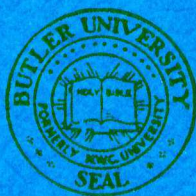


MS S



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Gentleman of Leisure

Jean F. Campbell

“I HAVE had a long life,” said the bear, brushing his matted plush coat with a frayed paw, “and I once knew great joy. But all that is lost now. The last half of my life has been miserable indeed.” He twisted his body to peer out of his remaining glass eye at the mouse, and, doing so, flopped over on his nose into a thick cobweb.

“You think it was miserable,” replied the mouse, poking at a fluff of cotton that fell out of the bear, “but let me tell you, Bub, you’ve had it easy. You never had to hunt for food in the snow, or run for your life from that slit-eyed monster cat who lives downstairs, or writhe in pain and die from eating poison wheat. Miserable, eh? Don’t make me laugh!”

The bear growled weakly at the fuzzy cobweb and, with super-human effort, rolled over onto his back. “You mice and your material needs! If that was all that concerned me, I would feel gay and young again. I don’t complain about you taking my stuffing, about having only one eye, cracked, at that, or about my shabby coat. I have known love.”

“Look, Bub,” the mouse said, eyeing the rip in the bear’s coat greedily, “you talk like a human. Everybody knows that love is just one of their silly myths.”

The bear looked at the mouse so scornfully that the rodent scooted away. The bear sighed and began to dream again of the golden past.

He woke up in Timmy’s soft, warm bed. Timmy stroked his face and whispered in his ear. “You know something, Bear? It’s my birthday today. We’ll have ice cream and cake and presents! You can help me blow out the candles. Three of them!”

Timmy was opening his presents. All the relatives were there. First there was a truck. Then a boat, and some building blocks. A box of crayons, and some clothes. Last of all, the big box from Grandmother. But the bear could feel himself growling. The gift was another bear, just a little bit bigger and fuzzier, with a richer brown coat and a ridiculous blue ribbon around his neck.

After the relatives had gone, Timmy’s friend, Roger, came over from next door. The two boys admired the truck, the boat and the blocks. Then Roger found the new bear.

“Teddy!” he squealed, and hugged the bear closely. The older bear gazed contemptuously from under the chair where he had been kicked. He had never had a name.

“That’s my new bear,” said Timmy. “We don’t have to bother with that old dirty one any more.”

“Let’s put him someplace where he won’t get in our way,” said Roger. The boys picked up the old bear and pushed him back into the darkness of Timmy’s closet.

There were many days after that in the dust curls behind the block box. The bear often heard Timmy talking to the new bear. At night he could hear the little boy crooning to him in bed, just as he used to do with the old bear.

One day there was great commotion in the house. Presently Timmy's mother opened the closet door. "Show Susie your blocks, Timmy," she said. "Remember, she's only two years old and we have to show her where the toys are."

Susie fingered a few blocks, then pulled the box out from the wall. "Oh!" the little girl squealed, "Bear! Bear!"

Her sticky hand pulled the bear into the light and he felt as if he would like to blink. She crushed him to her chest. He could not understand the strange words she used, except for the repeated cries of "Bear!" but the sound of her voice was beautiful. She pulled him up with her into a rocking chair and sang to him out of a tattered book. He could feel his cotton stuffing swell and fluff. He had almost forgotten what a beautiful, warm feeling it was.

But Susie was soon called away. She kissed the bear goodbye tenderly and laid him on the chair with a soft pat. The bear heard voices telling Susie and her mother goodbye, and then the front door slammed.

Timmy came into the play room. "Oh, that dumb old bear!" he cried. "Teddy and I don't want you around any more!" He pushed the bear back into the closet as far as he would go, beyond the block box, underneath the plastic garment bags that hung clear to the floor.

A long time later, Timmy's mother began taking clothes out of the bags and putting others in. The bear heard her say it was spring. The bags grew heavier and the bear was squashed flat against the floor. The next thing he knew, a long, fuzzy thing poked into the corners behind the garment bags and he was pulled out onto the floor of the room.

Timmy's mother shook her head. "You awful looking old bear!" she said. "You belong in the attic."

A cobweb floated across the bear's one eye. Something jabbed at his rip. "You're back," he said to the mouse.

"Go on with your stupid dreams, Bub," said the mouse. "My nest needs more cotton." He pulled a huge chunk of stuffing out of the bear's stomach. The bear felt a draft. Soon he would be nothing but hollow skin.

He looked after the scurrying mouse. "Who's to know," he sighed, "who's to know? Which of us is the fool?"

SEEDS OF A NEW HOUSE

And there were days . . .

Days I loved . . .

When big machines

Came to my street

Tearing the earth

Of the vacant lot

With their great noise . . .

Erupting the soil,

Leaving long furrows

For the seeds of a new house.

And how I loved those days . . .

Walking to the edge

Of young dreams,

Where each mound

Torn from the bottomless pit

Became the peaks of the Pyrenees . . .

Deserts of the Sahara . . .

And, on rainy days,

The basin of the Nile . . .

The mudflats of the Amazon

Of longing until the bricks came.

When muddy hands

Sculptured castles medieval . . .

Roads to the Orient . . .

Paths for the soul to wander.

Ah, but then a tear

Rolled down a sandy cheek.

For too soon . . . too terribly soon

Did the seeds grow

And transparent people come to live.

People . . . people planting . . . changing
A boyhood world of fantasy
Into a tomb of lost dreams,
Filled with broken webs
Of shattered moods . . . ruptured joys
Changed that world of laughter
Into a mailing address.
"Occupant. . . .
Such and such a number . . .
So and so street."

Green water-grass shot up
On the grave of great joy.
Death, proclaimed in technicolor
By rainbow flower-beds.
And whenever the little boy passed . . .
Passed the cemetery of lost days . . .
The grave of days gone down
With Columbus and Cortez,
With Sherman, Grant, and Lee . . .
There was seen an epitaph.

The last remains sanctified . . .
There for the lad to see . . .
A little sign,
Bathed in forlorn faces,
Bathed in long-drawn memories,
Lost and found again . . .
Boldly called back from the dead.
There, in that little sign . . .
Those unforgettable four words.
"Keep off the grass!"

—A. J. CLEVELAND, JR.

Lucy

Jane Bachman

IT WAS almost dark and very cold by the time school was out, but Lucy decided to walk home the long way, around the marsh and the lake. She didn't want company tonight. Sally would have been nice to have along, but she was tying her red wool scarf very carefully and making plans with Jim. That meant she wouldn't be ready to start. Sally talked a great deal anyway, more than was really necessary, Lucy thought.

She shifted her book and started down the sidewalk, half hoping that Sally wouldn't see her, half wishing that she would call. How satisfying to be able to say, "I'm meeting someone. I can't walk home with you tonight." But Sally would know it was a lie. She would know there wasn't anyone to visit on the lake road except maybe Pop Miles.

Sally was still chattering when Lucy turned the corner. It wasn't snowing, but the air was frosty, and Lucy tugged at her mittens. The cold rushed up her nose like peppermint, and her short, dark curls blew out around her brown scarf. She was free until tomorrow morning! She was away from the hot, noisy classroom and Miss Simpson's rasping voice—like a coal scuttle on brick, Lucy thought. She smiled inwardly. Outwardly she had learned to keep her mouth closed and her chin huddled in her collar. It saved explanation. It was easy to laugh at Miss Simpson and her pointed nose and blue-veined hands. But Miss Simpson was terrible at times. Oh, yes. She had been dreadful today. Lucy felt the prickly feeling in her chest again when she thought about it. She had missed four arithmetic problems and Miss Simpson frowned when she handed back the paper.

"Lucy George," she had whispered in a voice that shook, "you have missed the same problems again today. Don't you study, you silly child?"

Lucy could hear herself saying, "Yes, yes I do, and I can't understand them."

"Of course you can," came the voice. "You don't apply yourself. Do them again."

Oh, it was awful to hear her say it. Lucy's heart beat faster just thinking about it. She didn't care. Arithmetic problems were a bother . . . bother . . . bother. What difference did it make to Miss Simpson if she missed them? What difference to her? None—none at all.

Miss Simpson cared about keeping lines straight when they filed out at lunch time. And she insisted that you stay in after school if you were only one minute late. Yesterday morning, Lucy had hurried until she reached the school, and then she had to stop to talk with Pop, who was in town to get groceries, and so she had been late. Only two minutes. But she had to stay in, and you couldn't tell Miss

Simpson that you *had* to talk to Pop whenever you saw him no matter where it was or what time it was. Miss Simpson could not possibly understand.

Lucy suddenly felt very tired. Her eyes and shoulders ached, and she wished she didn't have to carry the book. Sally didn't have to study arithmetic, and she didn't mind standing in a straight line. Once Lucy had asked her why. Sally had opened her blue eyes wide and tossed her head.

"Because Miss Simpson wants us to. We're supposed to." Sally's life, thought Lucy, was very simple.

She left the road and stumbled over rocks and scrubby bushes to the marsh. It was still now, but a choked stream whispered at her feet. Stiffened cattails were bent until the spring, and brown seaweed lay matted and frozen along the banks. Far away a trail of mist was drawn across the low land. Gray sky was patched with white, and two wild ducks were gliding—dropping into a distant pond. Their call spread out across the grasses, but the marsh slumbered on. A timid sparrow clung to a willow branch above and then flipped its wings and flew.

Lucy walked on along the shore until the stream widened and the lake began. Little ripples caught at the beach, and the sand was cold and powdery underfoot. The lake would surely freeze tonight. Even the spring which bubbled and ran from Pop's house to the other side would not struggle long against the ice. But underneath it moved. Pop said it was never still—always pushing against its slippery ceiling. That was the way of the water. It never gave up. You never knew where the shore would crumble and lake would rush in. You never knew where the ice was solid. It might fool you and turn to dark splotches.

Lucy looked up the steep bank to where Pop Miles lived. Pop was an old man, past sixty, and he lived in an enormous brick house all by himself except for Kate, his cook and housekeeper. People said Pop was rich. Lucy couldn't tell. His house was pretty, and Kate always fixed hot chocolate when Lucy visited, but Pop's clothes were old. He had worn the same maroon sweater for as long as Lucy could remember, and his shoes, though polished, were cracked and water-soaked from walking on the beach.

Lucy scrambled up over the terraces, and there was Pop, standing on the doorstep. When Lucy reached the door he took her book, laid it on the hall table, out of sight, and closed the door.

"Kate has chocolate. We saw you coming," he said, and winked.

Lucy smiled. It was very warm, and through the door to the left she could see a fire burning in the fireplace.

"It was such a nice evening, I thought I'd come to see you," Lucy said, and pulled off her coat.

"Most would think it's too cold and dark to be out," Pop chuckled. "I think so."

"You wouldn't be cold if you were bundled up," Lucy laughed.

"Yes, I would." The old man's eyes twinkled and he led the way into the darkening living room. Books and papers were scattered about in profusion around the desk and on the rose rug. A cup of chocolate sat on the desk. The old man motioned to it.

"That's yours. It's good. I had a cup earlier." The cup was big and heavy and white with brown leaves and acorns on it, and the chocolate did taste good. Lucy dropped down on the hearth to drink it.

"What did you see on your walk today?" Pop asked, and lowered himself gently into an enormous brown leather chair.

That, thought Lucy, was one of the very nicest things about Pop. He didn't always ask how school was or what she'd learned.

"Ducks," she said, "and a sparrow, and I think the lake will freeze tonight."

"Do you?" Pop asked. "Kate said the same thing this morning."

"Don't you think so?" Lucy asked, doubtful now.

"Maybe, but it doesn't look quite ready to me. A little too wild and windy."

"Probably the spring won't freeze then for a long time," Lucy said, sipping her chocolate. "Sometimes I wish it didn't have to be caught. It ought to be able to run forever."

"It does, Lucy," Pop said. "It runs always underneath."

"But you can't see it. How do you know?" Lucy wondered.

"The ice doesn't freeze smooth over the spring. You've seen ripples on it."

"But it looks like the spring is frozen into the ice."

"No, Lucy, it's there underneath. It's something that you feel is there. Haven't you ever felt something inside you that you couldn't see?"

"Yes," breathed Lucy, "Yes, often."

"That spring has been running for years. And it never dries up because it has something to accomplish," Pop said, and got up to poke the fire.

"It couldn't stop even if it wanted to?" Lucy asked.

"No, not even if it wanted to."

"It must get tired of having to bubble all day."

"But its waters are renewed. It bubbles fresh water, Lucy."

She sipped her chocolate and rocked back and forth. The end of a log tumbled into the fire with a hiss.

"I don't think it minds, Lucy," Pop said and walked to the wide window overlooking the lake. "You will see someday. You will understand."

"I think I know how it feels," she whispered, feeling an inexplicable sadness.

She ran to stand beside Pop. Across the lake a faint moon showed in the gray sky. She didn't feel tired any more. She slipped her hand into his and stood, thinking.

A Book Review

William Backemeyer

THE FALL, by Albert Camus, translated from the French (*La Chute*) by Justin O'Brien, Alfred A. Knopf, 147 pages. \$3.00.

“I HAD already gone some fifty yards when I heard the sound . . . of a body striking the water. . . . Almost at once I heard a cry, repeated several times, which was going downstream; then it suddenly ceased. The silence that followed, as the night suddenly stood still, seemed interminable.”

Albert Camus in his latest work has woven an intriguing tale around the above passage. The incident, which is related at the middle of his *novella*, is constantly hinted at in the first half of the book and becomes the central event of the narrative thereafter. The whole work, though one long monologue, is far from monotonous. The protagonist, Jean-Baptiste, reminisces on the movement of his life from that of a successful Parisian lawyer to a “judge-penitent” in a seaside bar in Amsterdam—where he accosts the reader. But no matter how far he rambles, the drowning cry continues to haunt him to the last page.

According to the epigraph of the book, Jean-Baptiste “is the aggregate of the vices of our whole generation in their fullest expression,” and through his peculiar profession as judge-penitent we come to share his introspection into those vices. Ineluctably we are drawn into the web of his “fall.” The resulting portrait of ourselves and of our time is perhaps the best such portrait we have. It seems impossible that the reader will not know himself and his situation far better after experiencing the self-scrutiny which the book evokes.

Is there a way out? In this slim volume none is explicitly propounded. Certainly the “answer” which Jean-Baptiste admits to finding is really only an extreme and subtle form of his ever-recurring vice. Symbols there are in profusion, and hints of answers which we may find in future works (the most obvious symbol is, of course, the name of the protagonist—John the Baptist—the fore-runner). The hint to which the author himself has pointed is: “if only one could forget oneself a minute for someone else.”

But if and when M. Camus gives us his solution to the human predicament, he will have moved beyond the limits of existentialist analysis. The kind of profound description of man so evident in this book is the heart and genius of existentialist thought. Too often the movement has been criticised because of the unacceptability of its answers, or because no answers are given at all. But a movement must be judged at its center, and the existentialist zeal for an adequate redefinition of man as man (aside from and in opposition to all of the dehumanizing systems) must be finally judged as a quest of utmost

importance. And this anthropological method must always be judged independently of the answers which can never be more than partly derived from it. So, too, must a book be judged upon the accomplishment of its purpose. *The Fall*—seen as the analysis of the human predicament today—will remain ultimately valid regardless of the truth of any forthcoming answers from the same pen.

As can be expected from a mind of the stature of M. Camus', there are brilliant flashes of insight into many and varied subjects throughout the book. Many of these cry out for quotation here, but let us be satisfied with only one: "You have heard, of course, of those tiny fish in the rivers of Brazil that attack the unwary swimmer by thousands and with swift little nibbles clean him up in a few minutes, leaving only an immaculate skeleton? Well, that's what . . . (the) organization is. 'Do you want a good clean life? Like everybody else?' You say yes, of course. How can one say no? 'O. K. You'll be cleaned up. Here's a job, a family, and organized leisure activities.' And the little teeth attack the flesh, right down to the bone."

There can be little doubt that *The Fall* is a moving book which possibly may affect our whole generation's conception of itself. Let us look forward to the solutions which M. Camus may give us, but not overlook the fact that here is a painting of the human condition in which posterity may find a classic meaning.

"Then please tell me what happened to you one night on the quays of the Seine and how you managed never to risk your life."

* * * *

Since the writing of the above, Albert Camus has been awarded the 1957 Nobel Prize for literature. The citation was for "his important literary production, which with clear-sighted earnestness illuminates the problems of the human conscience in our times." All of his work that has been translated into English has dealt with this theme. The two previous novels, *The Stranger* and *The Plague*, probed the crisis-situation in the individual and in society. The philosophical essays, *The Myth of Sisyphus* and *The Rebel*, analyzed the concepts of suicide and murder, of meaninglessness and revolt.

Much comment has been made on the fact that M. Camus was awarded the high honor in mid-career and at forty-three years of age. But the timing of the Prize by the Swedish Academy may have been intentional. When in the future he moves from diagnosis to remedy, none can tell how effective his wisdom will be. But there is now no doubt as to the greatness of these early analytical probings into problems facing the man of today.

The Hayride

Ron Schaffner

JIM CHANNING lay across his bed and stared longingly at the picture of a Remington repeating rifle. That page in his mother's Montgomery-Ward catalogue had begun to show tinges of wear from being open so often. He knew everything about that gun; and if there was ever anything in his young life that he might covet, this was it.

"Come on, Jim," his mother called from downstairs, "It's about time to go. Mrs. Wheeler and the kids'll be by any minute now."

He heard a car pull into the drive accompanied by the yelps and screams of kids his own age. He took one last look at the catalogue and ran downstairs.

* * * * *

"Giddyap," a voice yelled through the darkness. The wagon lurched; amid the squeals and giggles of its young occupants, it began slowly pulling out of the yard toward the road. It was one of those warm, early summer nights. The sky was clear except for an occasional mass of misty haze that filtered its way from star to star and then vanished.

The lights of the farm house faded in the distance and then disappeared around a bend in the road. The squeals and giggles drowned out the sounds of crickets as the wagon rocked lazily along. A figure stood up in the moonlight, then tumbled screaming back into the jumble of carefree youngsters.

"Let's sing," one of them shouted above the others. They journeyed "Down by the Old Mill Stream" and "By the Light of the Silvery Moon."

Jim rolled over and laughed. He extracted a scream from the little blond pony-tail next to him. She punched him in the stomach, but he only doubled up and laughed all the harder.

The kids all talked and screamed as they rode along. They talked of their teachers in school, and baseball and the latest popular records, but always in the same carefree, rollicking fashion. Gradually they grew quieter, but the clomp of the horses' hoofs on the road droned on. Jim sat next to his pony-tail—Jane, by name—as they sang along with the rest of the group. When the singing died down, he said, "Gee, I'd like to do this every night."

"Yeah, it's fun," she sighed.

"What you git on that geography test?"

"Oh, a seventy-three. I just can't remember where all those places are. How was I s'posed to know Iran was in Asia instead of Africa?"

"Just look at a map," he laughed.

"Oh, well," she sighed. "Oh, and isn't Dar-dan—what is it? Oh, Dardanelles. I thought that was a river someplace in Europe."

"Well, I thought it was in South America."

A cloud robbed them of the moonlight and then drifted on. They passed a field of fresh-smelling young wheat. The crickets chirped away, and an owl hooted in the distance.

This was the first hayride for Jim, and except for a few parties, his first date. He talked on to Jane about little things—movies they had seen, their classes, and school athletics.

"Oh, I'm having so much trouble with algebra," Jane said.

"Yeah, some of it's pretty tough," he answered.

"Oh, well, I'll probably never use it. Did you see 'Show Boat'? Oh, that was so wonderful. I cried all the way through."

He laughed, not knowing exactly why, but it seemed the thing to do. The rest of the kids were singing again, but Jim and his date just kept on talking. The harmonizing voices now seemed no closer than the chirping crickets and the owl somewhere in the woods.

"Why do girls always cry?" he asked finally, after a long silence during which he gazed up at the sky.

"Oh, don't you ever feel like cryin'? I mean when you're real sad or somethin' like that?"

"No. Well, when I was little I cried when I got hurt, but that's different. Girls just cry all the time."

"No, they don't," she said. "I only cry when I feel like it."

She grew tired of the position she was in and raised up halfway to change it. The wagon lurched, and she fell across Jim, grabbing his shoulders to catch herself. The warm night, the crickets chirping, and the sweet smell of hay made it seem natural. Their eyes met, and then she leaned over and kissed him lightly on the lips.

He suddenly felt awfully funny. There was a ringing in his ears, and he felt his neck begin to tingle. He turned quickly away, embarrassed and frightened. He wondered if anyone had been watching. His own Aunt Georgia was one of the chaperones, and he wondered if she had seen. Somehow it didn't seem right now, but still he liked it.

He worked up enough courage to look at Jane. She was looking at him and smiling sweetly. He felt weak again, and almost wanted to cry. This made him angry; he clenched his fists and bit his lip, but still he could not quite understand it all.

The wagon slowed and stopped, and he noticed that they were back in the barnyard.

Later that night, Jim trudged slowly up the stairs to his room. He undressed and, flinging the Montgomery-Ward catalogue from his bed, he climbed in. He lay there thinking in the seclusion of his bed. A soft breeze blew in through the window and dusted his face. He felt a warm glow in the pit of his stomach. He wondered if he was in love and if that was the kind of feeling people had when they were married. It all seemed so strange and so grand, like nothing

else he had ever experienced. He blinked and rolled over and thought about Jane. He had kissed her, and on his first real date. The breeze wiped his face again, but he was already beyond its touch.

Revelation

Diane S. Masters

CLIFFORD WEBSTER entered his apartment and sank wearily on the divan. Closing his eyes, he relived in his mind the entire day, starting with breakfast, the train ride uptown, and the morning's happenings at the Exchange. A rise in prices had come just before noon, and it had appeared that his financial ventures were to be highly successful. He had gone to lunch elated and was enjoying a leisurely meal when he had been interrupted by his partner. Prices had begun to fall, and by closing time Clifford Webster was bankrupt. Sighing, he opened his eyes and glanced about the room. In his ears he could still hear the ceaseless chatter of the tickertape, the jangling telephone bells, the steady shuffle of feet.

"What I need is a good stiff drink," he mused. He got up and walked to the ebony liquor cabinet that he had always regarded as a symbol of his success. Choosing a glass, he methodically mixed his drink: lemon and sugar, two shots of rum, one of coke. He lifted the glass to his lips, tilting his head to drink. As he did so, he noted his image in the mirror above the bar.

"Say, you look pretty awful!" he said to himself. "Hair almost gray . . . and getting thin, too. And those eyes!" He took another swallow of the drink. "If I didn't know your past, I'd think you were dead." He laughed softly, for he knew that although he was in his late fifties he still had the charm, poise, and that special way with women which he had possessed in his college days. "Pity you never married," he remarked as he turned away.

Crossing to the far side of the room, he selected and put on the phonograph his newest records. Good music and a good drink, he thought, and I'll soon get rid of this nerve business. He seated himself and, placing his feet on a huge red leather ottoman, he stretched out comfortably.

"God, I'm bushed," he muttered. And he was tired, more tired than he could ever remember except, perhaps, for the day he had driven in the Mexican Road Race some thirty-odd years ago to collect a bet from his father. He turned to place his glass on a table nearby and saw black spots dancing crazily in the air before him. He blinked his eyes, thinking to destroy the specks, but the room grew increasingly blacker. A sharp pang in his chest caused him to grimace with pain. The drink dropped to the floor from his relaxed hand.

* * * * *

Clifford Webster imagined himself dressed in evening clothes and white gloves, dressed for dinner and dancing at the Windsor, but instead of entering the lavish club with Sylvia holding his arm, he found himself knocking on a heavily paneled oak door. The door was opened by a tall, extremely handsome Negro, also dressed for a formal occasion.

"Clifford Webster, I believe." His smile was cordial and warm. "Won't you come in?"

Webster, usually never without a comeback or a witty remark, at this moment found himself utterly incapable of speech; he entered almost mechanically.

The room was a richly-decorated office. Straight ahead of him he saw an immense mahogany writing desk. To the right stood an ebony liquor cabinet, an exact duplicate of Webster's own. The entire left wall was hidden from sight by a heavy pink velvet drapery; a thick carpet of the same shade covered the floor. To the side of the desk were two armchairs, separated by a black wrought-iron smoking stand. There were no other furnishings except a picture of a white Gothic arch in an elaborate frame on the wall behind the desk.

"Won't you have a seat?" The Negro gestured as he sat down.

"Well, in the first place, I . . . I really don't know why I'm here," stammered Webster.

"Let us not be troubled with that, Mr. Webster. Since you are here, the least you can do is be comfortable. Do you not agree?"

"I find it hard to disagree in my circumstances, sir," replied Webster. He walked stiffly across the room and eased himself into the chair. He was still very tired. "How did you know my name?" he blurted.

The Negro smiled. "Actually, Mr. Webster, I do not know. It is quite a miraculous thing, almost supernatural, I suppose."

"Oh, I see."

"But tell me, Mr. Webster, how have things been lately?"

"Frankly, I don't care to discuss my affairs, financial or otherwise, with a stranger. I know, rather, I hope you understand."

"I understand perfectly, of course." The Negro reached into his inside pocket and produced a cigarette case. Offering one to Webster, who declined with a shake of his head, he took one himself, lighted it, and leaned back in his chair, crossing his legs. "I realize that you have had a great shock," he continued. "However, please feel free to discuss with me anything that you wish. People often come to me for advice . . . I am known as the Counselor."

"I don't quite get the point." Webster squirmed uneasily.

"All things in this world are not for one's understanding," the Counselor stated quietly. "Have you seen the city?"

"No, I haven't. As a matter of fact, I came directly to the office, I think. I don't remember seeing anything at all. It's as though my mind were a complete blank." If this thought startled Webster somewhat, the manner of the Negro calmed him, for the Counselor

was a very composed and reassuring person.

"Then allow me to show you. We are indeed fortunate that we can view it from the window." The Negro pulled back the heavy drapery, revealing an enormous window as the fourth wall. "I dare say that you will find our city beautiful," he added.

Clifford Webster again could not reply. He could only stare with unbelief at the scene before him. Beyond the window stretched a plaza fully two hundred yards in dimension, an architectural wonder of gardens and marble statues and fountains. On either side and at the end of the plaza lay three wide boulevards, lined with mansion after mansion of gleaming white or soft pink marble. The entire city was teeming with people of all ages, of all physical builds, of both sexes. All were Negro.

"Why, it's fantastic," exclaimed Webster, "utterly fantastic! Everyone here is colored! They're all niggers!"

"Is that so strange?" questioned the Counselor. "Have you not bothered to look at yourself?"

Trembling, Mr. Webster pulled off his gloves. He gasped. "I'm colored!" he screamed hysterically. "I'm a nigger!"

"You are indeed," the Counselor agreed, as he turned again to gaze upon the city.

"What's going on here, anyhow?" Webster's voice cracked with rage. "Is this your idea of a joke? Well, is it?"

Shaking his head sadly, the Counselor spoke. "I see that the time has come when I must tell you the truth, Mr. Webster. You see, three days ago, after you returned to your apartment a bankrupt man, you died of a heart attack." He paused. "You were buried, following tradition, in Memorial Cemetery—and, I might add, with quite a display of mourning from your friends. The moment your coffin came to rest upon the earth, you found yourself knocking at my door, here in this beautiful city . . . in Heaven, Mr. Webster."

June Balm*

Carla Harris

Sunset Lane, Bloomington

JUNE 20, 19—. I have had what I believe to be the most remarkable day in my life, and while the events are still fresh in my mind, I shall try to record them in my pocket secretary.

To begin, I am James Clarence Withencroft, forty years old, and have always enjoyed perfect health. By profession I am an artisan, designing and repairing jewelry in my own small shop, and I make enough money to satisfy my simple needs. My aging mother, whom I supported for many years, passed on last autumn, leaving me alone in this world and independent.

I opened my shop at nine this morning, and after glancing through

* A parody on *August Heat*, by W. F. Harvey.

the morning paper, put on my jeweler's glass to see what overlooked details might keep my entry in the International Jewelry Design Competition from being a prize-winner.

The shop, though both back and front door were open, was oppressively humid, and I had just made up my mind that a more comfortable place would be the deep end of the public swimming pool, when inspiration came.

I began to etch minute characters on the inner rim of my entry, which addition was the final touch needed to complete the ultimate in betrothal rings. So intent was I on my work that I forgot to go out for lunch, and stopped only when the chapel clock struck four. Just time to get the entry wrapped and in the mail before the post office closed!

The final result, for a competitive design in jewelry, was, I felt sure, the best thing I had done. The ring was wide—enormously wide. The jewels hung in scrolls at center front, creased into the rich chunky gold. The band was polished, almost shiny; the scrolls clasped the jewels casually, conveying a feeling not so much of strength as of utter, absolute exuberance. There seemed nothing in the world malevolent enough to abrogate that knot of betrothal.

I wrapped up the ring, and, without quite knowing why, placed it in my left breast pocket. Then, with the rare sense of happiness which the knowledge of a good thing well done gives, I left the shop.

I set out hurriedly for the post office, fully conscious of the need to make sure that my precious entry was properly registered and in the mail to the Design Competition.

I remember walking along Lytton Street and turning to the right along Gilchrist Road at the bottom of the hill, where the men were at work on the new storm sewers. From there onward, I have only the vaguest recollections of where I went. The pervasive humidity came up from the dusty asphalt until I longed for the thunder promised by the great banks of copper-colored cloud that hung low over the western sky.

I must have walked five or six squares before I roused from my reverie as a small boy asked me the time. It was twenty minutes to five. After he walked on, I began to take stock of my whereabouts. I found myself standing in front of the window of a neighborhood bakery, garishly lit in the softly falling dusk. The window was bordered by trays of sugary pastries: cream puffs, napoleon slices, cinnamon rolls. In the center was a huge wedding cake in tiers topped by two dancing figures, a gray-haired bride in traditional white and a portly, balding groom. From inside the shop came a cheery whistle, and the brisk sound of broom meeting dust pan. A sudden impulse made me enter.

A woman was sweeping, with her back toward me. She turned at the sound of my steps and stopped short. I glanced back at the wedding cake. The tiny doll was a portrait of this woman, from the neatly turned waist to the lively gray hair. Then I looked at the

little man. He greeted me smiling; it was as though I were looking in a mirror.

I apologized for my intrusion. "That's an unusual cake in your window. I missed my lunch and suddenly must have got hungry."

She shook her head. "In a way it is," she answered. "The surface is as delectable as anything you could wish, but the inside's a trifle heavy. It really wasn't made for eating."

"Then what's it for?" I asked.

The woman burst out laughing. "You'd hardly believe me if I was to tell you it's for exhibition, but it's the truth. Artists have exhibitions: so do bakers." She went on to talk of cakes and decoration, which sort stood up best and which were easiest to work. At the end of every other sentence, she would set down her broom and dab at the perspiration on her shiny forehead.

I said little, for I felt uneasy. There was something unnatural, uncanny, in meeting this woman.

I tried at first to persuade myself that she had seen me before, that my face, unknown to her, had found a place in some out-of-the-way corner of her memory. I put on my glasses, trying to persuade myself that perhaps the face of the man on the wedding cake did not resemble mine after all.

For the first time, I read the inscription around the lower tier of the cake: "James Clarence Withencroft and June Atkinson . . . betrothed June 20, 19—." For some time I stood in silence. Then a cold shudder ran down my spine. I asked her where she had seen the names.

"Oh, I didn't see them anywhere," she replied. "I needed two names, so I put down mine and the first man's name that came into my head. Why do you want to know?"

"It's a strange coincidence, but you happened to use my name."

She giggled. "And today's the day."

But she knew only the half of it. I told her of my morning's work. I took the ring from my pocket, unwrapped it, and showed it to her. She strained to read the fine engraving: "June betrothed to James, 6/20/19—." As she looked, the expression on her cheerful face altered until she appeared to be seeing ghosts.

"Well, June is such a common name," she said. "The month for brides, and everything."

"And you must have seen me in my shop sometime and forgotten it."

She shook her head. She had just moved to Bloomington. We were silent for some time. She tentatively slipped the ring on her finger. It was no surprise that it fit. Shivering, she started to take off the ring.

A reverberating cannonade of thunder announced the charging rain. Sudden wind blew the door shut, and as suddenly the lights in the bakery flickered and went out.

"I'll get a candle," she said. "You may wait here if you like,

until the storm passes over."

She set a candle on a little table in the back room. She brought two cans of beer and some cheese from the refrigerator, and took a loaf of bread from under the counter. "You said that you'd forgotten to eat lunch. Perhaps this will help."

As I drank the beer and gratefully munched on bread and cheese, we resumed the conversation which nature had so rudely interrupted.

"You must excuse my asking," I said, "but is there no other man you could have put on your wedding cake?"

She shook her head. "I'm not married; I took care of my ailing father until he was buried last month. And the romances of my youth, as I remember them, would look young and foolish dancing with a gray-haired bride," she added as an afterthought.

She got up, fetched two more beers from the cooler. "The rain will be wonderful for the flowers. Pity you didn't make the post office in time. Where do you live?"

I told her my address. It would take an hour's quick walk to get home.

"It's like this," she said. "We'll look at the matter straight. If you go back home tonight, you'll get drenched to the skin. You might catch yourself a wicked spring cold, or even the pneumonia. And you said there's no one to look after you." She spoke with an intense seriousness that would have been laughable six hours before. But I did not laugh.

"The best think we can do," she continued, "is to make you comfortable here. I have a little room in back, and some extra bedding. If the rain doesn't let up, we'll fix you a place to sleep."

To my surprise, I agreed.

I am writing by candlelight at the little table. June brought me another beer before going to her room to get out of her uniform. She evidently opened a window in back, and the air is breezing in, cool, moist, and exhilarating. It is still raining, though not quite so hard.

It is almost eleven now. In an hour, this remarkable day will be over.

But the beer has me swirling.

It is enough to send a man to bed.

Clouds

Jane Cox

SINCE the beginning of time, the clouds which drift majestically over and around the earth have exercised a profound influence upon the lives and thoughts of men. The ancient Greeks, according to Greek mythology, worshipped Zeus, the god who, when angry, would gather the clouds together and hurl bolts of lightning smashing to the ground. In the *Koran*, it is written that "God gently driveth forward the clouds, and gathereth them together and then layeth

them upon heaps." This is obviously a reference to what scientists of today call cumulus cloud formations. Another observation by early man of the effect of clouds upon the heavens is in H. G. Bohn's *Handbook of Proverbs*, where we find it written that "One cloud is enough to eclipse all the sun." A heavy overcast of the sky by a cumulo-nimbus cloud before a violent thunderstorm is probably what was described. Clouds are even a part of Biblical miracles; it is recorded of Christ, "that as they were looking, He was taken up and a cloud received Him out of their sight." Finding expression for the world of cloud beauty in the ever-changing sky has continued down through the ages.

A cloud to today's scientists, however, may take on a different meaning from these in form and substance as well as in significance. Scientists have defined clouds as "a mass of condensed vapor, either liquid or solid, hanging in the air at some height from the earth." Looking at clouds, we know that there are two kinds, the detached or solitary clouds, and the widely extended or attached pattern that covers a large portion of the sky.

There are three forms that clouds take, either stratus, cumulus, or cirrus. This differentiation in form is simple to remember, for *stratus* sounds like *straight*, *cumulus* like *accumulated*, and *cirrus* like *icy*. This is precisely what these clouds are—straight sheets, accumulated lumps, and icy formations. A stratus cloud is really an elevated fog. It is a dense sheet that hovers over the earth about fifteen hundred feet from the ground. As seen from above, the stratus cloud-scape is similar to a seascape, being a solid mass of rolling waves of vapor. If all the world seems dull and sultry and the sky threatening and gray, the earth is being covered by a sheet of stratus clouds.

Cumulus clouds have been called the "wool pack" or the "clouds with the silver lining." These white-peaked, billowy masses of summer clouds are beautiful to behold. Their low altitude makes them the best known cloud form; their fair-weather appearance makes them best loved among men of the sea and air. A form of the cumulus, the cumulo-nimbus, occurs when a cold front meets a warm front, producing a cloud that becomes a monstrous chimney with a fierce updraft. Showers of rain or snow generally fall from the base of this cloud. Nothing can be more magnificent and beautiful, and at the same time more awful and menacing than is the cumulo-nimbus or thunderhead.

At the top of cloudland are the cirrus clouds, which can be recognized by their delicate white composition and fine texture. On a fine, clear day, far up in the sky, one can see these hair-like wisps. They are called "mares' tails," their tufted structure being composed entirely of ice particles. Before dawn and after sunset the effect of the sun shining upon such ice is spectacular. Cirrus clouds reflect light before any other cloud form, thus setting the heavens ablaze in pink-red splendor. By using apparatus for distillation, scientists in the laboratory are able to change the substance of a cloud to a liquid

or solid form and back again to a vapor. In very arid parts of the United States, a new scientific method of creating rain by dropping dry ice through cloud formations has been used to cause precipitation and thus aid farmers.

An artist, in contrast to a scientist, may use a cloud formation as a backdrop against which to place a landscape. Cezanne, in his "View of Auvers" (1897), which is a small village near Paris, used clouds to give depth to his landscape. Pierre Auguste Renoir used cumulus clouds spaced far apart to give the impression of a bright, almost clear sky in his "Pont Neuf" (1872), which is a street scene of Paris on a hot summer day. Vincent Van Gogh in his "Landscape with Olive Trees" (1889), depicted probably the most mysterious, as well as grotesque, clouds ever to appear in a landscape painting. The clouds are yellow, blue, and white, and have the texture of palette-knife strokes, although it is agreed among experts that Van Gogh accomplished the weird effect by brush alone.

To writers, clouds have always implied many themes, some exhilarating, others tragic; but poetic use of clouds differs from that of Greek mythology, science, or art. At least, the poet's expression of what he has felt makes it appear that this is true. Ruskin described the sky as "sometimes gentle, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity." Early fall, the wake of summer, inspired Bryant to write:

Beautiful cloud! with folds so soft and fair,
Swimming in the pure quiet air!
Thy fleeces bathed in sunlight, while below
Thy shadow o'er the vale moves slow;
Where, 'midst their labor, pause the reaper train.

When Lord Byron viewed a terrible thunderstorm, he was moved to write of the angry clouds:

Chill and mired is the nightly blast,
Where Pindus' mountains rise,
And angry clouds are pouring fast
The vengeance of the skies.

The cloud has been a god to the ancient Greeks, a substance for definition and analysis to the scientists, and a source of inspiration to the artist and poet.

Bobby

Martha Gentry

I HEARD the slapping of a loose shoe sole on the rubber stair treads. My eight-year-old neighbor came trudging down the hall to my desk. He was bundled in a frowzy pea coat and corduroy pants, nicked at the creases and whistling when the legs rubbed together. Bobby was a fighter, square-shouldered, thick-armed, nimble and tough. He seldom smiled. When he did, it was with a quick crease of his lips, curved slightly upward toward his cheeks. When he talked, out came the chin, up came a flash of wise brown eyes, challenging one and all.

"Wanna buy some tulips, Marfa?" he blurted. Out came a dirty fist, full of tulips, long-stemmed red ones.

My Darwins, I thought, my Princess Elizabeths, the regal center of my flower bed! I was furious. I fenced. "Bobby, where did you get those tulips?"

"Oh, a lady down the street gived 'em to me," he replied, eyes still leveled at mine.

"You know, Bobby, people like their flowers best when they're growing in the yard." I heard the edge in my voice, struggled with it. "Especially tulips," I went on. "You're sure the lady knew you cut the tulips?"

"Sure, I'm sure." Now he was getting impatient.

Change the subject, I thought. You're not eight years old.

"What did you do in school today, Bob?" He liked "Bob" better than "Bobby." I shuffled the papers on the desk.

"Din't go." Then he added quickly, "Wanna sell the tulips to buy some crayons."

Again I hedged. "Why didn't you go to school?" The dirt on his face didn't conceal the glow of good health.

"Din't have no shoes, see?" Up came a foot; he thumped the loose sole back over the heel.

"Well, that one's gone," I agreed.

"Th'other one don't have none atall." Up came the other foot, the bottom covered only with a dirty sock.

A wave of sympathy rolled over me; his eyes received the message.

"Marfa, I b'lieve I'll just give you the tulips," he said, thrusting them toward the desk and disappearing down the hall. The shoe soles flapped, the trousers whistled, and the little battler retreated.

Realization

Norman Wilkens

WALTER CAZALET was a man in his late sixties, but his hair had only a tinge of gray. He had prided himself on his youthful appearance, and even though death was now near there was a young look about his fixed stare. His eyes were not those of a dying man but were bright and clear, looking for a greater conquest. All of Cazalet's life had been a series of conquests. Death was surely not the end for him. He had always looked upon death as a great adventure—a challenge not only for the body but also for the mind and spirit. Cazalet was not the type of man to pass up any challenge.

The doctor placed his hand on Cazalet's wrist. Gently he searched for a pulse. The room seemed suspended in a vacuum. The silence was like a huge cat waiting to spring at a given signal. Then the doctor placed the hand under the covers, and pulled the sheet over the quiet face.

"How dare you do that? I'm not dead." Cazalet tried to stir, but found it impossible to move. He tried desperately to sit up—it was no use. It was as if a great weight were on his body, holding him down.

"Nurse." The doctor closed his grip and crossed the room.

"Yes, doctor."

"Call the family and have them make arrangements for the funeral. I'll sign the papers tomorrow."

"Yes, doctor."

The doctor paused at the door. "Oh! Be sure you close his eyes. It might be necessary to weight them down. If you don't, they may have a difficult time closing them later."

"All right, doctor."

On the bed, Cazalet struggled. "That old fool. I'm not dead. I'm just as much alive as he is. If I could only raise my body—If I could only—I can't. I can't." In utter desperation, he settled on his pillow, waiting for the nurse to come close enough to hear his weakened voice.

She crossed the room and switched on the bedside lamp. She folded the sheet neatly below Cazalet's chin and for a moment paused to look into his eyes. He must have been a handsome man when he was younger, she reflected. Then, placing her hand over his eyelids, she forced them shut.

"Don't do that. Don't touch me. I'm not dead! Can't you hear me? I'm not dead!" he shouted.

Once again the sheet was placed over his head, and the nurse left the room to telephone his family.

"I'm not dead." He was quite emphatic this time, as if this would be his last opportunity to prove his living. "I'm just as much alive as they are . . . maybe a little more. I always said that Doc

Vincent was a quack, but I never thought he was stupid enough to think me dead when I've still got years of life left in me! I'll sue him for every cent he's got. I wish that nurse hadn't closed my eyes; I can't see a thing, and it's too difficult to open them. Maybe if I rested, my strength might return. I'll show them! I'll sue every last one of them. I'll sue every . . . one . . . of. . . ."

It was difficult for Cazalet to determine how long he had slept, but he was sure that he was now quite awake. He could not open his eyes, but the rest of his senses were very much with him. His sense of smell was especially keen. He seemed to be in a room filled with flowers, and yet he could not distinguish the different types. For a man who had worked with flowering plants all his life, this was not very satisfying. In fact, they made him feel sick at his stomach. Thinking of his stomach, he realized that he had not eaten for some time, and yet he was not especially hungry. Quite the opposite: he felt full. He tried to move . . . no use. There seemed to be people milling around him, and yet not with him at all. As long as he could remember, he had never felt that way before. It was as if they were off in a dream world; yet he could hear them very well.

"Doesn't he look natural? Just like he was sound asleep," someone whispered.

"I think he's turning a little dark," another replied.

"I know, but Mr. Cazalet always did look nice. I remember seeing him several times just before he died, and even then he gave me the impression that he was trying to hold on."

"*Died!* I'm not dead," he thought. "What makes these people think I'm dead? This must be a trick . . . a hoax. That's what it is. Well, it's not funny . . . not at all."

"Walter was a good man. He had his faults, but don't we all?" An elderly man stood very close to the bronze-plated casket, with his hat held very tightly in front of him. "We had our fights, but there was never very much to them."

"That sounds like Bill. Maybe he'll see that I'm not dead. I'll concentrate on moving one part of my body, but which part? It has to be something small and easy to move. My finger . . . that's it. I'll concentrate all my strength on the small finger of my right hand. I'll try to raise it. Surely he will be able to see it. My finger . . . Bill . . . watch my finger . . . *look at my finger!*" Desperately Cazalet tried to bring movement into that small part of his body, but even total strength was not enough.

"So long, old friend . . . see you later." Bill was gone.

"Bill . . . Bill . . . Please come back! Don't leave me! Don't let them do this to me! I never asked for anything in my life, but I'm begging now. Please don't leave me! Won't somebody please listen to me? I might have some enemies in business, but I'm well liked. Why would anyone want to do this to me?"

"Aren't the flowers beautiful, Mother?" A young girl and her mother side-stepped a basket of flowers to get a better look at the

coffin.

"Yes, dead, they are," she replied. "Poor man . . ."

"What do you mean, poor, Mother? He had more money than we will ever see."

"I know, dear, but money isn't everything." The lady slipped her hand up to the coffin and felt the satin lining. "They certainly are putting him away nice."

"They can afford to," her daughter said quickly. "He left enough behind."

"I know, dear, but his family got very little of it. He left most of the money to his foundation."

"Isn't that just like him, though, cutting his family off? In spite of everything, they loved him. Watch it, Mother, there's another couple trying to get a closer look. Excuse me . . ."

"He looks so natural, doesn't he, darling?"

"I suppose so," the man replied, "but pneumonia always leaves a person quite natural." He glanced around the room, looking for familiar faces. "Not many people here yet, but then he wasn't very well liked. I understand that he drank so much that his constitution was weakened."

"No! Well, you know there has been talk that he had a terrible disposition."

"I can believe that. He was an old grouch at the office. That is, when he came to the office. Let's go home, dear, I'm tired and hungry. Some of the others have left."

"We have to pay our respects," she answered. "We have to pay our respects to the family."

"Then can we go?"

"Yes, dear."

Cazalet lay there in his coffin, taken aback by the comments made by his friends. Outwardly there was no change in his expression, but inwardly he was sickened by the apparent cruelty and selfishness of the world. There was no friendship left for him and others like him. If I am dead, he thought, shouldn't someone come and take me away from all this agonizing talk? Shouldn't someone come to help me? Once again the overpowering need for sleep swept over his body.

* * * * *

Cazalet found it difficult to say how long he had lain in the cold earth that made up his grave. Many years had passed, for his skin was tight against his skull and sections of the coffin had given way to the relentless struggle of the earth. He often tried to reason out what had happened to him, but it never quite made sense. He thought of the world outside—the free world where life was not enclosed by walls and where a man's spirit might roam at will. He longed for the simple pleasures of life, the things from which he had gained such

great personal satisfaction. He longed to walk and ride horseback and fish and talk to people and . . .

He cried out, "Doesn't anyone care? Won't someone save me from the torture of reality? This is death. I'm dead. My crumbling body and spirit must remain within the confines of these walls for eternity. And I am conscious of every minute of it. I long so for the freedom which I will never again have. This must be. . . ." His mind had descended to a point of despair which was the lowest it had ever reached. Suddenly everything was clear. Yes, he was dead, and he would remain in his coffin for eternity and remain conscious of every change in his physical and mental state, and he would be able to do nothing about it.

He tried to break loose from the bonds that held him, and screamed. "I'm dead! This is Hell . . . This is *my* Hell!"

On the other side of the cemetery, the rays of the setting sun were filtering through the mud-stained windows of the caretaker's cottage. "You know, Pete, I was clearing some brush away from those tombstones in the old part of the cemetery today, and I would swear that I heard a man scream."

The old caretaker flicked the ashes from his pipe into his hand and answered, "I've heard things over in that section myself, but it's only our imagination. Why, the newest grave over there is seventy-five years old or more. I would say that they would be good and dead by now."

ALONE IN AUTUMN

Tortured trees
 Beyond my window
 Twist and tear my soul;
 Clouds of gray
 In a sky of steel
 Wildly toss and roll.

Drifts of leaves
 In a dusty wind
 Swirl and spiral apart—
 Only to settle,
 Covering the ground
 And my aching heart.

—SUE WINGER

The "Moonlight Sonata"

Judy Winslow

FOR FIVE years I carried on a war with my parents and myself. The cause was a sturdy wooden box which leered at me an hour every day with its eighty-eight ivory teeth. This was a musical instrument which emitted sounds of rapturous clarity, resounding vigor, and tender harmony for everyone but me. My battle was one well known to most children between the ages of five and fifteen—youth versus the piano. There seems to be instilled in every parent of such children a desire to give them "what the parents never had," and included in this category is instruction on some musical instrument, preferably the piano, a nice, lady-like instrument for nice, lady-like little girls. And just as strongly instilled in the children is a desire to revolt against the discipline of practice and technique necessary to bring forth music from this stubborn instrument. When such is the case, the children are often left with a strong dislike for music, especially classical music, for its success depends greatly on practice and proper technique.

Fortunately, although I rebelled against music lessons, I was never left with a distaste for music itself. Instead, I have learned to respect it and its creators with something akin to awe. To me, classical music has become one of the beautiful mysteries which are so much a part of life; for what great surges of emotions, what great passions and experiences have led a great composer such as Beethoven to create his stirring symphonies and concertos? These are the same emotions, passions, and experiences that lesser people have every day, felt more deeply by such men. Classical music is the heat of passions transposed into music in times of cooler recollections. Classical music is poetry in action, moving and rippling smoothly along or crashing and clashing with sudden force. The only thing that places classical music in a field apart from good music and contemporary music is the depth of true emotion expressed by the composer. These are not shallow whims or passing fancies that the classical composer has felt; they are the emotions essential to life, so forceful and commanding that they must be expressed.

However, a feeling of respect and awe for classical music can never lead to sincere enjoyment of the art; nor can an understanding of the meaning of its creation give one the personal satisfaction that comes with knowing a piece of music intimately, knowing its variation, movement, and rhythm. This personal satisfaction can best be gained by playing the musical composition personally. My piano instructor was a disciple of this doctrine, and my course in piano was not limited to exercise books and scales even from the first. Instead, a classic was included in every lesson, and, no matter how simplified the version, the theme was always there, offering a challenge to me to get acquainted with the integral parts of the

composition.

An acquaintance with the "Moonlight Sonata" by Beethoven gave such personal satisfaction to me. The "Moonlight Sonata" was supposedly composed by Beethoven as he sat gazing at the shadows made by the moonlight in a moment of tranquility and peace, free from the terrible doubts that clouded his mind in regard to his increased difficulty in hearing. The resulting music is that of a soul at peace. The movement is free, simple, and pure, just as moonlight is free, simple, and pure with no imperfections. There are no tricky passages and no elaborate phrases to clutter up the beautiful simplicity of the main theme. It flows smoothly as moonlight on still water, but there are shadows of melancholy in the moonlight of the music. These same shadows filled the corners of Beethoven's life, which ended in a crashing symphony of silence—of total deafness to the music of the world around him to which he had added so much. All things of near-perfect beauty contain this hint of melancholy, however; for surely the creator, whether musician, artist, sculptor, or architect, must feel that he has reached a zenith of perfection which can never again be achieved.

Although most music critics would not claim Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" as one of his greatest works, there is something of its searching simplicity and melancholy which have captured my imagination and have set me dreaming. The flowing music has offered a peaceful refuge to me in time of emotional storms that come my way, for, as I play the rippling notes of the composition, a sense of peace and beauty flows from the music into my soul. I am able to turn my eyes from visions of the soft smoothness of moonlight to the harsh brightness of reality with a fresh perspective.

Waitresses

Ted Maier

IN MY travels I have had occasion to eat in public places very frequently. I have eaten in restaurants in many foreign countries.

I have visited restaurants both large and small and therefore have had the opportunity to observe the habits of waitresses. Universally, the purpose of the waitress is the same; however, there are mannerisms characteristic of waitresses that cause me to classify them into three main groups: the *Canis Lupa*, the *Pachyderm*, and the *Femme Dangereuse*. All waitresses fall into one of these three groups, irrespective of nationality.

The waitresses in the *Canis Lupa* group are the most efficient of the three groups. They are always married and usually frustrated. They work well and are very sincere in their efforts to please. Usually they are very sleek and pretty, but feel that they are being mistreated because they have to work; however, they are sensible enough not to allow their domestic troubles to interfere with their job. In restaurants mainly employing women of this group, one does

well to eat only lunch and dinner meals, as these young ladies are no paragons of good nature in the early morning hours. They are sly and will always have a sharp retort for the practical joker. They do not discriminate against the small tipper because they are so pre-occupied that they can never remember how much money any one customer leaves them. You will usually find them in the larger restaurants and all-night "eateries" because they are very good at handling people. Next time a waitress waits on you, look at the third finger of her left hand. If it's banded and she is pretty, if she gives you a nice smile and looks resourceful, you can be sure that she is a *Canis Lupa*.

The *Pachyderms* are grossly inefficient and overbearing. They are usually obese and outspoken. They rule their section of the restaurant like a mother hen ruling her roost. They have an amazing ability to remember which customer tips and precisely how much, and they serve accordingly. They act as if they are doing you a great favor by attending your table; oftentimes they can't remember who ordered what, and they care less. They spend as much time eating as they do serving, which probably accounts for the fact that they are obese. They are usually unmarried and realize that they probably will always be. They hate humantiy, especially the married *pachyderms*. They bring their troubles to work, and therefore the customers suffer. They aren't neat in their appearance and they are often very clumsy. You will find this group mostly in small restaurants and hash houses where they can scream out orders and where service isn't at a premium. If you happen to be unfortunate enough to seat yourself in the domain of the *pachyderms*, calmly rise and run for the safety of the nearest *Canis Lupa*.

The waitresses in the *Femme Dangereuse* group are the middle-of-the-roaders. Their service isn't too bad and they don't concern themselves about the amount of tips. They are safe enough for most customers but extremely dangerous to the status of bachelors. They are never married, but are perpetually in search of a husband. There are two sub-types of the *Femme Dangereuse*. Type I is shy and awkward. Type II is not only awkward but talks like a magpie. Neither could be graceful, even if she could float.

Both want to trap a man but don't know how. Type I, while waiting on you, will act like a school girl on her first date and will turn pink at every word you say to her. She is nervous while waiting on all customers, but while waiting on a bachelor, she will be so nervous that she may spill something on him. The magpie is more forward but equally as awkward. She will flit from table to table, stumbling here and there, smiling and blinking her eyes at every single man in the place. This type is dangerous to everybody, for as she is flitting about, her eyes fixed on a marriage prospect, she may just as easily as not dump a bowl of hot gravy right in the middle of your table. These waitresses can be either pretty or ugly; however, usually Type I is prettier than Type II. Both types give good service, except

to the bachelor. He will get what I call the bachelor's dinner; that is, two hours to have his order prepared, half an hour to be served, and ten minutes to eat it. They will try to keep him around as long as possible. Both types are found in restaurants everywhere. When you go into a restaurant, look around. If you spot either type of group III giving you that lean and hungry look, leave and don't go back—that is, unless you happen to be a woman.

Let It Rain

Phoebe Diane Bowman

IT WAS hot. It was dry. There was no chance of a change. There had been no chance of a change for the last six years. But maybe, the seventh year, the rains would come—they had to come soon. Edgar remembered that in the Bible the slaves were freed in the seventh year; and Edgar prayed.

He wanted to work in the cotton fields again; he wanted to sweat the sweat of honest, hard work. He longed to see the white cotton balls silhouetted against the black of the earth. For years his fields had failed to yield a crop because of the lack of rain.

Yes, it was hot even so early in the morning. The mesquite tree, which was thriving in the drought, cast an eerie and frightening shadow across the bedroom floor. Edgar hated the superiority of that tree which could endure the unbearable heat and dryness.

Edgar rolled from his bed and studied the sky; he searched for a tiny cloud. There was no cloud. He pulled on his blue denim overalls and slid his long, lean feet into high-topped brogans to face another day.

He heard Ruth milling about in the kitchen. A feeling of guilt passed over him. At one time Ruth had been the most beautiful girl in the whole southern part of Texas; now there was no money to buy face cream or perfume and no money for fancy clothes. Her hands were beginning to crack just like Aunt Ida's after twenty-five years' hard, hard work.

There was not much in the tin-roofed, weather-beaten gray house. There was little water in the well. It was hot and dry and getting hotter. The sun parched the earth.

Slumping to the breakfast table, Edgar ate and felt better. He kissed Ruth on the forehead and left the small ranch.

Today he had a carpenter's job, building a garage for Mr. Bell. Bob Bell wasn't suffering from the drought, for he had struck two oil wells right in his own back yard—two miles from Edgar's place.

Edgar wondered if the black gold gushed beneath the sunbaked acreage of his farm. He knew he couldn't drill in order to find out because that takes money.

All day the sun beat down on Edgar's tired back. Each hour he was more sure that the sun was hotter in Texas than anywhere else in the world. Edgar regretted that he had labored so thoroughly, so

rapidly on the garage; for when this job was done, there was no other for him.

Leaving the garage at quitting time, Edgar walked to the tool shed to put away his tools. In front of him, just at the side of the door, lay two new saws. He could sell them for quite a sum. No one knew that they really belonged to Mr. Bell. Edgar reached for the two saws. The teeth on the saws grinned and sneered at him, beckoning him on. Edgar turned away, ashamed.

He sauntered out into the fresh air. The Bells' palatial mansion towered over him; and he shuddered at the thought that he had drawn himself so far away from his usual good judgment.

The stars were coming out when he got home that night; Ruth was waiting for him at the door. Edgar's pulse raced when he heard her words. The well was dry. God had surely forsaken him.

He would have to go to Mexia for five gallons of drinking water, and water cost money, twenty cents a quart; there was little money, but Edgar would get the water somehow. People can't live without water. He would get the water tomorrow.

That night Edgar did not sleep much. Tossing and turning, he visualized the ranch as it had been when he was a boy. He saw the cotton pickers with their long sacks, pulling the precious, little, fuzzy ball from the plant. He thought of Ruth and decided she could get along better without him; he was going to go away and try to start anew.

In the morning the sky darkened; there was a strong wind. While Edgar picked over his breakfast, there was a loud, crashing noise. It was a familiar noise, but one not heard in a long time by Edgar's ears. He ran outside! There were torrents of rain beating in his face. Rain was gushing over the barren lawn, cutting little rivers in the black, rich soil! There were bucketfuls of rain!

And Edgar fell on his knees and cried.

The Turning Point in My Life

Ted Roche

SEPTEMBER 9, 1952, is the date that marked the turning point in my life. I was admitted to Riley Hospital as a polio patient. I cannot tell what my thoughts were. It seemed like a bad dream; perhaps I would wake up and it would be all over. But it was not a dream. It was the beginning of a long fight back to health along a new and strange path of life that made the world appear as a great wall ready to tumble with the slightest vibration.

After the cessation of the paralyzing effects of the disease, I had a chance to look at the new world that I had been ruthlessly placed in and began to wonder why it had happened to me. But as I looked around, I ceased wondering about myself and began to wonder why those in the beds around mine had to be the victims, also. At that moment the rehabilitation of my own morale had begun. This God-

given power of concern for those around me did more toward helping me to adjust to my new world than all the medicine and therapy that I was soon to receive.

When the doctors decided that I was ready for it, I was put into a rigid and somewhat torturing therapy program. For two very painful hours each day, I was at the mercy of a therapist, who in my mind was the image of Lucifer himself. It seemed paradoxical that the pain inflicted upon me was for any real good; however, without this rigorous period of exercise, I probably never would have achieved a sitting position, much less a standing one. So my rehabilitation became a challenge, and I went into the battle with the will to fight and win.

The war is still being waged. No odds are being placed on who will win, but I am still fighting and still gaining ground. The ultimate outcome can never be predicted. My own battle, though, has not overshadowed my concern for others who are handicapped. I reap my greatest reward from helping others, and I believe that thus I also help myself.

One is not afflicted with a disease such as this or any other disease without the power made available to see it through to its richest ends. I can speak as an authority when I say that a disease such as polio, shocking as it may be to the patient, can show one life as it really is, full of promise and rich reward. I feel that my experience has changed my life for the better in that it has given me a kind, more mature outlook on the world. In this and other ways, it makes up for what it took from me.

It's Ours. Let's Use It!

James W. Stilwell

FOR WHAT reasons do individuals of this decade pick one newspaper over another? Many of today's consumer purchases are made with only the thought of cost in mind. As the variation of newspaper prices is a relatively small one, cost is not likely to be involved. Is it that we are all aware of the important effect our reading material has on the shaping of our thought channels, and that we realize how every paragraph we read leaves its mark on the course of our lives? If these were the thoughts of every person when he selects his newspaper, there would be no problem in getting the facts of the news to everyone. The public would shy away from those tabloids which emphasize sensational and opinionated copy, and in time, out of necessity, all newspapers would print the detached news stories. Sadly enough, the number of persons who analyze the true news value of their paper is not sufficient to outweigh the mass of citizens who do not.

In the case of Richard Rath, the choice is a matter of habit. Years ago, for a reason which now evades him, he subscribed to the *Herald*. He has received prompt, courteous service from the carrier, and

wouldn't think of changing for the world. Mrs. Cartier, who is very social-minded, considers only the society page. If proper coverage is given to the clubs with which she is affiliated, she is perfectly satisfied. Bill Kaveney's paper has a three-page sports section, and it is beyond him why anyone would take the other evening paper, which barely fills one page with the day's athletic events. The Coolidges don't especially like the *Tribune*, but grandma enjoys the crossword puzzle, and working it keeps her from turning the volume all the way up on the T.V.

To this cross-section of humanity, the local, national, and international happenings are secondary. The bombs dropping on Quemoy are so far away that they hardly seem worth worrying about. What is happening in Little Rock is a shame, but they brought it on themselves, you know. Every time Bill Kaveney sees something about the highway scandal it makes him mad, but what can he, an insurance salesman, do about it?

With the Raths, Coolidges, and millions of other similar families minimizing the value of the front-page stories, it would seem that the manner in which these articles are written is unimportant, and that the impressions given to the readers are so slight as not to have any effect on their opinions. This is not true. As Mrs. Cartier scans through the stories on the front page, her mind is absorbing not only what happened, but also what the writer thinks happened, and sometimes even what he thinks should be done about it. Unless an issue in the paper is completely in reverse of what Richard Rath already believes, he will take the reporter's ideas for his own, and if questioned will pass them on as being original.

The task of newspaper reform is clearly not the job of any one hundred men. Until we all revolt, as one unit, and let these monarchs of the press know that we want only the facts, we will be subjected to the emotionally worded pleas, to the unusual and grotesque. The opportunities to use our own minds in forming our own opinions will be lost in someone else's words.

The Race

Howard G. Henderson

WHILE living in California several years ago, I had what I look back on now as a very humorous experience. I must admit, however, that it did not strike me as being very funny at the time. My parents had gone to California because my father had an illness which doctors felt would be helped by the warm and generally dependable climate. I started to school at University High, which was close to, and affiliated with U.C.L.A. One of the people I met while at "Uni" was a boy named Eric Howard. He was a rather odd person, but his personality was greatly enhanced by the fact that he owned a sportscar, the now classic M.G., series T.C.

Eric had reason to be strange, a fact which I learned within my

first few minutes in his house. His mother was from New York's Greenwich Village area, and presented the perfect picture of the Bohemian artist, complete with dark glasses, scarf, and even a pipe. His father, on the other hand, was the typical Los Angeles high-school boy, complete with hot rod. He wore his hair in a crew cut, and was up on all the latest "jive talk," which he used constantly.

Eric wanted to buy a supercharger for his M.G., but did not have enough money to get one without considerable financial aid from someone, namely his father. When presented with this request, Eric's father reacted in a way which, knowing him as I did then, surprised me not at all.

"Sure, Rick," he said. "If you can beat me from here to Pasadena with a fifteen-minute head start, I'll buy you the charger."

It must be mentioned that Pasadena was approximately thirty miles from Eric's home, and about twenty miles of that was through the most congested of Los Angeles streets. The remainder of the distance was to be traveled on the Pasadena Freeway, a six-lane super-highway with no speed limit.

Eric and I jumped into the M.G., and with a roar from the engine we were off. "Off" was just the word for it. I asked myself at least a hundred times during that trip "why did I ever come along?" We went through red lights, drove on the wrong side of the street, and more than once went over the curb to pass cars on the right-hand side. When we finally arrived at the Pasadena Freeway, I was a "compound nervous wreck," but the worst was yet to come. Without even slowing down for the red light, we swung into the Freeway directly in front of a semi-trailer, missing it only by inches. Then came the speed; before, we were just reckless; now we were fast and reckless.

Suddenly from behind us came the sound which is sure to bring a hollow feeling to the stomach of even the most fastidious law-abider. It was the shriek of a police siren.

After assuring the officer that we were not going to a fire, we got a lecture from him while he wrote a ticket for Eric. He said that even though there was no speed limit on the road it was against the law to drive in a manner which would endanger other people on the road.

"You know that you'll have to get your parents to sign this ticket, don't you?" asked the policeman.

"Yes," answered Eric.

"What do you think they'll say?"

"Not much."

"You mean your parents know you drive like this?" asked the amazed officer.

Eric's answer was drowned out by the roar of open exhaust pipes, as a "chopped and channeled" thirty-two Ford coupe went by, going at least one hundred and thirty miles an hour.

"There goes my dad now," said Eric, without changing expression.

When the policeman finally got over the initial shock, he said, "I'm going to tear this ticket up, but you tell your father if I don't catch him he's going to hear from me." He then ran and jumped on his motorcycle and roared away.

Eric sat still for a moment and then said, "If that isn't just like a cop! Stop me just long enough to make me lose the race."

The Art of Creative Thinking

Pat Fitzgerald

ANY self-respecting individual would be properly insulted if he were described as a robot. And yet that is exactly what modern man is becoming. We are proud of a country in which free thinking is encouraged. Nevertheless we find a shocking lack of it, for people are willing to accept the ideas and principles of others, just as the robot accepts the will of its inventor. Creative thinking is indeed necessary to any kind of intelligent living. On and on the human race continues, each generation living its own narrow life, heedless of many avenues of discovery to which creative thought might lead. Of course, creative thinking is hard work. It is much easier to rationalize and forget the disturbing thought which broke our reverie. It is much easier merely to accept life as it is, and to take on the inclinations of the herd as our own ideas and beliefs. Yet, if we are to remain both free and self-respecting, we should find it shameful to be so ill-informed and disagreeable to have the formed opinions of others forced upon us. Then what excuse have we for willingly and readily accepting these ready-made ideas? We are most certainly capable of formulating our own.

Perhaps the fault lies in our educational system. From an early age we are encouraged to accept the preconceived notions of others. Creative thinking is actually discouraged on the grounds that it is too time-consuming and that it is much harder for the harried teacher to deal with. But surely the experience gained in formulating careful, thoughtful opinions would be worth more to the child in later years even if it was attained at the sacrifice of knowledge of certain useless theories of others. Or perhaps the fault lies with the parents. It is their duty to see that their children use their capacity to think. Children should be helped to come to their own intellectual decisions rather than to follow the mob.

Desirable as it is, creative thinking may still come to objectionable terms. One finds it hard to believe that the mores of our society are mere excuses for our conduct, though we would find it inane to question them. At the same time a thorough investigation of our religions would find them to be based upon the emotions, beliefs, and opinions of others. Yet man needs a religion, just as he needs certain morals to cling to. Can man simply dismiss all the beliefs and teachings of the ancients and announce that he is going to create new principles with his mind? Who would wish to admit that he is so

smug and complacent as to believe himself to be superior to all those who have gone before him? It is impossible for man to reconcile himself to the belief that heretofore life has revolved around the nothingness of stereotyped thoughts and ideas. We must respect some of the wisdom of the ages. Those intellectual snobs who would hold themselves so high above the "lethargic masses" yet fail to comprehend their own true perspective in their thinking are as bad as those people who fail to think at all. It is well to think creatively and to be decisive about our opinions, but few are those geniuses who are capable of reforming the world's thought processes. If each person would seek to revise his own beliefs, he would raise the intellect of the race infinitely more than if he sought to revise his neighbor's.

The Eyes of War

William J. Wheeler

THE WARM breeze of night and the refreshing spray of the ocean waves bring a smile to your face. As you sit and stare at the galaxy of the sky, your thoughts regress to the past months—to the day it all started. . . .

The whistling sound of the shells was like the flash of a bright light in a dark room. The most terrifying experience of your life was ready to unfold itself. For seven months you had trained, sweat, and cursed while preparing for this moment. You look around; there are your friends and your enemies: the kids who were worried about finding a place to buy a beer and whether their girls were waiting for them; old "Gunny" who had cursed at you and made you wish you were dead; the "Skipper" who you thought was a big fake; and the fellows who had gone with you on the last liberty and had gotten drunk. They were all there. Suddenly you became sick inside. The PCV hit land, and the front gate went down. The water was cold as you went ashore. . . .

This seems like a thousand years ago. Your mind runs back to the move inland. It was not as you expected. There was very little fighting, just hundreds and hundreds of refugees. This war was almost over and you would be home in a short time.

As you walked down those wind-swept roads, with the cold eating at your body, you could see the faces of your friends as they died. You remembered those snowy hills, the screaming Chinese as they poured into your lines, the confusion, the chaos, yes, and even the panic as you watched the men around you die. They would never laugh, curse, or worry again.

Your thoughts were broken many times by the thud of artillery as it came in around you. The cold ground and the snow seemed to hide you from someone you could not see. Then it would stop and the hills around you would be alive with the enemy as again and again they attacked. You moved on again like a machine, your mind any place but there. . . .

Soon, despair gripped you. You would never make it out. There was no one to help you. It was the whole damn Chinese Army against you. You would never make it out. If the "Gooks" did not get you, the freezing cold would. Already you could not feel your toes. Why didn't someone help you. . . .

Day after day you moved through the snow and cold. The attacks seemed to be almost routine by now. There was no one going to get you out of this but yourself. You were surrounded, and the only way out was to fight your way to the sea. There (you hoped), there would be help. . . .

The ship sways and the stars seem to swing in the sky. You look down on the foredeck at the sixteen-inch guns and you remember the sound of their shells as they went over your head. How differently they sounded from those of the enemy. . . . You climbed over the last, long hill and there in the bay you saw thousands of ships waiting for you. There was someone helping you after all. . . .

After "chow" you meet in one of the large compartments on the ship for regrouping of the company. There in the smoke-filled room you look around. You see the guys with whom you went through hell. They look the same, yet there is something different about them. Yes, that is it, their eyes. Their eyes tell a story that will never be heard.

The "Gunny" calls the roll. As his voice brings back the memory of lost friends, there is a long silence. Then your name is called. "Here" you say with relief. It is over. You have made it.

The Triumph of the Laboring Class in America

Raymond Kriese

A HIGH degree of prestige and culture for the individual in the laboring class has constantly been a goal striven for by the "blue collar" worker. Slowly, since the beginning of civilization, each economic level, from the professional class to the merchant class, has gained a certain degree of prestige and respect. Today the working class in America has risen from its lowly existence to a stratum of living toward which the entire world looks with envy. A good example of the change occurred in Denver, Colorado. Denver in the latter part of the nineteenth century was a "wide-open town." The town's population was constantly shifting because of the mining activity in the surrounding country. Men from all phases of life flooded into Colorado and the surrounding states, all of them being possessed with the idea of getting rich from the precious metal that they would extract from the mountains. Upon reaching the mining states, the would-be prospectors found that they could not find the ores because most of the good mining country was owned by large mining companies.

Except for a few very brave souls who set out to search for the small bit of territory that was not owned by companies, and except for those who had enough money to go home, the migrants were compelled to work in the company-owned mines, in the meat-packing houses, or in the sugar-beet fields or refineries; the men slaved in these labor camps, working twelve hours a day, six days a week for years. After the work stopped for the day, the workers, exhausted from their day's labors, would eat and go to their cots and fall asleep. The routine left little time to refine or educate one's mind to any great extent; after living this animal-like life for a while, the men began to be animal-like in their actions. They escaped from their dreadful life every Saturday night by satisfying their baser desires in the burlesque shows, in the dance halls, and in the cheap reading of literature that thrives on sensationalism, sex, and crime. Men whose entire existence is animal-like can be led and told what to do with very little effort. And so it was throughout the United States, men, uneducated to any extent, from the "sweat mills" of the east to the lumber camps of the Northwest, all being led like animals.

Now, the working conditions in the United States have become examples for the entire world to follow. Because of the improved working conditions—shorter hours, more benefits for the laborer, and a higher level of work—and thanks to universal education, the American now has the time and opportunities to live a more cultured life, to live his own life. A society's culture is based first of all on the way in which it provides for itself; all other things are secondary. When man's economic situation improves, his cultural life will improve. In Denver, in Colorado, in the western states, in the entire United States, man's economic stability is such that he is capable of a great cultural level; whether he takes advantage of his opportunities is up to the individual. But the significance is that here and now in America, he has the opportunity to choose the way he lives to a greater extent than man had ever before thought possible.

Sailing by the Book

Nancy Brandt

IF YOU had mentioned a centerboard to me a couple of years ago, I would have thought that you were referring to the pleasant colonial custom of bundling. A boom was something lowered by Clancy, and a telltale was what I hoped my little daughter wouldn't be.

That was back in my pre-sailing days, before I acquired a second-hand Nipper, a nautical vocabulary, and a varied collection of bruises, rope burns, and beautiful memories.

No sailor can explain the fascination that sailing holds for him, although many try. Over a hundred years ago Lord Byron said it this way:

"This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction."

Last summer a member of the Maxinkuckee Yacht Club meant the same thing, but he phrased it in the modern idiom:

"No matter how shook up I feel over something that went wrong during the day, the minute I raise the sail everything looks bright again."

They were both accomplished sailors, but the amateur and the fair-weather sailor (it just so happens that I fit both categories) can also enjoy this age-old sport.

At first my quiet sail seemed to waft me only to distraction, not away from it. Distraction is defined as "confusion of mind; perplexity, insanity." Learning to sail by the book leads naturally from confusion, through perplexity, right to the edge of insanity.

The best way to learn to sail is to have an experienced sailor go out with you, and give you a few lessons. I had never spoken to a sailor, experienced or otherwise, except for a few minutes at a wedding. This sailor was maid of honor at a friend's marriage, and I managed to speak to her for a moment after the cake had been cut. I asked her if she had any good advice for a novice. Her reply was interrupted by the happy cries of some wedding guests who had just discovered that one of the punch bowls was filled with artillery punch (one quart each of claret, sherry, Scotch, and brandy, frugally diluted with one quart of soda), and the only words I heard were an admonition never to jibe. I didn't know what "to jibe" meant, but I firmly resolved never to do it.

Having thus exhausted all sources of first-hand information, I went to a bookstore and bought a copy of *Sailing Made Easy*. I read it at least three times a day for the rest of the week, and read it again Saturday while sitting in the boat.

Then I cautiously untied the Nipper, put my right hand on the tiller, and took the main sheet in my left. The book, propped open against the centerboard trunk, announced in large type: "Chapter Two: NOW YOU ARE READY TO SAIL."

"I am?" I asked myself doubtfully.

Setting off for a first sail with a copy of *Sailing Made Easy* indicates a nice faith in the printed word, but it is a poor substitute for having a real sailor aboard. There are many things books do not tell you. Mine, for instance, said nothing about the importance of raising the sail quickly. I raised it slowly, while easing the metal slides of the sail one by one onto the track on the mast—a process as slow as pouring molasses back into the bottle. The wind puffed out the partially raised sail, and the boat skidded violently in a sideways slide, her copper-painted bottom tilted high in the air and her deck awash with a foot of suddenly vicious-looking lake water. I clawed my way to the high side, and frantically wrestled one hundred square feet of wet canvas back aboard the boat.

Confusion of mind, leading right into perplexity, was the direct result of the maiden voyage.

Some mistakes I made through stupidity. There was the time I carefully lowered the centerboard, put the rudder in place, raised the sail (very rapidly) and set off with all the assurance of Captain Joshua Slocum beginning his voyage around the world. However, I had forgotten to untie the boat. A Nipper has tremendous pulling power when the sail is filled, and it tore the entire mooring out of the lake bottom.

The sailor ultimately wishes to return to shore, and then enters the perplexing problem of tacking. My book devoted only three pages to it, but a degree in engineering was what I really needed. Lacking that, I sailed back and forth over the pretty blue water . . . back and forth, back and forth . . . getting not one foot closer to shore. The sun blazed hot, and then hotter. Hour upon blistering hour went by. I worked as hard as I could, and got literally nowhere. Finally I decided in desperation to sail down to the end of the lake and run aground. This increased the length of the tack to the proper proportion, and when I came about I could see that I might reach home before dark after all.

Finally I worked my way through the book and joyfully threw it overboard and got on my own. I learned how to get the most out of a light breeze; I discovered that most delightful of all pleasures—sailing on a summer night under a full moon.

There is one nautical problem which no book mentions—a problem peculiar to the mother who sails. As soon as she is well under way and has reached the middle of the lake, her whole family gets hungry. Papa and the children decide they need Mama, and they need her right now. On Sunday afternoon I will be sailing along with the boat heeled over nicely, my feet braced on the opposite deck, all the pens and keys lost during the summer jingling companionably under the floor boards—when a black motorboat roars up behind me. "Throw me your mooring line!" shouts my son. "I'll tow you back to the dock. Do you realize that it is TWO O'CLOCK and we haven't had dinner YET? WE'RE HUNGRY!"

So back we go, with the Nipper submissively in tow. The people on shore sigh in relief—the authorities have caught that crazy woman who was trying to escape in the sailboat.

Mentality—Male Versus Female

Doris Jamieson

THE MENTAL capability of one sex over the other is a subject that prompts even the meekest person to voice a definite opinion. Interest in this subject is something that almost everyone shares with an equal amount of enthusiasm because everyone is unconsciously concerned as to the intelligence of his own sex.

Although the male does not possess a higher intelligence quotient than the female, he does enjoy a valuable quality that has nothing to do with the ability to learn, but at the same time greatly assists his acquisition of knowledge. His mind operates on two basic tracks, namely, work and women, or school and women in the instance of the younger man. He is not hindered with unrelated thoughts that seem to creep into a woman's cranium. He is not terribly concerned about what trousers to wear with a new shirt, nor is his mind cluttered with speculation about what his neighbor thinks of his hat. The business of the moment absorbs his entire attention. He is not likely to be shaken from serious concentration in mathematics at the sound of a familiar tune full of remembrance. This would be sufficient distraction to cause a woman to forget mathematics while a man would whistle it impersonally without a hint of nostalgia. It is his ability to shut out the emotional patterns of his life that makes the male mind superior to the female mind. It is true that women like Madame Curie, Clara Barton, and Harriet Beecher Stowe were outstanding, but such women are exceptions to the rule; the female is not emotionally suited to the constant competition of the world of science, commerce and government.

When a man's mind inevitably demands relaxation, he then switches to the other track and pursues a woman instead of knowledge or his chosen profession. Here, too, we find differences between the two sexes, but that involves a complete discussion in itself.

Let us return to man's ability to shut out emotional patterns of his life. How else could he leave the fireside of comfortable living to march off to war? His emotions would interfere with the clear thinking that is needed to decide strategic moves and bring about ultimate victory. In peace as well as in war, the military man must constantly face the fact that duty to his country always comes first. One has only to read a few war stories to realize that some men, unable to overcome the emotional barrier, have some very serious psychological problems; but this type of man is in the minority as is the woman who divorces herself from the usual feminine tendencies and thus makes a thrilling place for herself in the so-called man's world. She too has psychological problems to cope with in spite of her success and cleverness.

Nature endowed the male and female with separate tendencies for a purpose. Man, in general, must take his place as the head of

the family with all the responsibilities of providing the necessities of life. The woman must fulfill the tremendous career that is hers in leading her family along the various stages of development to maturity. Here again, a rule is being cited rather than exceptions to the rule.

An example of man's constant attention to the business at hand is best illustrated in the Texas drawl of General Lee. His tour of duty in the Philippines had been extended to four years, and the General and Mrs. Lee had not seen their only son for that length of time. They were extremely proud of his graduation from medical school, his selection of a wife, and the announcement of the arrival of a grandson, even though they had missed all these major milestones in his life. Mrs. Lee commented frequently that she was hardly able to control her desire to see her son and grandson, but her duties as the general's wife kept her busy enough to prevent serious upsets. A luncheon to entertain a group of important visitors had kept her particularly busy one week. The day of the luncheon was full of the splendor of the beautiful South Pacific. General and Mrs. Lee were receiving the guests when the aid whispered that another place was needed at the table. The addition was being made when General and Mrs. Lee caught sight of their son walking into the room. Both were stunned momentarily, but it was the General who saved embarrassment for all concerned by drawling, "Wal, I thought you-all looked very familiar, but you better git over there to Grandma quick or she'll be crawling over the table to git you." He was a General first, and a loving father second.

Since the female mind is not being fully utilized in our present society, one can contemplate what an abrupt change would befall our accepted order of living if the male began displaying the emotional weakness of the female and the woman concentrated solely on business, science, and politics. One cannot truthfully say this would be a change for the better. It seems only fitting that the sex least likely to turn away from matters of importance in government or elsewhere should continue in his capacity as the one with the superior mental ability.

But in order to prevent being hanged in effigy by the female sex, I quote a recent newspaper article that will conveniently shatter my theory:

Yellow Springs, Ohio—Associated Press—Science has proven what many women have long maintained—men are fatheads. Dr. Stanley M. Garn, associate professor at Antioch College here, says a recent study of fat and its distribution over the human body shows that, although women are 41% fatter than men, the 'superior male' has more fat on his head than do women.

NIGHT WATCH

Sleep, small head on downy pillow, sleep
And know this night ten thousand generations watch
And hope what passed from them to you through me
By mystery of chromosome and gene
Might one day lift this race of man a little,
Enough to know they did not strive in vain.
They, as I, ask not for works of impact
On the race by word or deed, but only
That you stand before Creation as their kin
To give love to others in your time.

—GEORGE B. KUTCHE.

SYMPHONY OF THE SEA

Ocean waves come rolling on the shore,
Their rhythmic motion only moons delay ;
They make God's music in their thunderous roar
While lovely shells begin a light ballet.
The light flashes bright, the thunder claps,
The sea weeds sway and dance the measured beat,
And octopus grasps things with little tact
And eels start on their hunt for waters sweet.
Waves o'er and o'er with rhythmic pulses pound ;
The sea will after long begin to loll,
The pink-lipped shells will head for silver sound,
While over briny depths more waves will roll.
God's ocean plays a lovely symphony,
That somehow chords with something deep in me.

—LOIS ANN DAVIDSON

Intolerance

Susan Hopkins

IN ORDER to acquire the kind of world we want, the people of the world must succeed in establishing a solid basis of friendship among themselves. Politics, democracy, and international conferences are important, but the attitude of the people of the United States toward each other and toward the people in Europe, in Latin America, and in the Far East is far more important.

If we cannot establish friendship among ourselves at home, it is unlikely that we shall be able to establish freedom or friendship abroad. It is impossible to talk of friendly relations with other countries when in our own communities people of Latin America, Africa, China, Russia, India, and many other foreign countries are persecuted because of their color, race or creed.

America is supposedly a democratic nation, but what do other countries see when they come to look at it? They see colored people everywhere treated with contempt, shunned like lepers, shut up in overcrowded shacks, not permitted to live in the same neighborhood with the whites, shut out of restaurants, out of employment, forced to ride in special compartments on trains and on busses, imprisoned in prejudice and discrimination.

This is one reason why some of the world's people turn toward the Soviet Union and their Communist machine. To the Negro, denied the most fundamental of all rights as a human being, the question of the other human freedoms must seem rather unimportant.

In ten states during the summer of 1949, Negro children visited white homes, and white children visited Negro homes. The visits, most of which were for two weeks, were part of an important experiment in race relations known as the "Vermont Experiment."

Back in 1944 the "Vermont Experiment" was just an idea that sprang from the breakfast table of a quiet-spoken minister who lived, at one time, with the people of Johnson, Virginia, for fourteen years. Throwing down the paper one morning, the Reverend Ritchie Low now faced his wife. "Look at that headline," he exclaimed. "Another race riot! It's time that something was done!"

Mr. Low decided to do something. Within an hour he was on the train to New York to present his plan to the Reverend Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., minister of the Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem. Mr. Powell agreed to select a group of children from his parish to pay a visit to Vermont. Mr. Low was to supervise their distribution among families in his state. A few weeks later the first boys and girls from Harlem arrived in Vermont. The first test succeeded.

This visit was just the beginning of the "Vermont Experiment." The same year eighty Harlem children were visiting Vermont; and since Mr. Low felt that any real experiment in bettering race relations

had to work both ways, a group of white children was in Harlem to repay their visit.

Most important of all, the "Vermont Experiment" has now taken root in cities and states all over the country. In Chicago, where racial tensions sharpened during the war, the Presbyterian Board set up its own plan, sending Negro children from the city to farms of northern Illinois. The Connecticut Council of Churches has sent Negro children from Hartford and New Haven to surrounding farms. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Maine, Indiana, Minnesota, Colorado, and California have adopted the plan.

It makes one feel good inside to realize that some things are actually being done to eliminate many foolish attitudes toward racial discrimination. The United States, it seems, has just started to take a few cautious steps forward in opening the door of life for many unfortunate and aloof individuals. The steps have been indeed small, but they have finally been taken toward the ultimate good of unifying humanity. Wherever one finds people who open their hearts as well as their minds, progress will be made to abolish racial intolerance and make our world a place of co-operation, complete contentment, sincere happiness, and lasting peace.

John B.

Alice Appel

JOHAN B., my bachelor uncle, has more businesses than the proverbial merchant and the one-armed paper hanger combined. From Monday through Thursday, he travels in North Carolina and Virginia peddling furniture for several manufacturers. He announces openly that he considers only one of the lines worth having, and he would not give two cents for the rest. He and a partner own a dry cleaning plant, cash and carry, so over the week-end he is at what he calls his "little gold mine." There is also a second-hand furniture and antique shop, "Trash and Treasure," which is open only two days a week. "Truthfully, there is lots of trash and little treasure in my shop. The old ladies of the county besiege our place each Friday and Saturday. My partner and I have to keep hopping to replenish the stock. I think our short hours tantalize the old gals, and we bait them with an occasional treasure." John B. has a third partner who helps him in his charcoal producing business, just organized recently to catch the back-yard chefs. Buying and repairing old houses condemned by the public health department consumes much of his free time and vacations. Each week-end he has to go out and collect the rent from his white tenants. He leaves his baby blue, four-door Cadillac at home and sails forth in his little second-hand, red pick-up truck. Trying to pick up an extra couple of dollars, he collects by the week and not by the month. His colored tenants bring their rent to the dry cleaning shop each week. It sounds to me as if there are forty little gold mines right there.

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John B.'s hobby is antique furniture. He started collecting while in college. "I've got a fortune here in furniture. Turned down a thousand dollars for that little corner cupboard. My best sofa is in the local historical museum. Look at this chest. Very rare! Most unusual—found it in a mountain cabin, paid fifty cents for it! Now I can get three hundred. Notice the exquisite inlay at the keyhole." All this "priceless" furniture is in my grandmother's house. There is no empty wall space, and one has to go through the doors sideways. My grandmother thinks she is the envy of all of her antique-collecting friends. She will have a fit when John B. gets married and takes his belongings. Suppose the "lucky" girl does not like eighteenth-century Americana?

John B. has always been a business man running at full speed. When he went to V.P.I. in Blacksburg, Virginia, he was the "big man on the campus." What and when he studied I do not know. His grades were average, but when he left, he had enough money saved to finance his first venture in low-rent housing. He did not have to work his way through school, but he could not close his eyes to so many opportunities for picking up some extra change. He owned all the paper routes in Blacksburg and owned a late-evening sandwich business in the dormitories. He had the soft-drink concession at the athletic events and found time to manage the football team.

John B. is no shrinking violet. One knows he is around. His cigar smells to high heaven. One cannot miss him. He is rather tall with a very long torso but short stocky legs. His shoulders are thick, "due to wrestling at my old alma maters, Fishburn Academy and V.P.I." He drives his huge car right down the center of the town at sixty miles per hour. If someone gets in his way, he sits on his horn and forces him to the side. When he enters a room one immediately hears him express his opinion on whatever the subject may be.

One would never know he is a graduate of any military school—none of the neatness, orderliness and precision rubbed off on him. He leaves his belongings strung all over the house. His room, with a multitude of old books, an Edison phonograph, Sheffield silver, a ten-inch Ingersoll watch (very rare, indeed), antique bisque figurines, makes me think he is a relative of the deceased Collier boys.

What are his plans for matrimony? "Just don't have time for the girls! I could finance a wife and furnish a ten-room house, but I am just too busy to bother with a wife." So, John B. isn't married. A pity, isn't it?

The Cult of Mediocrity

Deirdre Porter

THE CULT of mediocrity (the quality of being of a low degree of excellence) seems each day to enfold within its ranks a greater number of the members of society. What is it that draws so many to this state of cultural laxity? Its components are of all classes and professions—the careless shoe-shine boy to the impatient explorer in cosmic research, the not overly-diligent student to the harried housewife. Certainly, then, it is not a particular trade of men, but rather a broad cross-section of humanity that is attracted to mediocrity. The attraction? Perhaps it is nothing more than the relaxation it offers from the general pressures exerted in the crushing drive for gain. This relaxation seemingly is the greatest attraction, for who is there that does not yearn often to fling all else aside and take a leisurely walk along a country lane or across a grassy meadow? Indeed everyone does, but rather than resort to it as an end, one should be able to take from his "walk," whatever type of experience it be, the fortitude that will enable him to return to his task with renewed vigor. His "walk" should be the source of strength rather than the receptacle of uncompleted efforts.

As well as this relief from pressures, mediocrity seems to offer a satisfaction of the desire for inner security. This security, some believe, is found in a person's becoming simply one among many. Here there is no need for him even to attempt to shine: he can drift easily along in the wake of others. But is this not a false security? What is to occur when suddenly the individual is just that—an individual? His crowd of mediocre associates cannot always be at his side when he is called to stand. And even should they be able to, what sort of an inner satisfaction can he have?

And again, mediocrity often becomes the refuge of those individuals with great aspirations, who are thwarted and discouraged at every turn. This type, perhaps, is the saddest of all. In the murky catacombs of wasted time and effort stands the aging, stoop-shouldered man. He might have been a scientific genius; he might have been a brilliant statesman; he might have been. Here among his own and others' shattered visions he waits, idling with the head and hands that might have wrought such a golden dream as earthly brotherhood and peace.

And we? We shake our heads in momentary remorse—and follow.