaps my fault for petting and spoiling her so much; but the appeal in those luminous dark eyes of hers never failed to win me over as I know they must have conquered Frederic time and again during their brief life together when he held to her so lovingly, so blindly.

I remember how they looked the morning my ship reached England, standing against the dock railing, the three of them: Elsa, Frederic, and his son of an earlier marriage, Howard, whom I recognized from my sister's description of him. Elsa was the same, of course; Frederic looked portly and contented; and Howard, I noticed, was raw and handsome in a dark, youthful way. It was very early in the morning and a weak, tentative sun was trying gallantly to thrust through the puffs of fog and haze, and I thought that, standing together there, the three of them excited and waving, they were like children starting on a new adventure and the war and death seemed in that brief moment farther away than I had thought

it possible to imagine. Then, quite abruptly, we were all in each other's arms, breathlessly happy, eager to reach the sanctuary of the gray stone house out in Diderot Square.

The days that followed swiftly were gay and exciting, and I was pleased that my relationship with Elsa was almost the same as always, except of course that marriage had given her a kind of strength and independence, so that she did not lean on me as heavily as before, but confided in me openly and willingly, and I felt in her self-sufficiency a kind of new independence for myself. She needed guidance, naturally; I could see that Frederic, dotting and fatuous and kindly as he was, was not the tower of strength to inspire Elsa's confidence, although their marriage was a success (she had me to understand)—a steady quiet relationship without the pains and the harshness of a youthful wedlock. And, while I said nothing and was silently grateful for Elsa's happiness, I found it difficult to imagine that my vivacious Elsa, who had always been so passionately fond of laughter and bright music, could have found contentment with stoical Frederic Channing and their life together in the dim quiet of the old stone house.

Sometimes, in the evenings, after we had pulled the curtains and dimmed the lights, Elsa played the piano and Howard, leaning awkwardly over her shoulder, sang falteringly in a husky, pleasant baritone; and Frederic and I, conscious of our age and not wanting to dampen their spirits, browsed companionably in the library or chatted together, sometimes about Elsa, most of the time about Howard. Frederic was extremely devoted to the boy, you know. Howard had a promising career in the Ministry and Frederic was pathetically anxious that nothing should happen to ruin his chances. Elsa had been wonderful, Frederic confided, working with Howard, helping him study—almost like a sister, really, instead of a stepmother.

I liked Frederic and his son and, of course, Elsa, and the easy natural way of life there in the old Channing home; and so the weeks became months and I stayed on in London because we were all so happy there, quite untouched by the war. I felt almost as if I had become a Channing myself. We did not actually forget the war, being constantly reminded of it by the sirens and the bombings and the planes overhead, but we tried as most Londoners did, to live our lives around it and not let it become the cynosure of our thoughts and our beings. We rarely went to a bomb-shelter, even when the bombing was heavy and concentrated, because Elsa hated being crowded together with the huddled, frightened people. She said their fear was infectious and so, deferring quite naturally to her wishes, when the siren shrieked its warning we went down into the wine cellar, taking an old gramophone with us to keep our minds busy and our thoughts away from the terror overhead. Sometimes, if Elsa felt kittenish, she and Howard played hiding games in the dimness, and Frederic and

I listened to the old Sir Harry Lauder records and chuckled superciliously, enviously perhaps, at the young people's antics. They seemed so innocent together, like young colts. When I think back over it now, Frederic and I must have been, in our own innocence or ignorance, in a way responsible for the terrible thing that happened soon after.

There was a week or so when the bombings ceased altogether and Elsa, gayer and more at ease than I had seen her for a long time, invited friends in to dinner and bridge afterwards. It promised to be a welcome respite from the monotonous routine the heavy bombings had of late forced us into; and all of us, even Frederic who usually smiled fondly on Elsa's frivolous little plans, were quite enthusiastic about the promised evening of company and pleasure. I enjoyed the dinner immensely for I found the dry wit of those droll, long-faced Britishers rather amusing. Then, while the card tables were being set up, Frederic opened champagne and we toasted each other many times over, trying, I suppose, to escape into forgetfulness and exhilaration.

It was some time later, an hour or so perhaps, when I noticed Elsa had been drinking too much; she was getting careless in her speech, and I frowned at her several times, shocked by her vulgarity and appalled at her cheapness as she stood, leaning heavily against the piano where Howard sat, his fingers motionless on the keys. She was an Elsa I had never seen before and when she finally noticed my frowns, she said loudly, "For the love of God, Eleanor, stop making those awful faces. You look like a nagging old shrew—you and Frederic—you're a good pair. Two old fat tabby cats by the fireside." Her words fell on the silence of the room and someone laughed nervously. Frederic stood up, white with rage and humiliation, "Shut up, Elsa. That's quite enough." He strode toward her, and she dropped suddenly, disgustingly on Howard's knees. "Keep away, Frederic," she slurred drunkenly. "You take Eleanor, and I'll take Howard. We're pairs, you know. We're all pairs." She turned then and kissed Howard full on the lips.

Mercifully, an air raid siren started its wail, and the stunned, embarrassed guests fled from the house to the shelter at the corner. The four of us, the Channings, scarcely moved until they were gone. Then Frederic, a new Frederic in his anger and brutality, screamed hysterically, "Get out, Eleanor. You and Howard get out," and when the two of us stumbled from the room he slammed the heavy doors shut behind us.

I do not know even now, I will never know what passed between them, what revelations were made, what dreams became ashes in that room while Howard and I stood trembling and cold in the dark, frightening stairwell. I remember I was sick with sudden hatred and disgust for this sister who had been my youth and my girlhood

and I retched and gagged several times there in the dim hallway, finally giving way to bitter, painful weeping. I was lost in my grief and bitterness and I did not know the bomb had struck near Channing House until I heard the plaster falling in huge chunks around me, and felt Howard's hand on my arm as he guided me down the trembling staircase. As we reached the bottom, Frederic flung open the heavy doors and shouted to us, like a madman. "She's dead. Elsa's dead. She fell when the bomb struck and now she's dead." There was blood running from the jagged fingernail scratches on his face and his eyes stared out of his head, horribly and starkly, begging us to believe. Then Howard pushed us both out into the street before him. "We shall think of ourselves now, Father," he said. And so we stood together in the deserted square and watched the old Channing House shudder agonizingly and collapse; watched the smoke from the ruins wreath up into the air like shadowy fingers writing a timeless, formless epitaph for the dead and the dying.

SONNET 304

Verse Forms Class, 1948

Why in the cold and hostile winter day
 Should time begin again? Is this new year
 A normal birth of any age, or mere
 Mechanic cutting—that convenient way
 A calendar is made? Oh, rather may
 Not every waiting moment newly bear
 A century of hopefulness and fear,
 For whose maturity we can but pray?
 Today, for me, the old year freshly lives
 And yet a newer one has come to birth.
 The paper map of days is false! Depend
 Upon the heart, a truer calendar, that gives
 The tides and times for me of heaven and earth.
 Now in your love my years begin and end.

Flack

Emilio P. Ratti

SIMMONS CRAWLED under the top turret and came forward to stand between us. He unplugged his mask from the walk-around bottle and made his connection with an extra outlet on the flight deck. Then he plugged in his headset and his microphone.

"We're right on schedule. Should be at the IP in ten minutes. Good deal not being lead navigator. It gives me more time to look around." His voice was muffled and distorted by the throat mike. His eyes above the oxygen mask smiled at me.

"Why don't you try and spot those flack guns on this run? S-2 has been trying to get their position for weeks. You might even get a shiny new medal." I turned back to the controls.

George looked over from the right seat. His eyes looked pained. "I'm going to get a new mask. This damned thing has my nose feeling like Bob Hope's looks."

"Top turret to co-pilot. Lieutenant, you've said that on the last four trips. When are you going to do it?"

"This time for sure. I can't stand this thing any longer. It was all right for the short flights we've been having but these long grinds are too much." He turned and gazed out of the window. Then he pressed his mike button and checked the crew for oxygen.

"Right and left waist, O. K."

"Tail gunner, O. K."

"Nose gunner and bombardier, O. K."

"Belly turret, O. K. Fill me up again before the run, will you, Frank?"

"Roger."

George turned and checked the men on the flight deck. They nodded to him in turn, and he turned back to the front and watched the diaphragm on his oxygen regulator pulsing in and out, in and out.

"Flack at three o'clock!"

The formation started a slow sweeping turn to the left. On the lead ship, the bomb-bay doors started to roll open and the cat-walk was visible, looking like a fantastic X-ray picture.

"Bomb-bay doors open. Give me a long level, level, level." I struggled with the controls, trying to keep the plane level and still keep my place in formation. Black blossoms of smoke came between us and the lead plane. Farther ahead more puffs of smoke came up and we all ducked instinctively as the spent fragments rattled off the fuselage.

"Heard that one. It's getting close," George muttered as he grabbed the wheel to help me. We edged in closer to the lead plane. Now the sky was full of oily black bursts. We could even identify those from individual batteries. They would burst successively higher with a stair-step effect. To us they looked like a ladder to hell. We could not even turn to avoid them now. We were on the bomb run.

Simmons disappeared under the turret to lie down on the floor, his head stuck out over the open bomb-bay. "I'm set, Sonny. How much longer?"

"Thirty seconds and shut up. Level, level." An eternity passed. "Bombs away." I could hear the clatter of the bomb releases and trimmed the ship for the shift of loading. Then I throttled back to keep from overtaking the lead ship. Again we turned—this time toward home. The flack remained very heavy for we were still within range of all the guns on the tiny island beneath us, but now we could loosen the formation and take evasive action. Here and there in the formation a ship was hit and lurched drunkenly. Engines stopped, props were feathered, and the ships climbed back into place with one or two propellers still. One had an engine smoking.

"Can anyone see if we're hit," I asked on interphone as another turn took us out of the flack and away from the island.

"Our left rudder got it. The control surface has peeled bare from the elevator up."

"Is the right rudder O. K.?"

"Seems to be, Sir," came another voice.

Gingerly, I pressed first the left and then the right pedal. "Doesn't seem to be binding. Guess we're O. K." With a sign to George, I let go of the controls. "S-2 must have been right for a change. I didn't see any fighters at all." I unstrapped my flack armor, unhooked my safety belt, changed my oxygen hose to a walk-around bottle and slipped out of my parachute harness. Before I unfastened my mike, I turned again to George. "Back in a second. Then you can go." He nodded, and I crawled out of the cockpit and back to the flight deck.

FRESHMAN

MATERIAL

A Pair of Shoes

Ann Bailey

“YOU MAKE FUN, you make fun,” moaned the pitifully injured little Italian lad, Pete, who stood on one small leg and a crude wooden crutch at a receiving dock of the New York City harbor. Tears rushed down his cheeks as he tried desperately to explain to his new American parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, that he had but one leg. Mrs. Stanley knelt beside her new son and said softly, “Pete, my little son, you shall soon have two legs, and papa and I will buy you a beautiful new pair of shoes.”

“Pete has but one leg,” sobbed little Pete, “so you must go to the Americans for one shoe for my foot, and then they will give the other shoe to another little boy with only the other foot. You make fun, you make fun,” he sobbed and crumpled in an exhausted heap on the dock.

The *Queen Elizabeth*, the ship that had brought little Pete to this country and to the Stanleys, loomed beside the dock, and Mr. Stanley thought, as he knelt to lift the sobbing child into his arms, of the circumstance which had brought them together at this moment.

Three months before, the Stanleys had decided to support an Italian war orphan. The cost under the FOSTER PARENT'S PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN was fifteen dollars each month. This organization had sent Pete's name to the Stanleys along with a report of his general background and appearance.

Pete was a little boy, only five years of age, with curly brown hair, brown eyes and a beautiful young body except for the leg which had been lost when his home village was bombed. During the bombing Pete's mother, father and brother had been killed. The American Army Medical Unit had taken care of Pete, and the American soldiers had adopted him.

Pete was soon drawn into an orphan relief group and was as happy as was possible among the other orphan children. The war was soon over and the relief agency was overflowing with orphans from all over Italy. The orphanage could not turn away any of the children who came seeking a home; yet the housing conditions were not suitable for the large number of children.

Remembering the donations coming in from thousands of American families, the director of the orphanage approached the authorities with the idea that the American family sending a fifteen dollar check each month might choose to adopt the Italian child whom it

was supporting. Of course, the American homes were checked; then letters containing this all-important question were sent to the United States.

Mr. Stanley smiled as he recalled the day their letter arrived, because Mrs. Stanley had immediately begun to make plans for Pete. She redecorated the room he was to have and made elaborate plans for the child. There was never a question of not taking little Pete once the offer was made.

But now, because of their enthusiasm and little Pete's lack of understanding, they had apparently broken his heart. Pete thought they were making fun of him when they told him that he would soon wear a pair of shoes.

Little Pete did not realize that the Stanleys, for months, had searched for an excellent craftsman who could make their child an artificial leg, a leg that would run when little Pete ran, a leg that would skip or hop when little Pete skipped or hopped, or a leg that would jump when little Pete jumped. Finally they found their craftsman in Fort Wayne, a city not far from their own Hoosier home, and they made an appointment with him. The appointment was, in fact, for the next week. It would not be long before Pete would run and play like the other children.

The trip from New York to their Indiana home did not take long for the Stanleys and little Pete. The boy was overcome with the beauty and vastness of his new home. The incident at the dock was forgotten, but the Stanleys were careful to ignore the subject because they could not bear seeing the pain that filled Pete's eyes when they spoke of two legs or a pair of shoes.

Little Pete was immediately accepted by his new Hoosier friends, and he returned all of the love and affection which he received. The townspeople were wonderful and they taught him American ways, which he learned quickly. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley often sat back and beamed. Each time little Pete burst through the door calling "Mama" or "Papa" the Stanleys thrilled to the fact that they had a son.

The appointed day drew closer and closer. At last Papa Stanley took the day off and drove his little family to Fort Wayne. Pete's large brown eyes began to fill with tears and signs of pain; he was afraid that his adopted parents were making fun of him again. His excited voice did not ring through the car on this trip. Looking down, he sat dejectedly between the Stanleys on the front seat.

Once in Fort Wayne, Mr. Stanley drove directly to the doctor's office. He stopped the car and turned and spoke to little Pete. "My son, we are going to meet a new friend who will soon make us all very happy." Pete did not raise his head, but nodded to show that he had heard him, even though he did not believe him.

The Stanleys and little Pete entered the doctor's office. Just when little Pete began to tremble, a handsome man in a white coat

came to greet them. He shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley and then knelt beside little Pete and began to speak the beautiful language Pete had been taught in his Italian home. Little Pete threw his arms around the doctor and began in a very excited voice to plead with the doctor to explain to his new parents that he could never have another leg. The doctor silenced the excited child and ask him in his beautiful Italian tongue, "Little Pete, do you remember me?"

Little Pete was stunned, but he shook his head and searched the doctor's face for some feature that he might remember. There did seem to be something familiar about this man, but he could not remember him. The doctor said, "Little Pete, I am the doctor who was with the American Medical Unit in your home in Italy. I am the doctor who took your torn leg from you. Now, do you remember me and will you trust me?"

The whole process of making little Pete a brand new leg took about two months, the time it took little Pete to learn all over again those things like running, skipping, hopping or jumping was just a matter of days. Neighbors were amazed as they watched little Pete skip and run on his wonderful new leg. They are still talking about the afternoon when the little boy from Italy won the annual sack race for five-year olds.

Long, Long Ago

Forrest A. Dunderman

IT SEEMS TO ME that pleasant memories are a great deal like old photographs that have been tucked away in a drawer for safe keeping—too ephemeral to be really useful, yet too cherished to be discarded. They are taken out from time to time for a thorough dusting and airing, then returned to the darkness from which they came. Each dusting and airing, evoking a pleasant nostalgia as it inevitably does, diminishes the chance of the image's becoming cloudy or faded and increases the value of the photograph for having grown a little older. Time mellows and softens the pictures perhaps, but the outlines, the impressions seem to last forever. So it is with the memories which we recall with pleasure at odd moments, those flights back to the experiences of another day, richer by far, it seems, than those at hand. Each recollection of some bygone pleasure sharpens and enhances the image, glorifying it beyond all possible reason. Taking some treasured memory out for its dusting and airing is infinitely more satisfying than a conscious flight into fancy. Day-dreams are transitory and unreal; memories are harbored in the mind for having once been actual experiences.

Who among you does not consider memories of his childhood the pleasantest in his little store? Those were the days of simple unaffected pleasures, long before the weight of responsibility and care settled upon willing, or unwilling shoulders. Those were days of real excitement, for experiences were new and the impressions they made were vivid and lasting. It is not quite by chance that my earliest recollections are about the rain. My father was a man who enjoyed nothing more than watching a rainstorm from a vantage point too distant from the house for my mother's peace of mind. She was morbidly afraid of storms and held to the old belief that families should sit quietly together in one room until the "crisis," as she called it, had passed. I remember that my father, ignoring Mother's unfounded fears, took me with him to the garage or onto a porch where we stood watching the storm just out of its reach. Sometimes the wind would change direction and drive the rain in upon us, and I would laugh with childish excitement. Always there was a strange exhilaration at seeing the flashes of lighting and hearing the accompanying rolls of thunder. In another connection with the rain, I recall the comfortable feeling of security that I had when I would take my book and sit as close to the downpour as I could without getting wet. Often during a storm, I sat in the family automobile where the feeling of snugness and closeness to the rain was even greater. Of all the memories of my childhood, I think the remembered fascination of watching the rain and the purely physical elation of being warm and protected from it gives me the greatest pleasure. I recall too, as a little boy, how my mother bundled me up on a cold day and put me out-of-doors to play in the sun. At first I was very cold and I had to move about quickly to keep warm. Then I sat on the cement steps to rest, and I remember that the gentle warmth which the sun had given them would slowly melt the ice in my veins. Again, it is that feeling of physical snugness, the same kind of satisfaction one gets from sitting in a pleasant room near an open fire while a blizzard rages without, that lends such pleasure to the recollection.

Memories of childhood, like daydreams, actually may serve no practical purpose; indeed, may people argue that calling up recollections of the past, pleasant or otherwise, is neither constructive nor inventive. The cry is, "Forward! Don't look back!" I wonder how often this advice is heeded by those fortunate individuals whose mental images of childhood are pleasant enough to take out for an airing now and then. Not very often, I should say. Living their past again, savoring the pleasure of some long-ago experience, is an erstwhile escape from the stark reality and pressure of the moment. It is warming to the spirit, just as the cement steps were warming to a little boy who shivered in the cold.

The Bridge

Alice Greene

SHE WALKED ALONE, a small graying woman with her shabby black coat pulled tightly around her as she forced herself against the bitter, unyielding wind. Her shuffling footsteps carried her nearer to the neon sign flickering through the fog. Finally she opened the door, and her bird-like eyes looked quickly around the small counter. She drew her coat closer and walked over to the coffee urn. The young waitress watched her as she drank down the hot liquid greedily. Suddenly she jumped from the stool and hurried to the cashier. Drawing her small coin purse from her pocket, she flung the last nickle on the counter. Her work-worn hands showed years of toil and hardship. Turning on her heel she went out into the street.

Stumbling and groping in the darkness for the sides of the building she made her way toward the bridge. Her steps echoed far down the street, and with each one she repeated to herself, "Forty years, forty years." Yes, forty years she had worked and scrimped—and for what? A one room flat and the clothes on her back were all she possessed. Death was the only way out.

The bridge loomed nearer now, and she dared not look up lest she lose all courage. Keeping her head bowed she went on. Her rhythmic steps were interrupted suddenly when she stumbled over a dark object. Glancing down she thought it was a newspaper. She stooped, and picking it up her heart nearly stopped. Rolled neatly in the bundle was money! Fear, joy, and unbelief mingled in her mind. She wondered whether it was best to turn and run with it or turn it in to the police. Well, she could always come back to the bridge after turning it in to the police station. After a half-hour walk to the local precinct station she asked her way to the lost and found department. The Sergeant at the desk asked her all the routine questions and ended with, "Of course, you know if this is not claimed within thirty days, half of it is yours!" Could she hope for that much? Certainly thirty days was not long, and in that time, if things were not better, she could finish what she started out to do. Outside the wind had stopped, and it seemed almost like spring. She turned down her collar, lifted her head high, and started back home. Home!

An Artificial Plague

Paul Ross

YOUTH IS PLAGUED by a disease which he considers both serious and momentous, a difficulty which must be coped with if he is to enjoy daily life. This menace to his happiness is the Risk of Being Unpopular, an infection that must never become imbedded in his character. Youth is firmly convinced that he will suffer greatly if he allows the Risk to gain a foothold in his personality. Such an addition to his traits would undoubtedly warrant the censure of the Group, which has as its prime asset a remedy known as Popularity. This cure for the Risk is obtained by obeying regulations which are necessary for insuring approval by the omnipotent Group and the subsequent defeat of the plague.

The Group's lead in all matters must be satisfactorily followed, or Youth will not be granted membership. Whatever course the Group decides to pursue, Youth must likewise pursue, unless he wishes to be adjudged an Individualist. Within the Group's social order the Individualist is not welcomed, for each plan conceived by the Group is injected with Mediocrity, a poison denounced and abhorred by the Individualist. Upon this poison hangs the Group's existence, and naturally any attempt to outlaw its use is thwarted. Since Mediocrity is part of each activity of the Group, members are likely to be duly influenced by its presence. However, the organization preaches that it is more advantageous to partake of Mediocrity and remain a member than to be an Individualist and find oneself without the endorsement of the Group. If Youth follows the program of Mediocrity, his initiation into the Group will be a certainty.

Frequently the injection of Mediocrity causes the germ Evil to materialize. The appearance of this germ delights the Group because its desires have been whetted by previous contacts with this exciting medium. Their lives have become so accustomed to its effects that no longer do they recognize it as a once-despised germ. Youth's membership in the Group entails succumbing to Evil's fever. After he has fallen prey to it, he finds that it affords him much pleasure and relaxation. No longer does he need to be cautious in avoiding its temptations; the mental relief is refreshing. Youth soon discovers that the accounts of his accomplishments in cheating on exams awes his fellow members; he disregards his early decision to abstain from drinking and immediately begins to enjoy the experience of intoxication; he adds a few indecent phrases to his vocabulary so that he can further resemble his fellow members. All these actions induced by Evil are performed by Youth to demonstrate this devotion to the Group and its Mediocrity.

Youth's greatest fault lies in his belief that the Group's standards are supreme. Without the acceptance of these canons he feels that he is unable to ward off that dread plague, the Risk of Being Unpopular. In obeying these standards Youth forsakes his resistance to Evil just for the opportunity of obtaining the remedy, Popularity. To him the approval of the Group is necessary for successful living. He does not realize that the standard of the Group usually conflicts with the real determining factor for successful living—the Christian standards of conduct. Youth should not disavow the Christian way of life for the artificial comfort of Popularity; the Risk of Being Unpopular never justifies such a procedure.

My Misfortunes

John S. Glassford

I HAVE ALWAYS had more than my share of trouble. I have been bitten by dogs, shot at by irate householders and I also have played the part of a side of beef for a few seconds, to name just a few of my misfortunes. I am always the one who is hurt or who is caught when I try to do anything. You have seen people who drive forty or fifty miles an hour in thirty mile-an-hour zones and never get arrested. But if I were to drive thirty-one or thirty-two miles an hour, I would probably get a ticket.

When I was about five years old, I was swimming at the Riviera Club. I jumped in backwards and hit my chin on the side of the pool. Result: four clamps. At the age of seven I tried to make friends with a neighbor's dog. Apparently he was anti-social because I am now one of the few Butlerites with only one dimple. Then one day when I was playing "cops and robbers" (I was nine at the time), in a friend's basement, I jumped off a stairway and caught my arm on a clothes hook. As a result I was in the hospital two days and had thirty-two stitches taken in my arm. My Mother said that trouble comes in threes; so I was not to have any more accidents. But a few years ago I was out on Halloween with a few friends. We had been playing a few pranks, nothing serious, but when we went to one house and gave it our "Grade A" treatment, the man of the house started out after us with a shotgun. He fired once, but I was the only one who got hit. I then found out what it is like to have rock salt picked out of the seat of my pants.

I have given my parents more than their share of gray hair with my escapades. I think that I have had my share of hard luck, but you can never tell. I may live to be eighty or ninety, but at my present rate I do not see how. It may be that I am one of the poor unfortunates who has been deserted by Lady Luck.

The Acceleration of American Life

Alice Aldrich

TODAY AMERICA MOVES with a rapid pace. Airplanes fly incredibly fast, messages can be sent quickly across oceans, industry turns out hundreds of products daily; in every activity of life there is an accent on speed. The time saver is the man of the hour. Manufacturers pay high salaries to efficiency experts who devise methods of "speeding up production." Gadgets which save time for the house wife are very much in demand. A cleanser manufacturer is exultantly advertising that his product "saves up to two and one-half minutes in cleaning a bathtub!"

Whether at his job or in his home, the average American is never free from the feeling that he must hurry. One must keep pace or be eliminated. Leisure time has all but ceased to exist.

The constant necessity of being alert and attentive keeps men in such mental tension that a form of mental tiredness must result.

This lack of leisure time and this mental fatigue may be in part responsible for what people of other countries refer to as the American disinterest in intellectual matters. For our few leisure moments, we Americans seldom choose amusements which require much mental effort. No one reads merely for the pleasure of reading, unless the material is light, short, and makes little or no demand upon the reader's mind. Few people discuss questions of philosophy or theology, because they enjoy thinking about the subjects. Perhaps more people would become acquainted with classical music and good literature if they could find time, but they are always busy. In the hurry of life, culture is being forgotten. We are becoming "lopsided" as individuals and as a nation.

Perhaps a worse result of our accelerated way of living is the growing passiveness toward religion—a passiveness most apparent among church-members. We are not concerned with what we believe or why we believe it. We are not even concerned with the application of our beliefs to our actions. After five or six days of worry and nervous tension, we gather at church to be soothed by soft music and familiar Bible stories.

Of course, nothing disturbing or thought-provoking is presented in these services, or church members would seek relaxation elsewhere. The church has very little direct influence upon the lives of its members. Religion has become almost synonymous with ritual.

As a result of the rapid pace of our lives, our religious and cultural progress has not equaled our economic advancement. We are becoming freaks, much like those animals whose bodies developed strangely, one part suddenly growing much faster than the rest. Most of these animals soon became extinct.

My Favorite Instructor

Ross Copeland

WHENEVER I THINK of my favorite instructor, I think of laboratories and experiments. I remember test tubes and Bunsen burners, precipitates and burettes, the strange, interesting, vile odors concocted by a beginning class in chemistry—all the things that made up the world in which I knew him. It is strange, but I cannot remember ever once having come in close contact with him outside of this little world of his. On his free periods he never had time to enjoy a cigarette or a "Coke" in the teacher's lounge; he never had time to join the other men teachers in watching the football practice; he was always too busy in the laboratory or his office helping a student finish a difficult experiment or grasp a complicated equation. He came to school in the morning with one thing in mind, to give himself for the entire day to his students.

There was something completely refreshing about his classes. Perhaps this was caused by the fact that there was something new to be learned every day. His lectures on new topics were always so perfectly composed that it was almost impossible for a student who paid attention not to understand them immediately. Although it was common knowledge that he was not an easy grader, students clamored to get into his classes, for all pupils who had ever had him for an instructor praised his teaching methods. He taught not only from the text but also (as all good teachers should) from personal experience. Every discussion period was well punctuated by one or more of his stories of his own amusing or not so amusing experiences in the laboratory.

And was he a learned or distinguished looking man? I think people in general would have said that he was nice-looking, and that is all. He was of medium height and build; he had wide set eyes which matched his sandy-grey hair, and I remember that his silver rimmed glasses always seemed to look a little too small for his full face. The only thing distinguished looking about the man was his shirts. He always wore a "lab jacket" that was full of holes from acid burns and filthy from the workbench tops that rubbed off black on one's sleeves, but beneath the old jacket there was always a dazzlingly white shirt. I often wondered how he kept his shirts so clean, and when I asked him how he did it, he told me, "No chemist in the world can keep his hands clean, but only a sloppy chemist ever soils his cuffs." And once again he had turned a common experience into an object lesson.

He died one November morning last year. It is hard for us, his former students, to visit the laboratory that had been his for nearly a score of Novembers. It seems to us to have a solemn look about it, as though it were capable of feeling sorry to be delivered into the hands of a stranger. He is gone, it is true, but much of him remains. Above the front blackboard there hangs the simple sign he placed there. Its capital letters say to every student, "THINK," and when we see it, we realize that he did not so much teach us to know chemistry, as he taught us to teach ourselves.

On Attending College and Living at Home

Sherry A. Rash

ATTENDING COLLEGE while living at home is a challenge to anyone. I speak not through ignorance but through personal experience.

While I am on the campus, I constantly hear of young coeds having difficulty in finding enough time in the day to engage in recreation, to fulfill all assignments of instructors, to present themselves properly at such functions as Wednesday night spreads at their sorority houses or to stay for the nightly group gatherings commonly called hen parties. I hesitate to mention more since my knowledge of campus life is so limited. All these I miss. Yet for human interest's sake, let me describe the seldom heard of routine belonging to the individuals who are, fortunately or unfortunately, living at home, particularly on a farm, while attending college.

Morning hours begin all the way from four o'clock to six o'clock. In my particular case, I manage to roll out of slumberland around six-fifteen. For efficiency it should be five-thirty, certainly not later than six, but I always lie in bed a few moments in order to pity myself for existing before I reluctantly rise to begin another day.

Because of the late start, I omit the daily morning trip to the cowstables. Instead, I stuff a slice of dry toast into my mouth and attempt to wash it down with black coffee or fruit juice. Thus is a breakfast completed in five minutes—a breakfast that would truly shock my home economics teacher.

My schedule is a close and very tiring one. I leave home economics class twenty minutes early to board a bus for John Herron

Art School. After arriving at this institution, I find myself following an identical pattern from day to day. First, I hang my coat in the lounge, comb my hair and straighten seams. I grope for my locker key and gather my drawing utensils for a class that has, generally, begun.

Since I am not the sturdy, athletic type, I am always fagged, breathless, and aching after I have carried a huge drawing board, portfolio, a two pound purse, and myself up four flights of stairs. Then my classmates wonder why I'm gasping!

A strenuous two hours is spent in the untidy, sky-window-lined studio. Class is over at twelve. Since I have a one o'clock English class, I must hurry to the basement, unlock my locker, put away all drawing supplies, lock my locker, wash my hands, comb my hair, check my seams again, and grab my coat, and catch the twelve-ten bus a block away and return to the Butler campus. Of course I haven't eaten yet!

Lunch is a minor problem since I have fifteen minutes before my next class. Seldom does my menu vary. It generally consists of ham salad sandwiches, a fruit salad, and chocolate milk. I am now so fagged that I care little about the appearance of my lipstick, seams, or hair. And because of a shortage of time, I proceed to English class.

By two o'clock my classes are over, but I have to wait one whole hour on the driver of the Butler Bus. This driver is another student who attends college with me. He is the one with whom I commute, and since his last class is later than mine, I have time to complete all collateral reading and library work. At three I am on my way home, twenty miles distant. At last I am back in the precise spot I was at six-fifteen in the morning, changing clothes.

After feeding horses corn, fodder, and water; gathering wood, hunting eggs, feeding sows and milking cows, I am ready to eat supper and help clean up the kitchen. By seven I manage to open some books for study. As my days go on, much the same, I feel that much time is lost in traveling, in living at home. Like most young ladies hailing from the countryside, I find it impossible to completely ignore the daily, the weekly, the monthly, the everlasting, unforgettable responsibilities of farmerettes. On the other hand, I do not have the homesickness or the readjustment problems that many students living away from home have.

Even though I miss much social life and campus activities, I am still within reach of my family relations; however, I sometimes wonder if this daily routine will permit me to continue college life four years.

Life Without Principle

James Cone

THE COMPLEXITIES OF civilization are numerous and baffling. Furthermore, these problems are never suspected by the general public; thus, people carry on an existence never realizing how their lives are promoted or inhibited by money.

It is fairly reasonable to assume that, somewhere at the beginning of commercial enterprises, which was only a few hundred thousand years ago, someone had a small collection of selected, colored rocks. Now, Jumbo-Mumbo, the smiling, used-weapons dealer, had a fine assortment of slightly cracked arrows and partially ruined bows. Our man with the colored rocks, whom we shall call Crow-Magnon, felt that he should have a bow and some arrows. After all, he could not let the Joneses, who lived in the cave down stairs, out-do-him.

So he ambled out one morning; and, throwing caution to the dinosaurs, he went to the business establishment of Jumbo-Mumbo, and traded his pretty stones for a bow with no string and four slightly cracked arrows.

However, Crow-Magnon's problems of finance cannot begin to compare with those created by the finance company or with those created by tax form 1040, not to mention the troubles caused by not keeping the checking-account in good order. To observe this point more clearly, let us single out two unsuspecting victims of the present time, and attempt to illustrate and elucidate, or perhaps to hallucinate.

Our society, under the impression that most uneducated people were born to be gypped, has proceeded to do so with amazing dexterity. For example, the long established firm of U. L. Betaken, dealers in used cars, used baby-carriages, and usury in general, has long been noted for its ability to wipe out the life-savings of any working man in less than seven weeks and not more than eight weeks, three days, and two hours. It is a simple plan of pecuniary mayhem. Merely let the dumb "rube" pick out what he doesn't need, doesn't want, or can't use; then convince him how necessary it is to his very existence. After that, have him sign his name to a paper with micro-printing spread throughout and you have him where you want him. He will twist and squirm for a time; but, nevertheless, he will have to pay—through the nose.

Now let us look at Iban Svindelad, a good husband, true friend, and a loyal worker in the salt mine. Iban came to America from the "old country" back in 1924. Since then, he and his wife, Lostma-shoessomuch, have been able to save five hundred, thirty-four dollars

and sixty-one cents. It is now time to buy a car—not a new one, of course. Iban lays off work for an afternoon, and we find him at the used-car lot of U. L. Betaken. The salesman, Hank Grabitall, has just found out Iban's financial status. Thereupon, he leads him to a 1926 Hackahack and begins his spiel about the superb upkeep the car has had, the actual mileage on the speedometer, the practically new tires, and the exquisiteness of the car's interior. Poor Iban signs the contract, pays his five hundred, and makes arrangements for the other one hundred and fifty dollars. The next day his car is delivered; but, when he attempts to start it, nothing happens. A quick glance under the hood tells the story—no engine.

There you have it, a complete, unbiased picture of life without principal, principle. It is obvious that if you have it, you do not need it; and if you have not got much, you will not have that long. Such is life, I suppose. Therefore, let us gather together all our greenbacks, set a match to the pile, and go find some colored rocks.

Study of a "Character"

Walter O. Carter

WHEN I USE the term "Character" in reference to this person, I am using it in the slang sense, to imply a person quite out of the ordinary. Bruce L. Hopin was his full name, but this was shortened to "Hoppie" by his intimates. He was the chief clerk of the G-2 section of Fifth Corps Headquarters. Our duty was divided into two twelve-hour shifts, and because we usually pulled duty together, we were also sack and foxhole companions. This relationship led to a very close friendship.

Hoppie was a short little fellow about thirty with dull yellow hair which he always kept cut very short so that it stood up about a half-inch all over his head. Because his eyes were bad, he wore very thick-lensed glasses. They were the G. I. type with metal rims and gave him a man-from-Mars appearance when he looked at you. He had worked as a typist all his life, which accounted for his stooped shoulders. He grew a mustache which, due to his nervous habit of pushing it up with his fingers, stuck straight out over his lip like an awning over a window. For some strange reason this mustache was red rather than the color of his hair.

Along with his strange appearance he loved to talk. He had at his command a wealth of conversational material which he generously colored with anecdotes and figures of speech. Nothing pleased him more than to acquire a new piece of information and make the rounds of all the other sections to give it proper dissemination. His talk was very rapid and constantly interrupted by short snorts due to an asthmatic condition. To hear him laugh was like hearing a horse neigh with its head in a rain barrel.

I often wondered what kept him from blowing his top, for he was so nervous he could not sit still. Three packs of cigarettes a day he would smoke or at least light and let burn, for he always had to be doing something. Whenever I ran into Hoppie, he was always hurrying somewhere or hurrying back. If there was ever action from artillery or bombs he would be the first in his foxhole no matter how far away he was.

I shall never forget one two-week period I spent on nights with him. We were just inside Germany, and there was an abundance of captured bottled goods around for which he acquired quite a taste. Hoppie had always claimed to be a connoisseur of the better alcoholic beverages, but I can not remember anything we ever had around that he refused to drink. Our working quarters comprised two tents, one the operations tent where Hoppie kept a constant journal of incoming and outgoing messages, and the other the administration tent where I carried on my duties as draftsman. These tents were connected at one end, and as soon as the midnight periodical report went in, he would open a bottle and take a "draw," as he would put it. He would set the bottle on the corner of my drafting table, snort a few times, make some favorable remark as to the rare bouquet of the contents, and "stomp off" to the other tent to take up his position again at his typewriter. From then on every five minutes, here came Hoppie stomping in, a stoop-shouldered, pot-bellied little man with thick glasses, snorting and pushing at his mustache, coming in to have another draw on the bottle. This would continue until the contents were gone. Night after night this would go on, but there was never any change in his actions or manner of speech. His nervous energy must have burned the alcohol as fast as he drank it.

He had a great interest in games that took a lot of concentration, like pinochle and chess, and proved himself an adept player. For days after a session he would replay his card hands or discuss his maneuvers on the chess board. Always he would do his best to win, but if he did not, he was a good loser.

There had been some unpleasantness in Hoppie's home life and because of it he tried to eliminate any expression of sentiment. He wanted to appear hardboiled, but any one he knew could get his shirt if he needed it. He had a great many friends and to my knowledge no enemies. It was a common truth, admitted by all that Hoppie was a "Character."

Prayer at Dawn

Helen M. Glende

Oh, Gracious Father of Mankind,
Look down upon Your nations
And give them strength to carry on
In trying situations.
Strike out the fears of anguished souls
Relinquish all their grief
Then clasp the earth with strength filled arms
And give to it relief.
Take the brilliant minds of men,
Turn them to peaceful thought,
Give them a guiding hand again
To live, as you have taught.
Heed then Your earth, her burdens
As comes this newborn day,
Then guard your earth and bless her,
Oh Lord,
 These things we pray.

A Builder

Francis H. Balcolm

NEARLY TWENTY-FOUR HUNDRED years ago Phidias supervised the construction of one of the most remarkable buildings of all time. Today, on the Acropolis at Athens, not much remains of that noted temple of Athena, but even the strength of the architectural design and the strength of the superb marble from Mount Pentelicus failed to withstand the onslaught of the centuries with their ruthless men. The Parthenon—"the noblest triumph of Grecian architecture"—finally became a thing of the past, and one can view only the ruins today. We desire to construct an edifice which our posterity can inherit with gratitude, and the building blocks of religious life, of intellectual life, of political life, and of economic life are to be used in the foundation. Are those materials strong enough to equal or to surpass the marble used by Phidias, or will they have even a shorter life? I believe the words written by Mr. Thoreau almost a century ago are still true today. He wrote, "Our sills are rotten."

Prior to the era of the Renaissance, man existed under wretched conditions, for he was persecuted by the nobles and by the officials of his state; he worked for a mere pittance; he was burdened by the Roman Church, and the yoke of restrictions choked the very life from him. The parish priests and those in the higher offices were too busy maintaining the records of the property and the income of the Church to bother with the serfs and the freemen. No aid was forthcoming; a change was needed. When the Renaissance dawned, a religious revolt was in the making, and soon the universal Church was divested of its supreme power. From that era, through the commercial revolution, the industrial revolution, and the political revolution, to this day, man has continuously modified his religion; hundreds of denominations have arisen to satisfy his whimsical desires, and the followers of each sect believe that they support the only infallible and legitimate church. Perhaps one is the right church, but as long as more than one man exists, more than one concept will result. Because of these conceptions, the many denominations have arisen, and the struggle for supremacy between the churches has destroyed the essence of the original teachings. The acquisition of a great number of names on the rolls seems to be the primary objective; providing men spiritual consolation and guiding them to salvation has become secondary. This building block is rather porous and may not last eternally.

Released from the restrictions of the Roman Church, the scholars of the Renaissance revived the Greek and Roman classics, and in a comparatively short time, they launched a change which was as uncontrollable as a small boat lashed by a tempest. The secrets of

medicine, chemistry, physics, the natural sciences, mathematics, and astronomy were revealed to the world. With this knowledge, progress could have no bounds. Years marched by, but intellectual achievements remained in the hands of a few wealthy or fortunate scholars. A man could expect to live longer with the aid of medicine; he could expect to use power tools and machines; he could expect better food, clothing, and shelter; but he could not expect to acquire much knowledge of science, literature, or art. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, Napoleon created a public school system in France: the public elementary schools, the secondary institutions, the vocational schools, and the University of France constitute the genesis of our modern public school system. Today we can reap the benefits of education, but the harvest is often scant, for we have failed to enrich and to cultivate adequately. The means to aid men have now been turned into the means to destroy men. Each day we read about atom bombs and hydrogen bombs—destroyers of man and his world. Howard Mumford Jones says, "War, technology in preparation for war, and nationalism—these are, then, three great forces warping the healthy development of education in what we quaintly call the civilized world." This stone has some faults which will probably fill with moisture; freezing will crack it.

After man escaped from the control of the church and began to think and to reason for himself, he found that he was shackled by another bond—politics. This was not the two-party politics which we know today, but was a feudal system with a king, some lords, many vassals, and innumerable freemen, serfs, and slaves. Great oppression was the lifelong fate of the freemen and especially of the serfs and the slaves who made up the greater portion of the population. As a result of learning, evolution took place in politics; national states came into being; sovereign states followed; absolute monarchies evolved next; republics finally made their appearance. Nearly every country in the world progressed and became a republic, but since that time degenerative evolution has taken place in some, and they are now ruled by absolute monarchs—expressed by action if not by title. A republic, or democracy, is a government in which the supreme power is retained by the people and exercised either directly or indirectly. Switzerland developed a democratic government without an equal; the people exercise their power directly; they take an active part in the operation of an efficient state; they are interested, and they learn about the politics and the office seekers. In our nation and in many other nations, political interests mean party interests. Government dictated by a political party can result and has resulted in a deteriorated state which is readily usurped by someone desiring to become an absolute monarch—a dictator. Our government does not have the interest nor the support of its people who prefer to permit incompetent politicians to direct the destiny of the nation while they—the good citizens—sit on the side lines and criticize and condemn

but refuse to administer the remedy. This stone has no place in the memorial we are constructing for our posterity.

With the coming of the era known as the commercial revolution, many changes in the economic life of man took place. The Dutch were the first people to discover that taking gold from another man's pocket was much easier than taking it from the earth. As a result, they developed one of the largest merchant marines the world has ever known. These ships traversed the globe in search of necessities and luxuries which could be exchanged for gold; this is the same system used for exploiting our fellow men today. During every wakeful hour, man drives his brain to the breaking point in order to formulate new methods for obtaining the gold of others. No longer is his business enterprise a means of producing necessities for others and a living for himself; it is a means for fattening his deity—gold. Today man sacrifices his religion; he wastes his education; he toys with the future of his nation—all for the love of material wealth. This large block of stone has been marred almost beyond repair, and a great amount of cutting and polishing will have to be done before we can consider it for use in our great structure.

As we inspect the material we have available and separate the desirable from the undesirable, we find that we have no corner stone nor any other desirable stones. Only by careful selection, delicate cutting, and fine polishing can we hope to obtain material to build an edifice for our posterity. We will have to work diligently if we are to build an eternal life. Are you a competent builder?

Give Thanks for Thoreau

Joyce Barnard

IN LIFE WITHOUT PRINCIPLE Henry David Thoreau makes the following statement: "Do not hire a man who does your work for money, but him who does it for love of it." Thoreau feels that a working man's aim should not be to make a living or hold a good job, but rather to perform well a certain task. He also states that all roads to money lead downward and that the worker who gets nothing but money from his job cheats both himself and his employer.

Thoreau's statements are indeed impressive and thought-provoking. Such lofty ideals should be given considerable thought by every young person seeking a place for himself in the world. To the modern youth, these ideals may seem completely impractical and even a little queer. As a person, Thoreau was unconventional and individualistic. One student even expressed the opinion that he was a hermit, a misfit and a failure.

I admit that in the hurry-scurry world of business today it might appear foolish to try to live by Thoreau's ideals. I do not advocate that one should try to do so, but I do think that the principles of Thoreau show a great, thoughtful mind; and his courage in living up to those ideals shows strength of character that we modern, practical persons know little of. Thoreau's opinions, though infeasible in practice, are valuable in theory and should not be taken lightly. People will continue to feel that it is foolish to preach that we should suppress desire for material gain and work only for the love of working. There will be many who say, "It just won't work," but perhaps a few will think again and say, "Why won't it work? How do we know until we try it?"

The world may never live by Thoreau's ideals, but if by expressing them he causes people to consider their worth, he certainly can not be called a failure.

Silence

Jerry Mitchell

IS THERE anything more expressive than silence? Words are expressive, but they often are just part of a clamorous maelstrom that makes us dizzy. Silence can tell a person much, if he will listen.

We say that night is a quiet time, but there is much to be heard. There are the noises that small animals make which we hear only when we concentrate on them. There are the noises of wind and water and the rustle of leaves. Most expressive, though, is the absolute silence that screams at a person, making his ears ring or making him fear the unseen and the unheard.

Some silence is premeditated—intended to mean something definite. Sometimes a parent or teacher can exact discipline more readily by saying nothing than by scolding. Comedians use silence very effectively (they often get their biggest laughs out of what they do not say). Diplomatic crises, even, have arisen from silence.

Sweetest of all is the silence that words can not replace. Two friends who understand one another perfectly seldom need to speak, for they will be thinking similarly about the same experiences. Beautiful scenes are often spoiled by thoughtless people who say, "Oh! Isn't that bee-u-ti-ful!" Many emotions are so deep that words could never express, and silence only suggest their depth.

Silence can mean more than words can ever hope to say. The most inspiring time I know is at dawn, when all birds and animals are quiet. They let complete silence herald a new day.

A Short Story Interpretation

Robert Malsberry

“**W**HY BE SO cruel as to take anyone to pieces?” Although in opening her short narrative, “A Cup of Tea,” Katherine Mansfield asks this question, she does exactly that—using all the subtle satirical writing genius at her command for the characterization of Rosemary. It would be difficult to give the subtle implications too much emphasis, for her narrative is polished in the subtle effect.

The reader is able to classify Rosemary in her society after the first paragraph. This classification becomes more static and more understandable as the fragmentary narrative progresses. Rosemary regards anything she comes in contact with as created solely for her exploitation. Everything is at her disposal, and must meet with her approval. She seems extremely pampered by her wealth and is at the summit of sophistication, but she is not happy. With all her riches and social position, her romantic life is barren. To her, the little creamy box in the antique shop symbolizes the romance she longs for. She does not know whether the shopkeeper's passing infatuation is worth the price of the box. But in her heart she demands to be compensated; she seeks a substitute. When faced with the cold dreary afternoon and darkening rain, Rosemary wishes she had the little box in her muff to cling to. She experiences a great pang and despises herself for giving way to her emotions. Outside the shop the reader is made to feel, along with Rosemary, this terrible and fascinating moment.—A young voice stammers, “—the price of a cup of tea?”

Does Rosemary take the girl home out of the goodness of her heart? Is she at any time doing a humanitarian deed? Do the girl's troubles, or starved condition actually impress Rosemary? Of course not! It was like “something out of a novel by Dostoevsky”—a meeting at dusk—such an adventure!—another stamp to add to her curious collection of “discoveries,” artists, and the like. Rosemary, who actually experiences a poverty of life, longs for adventure. It will be thrilling! She already imagines how exciting the story will seem when related to her friends.

As Miss Mansfield realizes, “Hungry people are easily led,” and Rosemary leads her little captive into the superficial atmosphere of her home. Rosemary, who could never experience hunger, is unable to appreciate the girl's condition; she almost faints before Rosemary realizes the dire needs of the girl and feeds her. Is Rosemary or society to blame for this complete lack of understanding between the two girls or the two groups they symbolize?

Just as cattle are fattened for slaughter, so Rosemary gets the girl ready to pour out her soul to those ears so accustomed to the amusing. But Philip interrupts the well laid plans—Philip, who knows his wife so well, even better than she knows herself! First he tells her that the girl cannot stay. Philip's wishes mean very little to Rosemary. But when Philip applies a little psychology, Rosemary is taken aback. She is utterly speechless! In her fit of emotion, Rosemary formulates a plan of action. The girl is paid to leave and to never return. Miss Mansfield thoughtfully spares the reader the unpleasant details of this final meeting between the two girls. Rosemary returns triumphantly to Philip. However, she wants reassurance, and for the first time her veil of sophistication momentarily vanishes. She asks Philip about the box. Of course she may have it. Her loneliness engulfs her as she asks the meaningful, "Philip, am I pretty?" She is a piteous creature, well symbolizing the superficial element in society, and a fascinating characterization.

Twenty-five Pounds of Dog Food for a Saint Bernard

Marmi Kingsbury

MY EYES BRIMMED with uncontrollable tears, yet I knew she would find a way, as mothers always do. Large, awkward feet just would not be crammed into delicate gilt slippers. My blond curls, which had been so carefully shampooed and pinned in place, were already becoming straggly at the ends. The party dress which I had thought was so different and mature in the shop, now somehow looked very childish. "Pink is a very good color for you, young lady," the sales girl had said; but now it seemed too delicate for someone my size. I guess I was too impressed with my own importance when she said, ". . . young lady," instead of, "little girl." My perfume was slightly overbearing; and the faint touch of lipstick, which I administered under the careful scrutiny of my mother, clashed horribly with the shade of my dress.

My brain was playing havoc with the proverb, "Pretty is, as pretty does," and all the time my heart sank lower.

The doorbell shrilled an ovation; I knew that it was too late to run away and hide; too late to fake a terrific headache or an upset stomach. He was here!

The usual "first date modesty" was predominant. We exchanged subdued hello's; then, red-faced I started toward the living room to make introductions. As we entered the room, I realized for the first time how a performer must feel in the center of an arena. All eyes were upon us. Father managed to grunt something from behind his evening paper, and Grandma peered down her nose and said, "Hello, William," instead of Bill. Fortunately, Jerry, my younger brother, could not tear himself away from the Lone Ranger long enough to speak. Mother, however, was her same wonderful self. After the usual "be careful" instructions and an embarrassing maternal kiss, we were off.

My voice was weak and unnaturally high as I attempted to greet his parents who were the chauffeurs for the evening. I stepped on the hem of my dress and almost fell headlong into the car; but after frantically grabbing for my date's arm, I assumed control and completed my dramatic entrance.

The six block ride to the gym seemed an eternity. I felt an obligation to keep up my part of the conversation; but the only interesting thing I could think of was, "It takes twenty-five pounds of dog food to feed a Saint Bernard for two months." That did not seem to be appropriate, so I compromised by nodding in reply to his mother's questions.

The dance was a conglomeration of stiff tulle, stabbing rosebud corsages, and aching feet. Everyone faked a pleasing nonchalance, but no one said a word for the first half hour. We all just sat. We grinned at each other stupidly. Once I started to say something but so did Bill, so instead we both just sat some more. Finally, I unwound; and we managed to discuss classes, teachers, and vacations over numerous cups of punch.

Then came the highlight of the evening! My date and I won a prize for being the best dancers present. I was so nervous when my date dragged me to the stage to receive our award, that it was all I could do to force a smile, mumble a word of thanks, and then depart hurriedly. At this moment, however, I sincerely felt that I would have been stiff competition for Eleanor Powell, with my wicked two-step. And the prize—what a prize—a twenty-five cent war stamp!

Then too soon the dance was over. I thought, as we re-enacted Cinderella dashing home for my eleven o'clock curfew, that growing up was not too bad after all.

The Working Slave

William G. Clark

IN HIS ESSAY, "Life Without Principle," Henry David Thoreau wrote, "There is no more fatal blunder than he who consumes the greater part of his life getting his living." Maybe some of Thoreau's readers might think his statement to be impracticable. Every man must work to live, and, at least at the present, working requires a great part of his time. Yet it seems to me that too many men have become slaves to their jobs and are living only for their strange "master"—their job. I, therefore, agree with Thoreau, for I look upon work as a "tool" which we use to live. It is a "tool" that we use to satisfy several of our basic needs such as food, shelter, and clothing. Work is man's "tool," and it is not intended to be a "master" of man!

There is more to living than seeking material gains and prestige. Success gained from working conscientiously does not sufficiently compensate us for the time and effort we spend at our work. Appreciation of that which is about us, love and faith in God and man, and meditation on all we see and feel will add a fullness to life that can not be gained by giving all our strength and interests to our work.

Men may gain national and world fame in their work if they apply themselves devotedly to their occupations. They may point with pride to the results of their efforts and declare that it was their sweat that made their task productive. But what have they gained from life for being slaves to their work? Compare their fame to what they have missed and will never regain! They missed the laughter of their fellow men or they missed the presence of God as the moon was reflected from a wooded stream. They missed many of the blessings of life because their thoughts have been shackled to their jobs.

How can men receive much from life if their thoughts are narrowly focused upon their work? They can not take time to watch a bluebird feed its young or find time to lie on a beach and bask in the sun and listen to the rhythmic pounding of the waves. They must spend their leisure time hastily so that they can hurry back to their jobs. Far too many of them think of meditation as a form of procrastination and regard devotion to one's job as the basic virtue of man.

It would be unwise for anyone to deny the importance of working, as it is certainly necessary. It is also expected that man should have a rational pride in his job. Working, however, is not the

supreme job of man; his most important job is to live fully and unselfishly. Maybe the "working slave" would strive for a more meaningful life if he would take time to examine the rich life of an idler, and realize that an idler does not die with his stomach lined with ulcers!

What is Beauty?

Marthella Louise Davis

THE WEARY LABORER, trudging homeward from a day of toil to find his own small cottage, his waiting wife, his happy children, and a warm fire, knows in his heart what beauty is.

The bitter, disillusioned cynic, chancing on the faith of a small child, finds once more that beauty does exist.

Young lovers, discovering for themselves the wonders and mysteries of first love, will swear that they know what beauty is.

The child, gazing into the face of his mother and finding love and tenderness there, instinctively feels beauty.

The visitor to a great cathedral stands awed and silent in the presence of beauty.

The sailor feels beauty at the sight of a graceful ship, at the smell of the sea, at the sound of the rolling waves.

The farmer sees beauty in the well-ordered fields and crops that comprise his existence.

A. E. Housman found beauty in a bough of cherry blossoms. Robert Frost found it in a snowy woods on a winter's evening. Beethoven found beauty in moonlight; Debussy discovered it in the sea; Michelangelo saw beauty in the life of Christ.

What, then, is beauty? From these experiences we can know that beauty is that which gives pleasure to the senses; exalts the mind or spirit; and that which displays physical, moral, or spiritual loveliness.

What a prosaic definition that is! How can such a quality be defined in these dull, common words? For my part I will use for a definition of beauty, the lines by the philosopher, Kahlil Gibran, "Beauty is life when life unveils her holy face. It is eternity gazing at itself in a mirror."

The Ideal Husband

Rosalind Intrater

ALTHOUGH PSYCHIATRISTS CLAIM that a girl's first love is her father, they do admit that the "affair" is on the unconscious level. When Daughter grows up a bit, however, and takes a good look at Papa, (before his morning shave, for instance, or when the bills come in) she ordinarily decides that she wants something better than Mother got. But what?

From that point on, she becomes subject to dreamy spells, asks embarrassing questions at home, regards her parents with ineffable pity, and reacts violently to the word "man." At such time it is customary for knowing adults to bestow new labels upon her. Depending on their own dispositions, they will refer to her as "growing up," "adolescent," or "difficult"; or else they will shake their heads perplexedly and wonder "What in the world is the matter with her?" and alas! alas! many will even scold her. But what can she do, poor girl? Her curiosity has been aroused; and who does not know the potency of feminine curiosity?

Life around her seldom yields the heroic example she seeks. Stable married men are, of course, regarded as "old fogies," and their enduring and endearing qualities dismissed as "dull." Her sources of information are therefore limited to magazines, books, and the movies. Some devoted attention to these media and Lo! the image of the "Ideal" appears. What she wants is Tyrone Power, Rhett Butler, and Sheik of Araby—all in one. Today's Cinderella craves no shining armor and white horse; they are too old-fashioned (dreadful word). Her Prince Charming will slither up to the door in a red Cadillac convertible! And thus prepared she goes forth to seek her mate.

What happens next depends on her eye-sight. If she is myopic, she may see the halo of enchantment over Johnny, next door; or else, romance may shine on the glamour-boy from out of town. But whichever one she marries—what a jolt! One desolate morning she will wake up and open both eyes. She will take a good look at her husband before he shaves and then watch his face when the bill for her new hat arrives. Poof!—another addition to the divorce statistics.

What milady needs, of course, is a realistic orientation about what constitutes the average man and what the odds are against his exceeding the limitations of the definition. Also helpful is reflection upon the idea that Man too cherishes a vision of Princess Charming, and that he is equally capable of sustaining a shock at his wife's inevitable failure to match the specifications. A wholesome attitude for both

of them could be facilitated by a bit of accurate self-evaluation and the simple realizations that one should ask no better than one can give, and that error—being human—is both male and female.

As for the "ideal" husband—or wife—the existence of that species is a question for dispute. No human being is the same at all times and in all company. A shrewish woman can make the mildest man lose his temper, as a tactful, considerate wife can soothe the most irate of husbands. People tend to absorb and reflect the conditions and attitudes around them. In flesh and blood people, no ideal of abstract qualities can exist *per se*, ready to spring into flawless behavior on all occasions and in response to all provocations.

True marriage has been defined as "that relationship between man and woman in which the independence is equal, the dependence mutual, and the obligation reciprocal." Such a concept suggests that prospective mates should steer clear of tyrants, parasites, ego-centrics, and dead-beats. But presupposing a fairly equal, or complementary match of characters and personalities, the rest is up to the couple; and a girl's best recipe for an ideal husband is to be an ideal wife.

A Flirtation

Judy Job

HE STOOD OUTSIDE the bakery, gazing wistfully at the people treading their way in and out of the shop. He had been standing this way for some time when his eyes fell upon a girl jauntily coming out.

It seemed rather queer that he had not noticed her enter, for he had been watching everyone closely. With his first glance at her, he concluded that she was different from the rest. As she walked past him, she left in her path a most enchanting smile. He stood staring after her. She must have felt it, for she turned and smiled, this time rather amusedly. That smile did it. He made up his mind then and there to follow her.

She suddenly turned into an alley. He did likewise, and, as the alley was not at all well-lighted, he realized that now she might appreciate his protection. She was walking more rapidly, and he practically had to run to keep up with her.

While he was trying to make up his mind whether to go up to her, she turned into the yard of a little house on the corner, ran up the steps, bolted through the door and slammed it, just as he entered the yard. That certainly was discouraging, but he did not give up so easily. As he started up the steps, the door flew open, and the girl stuck her head out. She was laughing.

"Here, boy," she said. With a joyful bark, he ran up the steps and into the warm house.

Home on the Range

Roger K. Kramer

WHILE ON DUTY with the Air Force in Texas, I met a Texan who seemed to be an up-to-date version of the old cowhand. I was on my way to see a friend who lived about sixty miles outside of Dallas. I was using the tried and true method of travel called hitch-hiking and found myself all alone on the outskirts of Dallas at about midnight.

After I had waited for what seemed like days, an old Chevrolet came to a stop beside me.

"Where yuh headed, Soldier?" greeted me as the door of the car swung open. I told him, and was informed that he was headed for a rodeo about twenty-five miles from my destination. Our conversation followed what seems to be an age-old pattern: "Where you stationed? Where you from? How do you like Texas? I've had this car for quite a while, but she gets me where I want to go." This fellow was dressed in what seems to be the uniform of the western people. He had the inevitable worn Levi's, blue denim shirt, high-heeled and pointed toe boots, a plaid Mackinaw, and a nondescript light Stetson.

As we approached the town in which he was supposed to stop, he decided he would like to have a cup of coffee. There was not the faintest sign of a place in which a cup of coffee would be forthcoming; so he decided to go on to the next town to get one. Unfortunately, there was no place open there either. After this became apparent to my friend, he stopped in a filling station (also closed) and made a rather profound statement.

"I came all the way down here to git a cup o' coffee, and I'm gonna have one!" I didn't know quite what to expect after this, but I was soon enlightened. He rummaged around in the trunk of his car and produced a small one-burner "Coleman Camp Stove," a beat-up coffee pot, and a sack of coffee. Armed with this, he came around to the front of the car, lit up his stove, went around the filling station in search of water, and finally came back with his coffee pot full. At this stage of the game, another car stopped, and I was on my way again. As I left, I looked back once more and if one used just a little imagination, there sat, plus one hundred and fifty years, the original, trail-riding cow puncher by his camp fire, waiting for his coffee to heat. I have often wondered how that coffee tasted.

A Sundae Stroll

Ronald Trent

WELL, IT LOOKS as if the drug store has a new attraction. WALK-AWAY SUNDAE CUPS—10c EACH. Say, I think I'll get one and eat it on the way home. Oops! Pardon me, ma'am! Boy, did she give me a dirty look. I couldn't help it if she had big feet. Oh yes, Miss, please. A strawberry walk-away sundae cup. I always did have a weakness for strawberry. Well, it looks as if I'm getting my money's worth. Hello, Sue. What a sweet smile, but what a despicable personality. Never could stand her. Oh-oh, better wait for the stop-light, hadn't I? Boy, look at the chartreuse on that gal. Oh, I have the green light.

Strawberry topping almost gone.

Hello there, Vicky. How are you, girl. Such a nice dog. I always did like dogs. Boy's best friend, they say. Or rather man's best friend. Ha! What an injustice to mothers. Wow—look at that convertible! These women drivers! Never think of giving a man a lift.

Sundae about half gone.

Man, that sun is really pouring it on. I think I'll take off my coat. I'll just set my sundae here on the sidewalk. It's a good thing that there are no ants this time of the year. There, that feels much better. Hmm, the ice cream's melting a little. Hello, Jack—er Jim. Jack? Hello, Jack. These little boys confuse me. Say look at the beer bottles in that yard. Those people must have had a big party last night. I guess some people will never learn.

Sundae about three-fourths gone.

Looks as if somebody's left a tricycle sitting in the middle of the sidewalk. You'd think that the kid's parents would make him put it up. A man could break a leg stumbling over something like that. Hi, Zeke. How's the wife, any better? Fine. Glad to hear it. Well, that's all of my sundae; I wish I had another. Oh, well, I'm almost home. Here's Ninth street. Ninth street? I live at Sixth street! Oh, yes, now I remember—the house with the beer bottles in the yard.

Charity

Peggy Day

THE KING JAMES BIBLE and the American Standard Bible are two excellent sources from which to draw for comparing words and determining the change and growth of the English language. The King James Bible dates from 1611, while the American Standard Bible dates from 1901. Between 1611 and 1901 the meanings of many words and phrases have changed.

Take, for example, the word "charity" from the thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians. A famous portion of this chapter is the thirteenth verse which reads, according to the King James version, "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." In the language as it stands today, charity is the act of giving to the poor. It is very clear that this meaning of "charity" is not what Paul meant because in the third verse of the same chapter, King James Edition, it reads, "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor . . . and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." If we apply the modern meaning of the word "charity" to this passage, it would contradict itself. The passage would mean—"And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor . . ." and not give to the poor "it profiteth me nothing," which makes no sense at all.

In the American Revised Edition the word "love" has been substituted. The word "love" itself has many different meanings and uses, among which is "good will." If this meaning is substituted in the third verse, it will have this meaning—"And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor . . ." but do not have good will "it profiteth me nothing." This gives the passage a clear meaning for if one gives only because of necessity, the gift is not going to be worth as much as if one gives in the spirit of good will. So, in the American Standard Version, the thirteenth chapter reads, "But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love." The meaning seems a little clearer when "charity" is replaced by "love."

In 1611 the word "charity" was used to mean "good will." Today, only in a very slight sense does "charity" mean "good will"; now it commonly means "giving to the poor." By this example, it is easy to see how words change their meanings in the course of many years. One might wonder how the meaning of "charity" will be altered in the next few hundred years.

M S S Staff

Editor-in-Chief: Frank Slupesky

Assistant Editor: Diana Harvey

Poetry Editors:

Frances King
William Griffith

Copyreading Editors:

Joan Owen
Barbara Sims
Virginia Anderson
Kenneth Hopkins

Art Editors:

Sharon Collins
Justyn Blackwell

Exchange Editor:

Herman Wichser

Senior Literary Editors:

Roger Chittick
Helen Hodges
Stanley Levine

Patty Lewis
Patrick Mahoney
John Miller
Vaughn Overstreet

Clyde Steckle
Marge Stuhldreher
Jody Thomas

Freshman Literary Editors:

Marvin Goldberg
Sherry Ann Rash
Delores Thom
Donna Meyer
Louise Davis
Richard Allan
Dale Fox
Earnest Dunbar

James Cone
Pat Saine
Betty Call
Molly Kuehrmann
Sally Lou Bell
Joan Barret
William Fish

Francis Balcolm
William Wandersee
Judi Reynolds
Mary Lou Renick
Helen Glende
Judy Job
Marga Carter
Jack Robertson

Faculty Sponsors:

Werner Beyer, Roy Marz, and William Poller