

little houses and cottages of Harlech village. Cobble-stone streets wended their way to every shop and dwelling. I could see a steep-rock-strewn path ascending to the small level plateau on which the castle stood. As I gazed upon its sturdy weather-beaten walls, I could see the centuries in its face like ferns in a fossil. Within these battlements the memories of ages brooded. I suddenly noticed that the train was moving rapidly away from the station so I strained to catch a last glimpse of the castle through the window. I realized that there was an edifice that had stood for ages and would continue to last for centuries to come.

The Caucus System at Butler

Ruth Anne Clark

THE history of the United States has been one of constant struggles for freedom. At last we have achieved a state in which democracy and liberty prevail; now the students of Butler University are willingly conceding one of their basic rights for what they consider to be material gain. The right to make one's own decisions and freely speak one's mind on a subject has been subordinated to the caucus system here at Butler. The various honors are distributed among the members of certain sororities and fraternities, either by a method of rotation or by an even more shocking operation—that of pulling names out of a hat. This means that, since the presidency of the senior class is doled out to just one organization, the candidate may be chosen from as few as ten persons. The question of whether he is as well qualified for the position as another student is of no consequence; the caucus marches on.

Even though pupils receiving honors under this system are sometimes qualified and deserving, this oligarchy has a demoralizing effect on school spirit. This is a result of the fact that only a few organized groups are invited to participate in this spoils system, and the other organizations and those who are unorganized are completely left out. Some evidence of the functioning of this political machine is noticeable in general school spirit. Supporting activities that are supposedly campus-wide loses some of its appeal when it is a predetermined fact that the candidate from one specified organization will be selected queen, merely because of her being affiliated with this particular organization. Many students who come to Butler as potential leaders are never given an opportunity to prove their worth; even though some are strong enough to become leaders in a few activities, they realize that the door to higher honors is shut in their faces if they do not join a certain select group. Surely conditions such as these are not conducive to co-operation, and the school as a whole suffers. It suffers not only from the loss of qualified people who do not become leaders, but also from the passive attitude these students assume toward activities on the campus.

It is evident that something must be done to correct this situation. Perhaps conditions will improve with the completion of the new women's residence hall, which, combined with the men's dormitory, should give strength to the unorganized students on campus. However, I feel that the student body of Butler University should not wait for time and progress to bring about the inevitable deterioration of the caucus system; there should be enough feeling of pride in the school and desire for a united student body that the students themselves should take the initiative in destroying this undemocratic practice. One organization has taken the lead in this movement by withdrawing from the caucus; however, if the movement is to succeed, it must have the support of all the organizations on campus, as well as the support of each Butlerite as an individual. When the caucus system no longer exists on the Butler campus, the social and political life of this Midwestern university will once again move forward.

Allan

Lucia Walton

WHEN Allan Haywood first arrived at Stonycroft Camp two years ago, we of the staff had no idea what to do with him. We are all very dubious about the situation, since the camp was run for normal children and none of us had any contact with a totally deaf person. During the winter the boy attended a special Detroit school, but his parents wanted him to have an opportunity to associate with ordinary boys and girls. The arrangement was mutually experimental: Mr. and Mrs. Haywood wondered how the association would affect Allan, and we were curious about the effect it would have on the other campers. Allan looked like any eleven-year-old boy—wiry, with a sandy crew cut, narrow freckled face, and mischievous blue eyes. Only his gestures and facial expressions betrayed his congenital handicap. Though he could not talk and his education was on a second-grade level, the boy was amazingly quick to convey his ideas to other people and to understand theirs. At first we all felt as though we were playing a constant game of charades, but gradually everyone at camp found conversing with Allan far easier than one would think.

Allan never missed a thing; his eyes darted about perpetually as if trying to do the work of ears also. The campers found him so fascinating that he rapidly became one of the camp's most popular individuals. They loved to try out their gesticular skills on him, and he never tired of amusing them with the hilarious expressions of his remarkably mobile face. By watching the others' actions, Allan soon adapted to camp life and even had the boys at his table asking for food in sign language. Endowed with good intelligence, superb physical coordination, and a naturally happy disposition, he enthusiastically participated in all the camp activities, even dancing. Though