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COXCOMB

Alan Sutherland

Who clawed the crust and from the matrix pulled
The natal green and squeezed its throat until
The coxcomb burst into its reddened world,
Allowed the beech to mellow to its full

Brindle alertness. Languor led the branch
And pain the stem to fan into a crest ;
But shattered bloom and wilted leaf—is each
Definitive of spasm or of rest?

Snow White and the Seven Complexes

Joseph Dutton

IF DR. BRUHN'S students had seen him standing in line outside the movie theater, jostled by a swarm of excited, shouting children, they would certainly have laughed. The dignified old professor was not the type of man one would expect to see in such a place ; he belonged irretrievably to the oak-panelled study or to a secluded nook in the library. And towering above the little people around him, Dr. Bruhn himself was well aware of the fact. The expression on his face was one of conscious aloofness, but tiny lines at the corner of his mouth revealed his embarrassment.

Beside him stood a pink-cheeked little girl with one of her gloved hands held firmly in his. In the other hand she clutched a crumpled sack of candy. Faint smudges of chocolate could be seen on her chin and on the tip of her turned-up nose. A straw bonnet covered with spring flowers sat primly upon her head, and from under the bonnet long brown pigtails extended to her waist. The shiny little face looked up at the old man. "Grandpa," she said, "will I like this movie?"

Dr. Bruhn was not prepared for the question. He hesitated. "Yes, I think you will like it, Janie. It's a very good story." The answer was not a good one, he realized, but he hoped that Janie would be satisfied.

"What's it about?" the little girl asked. She was still uncertain.

"Well, it is the story of a girl named Snow White who . . . I shall spoil the movie for you if I tell you all about it. Wait and see. I'm sure you will like it."

Janie looked at her grandfather doubtfully and probably wished that the movie would be about Hopalong Cassidy ; but instead of asking another question she pacified herself by selecting another chocolate from the sack and popping it into her mouth.

When Dr. Bruhn had bought the tickets he hurried Janie into the theater and chose seats on the aisle so that she could see the screen. For a few moments Dr. Bruhn watched the movie with interest, but gradually the colors became liquid and melted into each other. Soon all he could see were shapeless masses of color, and finally he could see nothing at all.

* * * * *

"Myth-makers would have you believe that Snow White was a perfectly healthy, well-adjusted young woman," Dr. Bruhn said, "but we must admit that in reality hers was a mind tragically diseased." The tall old man was standing on the platform before his class, and for the first time during the semester the face of every student was alive with interest. "To thoroughly understand Snow White we must investigate her background and we must recognize the fact that the girl's excessive desire for purity and virtue was an abnormality. Perhaps in her childhood she was severely punished for some misbehavior; the punishment was unduly harsh, and the girl came to believe that she was more sinful than the people around her. A guilt complex developed. She was driven to purge herself of sin, and thus began the fanatic quest for purity, leading her to create the name of Snow White, which, of course, any thinking person would realize was not her true name."

Dr. Bruhn paused so that the students could comprehend what he had said. Eyes sparkled with eagerness and hands scribbled rapidly across open notebooks. A blush crept slowly over the face of a pretty coed sitting in the front row, obviously suffering from a Snow White complex herself. Dr. Bruhn coughed and continued. "Unfortunately, the complex had more serious effects than would seem evident at first. Because she believed herself superior to other women, she could not find a suitable mate. Through a withdrawal mechanism, she formed a dream world for herself in which she created a Prince Charming, the only single individual whom she felt worthy of her. The later disappearance of Prince Charming must certainly have been due to some masochistic quirk in Snow White's psychological make-up.

"Once Prince Charming was gone, Snow White was forced to compensate for her loss. In her fancy, no single man could satisfy. Thus she created seven, each of whom represented a characteristic her ideal man must possess. And think of how typically feminine it was of her to create men so much smaller in stature than she." Dr. Bruhn paused and smiled while his students laughed at the clever remark. "I am certain you will have no trouble discerning the characteristic which each dwarf represented," he went on. "Doc is, of course, intelligence, and Grumpy is virility. Happy stands for exactly what his name implies. Sleepy is serenity and peacefulness, while Bashful represents a shy sort of servitude. Dopey may be explained by the fact that most women desire husbands with some inferiority, in order to gratify their repressed sense of superiority."

Several students raised their hands when Dr. Bruhn did not continue. It gratified the white-haired old man to see the intense interest they manifested. Even Mr. Blunt, who seldom attended class and invariably slept through those he did attend, seemed interested.

"Please," said Dr. Bruhn, "don't ask me about Sneezzy. His appearance in the group I cannot explain. A colleague of mine at the University of Guatemala is doing research on the problem at the present time, but as yet I have heard nothing of the results. His theory, one borrowed from Dr. Freud incidentally, is that Sneezzy has something to do with sexuality, but I don't believe we need concern ourselves with that question now."

"Dr. Bruhn, how did Snow White's step-mother, the wicked queen, become involved?" one of the students asked.

Dr. Bruhn smiled. "As long as we rear our children in the make-believe world of fairy tales, step-mothers can be nothing but cruel and wicked. In this case, however, the step-mother represents something of more importance. She is a part of Snow White's persecution complex. Imagining herself to be the possessor of unbelievable virtue and beauty—although in reality Snow White was probably rather plain and unattractive—she believed that all other women in the world were antagonistic toward her. Her step-mother became the symbol of this antagonism and persecution; whereas the Magic Mirror was the spokesman of Snow White's ego."

Miss Grimm, certainly the brightest psychology student in the university, raised her hand. "Is it not possible, Dr. Bruhn," she said, "that the cruelty of the step-mother might be explained by an Oedipus complex, working in the reverse, of course, which Snow White developed concerning her father?"

Dr. Bruhn pondered the question several moments before making his reply. "It is possible," he finally answered. "But unfortunately we know little about Snow White's father. I don't believe it would be wise to form that assumption without more evidence, and information about the father seems to be hopelessly lost." Although he did not agree with Miss Grimm's idea, he could not help admiring the agility of the young woman's mind.

He glanced at his watch and saw that the period would soon be over. "The return of Prince Charming," he said, "who may have been little more than the local garbage collector, and the death of her step-mother acted as a temporary solution to Snow White's problems, but . . ." Dr. Bruhn had planned to close his lecture with a comment on the value of institutions for the mentally ill in connection with cases like Snow White's, but his words were interrupted by a slight tugging which he felt on his arm.

* * * * *

"The movie's over, Grandpa," Janie whispered.

Dr. Bruhn jumped up quickly and ushered his granddaughter out of the theater. With one of his large hands he shielded his eyes

from the bright sun. Then he looked down at the little girl and said, "Well, Janie, how did you like 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs?'"

The little girl's eyes twinkled mischievously. "I didn't understand it," she giggled, thinking of how she had caught her grandfather napping.

Dr. Bruhn frowned. "Your mother will explain it to you," he said rather quietly. The irritation in his voice was scarcely discernible.

Portrait

B. E. Vanderbilt

I SAW her standing on the ruined wall of the old mill site. She wore black slacks and a plaid shirt. One hand was in the pocket of the slacks, the other touched the white bark of a bending sycamore for balance.

For minutes she stood motionless looking along the winding stream as though to remember for always the bare white branches interlaced above it. I looked at the slow-moving water below and saw on its dark, clear surface, framed in rich brown sycamore leaves, the wall and the girl mirrored against the deep sky, white clouded. There was no sound save the small breathings of the woods and the invisible birds twittering somewhere in its vastness.

The girl moved slowly along the mossy wall and back onto the overgrown trail from the mill site. Both hands were in her pockets and her head and shoulders were bent forward. What did she see among the ferns and old ginger leaves? Searching and halting she turned toward a large oak where earlier I had seen an owl sleeping. She saw it now and straightened, both hands retrieved from her pockets and tensed slightly away from her. She stepped toward the owl and stood rapt with the discovery. An instant, then she laughed a low soft laugh. With her foot she turned a lichen-covered stick and started again more quickly along the trail.

She came quite near me and I saw a radiance in her upturned face that puzzled me, a something delicate yet strong. Her dark shining eyes looked up at the sky. They seemed to gather all the world in that sweeping gaze, uniting the far high ridge with the thickets beyond the stream.

She passed with an easy measured rhythm in her noiseless motion which belied the swiftness of her walk. Softly she sang a marching tune, so softly, so clearly, I could scarce believe I heard it. Away down the path a flock of tiny birds rose in front of her to the tree tops. One hand tensed away from her side, the other rose half-way in greeting to them. She smiled but never broke the cadence of her song, "Semper Fidelis."

The Woman in Columbus

Margaret Brunson Rees

A WOMAN, shapeless and disheveled in a soiled trench coat, labored to open the heavy iron doors of the Columbus City Market. Her arms were clasped around paper bags weighted with over-ripe fruits and with vegetables too brown to be sold. As the door swung heavily behind her the cold wind struck her in the face, carrying with it the filth from Broad Street. With a shiver, she turned her face away from the cold draft, and slowly began the long walk home. Her low black shoes were so run over that she actually walked on the outsides of her feet, and the wrinkled stockings showed thin, calfless legs. Her hair, greasy, uncurled, and of uncertain color, hung lifelessly on her narrow shoulders.

As she passed glittering shop windows their lights fell upon her, but she did not glance up at them. Her eyes, if they saw anything, were watching the mushy slush on the sidewalk at her feet. Even at the street crossings she was not aware of the cars hurrying by her, dangerously close. A large red truck swerved to avoid striking her. Its muddy wheels slid in the car-tracks and a spray of dirty water lifted from the street hurled toward her, but she did not look up. With slow plodding steps she staggered on under the burden she was holding tightly against her breast.

As she shuffled along, the packages began to shift in her grasp. Her worn-out mittens groped for new places to hold. She was in front of the bronze gate of the fence inclosing Fort Hayes. Soldiers clad in fatigues glanced at her through the grating. She was a familiar figure around Columbus. Everyone had seen Ma Grogan fetching vegetables and fruits not fit to be sold. The cluster of soldiers were laughing, and one called out something derisive; but she either failed to hear, or else she did not wish to hear, for she still kept her head bowed toward the street.

Beyond Fort Hayes, with its grim structures, she began the incline toward the bridge passing over the railroad freight yards. A passing trolley splashed water from a puddle in the street onto her legs and coat. She turned to utter a complaint, but remained silent. Only her eyes showed the bitterness she felt.

Through smudgy windows of the soot-streaked trolley, passengers peered at the railroad yards below. The overpass was crusted with smoke directly over each set of rails. It was as though a paint-sprayer had left a wide swath of lampblack at intervals, on the abutments of the grey cement bridge. The trolley rolled on, leaving the freight engines puffing up their dark, choking blackness, from the criss-crossed tracks below.

It was March and a cheerless rain that had begun to fall chilled her to the bone. The soot-mixed slush on the bridge made walking more difficult. Her feet were nearly numb with cold. The wind had now grown bitter, and the yellow glare of twilight put a sickening pall on the dingy scene. On either side of the street were doubles or duplexes, built years ago and not repainted since. The blistered siding showed weathered wood under peeling paint. Black smoke from the many trains had so impregnated the ground around these houses that it was very nearly sterile. For years no plants had grown in these black yards. Water trickled onto the sidewalks and oozed into the gutter to join more murky water in the sewers.

As she reached a narrow alley she suddenly turned into the rutted lane. The sign, which had once named this alley Howard Street, was no longer legible. The lane was as unkept as the sign and no houses faced on it. There was only a dilapidated garage whose brown stain had long ago faded. Approaching the garage were narrow uneven cement steps, up which the woman trudged. She was home. There were faded curtains at the windows. The porch, which had been added to the old garage, had a long gaping crack from one end to the other. A well-worn rat run followed the side of the house to the back. She opened the sagging door, which gave out a mournful creak. It groaned as she shut it behind her.

The Handling of Prisoners of War

Hans Steilberger

MODERN warfare is not merely a series of haphazard advances, attacks, withdrawals and counterattacks. It is, rather, a series of carefully planned moves directed by the decisions of high echelon commanders, based on such factors as enemy strength, equipment, location, disposition, organization and movement, to mention a few. The knowledge of these factors, in turn, is derived from a number of sources, the more important ones of which include front line troops, reconnaissance patrols, aerial observers, observation posts and listening posts. Intelligence thus gathered is analyzed and interpreted in terms of enemy capabilities, and forms in most cases the basis for the strategy to be employed.

While the aforementioned sources play no little part in military intelligence activities, their combined efforts would frequently be fearfully inadequate, were they not supplemented by what is, perhaps, the one origin of the highest percentage of information—prisoners of war. Much useful knowledge can be gained from them through skilled interrogators, but much of the success or failure of interrogations depends upon the manner in which PW's are handled.

Handling may be described as the treatment of prisoners upon capture, during evacuation and interrogation, and after interrogation. Its proper execution becomes more and more important when the number of prisoners captured is small. Minor adaptations of accepted doctrines are sometimes necessary to meet local conditions, but the general procedures, which are set forth below, should be followed whenever practicable, for they have been proved sound by past experience.

Immediately upon capture prisoners are disarmed and searched for concealed weapons by the capturing troops, and all articles which could be turned into dangerous weapons or tools for escape are removed. Sometimes, of course, hostile action or a large number of prisoners makes an immediate search impracticable, but the process should not be delayed too long; otherwise prisoners might have the chance to dispose of some valuable documents they may be carrying. Capturing forces must especially guard against the destruction of documents, many of which are highly useful as information sources or aids in the interrogation process. One regiment during World War II issued an order that all documents found on a prisoner should be kept on his person, but in one pocket, such as the right trouser pocket. Since the prisoner had his hands above his head at all times, it was impossible for him to destroy the documents. In this manner, the documents were immediately available to the interrogator at the time of the questioning, so that the maximum amount of information was obtained simultaneously from the documents as well as the prisoner.

The search for documents must be as thorough as that for weapons, if not more complete, for it is much easier to conceal a scrap of paper than a small arm. The prisoner is, however, permitted to keep personal effects, insignia of rank, decorations and objects of value in his possession, and he retains his helmet and gas mask as long as he is in a danger zone.

As soon after capture as possible, often while the search is still in progress, enemy officers, noncommissioned officers, privates, deserters and civilians are segregated to the extent possible. These segregated groups are maintained throughout the journey to the rear. This step is taken in order to prevent the surreptitious whispering of orders or threats by prisoners of higher rank to their subordinates and to achieve or maintain a certain breakdown of morale.

Prisoners being evacuated to the rear normally pass through company, battalion and regimental collecting points, guarded by troops of the capturing unit who are relieved of this duty by members of reserve elements as soon as practicable in order to enable front line personnel to return to their positions quickly. Because an interrogation is based on achieving a mental breakdown, prisoners should be brought before the interrogator in as nearly the same frame of mind

—indecisive, fearful and impressed—as when they were captured. In order to maintain this battle shock, as the condition is called, the guards escorting the prisoners to the first interrogation point must follow some definite procedures. They must maintain segregation of prisoners at all times, as outlined previously. In addition, they must prevent prisoners from discarding or destroying any insignia or document which the capturing unit might have overlooked. Another of their duties is to enforce silence among prisoners at all times and to prevent anyone other than authorized interrogators from speaking with them. And, since food, drink or tobacco might heighten the recipients' morale, guards must prevent anyone from giving prisoners such items.

Certain factors or information regarding the prisoner will aid the interrogator in formulating his line of questioning. In order to give the interrogator a lead, the escort commander should furnish him with some brief memorandum stating the date and time of capture, the place and circumstances of capture, and the unit which effected the capture. This may be done by submitting a list or, more frequently, by attaching to the prisoner's clothing a tag containing that information.

Common sense proscribes bringing a prisoner into command posts or headquarters, for there he might well learn items of military importance which could jeopardize future operations, should the prisoner escape and return to his own lines. Therefore, for security reasons, prisoners are held in compounds which are located at a safe distance from any post of operations.

The first real interrogation is conducted at regimental level, although questioning may take place at battalion or company collection points under special circumstances. However, a lower echelon interrogation may be performed only under the supervision of an intelligence officer, and then only on subjects of immediate value to the unit. At the regiment questions are asked on subjects of immediate interest to the regiment by trained specialists of an interrogation detachment, which is assigned to the regiment. After the questioning is completed, prisoners are evacuated to the division "cage" under regimental escort.

At the divisional collection point all prisoners are searched once more by military police under the supervision of intelligence personnel to insure that no item was overlooked during the initial search. The major tactical interrogation is conducted at this level. Data on the prisoner's unit, locations, weapons, reserves, adjacent units, commanders and other pertinent facts are sought and presented to the intelligence officer, or G-2.

From the division enclosure, prisoners are normally evacuated to the Army stockade, although a few selected prisoners, usually those from whom documents of special interest have been taken, may be

sent for further examination to Corps. At Army level only selected prisoners are interrogated to develop further strategic or general military or economic information of value to higher commands. Prisoners selected for this interrogation usually possess information on Army supply, repair, replacements, interior defense, morale, higher organization and similar subjects.

The last stop in the prisoner evacuation channel is usually the Theatre of Operations PW enclosure, where the prisoners sit out the remainder of the war unless, as during World War II in its earlier phases, they are sent to prison camps in the continental United States. Any interrogations at this level are detailed, on specific and diverse subjects, conducted by trained specialists. Prisoners selected for interrogation are themselves specialists or very important persons whose complete knowledge of some specific subject would enable us to obtain detailed important strategic information.

This sequence of prisoner handling and evacuation is standard in our army today. Evacuation methods may differ slightly, depending on the situation, in that the journey from point of capture to the first interrogation station may be made on foot or some suitable conveyance as empty supply trucks returning to the rear. From there the movement is either by truck or rail, until the last stop is made. The method is actually of slight importance. Most contributive to success in obtaining information are the proper handling of prisoners of war and the skill and ability of the interrogator, whose techniques, if he is well trained, are as varied and flexible as the personalities of the prisoners with whom he comes in contact. Prisoner handling procedure is almost a science today, for the captured foe's reaction may gain or lose the interrogator accurate and valuable information which could well make the difference between victory or defeat in battle.

Reflection on Man and Nature's Beauty

Bob Petty

"Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss . . ."

Milton, *Comus*

TO GAIN full benefit of meditation one must find a spot where the mind can be as nearly to itself as possible, void of care and anxiety. Thus it is that we so often seek the out-of-doors to nurture our more peaceful and unrepining thoughts. We are indeed a funny animal. We cut down, dig out, and level off. We pour concrete, lay asphalt, and rear our temples till they blot out the sky. Then in our leisure time we race frantically with discontented hearts

to seek the solace of what yesterday was but a pagan barrier to our progress. We go forth with traps and guns, with rods and creels, even with baskets and shovels, as though we were trying to bottle up this thing called nature and take it home with us. We tread its enchanted paths, demanding our share of such a heritage.

Why is it that we react in such a way? It is because in nature we find a beauty unsurpassed, the living vision of a beauty vanquished from the steel and concrete; a beauty, elusive as the wind among the branches, whose taunting whisper comes from the prehistoric layers of our minds. A winding path we follow . . . obscure amidst the shadows, and we are back where the cool breath of the forest soothes our restless blood, where yawning woodland pools reflect the physical conformations of tranquility, mocking our discontent, healing our tribulations, calling us friend. How can we help but love such beauty, when we know that it is God? What truer token could man ask to nourish his faith?

Waiting for the "Princess"

Hans Steilberger

THE bright, warm sun which beamed benignly from an absolutely blue October sky seemed to presage a perfect holiday for us as we alighted from the still throbbing Army truck which had just rumbled to a halt over a pair of railroad tracks protruding from the aging pavement. We had arrived at the Port of Naples. Joking, laughing, shouting we sauntered to Pier D where we were to board the "Princess"—more precisely, *La Principessa*—the compact, dirty-white excursion steamer which had been chartered by Army Special Services to take us, the semi-weekly quota of 30 enlisted men, to the Isle of Capri for a luxurious week's rest and relaxation. We had been designated the recipients of this privilege by our various organizations and had traveled to Naples on the "Eighty-eight," the Army-operated express train which connected Naples and Trieste for the convenience of Army personnel and civilian VIP's only. The truck from which we had just disentangled ourselves had been awaiting our arrival at Garibaldi Station to whisk us over narrow, cobbled streets to the port, where we were now milling about in excited anticipation.

With a feeling somewhat akin to panic we suddenly discovered that Pier D, a narrow, concrete wharf which jutted about 70 feet into the slightly rippling, scummy gray water, was completely devoid of anything even slightly resembling a sea-going vessel. All three berths were empty. However, our first excited speculations were soon in-

errupted by a wizened, toothless dockhand who came shuffling out of a nearby wooden shack. Dressed in nondescript, baggy trousers and a black wool sweater which reeked of weeks of hard labor, and wearing the ever present dark stocking cap, he observed our group for a moment while we stared back. Finally singling me out—possibly because of the three stripes I was wearing—he began emitting a series of garlic-laden sounds. With my knowledge of “kitchen-Italian” taxed to its limits, I managed to gather that *La Principessa* was on her way from Torre Annunziata, a Naples Bay hamlet about 18 kilometers distant, and was not due to arrive before “Due e mezz’”—half past two. Having maneuvered upwind to escape some of the carbidic fumes he was pouring forth, I thanked him for the information and pressed a cigarette into his outstretched, grimy, lined palm. Muttering a few words of thanks, he stuck the Camel behind his ear and dragged himself back to his shack.

It was one o'clock at the time, and we realized that we had once more fallen prey to the “hurry-up-and-wait” phase of the old Army game. With so much time to kill, we decided to disperse, look around and stroll about until the boat was due. Accordingly, we soon scattered in all directions.

This was my first chance to take a good look at the port. How different it seemed from that rainy April day some 18 months before, when I was one of 4,000 troops marching off the *Champouillon's* gang plank after a short but choppy crossing from Oran. There was little sight-seeing then as we double-timed through the deluge onto waiting trucks which slithered shakily through the mud and towards a replacement depot.

But there was no cloud today, and while the air was filled with the whines of motors and cranes and diesel locomotives, the crashing and bumping of switching railroad cars, and the laughter and cursing of sweating stevedores, an aura of tranquility appeared to hang over the port. Across the water and clearly discernible rose Mt. Vesuvius, the narrow pathway leading to its gaping crater standing out darkly against the greenish reflecting slopes. Even the thin, gray haze which usually surrounds its apex was missing today. It was difficult to imagine how so peaceful a mountain could ever have deluged an entire city with death and destruction.

Farther out, at the southernmost tip of the bay, the high shore suddenly dipped sharply into the water. There lay, I knew, Sorrento, and I made up my mind to visit this celebrated resort some day before I left the country. I realized my wish the following year, discovering even more scenic beauty than I had ever thought possible.

Somehow, it was hard to believe that bitter battles had been waged here in Naples Bay during the war, but the tops of smoke stacks and masts of still submerged ships which lined the harbor floor, plainly visible from where I stood on the pier, more than gave evidence of

the struggle which had taken place here. Additions to this evidence were all around me. To my left, on nearby Pier F, the rusty hull of an erstwhile Italian luxury liner lay firmly chained to the quay, a gaping crack outlining the place where a bomb blast had ripped it in two. And to my right lay the gleaming American cruiser *U. S. S. Providence*, anchored at Pier C. However, it was not the same Pier C which had been there before the war. That had been bombed out completely. Unfortunately, an Italian cruiser had been berthed there while the bombardment was in progress and, during the course of the battle, it had been hit. As it went down, it settled on its side and embedded itself firmly in the harbor mud. When the Allies had won the battle, they laid a board walk across the cruiser's side, and now this former pride of the Italian navy was designated Pier C and berth of its American adversary.

I turned to walk back towards the main gate, through which our truck had entered the port. Only then did I become aware of the many activities whose sounds were permeating the air. Trucks, loaded and empty, weaving in countless directions made me marvel at the small number of accidents and the avoidance of seemingly unavoidable head-on collisions. Many of these vehicles were manned by German prisoners of war, and they were generally employed to shuttle inbound or outbound cargo from ships to storage depots in the vicinity of Naples, or from depots to ships. I stopped to talk to a few of them who were standing near their vehicles while the trucks were being loaded. These prisoners were amiable and talkative, not the silent stoics of the Afrika Korps and the SS troops whom I had to interrogate, usually with great difficulty, during the war. They liked their treatment at the hands of the Americans and, despite their comparative freedom, had not the least thought of escaping. A number of them were still driving their clumsy, battered, diesel-powered trucks which were covered with drably colored camouflage markings. These trucks were taken from the German army, along with prisoners, and were now being put to good use, helping to overcome a shortage of vehicles. These drivers were aching for the chance to drive an American six-by-six, and those lucky ones who were assigned to a GMC truck held their heads extra high and were the envy of their compatriots.

I strolled on, deftly dodging the jeeps which were whizzing past me as if each chauffeur were on a mission of life or death. I paused briefly to look more closely at the *Providence*, because I had never seen a cruiser so close at hand. The decks were immaculately scrubbed, and the bristling guns were covered with spotless gray canvas. I wanted to walk up the pier to get a closer look at the ship's catapult sea planes, both of which were apparently hanging from giant hooks near the ship's stern, but a Navy sentry began eyeing me with suspicion, so I backed off and resumed my stroll.

The main gate, manned by three big but good natured MP's, opened onto the appropriately named Via Del Porto—Port Street. I stood there for a moment, watching as trucks left and entered through it. The MP's would check each load and trip ticket briefly and send the driver on his way. This did not amuse me very long, and I turned towards Pier A, which extends into the water just behind the main gate. This pier was apparently the largest in the port. At one time it had provided the berths for the big passenger ships and housed the administration building. However, a few direct hits had reduced the once impressive concrete structure to a rubble heap, and as I passed, six liberty ships lay at anchor in their berths. Four of them were being unloaded by slowly moving, noisy longshoremen who paused frequently in their tasks to carry on loud, vociferous arguments, flailing their arms in wild gesticulations to emphasize their points. Upon a few admonitions by their American overseers, they would resume their tasks, stacking their cargoes in various piles according to materials and destinations.

I watched this work for more than an hour, receiving repeated warnings to get out of the way or else. At last I decided I had better play it safe and not wait for the alternative to occur, so I began to remove myself slowly from this beehive of exertion. Occasionally I cast a glance back, as I was returning to the *Principessa's* berth, to watch the fascinating spectacle of a cargo net being lowered over the side, very gently until it was approximately a yard above the ground, whereupon the winch operator, as if on signal, would release the cable suddenly and bring the net to the ground with a crash, strewing boxes all over the area. It may have been a game, but I have often wondered in what condition the recipients used to find their goods.

Winding my way slowly between uncoupled gondola and flat cars, deftly sidestepping those infernal jeeps which were still speeding all over creation, I made my way back to the pier where the Princess had just arrived. A Special Services officer checked off my name as I stepped on board, and I made my way to the bow, where plenty of seats were still available. Straight ahead, the Isle of Capri appeared deceptively close in its goat-shaped outline, belying the necessity of a two-hour boat ride. Nevertheless, it took that long, but the wonderful vacation was well worth the time it took to travel. Not only that, but it also made the wait for the Princess an insignificantly short moment.

Waiting

Ruth Goldblatt

His steps echoed as he slowly trudged the empty corridor. The sounds made by his faltering feet sounded loud in the deserted hall. He stuffed his handkerchief in his pocket and then pulled it out again. He wiped his dripping forehead and his clammy hands—the fingers cold and stiff. The bright light of the chart room made him blink, and he turned back down the long hallway. His head was low, his chin almost resting on his chest. Dark lines were etched on his face, and his eyes were deep and heavy lidded.

A white-clad figure walked briskly toward him. As he heard the sound of footsteps he turned his head, but the eyes he met were strange and unconcerned. The steps continued down the hall. He shivered and pulled out his handkerchief.

There was a straight-backed chair in a small room. He walked in and sat down stiffly, perched rigidly on the edge as though ready to run. He rested his head in his shaking hands as a tear slipped through his wide-spread fingers. Another tear, and then he wept, quietly and unnoticed. Finally, he stopped and stood up unsteadily.

The dim corridor seemed longer each time he trod its length. Every time a footstep resounded he straightened in expectation, only to be met with unknowing stares.

“Why don’t they come? Why don’t they know?” he said aloud. The sound of his words was hollow. A cleaning woman looked at him inquisitively. He felt hot and embarrassed, and he retreated to the other end of the hall.

He stood looking at the sky beginning to lighten in the east. As he watched, the world came alive. Delicate pinks softened the stark lines of the cold gray buildings. Rays of early sunshine caused the snow on the branches outside the window to glisten. The heavy load of sleeplessness and worry began to lessen as he watched the miraculous birth of the morning.

He turned quickly when he heard the soft step behind him. His tired eyes searched hopefully for an answer. The silence was ominous. He sat down despairingly on the hard, straight-backed chair. A deep sigh escaped his lips as he reached nervously for his handkerchief.

“She died in her sleep,” the nurse said. She rustled out of the room and he was alone. The sun shone brightly through the unshaded window.

Suicides

Ray Stewart

SUICIDES have been prevalent in the human race since the first Pithecanthropan individual split open his own skull with a heavy wooden club. The reason for his taking his own life has never been determined, but was probably of simple origin, as life itself was very simple then. Through the ages, as society has become more complex and involved, the reasons for suicides also have become more complicated and much more interesting. Through investigation of the various reasons found on typewriters, notepaper, dictaphones, wire recorders, and old wrapping paper left by persons who can no longer speak or write, one can recognize and understand the many different types of suicides.

The first is the "financial trouble" type of suicide. The company's auditor is arriving tomorrow at 2:30 and the teller is not able to borrow or steal the money. He hates to leave his wife to face the scandal, but it is better than admitting he could not keep up with the Joneses. A note usually reveals that his wife is better than he deserves and that he hopes the boss will understand his predicament. He jumps off a bridge, but it is not too unbearable for the nagging wife who was the cause of his embezzling the money in the first place.

This type of woman immediately brings to mind her counterpart, who is a true, faithful, and loyal wife and therefore a good example of the only type of suicide restricted to females—the "sleeping" type. Any scandal which could in any way harm her husband or mother-in-law causes her to take an overdose of the sleeping powder prescription which this type of woman always has on hand. She usually does not leave a note, but the empty bottle and the all-revealing future soon divulge her reasons.

Next there is the "no-success" suicide. He has held down no job for more than two months. He is usually living in a small, filthy, third-rate hotel on a back alley. His education extends through high school, and his future to him is non-existent. A note including all these statements is written on the back of the envelope in which he received his last job release. Since he can not afford a gun, he slashes his wrists and hangs himself.

The most publicized is the "has-been" suicide. This kind has tasted success and glory, but only briefly. He has tried in vain to regain the Utopia of his past. He too lives in a shabby hotel and hasn't eaten since last Saturday. He is an actor and thereby adds his bit to the glamour, mystery, intrigue, and adventure which go with such a profession. His death is as spectacular as he can make it, such as jumping off the Empire State Building or throwing himself in front of the governor's car. This makes his last scene a dramatic triumph.

The "neglected-rejected-lover," on the other hand, has a simple death. He has been turned down six times and feels that there is nothing left for him but to leave his love to another. These reasons are heard as the dictaphone plays back. The body is never found, as the lover leaped from a ship in mid-ocean.

The last suicide of importance is the "little-things" type. He is a bachelor and has no matches when the blond at the next table pulls out a cigarette. His toothpaste runs out after one of his rare alcoholic binges. He has no change for the telephone, or a shirt button is missing on his last clean shirt. He writes a long novel before his departure (his suicide has been pre-determined) explaining all the trials and tribulations of his troubled life. This novel-length note is found clutched in the body's hand on the floor of a modest three-room apartment.

Perhaps when the Cro-Magnon is as ancient as the Pithecanthropus is today, and society's complexity has increased proportionately, there will appear many other interesting types of self-administered deaths for the existing race to investigate. Until then we must remain satisfied with the types that we have.

The Children's Shoe Department

Edna Bellenbach

ON Saturday afternoon the children's shoe department of a large store is a scene of noise and confusion for parents and clerks, but for the young customers it has the atmosphere of a party. The necessary delay caused by too many customers gives the boys and girls a chance to spend from ten minutes to a half-hour amusing themselves within the confines of the department, and the waiting period gives the casual observer a chance to see many kinds of children.

Most impressive are the bubble gum chewers. These boys and girls fall into two categories: the ones who methodically blow bubbles while staring into space, and the ones who move about the room trying to blow the largest pink bubble. The latter group are the most interesting because occasionally one of the bubbles bursts just as it reaches super large size and the sticky mass is left as a thin coating on the chewer's face. A child encountering this mishap may react to the situation by either "showing off" and laughing or by becoming angry. In either case he must remove the film of gum.

The inquisitive children cannot be overlooked. These boys and girls start to explore the department the minute they enter the area and do not stop until their parents practically drag them to their seats. They look into every show case and reach in if they can open the doors, they examine shoes which have been left on the floor, they open boxes stacked in the corners, and finally they discover the entrance to the stock room. This is the most wonderful discovery of

all, because there are so many boxes they can open, there are wrapping desk clerks who talk to them, and there are containers full of paper to burrow into until their parents find them.

There are quiet children everywhere, and the shoe department is no exception. However, the fact that they sit still does not mean that these children are less interesting than their noisy contemporaries. Some spend the entire waiting period sitting very still and moving their eyes quickly from side to side to survey the entire scene. The comic books, which are passed out as favors in a futile effort to maintain order, seem to have been made for such children. A few youngsters are able to read them in silence, but the majority must either read aloud or have one fond parent read the story to them. The style of reading varies from the faltering of second graders to the dramatic style of some parents who fancy themselves actors or radio commentators.

Noisy little boys, whooping like Indians in a western movie, and small girls pretending to be space ships add to the confusion. Chairs easily become stockades, and harassed clerks may be used as shields against an imaginary ray gun. Other children add to the noise by squealing, screaming and crying when they are waited on. Clerks, with the aid of parents, eventually succeed in fitting the shoes, but these youngsters try hard to prevent any action by making as much noise as possible.

Then there are the parents. There are doting mothers who laugh at the pranks of their own children and complain about the behavior of other boys and girls; there are fathers who become angry when their children stray and drag them back with a sharp slap where it does the most good; there are parents who argue over which pair of shoes to buy until everyone in the department hears their comments; there are parents who look at half a dozen kinds of shoes and buy none, and there are parents who delight the salespeople by quiet and co-operative action.

The children's shoe department is a wonderful place for an observer to see basic types of personality in action. It seems that at no other time or place do adults and children show their inherent character so clearly as they do while waiting amid the confusion of a busy store.

Pastoral

B. E. Vanderbilt

THE day was warm. Through the soft blue haze of the valley came the sound of rifle shot. Jim would be after rabbits again, thought Jane. Hmph! Can't be any rabbits left with the Nelson's hungry hounds loose all the time. Why would Jim waste so much shot after shadows.

Jane rested a shoulder against the solid post of the porch and watched the wren flitting among the dusty leaves of the lilac by the shed.

"You're a busy little thing for such still weather."

Startled at the sound of her voice the wren scolded loudly and darted around the dilapidated building out of sight. Jane followed it as far as the small brook. A sudden "chirk" made her jump back.

"Oh! I keep forgetting the green frog."

She watched it as it plunged into a quiet pool in the brook and swam across. It stopped and blinked at her near a round shallow hole at the other side of the pool. Something stirred the mud of the hole. The small sleepy-eyed head of a turtle rose inquiringly above the water.

"Jim will find you, Turtle, you and your pretty yellow stripes."

She laughed softly and straightened up as a sudden coolness breathed through the pines on the ridge above the house. Jane pushed the hair back from her damp forehead as she watched the firm dark line of front move across the sky. She breathed deeply of the cool air. As she walked slowly toward the porch a feeling of exhilaration filled her so that she forgot to notice the dry and dusty grass of the earth beneath her feet.

"Autumn is not far away," she sighed, watching the vermilion underleaves of the sassafras flap gently in the breeze.

The frenzied yelping of a surprised hound neared the house. The snapping of twigs and dead weeds meant that something was prey to the hound's sensitive nose. Jane stepped up onto the porch and listened. She heard the sharp crack of the twenty-two. Another. And another. Then silence.

"Hey, Jane!" Jim called as he came tramping around the house, "I got a copperhead! Come and look!"

The Midway

Ray Stewart

IT WAS a welcome rest to sink onto the low, white stools of the large concession stand at the triple intersection of Georgetown Road, 16th Street, and Crawfordsville Road. This was the first stand on the midway, and a soft drink quickly drove away the thirst that we had acquired by going both ways along the line of stands on the south side of 16th Street. The night was hot and humid, but we could not be particular about the weather or the night, for the midway lives only one night—the eve of the 500 Mile Race Classic. And the thrill and excitement of the eventful period is well worth the sleep that is lost during this brief period.

I swung around on the stool. I could see the length of the midway, its lights blazing and floating against the deep blue, midnight summer sky. The loud-speakers of the various booths bawled out their endless, profiteering messages, and those without human voices emitted music—good and bad. The spacious open front of the Speedway Drive-Inn was pared to two narrow openings for automobiles by a boisterous revival truck, four small souvenir booths, and a concession stand. Out of these two openings trickled a two-way line of hungry drivers and passengers, and of “full” drivers and passengers. The front of the American Art Clay factory was likewise hidden from view by the “win-a-prize” stands—basketball throwing, ring tossing, baseball throwing, dart throwing, penny tossing. In front of the whitewashed, cement-block 16th Street Midget Speedway were located the “free-display” trucks. Each of these displays has a strategically placed “contribution” box at its exit. Beyond this point were to be seen only an orderly group of parked cars and a likewise orderly and endless column of cars lined up to enter the enclosure of the 500 Mile Race Track at the sound of the cannon at five o'clock in the morning.

There was a strangeness in the bobbing, dancing, swaying sea of people. Their heads seemed to float apart from their bodies, and seemed to be far, far away. They were talking, but were making no understandable comments, while their bodies were walking nowhere.

We rose and started back again along the street, absorbing the excitement in our small city, spending the money saved for this habitual occurrence, and passing the slowly waning time until the start of the unique, annual 500 Mile Race—and the finish of the midway.

THE SILENT SAILS

Louis J. Foerderer

Calm mistress, ravishing by night,
 With heaving breast in emerald gown,
 With iridescent ringlets crowned,
 And silver spangles gathered round ;
 With mists that hypnotise to dreams
 You carry on in silent gales
 To harbors past the depths of night ;
 Where She in jealousy breathes deep
 To break the spell—Diana's passed.
 Calm mistress, ravaged by the night,
 Awake, the dawning bares that breast,
 The masted gooney takes his flight,
 Gaunt ribs their turn take on the crest,
 And empty, restless, rent sails slap,
 The day is come. The gale is spent.

FRESHMAN SECTION

THE HEAVENS

Peggy Edwards

Now the mighty hunter, Orion,
Stalks his quarry to the far horizon
And in the calm southeastern sky
Ringed Saturn meets the eye ;
Ursa Major, the great bear,
Lies on his back and paws the air.
While Cassiopea, in her chair,
Greets the evening star so fair.
Warlike, blood-red warrior Mars
Shines among the blinking stars,
Staring balefully at the night
Of great Lord Jupiter, burning bright.
The starry dragon, bull, and swan
Glisten gaily till night is gone
When sun, the mightiest star, appears
Lighting the eternal years.

The Army Caste System

Harold V. Selley

THE greatest personnel problem of the United States Army today is the obvious class distinction between the officers and the enlisted men. Many officers will not admit that the situation exists ; but enlisted men and officers who were previously enlisted men readily admit it and think that it is a vital issue. Regardless of these divergent opinions, the facts of the matter still remain.

The enlisted man lives in quarters which usually provide inadequate room and contain drab and uncomfortable furnishings ; the

officer lives in a private or semi-private room with comfortable furnishings. The enlisted man waits in line for his meals, and then eats poorly prepared food in a crowded mess hall; the officer dines in a private mess hall, often with menus and a choice of selected foods. The enlisted man is subject to a continual cycle of extra labor details; the officer is subject to those only of command functions. The enlisted man often finds he is restricted to the post for no apparent reason; the officer is allowed comparatively complete freedom.

In addition to these outward differences, and oftentimes as a direct result of them, a more important and dangerous problem develops. Officers, particularly the younger ones, tend to assume an attitude of superiority, so that the thoughts and opinions of the enlisted man are disregarded. In turn, the enlisted man feels hurt and resentful. He would like to voice his opinions, but he does not dare. He would like to be recognized as a human being with equality, not regarded as a lowly peon.

Some of the soldiers, especially the draftees, have better educations and higher ideals than the officers do; but they are still considered as inferiors. If the foregoing are not examples of class distinction, then the caste system is a mythical institution.

If we conclude that the class distinction exists in the Army today, consideration must be given to the officers who are imbued with the attitude of superiority. Since the officers who were previously enlisted men have opinions similar to those of the enlisted man, it is apparent that the fault lies with the majority of the officers who are commissioned directly in the Army from a training program. Let us investigate one of these programs:

Units of Reserve Officers Training Corps are set up on college campuses throughout the United States. They afford the individual a chance to further his education, along with the officer training program. The student learns basic military principles, such as drill, weapon firing, and military tactics; but during this training he is in a civilian status and is not a soldier confined to an Army post. Upon completion of his schooling, he enters the Army with a direct commission. He is now an officer with authority and privilege. Consequently he lacks something important. He has not experienced the problems of an enlisted man. He does not know what it is to be ordered to dig a hole six feet deep, to peel potatoes in a mess hall, to go through harassment from officers, and to retire at night in a crowded barracks. Therefore, it is a rare officer of this group who understands the problems of the enlisted man.

I am not condemning the R. O. T. C. program, for I thoroughly believe that it helps to make capable officers of higher intelligence. However, I do not believe that the individual student should be commissioned directly upon completion of school. Instead, I believe that

he should attend an indoctrination course after his R. O. T. C. training. This course should be designed as a basic course, patterned after those attended by enlisted men. It should compel the future officer to serve a period as a private and perform the duties and live in the surroundings of a private. Then, after completing the indoctrination course, he should receive his commission. In this manner, he would be a better qualified and prepared officer—one who would understand his men and probably be highly respected by them.

The Trio of Diminutive Porkers

Alan L. Taylor

THERE ONCE was an elderly female hog who was perceived to have a litter composed of a trio of diminutive porkers. This matron, of whom we speak, had not the sufficient amount of funds to retain them at her lodging, so she dispatched them to go in quest of their opulence. The foremost that advanced came in contact with a personage who was transporting a parcel of thrashed culm. Being an anthropomorphist, the infantine expostulated:

“Kind sir, pray relinquish your encumbrance so that I may construct for myself a domicile.”

The individual with the culm was overjoyed at this solicitation by the junior Marco Polo, and readily relieved himself of the burdensome article. The fugitive from the dinner table then proceeded upon his undertaking, and in less time than it takes to work a trigonometric function, completed his abode.

Pending this interim, the secondary wayfarer encountered a representative of the male species who presented the appearance of being fatigued from his drudgery of conveying a freightage of processed timber. Also exhibiting the characteristics of anthropomorphism, the relative of the proprietor of the culm habitat supplicated:

“Do me the favor of tendering me your impediment so that I may be at liberty to fabricate myself a place of residence.”

Wholeheartedly subscribing to this proposition, the humane individual supplied the porker the necessary material to consummate his acknowledged laborious chore.

Not many measuring units away from this scene, the terminate of the trio was proceeding upon a discourse with an artificer shouldering a hod containing rectangles of fired earth.

“How’s about youse givin’ me them bricks to build me a house with.” (Our third constituent was not possessed of the adroitness of higher cultivated intellectual faculties which his kinsmen boasted.)

Acquiring that which was proffered, the unlettered element of the Suidae family set about the task of erecting a shelter for his private use.

Following a period of amicable, harmonious existence in their woodland grove, the trio was threatened by an imposing, pernicious *Canis occidentalis* which instituted an exploitation of the surrounding weald, but soon penetrated the hinterland.

By and by this carnivorous quadruped encroached upon the domain of the culm abode and challenged:

"Minute porker, minute porker, suffer me to penetrate through your portal, or I will be vindicated to direct a current of air upon your upright planes; and by such spontaneous process, I will have the occasion of utilizing you to satiate my palate."

Hearkening to a negative retort, he executed his declaration, but ascertained that his anticipated repast had departed to the residence of compiled processed timber.

Pursuing an inprominent route, our rapacious villain fell upon the residence of the intermediate feast and reiterated his monologue to which there were two negative responses. Becoming infuriated, he proceeded to introduce this construction to the fate of the previous. At the termination of his transcendent production, he scrutinized the remnants, but discerned that the pair had formulated a determinative retreat to the shelter of the remaining householder. Apprehending this elusive stratagem, the twice outwitted bestial traced his antagonists to their station of final defense.

Without an utterance of admonition, he besieged the fortress with all the tempestuous flurry he could emit from the ramifications of his trachea. However prolonged, it was incompetent to conclude his onslaught against the lasting durability of the construction.

Accordingly, he surmounted the dwelling, advanced down the chimney, and gravitated into a container of liquid which had attained 212° Farenheit. The trio of victorious consanguinity consumed the remains and subsisted auspiciously.

MMMM! It Smells Like Fall

Kay Moore

WHEREVER I go, indoors or out, the pungent odors of these November days come to meet me, as a constant reminder that winter is coming. The crisp, tingling air nips at my nose as I trudge to school each morning; and not a day passes that I am not met and nearly suffocated by the thick grey smoke that rolls off burning leaves, city ordinance or no city ordinance. But fall would not be complete without these associations, good or bad.

There is something exciting about all of these fall odors. When I get out of the car and open the garage door, an especially tantalizing fragrance wafts out, assuring me that Mother has not forgotten to lay in our supply of winter apples. I saunter across the yard, sampling

one, and open the back door. Again a familiar, sweet, tart aroma meets my nose head on. Mom is just making jelly, and I know that again this year our breakfast toast will be spiced with our favorite spread.

With the first cold days comes the exciting scent of wood smoke from our open fire, and I think "It's time for our annual taffy pull." One day, as I walk upstairs another altogether different fall smell penetrates my nostrils. It is the acrid vapor of moth crystals from the clothing recently taken from summer storage; and I think with a pleasurable shiver that winter is almost here.

Although every season brings its peculiar odors, some way or another, the ones that come with autumn seem most stimulating. Maybe it is the exhilarating, tangy coolness in the air or maybe it is that, as far back as I can remember, it means that Christmas is on the way, with all its excitement, joy, and lovely sentiment. Whatever it is, fall reigns again, and I love it.

My Favorite Person

Betsy Ross

MY favorite person is the dentist. This statement may seem strange, for I realize that the supposed sadistic tendencies of dentists are well known. I, however, count the hours till that glorious day when I go to him. I admire his office, his tools, his methods, and his ability.

Settling down comfortably in a straight-back chair in the dentist's spacious, six-by-nine waiting room, I begin thumbing his magazines. These are highly instructive, for through visual aid I learn more about the mode of living and the styles of the early nineteen hundreds. To encourage this educational pastime, the dentist allows me to spend a good part of the day looking at the magazines.

Proceeding to the inner confines of the office, I am given the privilege of exercising my dormant muscles by climbing up into the chair. After inquiring about such world-shaking matters as the weather, the deft oral genius inserts an attractive foot-long hypodermic needle into my gum, saying pleasantly but erroneously that I will not feel it. With the gentle, soothing sound of a B-29, his drill then cuts away my tooth; meanwhile, my whole body is vibrating rhythmically. This process goes on endlessly, punctuated only by the strangling spray of pink liquid which he administers.

Finally, my mouth a size bigger than before, I leave my favorite person's office, but not until I make an appointment for my next visit. Yes, he, the admirable explorer, has found another cavity.

An Autumn Morning

Don Haymaker

A GLANCE across the vast open fields reveals a rose-colored haze which seems to be suspended over a glistening sheet of frost. Every fence rail, every leaf, each single blade of grass, and even the wisps of tumble-weed lie painted with the shimmering crystals of frozen dew.

Between the fence rails nearby, hangs a spider web; its glowing branches seem to make a small crown, sparkling with bright stones. The stillness is broken only by the sounds of the small creatures as they awaken. The birds begin to chirp, and chattering squirrels run through the trees across the road.

Suddenly, without warning, rays of brilliant red-orange burst through the silky haze and light the bright colors in the tops of the tallest trees. Rising slowly above the horizon, the sun spreads its warming rays over the earth, making the frost disappear from the fodder shocks and pumpkins in the cornfield. Far away the crow of a rooster is heard, and the morning awaits the wakening world.

Kip

Carol Manwaring

THE clatter and clank of tray carts in the hall recalled to Kip another clash, sounding like all the Lord's judgment, that had sucked him into oblivion. An equine nurse, as unyielding in appearance as her stiffly starched uniform, crackled toward the bed. It was then, when Kip reached out eagerly for the tray, that he realized both arms were gone. His left shoulder articulated with empty space; his right elbow sought in vain for something to clutch to the upper arm bosom. The trolley that had lunged upon this four-year-old and his tricycle had put an end to the closest existing cooperation—that of the human machine. Still, being only four years old, Kip did not contemplate the difficulties that would soon face him. In that narrow room on that skimpy bed, Kip had, of course, shed tears—not tears of remorse or realization but tears of immediate pain. He had no life ambition to be a pianist or even a baseball pitcher. His only regret was that he could not be an efficient garbage collector.

Kip's mother was a sympathetic person, unfortunately for him. She felt that it was her duty to patronize, amuse, and protect her son. She cautiously excluded all former playmates from his life, afraid of their childish cruelty. She restricted her son's more violent activities, though the irrepressible Kip still slid down the banister at opportune moments. After long continuance of this practice, the little

fellow became passive and insipid, dogmatically accepting service and morbidly accepting inactivity. Then, fortunately, Kip contracted the measles—fortunately because a wise family doctor diagnosed also the disease of dissatisfaction. He stressed the importance of Kip's independence and personal pride to his mother, who unwillingly responded. When she asked Kip to hang up his jacket, her attitude was on the road to normality.

Doctor Pearson also convinced Kip's mother that Kip should attend a public school rather than the SunShine School for the Handicapped where he was enrolled. She promised to allow him to try it for a semester.

Hurrying home from "Old P. S. 28" in the first heavy snow of the season, he tried to ignore the squeak of several pairs of foreign galoshes behind him. When the icy needles of a snow ball pelted his cheek and bellows of "Hey Hooks!" pelted his dignity, he could ignore them no further. Stepping back and swinging wide with the hook appliance on his left arm, he downed one abuser into a snowdrift. After retrieving their comrade, the awe-stricken lads suggested true negotiations over a chocolate soda. Eventually, Kip graduated from P. S. 28.

In high school Kip was outstanding. He was president of the student council, a member of the dramatic club, editor of the school newspaper, and salutatorian of his class. However, he still had never begun to date. Girls just did not want to be seen with an armless cripple. At least, that was Kip's opinion, and so none of them were asked to undergo the experience.

The only girl he had ever dated was Myra, and she was the only girl he was ever to date. She was no beauty. Her finer points were short-cropped auburn hair and eyes "that had little candles in them" according to Kip. She was not simperingly sympathetic; she honestly felt romantic about Kip. After a courtship of five years, they were married. The groom did not drop the ring.

* * * * *

The man behind the massive desk took one look at the pig skin gloves and waggled his head. "Sorry, no positions at all."

He was embarrassed. Kip was amused. He was also disappointed, but had no dreams of selling pencils at street corners. He had Myra, and he had his dignity.

Finally, he managed to get a job on a local newspaper. After a while, he had made a name for himself, but not enough money to support his family.

At last he found refuge in the field of his own disability—and ability. Today he is the executive vice-president of the largest artificial limb company in the world. These are good times for Kip and Myra. Some people call Kip a worker of miracles; some, a hero. I? I call him "Dad."

A Perpetual Problem

William Gaines

RISING every morning is the most unpleasant and universal task of man. Every day he must go through the evolution of getting from his bed to the breakfast table. A restful sleep can make death seem inviting. However, the rising can be hurried by matters of importance to life itself. The most noted of my accomplishments has been getting up at the proper time every morning for three months, without the aid of an alarm clock or roommate. This can be done either by the use of an iron-bound constitution, or by exactness in process. I have found the latter necessary.

In order to succeed in handling this problem as I have, first choose a room with an east window. Make sure that your bed is in a position to allow the sun to shine in your eyes. When the sun bludgeons you into consciousness, instantaneously leap from the bed. Carry your coverings with you in a sweeping display of motion and gravity. Dash across the room, being careful not to lose any of your original speed. Through a haze of stagnant, left-over sleep, peer at your watch, which is lying on the desk. Upon discovering that you rose an hour early, crawl back across the room to your haven, dragging your covers behind you. This can be done in the impressive mood of a whipped dog. Repeat the technique at least four times in the following one-half hour. For the remainder of the time, lie in bed with the watch in your hand and one eye opening to scrutinize it at regular intervals. This process will work only in the case of keeping a job or losing it.

If your purpose in rising is of a minor nature, such as an eight-o'clock class, drastic methods need not be employed. Simply lie like a hunk of peat moss, ignorant of repeated threatening calls. This paradise may be terminated by the impact of a body hitting the floor, or the impolite slap of a wet rag. Upon the occurrence of such unforeseen events, swear a vile oath reserved for such occasions. Merely pretend to get up. Periodically, sneak back under the covers. Because of the knowledge that to be caught would be to become involved in a rather messy case of homicide, you may find this method not too satisfactory.

The future of getting up is certain. Until a method of eliminating sleep is discovered, man will continue to have the same problems with arising. So, until that time, the writer will very happily just lie in bed and enjoy his sleep.

The Doorway to Freedom

Jean Jose

THE pre-dawn fog enveloped the solitary figure who walked aimlessly along the streets of the sleeping city. She seemed to have traveled a great distance but without an exact destination. Her hair, showing the effects of the dampness, hung loosely around her shoulders; her green coat was pulled closely around her in an attempt to ward off the sharp coldness of the early morning air.

In the mind of this girl a mental struggle which far outweighed any physical one in severity and endurance was determining the course of her life. There were moments in this struggle when the mind was deliberately plotting its own destruction by unbalanced and hasty thinking. Again and again she went over the incident that had happened but a few hours before. Each time she did, the same question plagued her. "How could I have killed her? My best friend, and I have killed her!"

* * *

Barbara and Janet had grown up together, and each was more like a sister to the other than a friend. What one had the other always shared. Their names were constantly linked together; it was an established custom. They had gone through grade school and high school together, and in the spring they were graduating from State University.

This particular weekend they had gone to Springville to visit their friend Kathryn Gray. As they approached the city on the return trip, it was late and Barbara was beginning to feel the effects of the long drive. A dense fog, which had risen during the last few miles, made the driving a slow, nerve-racking procedure.

"Thank heaven, we are almost home; it's 1:00 a. m. I didn't think we would ever make it when this fog came up. I'm so tired I could sleep forever," said Janet as she wearily attempted to maneuver into a more comfortable position.

"You and me both. It will take at least a week to recover from this weekend," replied Barbara.

"Oh, I have to get up so early tomorrow. What a life. You know, I think—Barb! That car—look out!"

The side street was well hidden by the fog, and it was not until the blur of the other car's lights loomed within a few yards of them that Barbara saw it. When she did see the car pull out into the road, a turmoil of thoughts raced through her mind. She must put the brakes on, swerve, or do anything to get out of the way. She must put on the brake! If she swerved, they might miss the other car. She had to move, but she could not. She sat as if frozen to the spot; her hands and feet refused to move. They were upon the intruder, and with a sickening crash the two collided.

Barbara stared, unable to comprehend what had happened. The nervous tension built up before the crash had left; her heart was now beating rapidly, and she trembled from the jolting release of tension that the impact had brought. With horror she saw Janet slumped in the corner of the seat. Her friend lay very still, a deep gash on her forehead bleeding profusely. A strange feeling came over her as she looked at Janet lying so still. She wanted to scream but no sound would come from her lips. Shocked beyond all sensible reasoning, Barbara wanted to run as far and as fast as she could. The car had become a prison and she the prisoner. She had to escape.

She did escape. She ran until she thought her lungs would burst, and even then she could not stop. Walking, running, stumbling through countless streets and down endless sidewalks, all she could see was Janet slumped in the seat of the car. Her mind kept up the incessant questioning. "Why didn't I stop? Plenty of time. Now Janet is dead. I have killed her; I did it—I killed her! Janet dead. Why not me?"

During the early morning hours, Barbara found herself amidst the tracks and signals of the railroad terminal. Even here a deathly silence reigned. Barbara sat down on a make-shift bench and relived the terrible catastrophe over and over. The night was vanishing with the coming of the dawn, but the memory of it would never vanish.

"How can I go back to the life we knew together? I can't. I killed her. Nothing will ever be the same. What can I do? Oh, why didn't I stop! How could I have killed someone I loved so much?"

Barbara looked around her, seeing objects she had never noticed before. The faint rays of the sun in the east glowed more majestically than she had ever known them to, and they promised a bright and shining day. The city, so large and wondrously quiet, seemed to radiate peace throughout her soul and mind. She had found something that now ran through her entire being, giving her assurance and wiping away the many obstacles in her mind. For the first time, she felt close to God as an important part of His great creation, the world. She was seeing differently, and feeling an enveloping warmth that she was unable to explain. It was as if someone had opened a door to her which had locked away all the beauty and serenity of life, and she had been set free from her doubts and ignorance of life. The value of living overcame her with a mysterious rapturous feeling.

The city started stretching and yawning as Barbara rose and began her walk back to the heart of the city. A few people were already preparing for the day ahead. A sleepy milkman went from door to door obviously rattling his bottles as loudly as possible in an attempt to awaken his more fortunate customers. As Barbara passed a corner drugstore, a truck pulled up to the curb; and a bundle of the first edition of the morning paper was thrown to the sidewalk. She picked up one of the papers and glanced over the front page. Holding a prominent position was the story of an automobile accident in which a mys-

tery driver had vanished from the scene and had not been located. The story also related that the passenger in the mystery driver's car had been taken to the hospital to be treated for minor head injuries. Barbara tucked the paper snugly under her arm as though it were the most precious thing she owned and started quickly for the hospital.

The figure that ascended the steps of City Hospital early that morning exhibited a glow that seemed to spread to everyone around her. She had found a doorway to freedom.

The Autumn of Shame

Gundars Grislitis

THE second World War was at its hottest point in Europe. The western front was slowly moving toward the boundaries of Germany; Belgium, the Netherlands, and France were already free from the Nazis' forces. On the southern front the American troops were marching toward Rome, the capital city of Italy, but the heaviest action was on the eastern front. The Russian army, armed mostly with American equipment, pushed the Germans back from Leningrad in the north, from Minsk in the middle section, and from Kiev and Odessa in the southern part. By the autumn of 1944 the Russian troops had crossed the eastern boundary of Latvia and, as there was little or no resistance at all by the Germans, moved on rapidly, leaving no hopes for the Latvian people. By the end of September, Riga, the capital city of Latvia and one of the old cities of Hanza, was in the hands of the Reds; and a few weeks later their forces stood only two miles east of Priekule, the city where I was born and spent my childhood.

It was the morning of October 13, 1944. The first gleam of the rising sun was just appearing over the roofs of the houses; the autumn wind, not strong, but cold enough, was rushing through the streets; the air was still wet and cold. But what was unusual was the monotonous noise of cannons and guns shooting, and bombs exploding. We turned on the radio. The only one of the four Latvian broadcasting stations still in the German hands was just playing the hated "Deutschland, Deutschland über alles" and praising Adolf Hitler and his Wehrmacht. But we did not believe them. The cannons, coming nearer and nearer, the airplanes, both the Russian and the German Luftwaffe, told us undoubtedly the real situation. All of a sudden the streets were crowded with people—men and women running, carrying boxes and sacks, soldiers, tired, hungry, and hopeless, walking slowly, their guns unloaded, their uniforms half gone. Horse-pulled wagons rolled through and from the city like an endless stream—farmers with sacks of grain in their wagons, cattle and horses tied to the corners of their wagons; there were also the city

people who had to leave almost everything they had. A box or two was all that they could carry with them. Everything else had to be left, everything that was the result of hard labor, saving, and hardship through years and years. It seemed that not even the slightest hope was left, but there *was* something . . . something that was hard or even impossible to define. It seemed that somebody was saying: "You have to return! It can't last forever! Don't worry!" Who was that? Was that just imagination, nonsense, or even stupidity, or a wish that never would come true? Maybe it was hope; just a slight bit of it, though sincere and true . . .

We had to leave. Forever? Nobody was able to answer that, but all of us had a hope. And hope is a thing men really need. What would life be without a bit of hope? A dark past, a darker present and an even darker future. And by that time our future was really dark. What was going to happen? We did not know. All we knew was that we had to go. And so we did. A week before, we had already packed some of the boxes we thought we were going to take with us. All that we had to do now was to take them out and put them into the wagon. The sun was bright and warm, the wind had slowed down, and there was a smell of something fresh and spring-like when we were ready to go. Once more we walked through the house; once more I sat down on the sofa and turned the pages of a book that I bought just a day before. My father took the mandolin and played a folk song. Maybe it was the last time he would play, we thought, and we were right. With tears in our eyes, our voices broken, our chests breathless, we took off. We did not look back; we almost did not see the endless stream of wagons, cars, and other vehicles; we almost did not hear the cannon, the bombing. There was just one thought in our minds: we have to part. And that was all . . .

And now, as I turn back and look over those days, my eyes are filled with tears. The autumn of shame—October, 1944—will never be cast out of my mind. I have learned during these eight years I have been out of my country in exile to glorify and to praise the name of Latvia. As an American is proud to be an American and a Frenchman is proud to be a Frenchman, I am proud to be a Latvian. I am proud to be what I am. And I have also learned in these years that there is not a place except one's native country where one can be really happy and say: "Now everything is all right. I am satisfied." No, these words. And I hope, sincerely and truly, that the day will come when I will be able to go back to a free and independent Latvia. But I do not merely hope; I am almost sure that the day will come. But until that day I have to keep close in my heart that autumn of shame that—I hope—will never be repeated. *Ubi patria, ibi bene.*

To Grow Is To Change

Duane S. Fleener

As a child becomes an adult, many ideas, habits, and prejudices plant and expand themselves in a new way in his mind. Any school of thought that does not grow with the changes of our time becomes stagnant, for to grow is to change. Isolationism, for example, is such a school of thought. It seems to be far behind our transportation system, which takes us to all parts of the world in the course of a few hours. A person who restrains himself from growing with the times soon becomes disillusioned and misinformed because he closes his mind to progressive ideas or because he fails to interpret these ideas against the background of changing times. This disregard for progress can be illustrated by the Chinese religion of ancestral worship: anything that was good enough for father is good enough for son. The Chinese failed to understand that new ideas and new methods would make for them a better country and that these new ways would not bring them fear and evil. This theory of ancestral worship, not confined to the Chinese, takes all the ambition, the zeal and the initiative from our lives. To be able to grow we must realize and accept new mores, better ways to govern ourselves, new scientific developments, and progressive ideas for the social improvement of our world. In accepting these betterments for society we stop stagnation, we grow in harmony with the times, and we promote ourselves to a better nation and a better world.

The Answer

Nancy Niblack

THE neat white envelope addressed in the equally neat handwriting had lain untouched all day on the top of a pile of assorted bills, circulars, and letters. Ever since the mailman had delivered the letter, it had not been disturbed; and as the clock struck three, its contents were still locked in the sealed envelope.

It was not destined, however, to long remain unopened; for the Virginia Hansen to whom it was addressed discovered it on the top of the pile of mail and excitedly slit it open.

Eagerly she took in the meaning of the note: "Q.T. Club of Lincoln High School requests the presence of Miss Virginia Hansen at its formal spring rush next Sunday at 5555 Morningview Drive. RSVP, Patty Nelson."

Carelessly letting the letter drop to the floor, she ran to the phone and dialed with the letter opener. As soon as she heard the answering

click, she began to speak excitedly. "Hello. Jane? I got it. Did you? Wonderful. We'll go together. But whatever shall I wear? Oh. Yes. I'll wear my blue velvet, a blue hat and gloves, and my new blue heels. Call me tonight. Bye!"

She replaced the receiver and waltzed around the room, humming happily to herself. Life was beautiful. Her twirling feet stepped on something, and she realized it was the invitation. She stopped to pick it up and ran up the stairs two at a time to re-read it in her own room. Lying on her flowered bedspread, Virginia read the note again and then a third time. She smiled happily at the ceiling, and let her mind paint pictures. She could still hardly believe that she had been invited to the rush party of the "best" club at Lincoln. She, Virginia Hansen, "the brain." How she had secretly envied the girls with those heart-shaped pins and how she had longed to say she was a member. She imagined herself a pledge wearing the long purple socks and white pantaloons which marked a new member of the organization. She would not be ashamed of anything she had to do if only she could be a member. Suddenly she sat straight up in bed. Would they want her?

She jumped up and ran to survey herself in the full length mirror on her closet door. "They won't want me," she sadly told her reflection. "Just look at me. Straight hair, too tall, plain face. And I'm always tongue-tied. But I can try."

The next few days at school flew by for Virginia. Trying to remain casual and even uninterested about the coming Q.T. party became a fascinating game for her. She discovered that many of the most popular girls in her class had been invited to the party, and she gloried in a kind of recognition she had never known before. She looked forward with excitement and anxiety to the day when she would meet the members of the Q.T. club.

The Friday before the rush seemed the high point of the week for Virginia. She had bumped into Pat Nelson, secretary of Q.T., in the hall; and Pat had smiled at her. Virginia was so excited that she could only manage to blurt out, rather too loudly, "Hi."

"Today is the day," Virginia thought as she awoke with a start Sunday morning. Wide awake, she threw back her covers, ran to the bedroom door, and stepped out into the world of bacon and eggs. As she crept down the stairs, she heard her parents' voices. They were evidently discussing the forthcoming rush party. She heard her mother say, "Well, it seems to me that it was about time they asked her to one of those club parties. I just can't understand why they wouldn't want a straight A student and editor of the class paper."

Virginia was unable to catch her father's reply, but her mother went on to say, "The girls seem to be very nice. That Patty Nelson's mother is in my bridge club." Virginia decided to interrupt them by making a grand entrance and demanding her breakfast.

When Jane's father drove by to take the girls to the party, Virginia was in high spirits. Both girls chattered about what to say, how to act, and when to leave. Virginia caught herself giggling too loudly and was surprised to realize how nervous she really was. "I've never been to a rush before. I wonder what it will be like," Virginia told Jane as they approached the big front door.

The two were greeted by a smiling line of Q.T.'s, formally dressed. Virginia tried to remember each name that was told her in the seemingly endless receiving line and found herself a little disgusted at the way her name was garbled after being repeated by fifteen people. "How stupid that all was," she thought.

She was surrounded by a group of the organization's members and led to a table of assorted cookies and nutmeats. She spied Pat Nelson, who made her way toward her and handed her a cup of green punch. Virginia was puzzled to notice that Pat looked right past her as she said, "Hello, Virginia. We're glad you could come. Let's go into the living room and meet the members of Q.T."

Soon they were floundering in an ocean of introductions. All Virginia became conscious of were smiles, of all types and descriptions: Pepsodent smiles, smiles with braces, smirks, grins, and one smile that reminded her of a dog growling. She laughed at her own thoughts.

The girls seated her on a large plush chair and began talking to her. As she glanced from one member of the talking circle to another, she thought, "They certainly are beautiful." One girl was describing her last night's date for Virginia's entertainment.

"I was out till 2:30 last night. I don't have any of my lessons, but I don't care. I'm going to flunk out anyhow. But I sure do have fun." She laughed, and the other girls joined in. Virginia laughed, but she wondered what was funny.

The conversation shifted to include the latest comedy playing at a neighborhood movie, a rake-over of the school faculty members, and finally dating again. Virginia found herself at a loss for words and wondered, "Don't they ever think of anything serious? I feel years older than they, and I'm actually a year younger. What are they trying to prove?"

The girls soon excused themselves and Virginia was left to amuse herself by melting the lump of sherbet left in her punch cup and watching her fellow rushees.

She noticed Alice O'Dell across the room, surrounded by a group of admiring Q.T.'s. She had moved from Alabama to Lincoln a few months before. Virginia could hear a few snatches of her soft drawl and musical laugh. She seemed to be enjoying herself.

Next to Alice were the Adams twins with their beautifully groomed blond hair and their matching green suits in perfect taste. Virginia looked down at her own simple blue dress, which had seemed

so appropriate, and it now seemed very plain. Suddenly she felt sick. "I should never have come," she thought. "They were crazy to invite me. I should have known that this whole thing would be a flop because *I'm* a flop. These girls have got looks, dates, and the ability to be charming. And what have I got? Just what have I got?" She wanted to run from the room. The scene began to whirl around her, and she felt like Alice in Wonderland falling down the rabbit's hole.

Then a thought struck her. "You haven't done your homework." Suddenly she knew the answer to all the questions in her mind, and the answer made her feel miles above the pretty faces about her. She wondered what they would reflect in thirty years. With a strange, confident smile, she picked up her gloves and beckoned to Jane.

* * *

Pat Nelson, secretary of Q.T., and rated number one on the male "hot canary" list, was having one of the hardest times in her seventeen year-old career on the social scene. Her pretty mouth was set in a pout and a piece of her hair kept falling in her eyes. "I don't care," she wailed. "We've got to take her. My mother made me rush her because her mother is a friend of Mom's. Now she's making me get her in Q.T."

Storms of angry protest arose from all sides. A statuesque blond with a poodle haircut, the president of Q.T., rose to say, "Well, I say to blackball her! She is an s-q-u-a-r-e. She doesn't even have a decent bank account or a car." Others mumbled assent to the blond's decree.

Tears welled up in Pat's blue eyes. "Please take her, girls. For me."

The president sighed. "All right. Let's take a vote. All in favor of admitting Virginia Hansen to membership say 'aye.'"

The membership unenthusiastically complied, and the still sniffing Pat was delegated to notify the new member of her honor. She consulted the register and dialed the number as the club went on with discussion of the rushees. In a short time Pat was back from making her phone call, with a puzzled expression on her face.

"That's funny," she said, looking at the president. "She says she won't join."

Coeducation Will Probably Never Be Co-

Paul C. Denny

THAT women do not have an equal position with men in educational circles and equal consideration in the curriculum of our colleges and universities, that women professors are far in the minority, that feminine leadership in coeducational life is usually subordinate to that of the men students, are obvious facts. But is the

field of education the only place where this is true? And is it, after all, so serious and deplorable a situation? Do the women themselves clamor as a united group for reform?

Let us consider other fields of achievement. Has a woman ever been president or chairman of the board of such corporations as General Motors, U. S. Steel, American T. and T.? In fact, has a woman ever tried to qualify for such a position? Are many women equipped by nature to stand up under the responsibilities and strain of competing in a man's world? True, in every generation, there will be a few women like Vivian Kellems of Stonington, Connecticut, who heads her own successful manufacturing company, who crusades against federal tax laws, lectures all over the country, and takes part in politics as successfully as any man. But women like Mrs. Kellems are unusual; and, significantly, although many members of her sex may admire her, even secretly envy her, how many of them are willing to give up the security and the pleasant prerogatives of the usual woman's life to battle the world as a man does?

Since the beginning of time, the variation between masculine and feminine psychology has existed, and it probably will exist until the end of time. Men have been scholars, warriors, leaders, protectors, and providers. Many of them have stood in the spotlight of success, praised and admired; but, just outside the rays of the spotlight, there has often been a woman who planned, inspired, and motivated this success and who was quite content to have achieved her goal by the devious and subtle means of feminine influence rather than by the bold, obvious attack which a man employs.

No, coeducation is not co-; but, until human nature itself changes, until women become less of women and more of men, until they, themselves, become dissatisfied with their place in the social system and rise in a united crusade to change it, education is likely to retain its masculine perspective, its masculine dominance.

A popular advertisement that often appears in magazines and papers states in various ingenious ways, "Never underestimate the power of a woman!" If women as a whole ever insisted upon true coeducation, such a thing would probably evolve. A woman might become president of Harvard or of the United States of America; a woman might head the Stock Exchange; a woman might lead the A. F. of L. or the C. I. O. But would women be happier? I do not think so. It is still, on the surface, a man's world. Let coeducation stay much as it is today, with its male presidents and football captains, its aura of masculine superiority. Let the few women who resent this find what happiness they can by attempting to meet men on their own terms; but let the rest of the world jog along as it has done for so long, skillfully and unobtrusively dominated by women who so often know by intuition what men can learn only by hard work and bitter experience.

The Old General Store

Anita Strahl

THOUGH I have not reached the age where reminiscence is a pastime, as I am only in my early twenties, I occasionally find my mind wandering back to my childhood. One of my most vivid recollections is the delight I experienced in visiting my uncle's old general store.

Once or twice a year, my family would take a trip to the southern part of Indiana to visit my relatives. Some people, without knowledge of it, might classify this area as the "sticks"; but the beautiful green hills, rolling sprouting fields, and bumpy dusty roads never failed to thrill me. After arriving at our destination and after participating in the customary salutations, I would immediately trudge to my uncle's store. The store was not like one that we would imagine today, as it was not squashed between two other buildings in a thriving metropolis, but was located all alone on a quiet, dusty road.

The store was always open, and a big friendly sign beckoned people welcome. The building was not large, and a chalky gray paint covered the loose boards. A large piece of wood adorned the front and towered above the rest of the tiny business place; I have since learned that such an illusion of height is termed a "false front." However I always had a firm belief that a strong wind could be the destruction of the building, with the help of the loose boards and the misleading front-piece. However, every year it remained standing, as if a million years had passed, forgetting to take their toll on the building; perhaps the paint would be a little more chalky, and the structure a little more stooped, but the store refused to change.

Upon entering the store, I found it necessary to mount large creaking wooden steps, obviously not intended for children's short legs. The door would squeak open, and I had to adjust my eyes to see the interior of the store.

At first glance a person might be depressed at the dark floors and walls and poor lighting, but the smell of recently polished leather mingled with a slight scent of sweets and drugs, enticed one to take another glance.

On one side of the room, rows of shining farm equipment, painted red and yellow, were placed carefully; and on the other side were racks of polished brown and black harnesses adorned with bright copper buttons. At the end of the room, rows of mysteriously shaped and colored bottles could be distinguished. Some of the bottles contained liquid, while others contained pills and capsules; the strange names, labeled in neat white stickers across the front of each bottle, were a cause for my childish wonderment.

An old glass case in front of the medicines gave forth a sweet yet spicy smell. This case contained almost all of the many assortments of candies, mints, and gums which my uncle sold. On top of the case stood a large jar, the largest I have ever seen, completely filled with long, black, twisted licorice.

A little old pot-bellied stove, with a crooked stove pipe, was placed at a most inconvenient angle; it was not at the end, or at the side, but rose out of the middle of the floor to dominate the store.

An old worn rocking chair, tilted at a dangerous angle near the stove, made one believe that the two had stood many long years together.

After I had examined each item in the store, my uncle would give me a brown bag, full of my favorite candy, to make the long trip home more pleasant for me.

It is hard to explain how an old country store can hold a child in fascination. Then, I believed that the gift of the candy was responsible for my feelings, but I have since realized that the old general store represented the quiet dignity, and mellowness of age, that I have seldom found in the world in which I have grown up.

Environment

Roland W. Becker

THERE is a room. The walls of this room are of varied shades of blue. Heavy red drapes hang over the windows as if to shut the brightness of day from its occupants for fear of disturbing their tranquillity. The contents of the room are numerous. Two desks, a tennis racket, a baker's dozen pairs of shoes, a double deck bed, two chests of drawers, a radio, an overfilled wastepaper basket, towels and facecloths on their rack, half-used packets of matches, piles of phonograph records, a stuffed loon, and a partially opened closet door are just a few of the items that give the room a well lived in look. The only noise that penetrates the room is the measured ticking of an alarm clock. The hands of the clock point to seven when the shrill ringing of the alarm breaks the spaced beat of its power system. It is a new day, and the two occupants of the room proceed to make ready for the various activities that are to come.

One might wonder how a person could possibly say that he was, is, or will be influenced by a room. Do not misunderstand. It is not the same room for everyone. A million dollar mansion, a "buddy" foxhole, a four room bungalow, or one room in a fraternity house—each is of important influence to someone. It is within one's dwelling place that dreams are born, decisions are made, and future plans are devised. One relaxes from the rapid pace of outside activity, and

soon the atmosphere of his resting place replaces the indecisions of hurried thinking with a deep feeling of confidence and the ability to think a problem out with the least degree of rashness possible. One has a feeling of belonging which adds much to his ability to be happy. The room is a friend that will lend warmth in time of distress and will serve as a conscience that will not allow irrational thinking. It is a dependent that keeps one constantly reminded of his obligations. The room is the environment that partially decides an individual's character. The room is home.

A City

Janet Johnson

LIFE is a pattern of growth and development, and to grow is to change. If we look back upon a city a hundred years ago, we would not recognize it as it is today. What was once a small, peaceful town with a few houses scattered over the countryside is now a large, noisy, crowded metropolis throbbing with life. Where farm lands once lay are factories with hundreds of busy employees coming and going each day. The people of a hundred years ago were different from those of our busy city. Their interests, hopes, and aspirations, motivated by life in the big town, have changed. Looking back, we can easily see the progress the city has made. The change from town to metropolis did not happen by chance or, by a stroke of luck, but by steady growth and development. Each new invention and discovery added to what soon became an industrial city, a symbol of youth, growing and changing.

TV

Harold Hilt

Turn on the set and tune in channel four,

Now just what could be causing that awful glare?
Maybe it will help if I close the door.

Ah, now to relax in that big easy chair.

Just when the hero is faced with an automatic

The picture looks like a modern art collection,
And all that I can hear is a lot of static.

The aerial must be turned in the wrong direction.

At last everything seems to be tuned in fine

Until I hear a noise like a dying rooster
And all that I can see is a wavy line.

I guess the trouble must be in the booster.

Just as I am about to become insane

And start to reduce the set to a pile of rubble,
I can hear the announcer saying very plain

"One moment please, we are having network trouble."