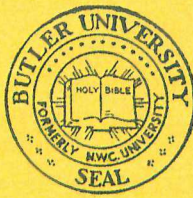


M S S



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Ann

Jessie H. Cochran

THE WOODS, if you could call them that, stretched down to the pond with the benevolent neatness of an English park. Or, you sensed there was a pond there, or perhaps a small lake, where the ground sloped suddenly out of sight. The trees were of a grandfatherly variety, huge dying willows, gray and decaying in part, and incredibly monstrous live oaks. Here and there a spindly birch shone through the greenness, for it seemed that even the air was faintly green and moist.

"But where is this?" Ann said.

She had a way of presenting questions in that fashion; it gave her an air of other-worldliness, that of a wandering spirit. The people who didn't like her maintained it was deliberate; the ones who did said Ann's mind worked more directly from her unconscious through her conscious. They were fond of saying this.

Johnny at this point had concluded he had had just about enough of Ann. That was the way he phrased it to himself, spontaneously. But at once he perceived it to be poor phraseology, unworthy of himself. It's tedious to picnic with pure psyche, he thought, and felt better. Therefore his answer to Ann was kinder than his first spontaneous one would have been.

"It's Sussex, pure Sussex, dear," he replied, knowing she would be pleased. That's what she had meant.

"Of course! I might have known it at once." She turned and smiled up at him, her frail neck stretched up and back in an arc, like a ballerina or a horse. The greenish light was reflected in her pale, disheveled hair and in the hollows of her face. For a moment Johnny felt the returning of the old attraction, but it left him almost at once; he noticed her teeth weren't quite as clean as they could have been.

He set the picnic basket, an intricate affair of vari-colored woven straw, on the ground, and spread the brown Mexican poncho beside it. Then he sat, cross-legged, on the poncho and proceeded to remove the picnic from the basket. A long, thin loaf of foreign-looking bread, some cheese in a little earth-colored pot, a bottle of Chianti and a can of smoked shrimp. He scratched around in the bottom of the basket, but that was all. And there was no can opener for the shrimp.

"Ann," he called. She was standing a little distance away from him, hands laced behind her back, face heavenward, or treeward. A picture, Johnny thought. She's making a picture.

"Ann!" he said again, this time sharply.

She turned on the balls of her feet, then ran toward him, laughing lightly. She threw herself down beside him on the poncho, on palms and knees, her face close to his.

"Johnny, we must go to England. Take me to England."

"You didn't bring a can opener for the shrimp."

Still laughing, she shook his arm. "Tell me we'll go at once. Let's lay plans."

"Let's lay plans about opening the shrimp. Today shrimp, tomorrow the world."

Ann clapped her hands and said, "That's really very good, Johnny. It must be marvelous to have such a quick mind."

He was struggling now with a little wire device that secured the top of the cheese jar. It refused to divulge its secret intricacy to him, and he cursed, wrenching at it. Ann sat, arms hugging knees, and talked of England. Her accent, or rather her tone, assumed a faintly British lilt.

"And we shall see—we shall really see—all the heavenly places we've read about. Johnny, do you think it odd of me to want to see Stonehenge? Might we really visit Stonehenge, do you suppose, and perhaps find there a druid or even a warlock? I'm certain I should see one. Even an old, not very aggressive warlock would do."

Johnny bit savagely into the heel of the bread, his teeth making a grinding sound on the tough crust. The bread was mostly crust. He reached for the bottle of wine, but it was of a more expensive variety and had a cork rather than a cap. There was no corkscrew.

"Ann, do you happen to have a Boy Scout knife?"

"Oh, darling. You know I always carry one in my 'Be Prepared Kit'."

Johnny shook his head. "No, I'm serious. Make it a Girl Scout knife. Do you have one?"

Ann's laugh was uncertain and questioning, with a merry interrogation point.

"I suppose," he said, "it's ridiculous for a wood nymph to carry a knife. I know it is ridiculous for a wood nymph to pack a picnic basket."

"Didn't I put in anything you like? The shrimp and the wine were very dear. I wanted to please you."

The "dear" annoyed him beyond caring for past love. He not only concluded he had had about enough of Ann, he damned well had had a bellyful of Ann.

"One *mayn't* eat *tinned* shrimp without a *tin* opener, and one *mayn't* drink *dear* wine without a corkscrew. Damn it, this whole thing was your idea, and I'm hungry! Come on, little dryad, conjure up a way to get at this stuff. And furthermore, this bread might be just dandy for a Moravian peasant, but it does nothing to me."

He picked up the gouged loaf from the poncho and surveyed it. There was a fine film of dust and lint on the shiny crust. He hurled it underhand at the base of a willow, where it thudded deadily, and turned truculently to see the effect on Ann. She was watching him, her lower lip sucked under the upper one, chin on knees. Her eyes were opened very wide and peered up at him through the tangled fringe of her bangs. The basic pitch, thought Johnny. The hurt child

routine; I know them all.

"This poncho is filthy," he informed her, staring back.

Ann arose wearily and wandered over to the discarded bread, her thin shoulders slumped and head bowed. She poked at it with her toe, and it rolled over and settled into a trough of dead leaves, partially buried. Johnny watched her for a moment, then took a stone and knocked the wire gadget from the top of the cheese, which he proceeded to eat by scooping it up with his forefinger. It had a grainy texture and an unpleasant sharpness which made him thirsty. The bottle of wine lay pristine and adamant in the basket, defiantly corked.

"Damn you," he said to it softly.

It was Ann who had driven him to thinking and talking like this: Army talk. No, not simply Ann, but too much Ann. He had carefully trained himself out of the G. I. mode of expression when he saw it had been milked dry by other, quicker ex-G. I. writers. Now he considered: was Ann, or his association with her, an unconscious effort to expunge that old habit? And was it in that effort that all her attraction for him lay? It was a new thought, and he sat considering it. It was difficult for him to view his own emotions clearly, since they always seemed to react on him physically in a violent fashion. Anger, for instance, transfused him so thoroughly that he always forgot the cause of his anger and was aware only of the feelings; love was so immediately desire that it had at once to be fulfilled, if reasonably possible, or he could not think. Why, then, did he now feel acquitted of Ann? Had the mental metamorphosis been completed, perhaps, and he no longer had need of her? He concluded this was true, since in his annoyance he had immediately reverted to a manner of speech he had deliberately dropped, because of Ann. No, not because, but through. Partially. The idea pleased him, as he chose to conceive of himself as an artist who demands and does not give, deservedly so. Any artist has the right, he had stipulated many times. Once when he had said this someone had answered, "Very comfortable for you artists," but whoever had said it was immediately taken to task by Ann. Well, that had been very decent of her. He glanced over at her small, forlorn figure and was touched. If she had said that, she would understand now the necessity for their break. Should it be mercifully quick, right now, in this Sussex-like woods? The day was ruined anyway, so why not.

"Ann, dear."

She shook her head, her back to him, but didn't answer. He felt a surge of pity for her, so small and defenseless in the face of his art. She did look rather like a wood nymph, he thought generously, or perhaps an oread. All pale greens and greenish gold and slight and almost dappled, like a slyly camouflaged fawn. He rose and walked toward her, feeling suddenly Pan-like. She turned as he approached, and he saw that her unpowdered cheeks bore the faint, wet paths of tears.

"Was it England?" she asked him.

"Was what England?"

She raked a small foot through the leaves, like an impatient doe. "Was it England or the shrimps?"

Christ, thought Johnny, and then controlled himself. Yes, he had thoroughly enough of stream of consciousness questions. Her manner imposed an intimacy on their relationship that no longer existed.

"I don't know what you're talking about." Of course he knew.

"Yes, you do. What annoyed you, my saying we should go to England or not having any opener for the tin—the can of shrimp?" Since he couldn't, truly, choose between the two, he didn't answer. She persisted.

"You aped me and called me a dryad, which of course proves you are annoyed. To call me a dryad in that way, I mean. But it was especially cruel since I was fleetingly happy."

Fleetingly happy! Of course, there was his cue. Very well then.

"Ann, I am a beast."

"Yes." The Hemingway yes, the universal, all-encompassing yes, thought Johnny. Cast aside was the dryad, kissed off was the wood nymph. Here was a knowing woman.

"But I must be."

"Yes."

"You know as well as I all artists must be."

She tilted her head. "Shaw said that, I think. And it is true."

"Then you know?" He almost added, "Lady Brett."

"For longer than you, I suspect." A slight smile played around her lips. Her eyes were clear and above all courageous. "No England, then, Johnny?"

"No England, dearest Ann."

But, thought Johnny, God *bless* England, God bless Hemingway and Shaw and Noel Coward and the whole Group of Bloomsbury. And thanks.

The Headache

William Backemeyer

DAVIS awoke with a splitting headache. It had been years since he'd had a headache. He couldn't understand where this one came from. Certainly nothing unusual had happened yesterday. He took two aspirins before breakfast and tried to forget about it. But he could not.

On the way to the subway, it grew worse. It was as if a sharp knife had made a narrow pie-like incision from the bridge of his nose, over the top of his head, to the back of his right ear. The sun poured into the crack. He could feel the pain of its heat upon his exposed nerves.

In the subway the noise of the thundering trains entered the

crack and jangled from one nerve to the other. As he rose in his office-building elevator, all the pressure of the fifty-five stories pushed into the crack. It felt as though a cement-breaker were working on his head.

"Morning, Davis. How are things?"

"I've got a terrible headache, Joe. Can't figure it out. Never have these things usually."

"Living it up again, eh?" laughed Joe.

Davis smiled, but he knew he had not been "living it up." He was puzzled. As he tried to work, the figures danced before his eyes. Soon everything was in a blur. He seemed to be outside of himself, looking into the crack in his own head! But he couldn't make out what was inside. It was this inability that caused the pain.

"Davis?"

"Yes, Mr. Bradon."

"Joe tells me you're not feeling well today. What's the trouble?"

"A ghastly headache, sir. But I don't know what brought it on."

"Well, why don't you drop down to the company doctor? I don't like to take any chances in the department."

"All right, sir. But I sure can't understand it."

"That's what the doctor's for, Davis. You run along now."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, Mr. Bradon."

He kept peering intently into the crack. He nearly fell in when the elevator stopped abruptly at the seventeenth floor. But still he could see nothing inside.

The doctor gave him a ten-minute checkup. He asked several questions. And all the time Davis looked frantically into the crack. It wasn't just black or empty inside. There was nothing. Absolutely nothing.

He tried to explain this to the doctor, who only smiled.

"Davis, I can't find a thing wrong with you. Evidently you've just got a jim-dandy of a headache. Now, you go home to bed and try to sleep as much as you can. I'll let Bradon know. And take two of these every four hours."

"Okay, Doc. Thanks. I sure feel like a silly ass, not knowing which end's up!"

"Take care of yourself, Davis."

He peered deeper and deeper into his crack as he waited for the uptown subway. If only he could see *something* in there. But there wasn't a thing.

As his train approached, its noise pushed the crack open a bit further. He leaned far inside for a better look. It was then that he lost his balance.

The subway rail fell into the crack, and then the train itself. He felt the intense pain. But as soon as they were inside, he lost sight of them. He looked after them, straining his eyes. And still he could see nothing . . . nothing.

Valhalla

Pat Mahoney

DOWN the valley the paddies stretched out before him. Terrace upon terrace of pale green rice shoots in crude symmetrical patterns climbed the hill from the river a mile away.

To his right, a native in loose, heat-repelling clothes jogged along with two manure pots suspended from the long pole across his shoulders. The patter of his bare feet upon the mud wall of the paddy echoed up the draw.

To his left, two women, as ageless as the paddies in which they worked, were bent over transplanting young shoots into the newly-flooded field. Tight sweatbands bound the jet-black hair to their heads, and dirty, off-white skirts were pinned up to their waists as they toiled in the ankle-deep water.

The taller plants and the second-growth, scrubby pines on the hillside swayed before the freshening breeze, and fat, low-hanging clouds gave promise of rain.

Off in the distance the harsh staccato of a machine gun reverberated through the hills. The peace was broken. The old women paused momentarily in their labors, decided they were not in danger, and resumed their planting. The man jogging along with the manure pots never slowed his pace.

Rice is life's blood. Rice must be planted and rice must be reaped. Before the Tshiu, yes, even before the dynasties of Kwan and Pyong-li this was so. Wars of men and elements must not interfere.

The stoicism of these people made him feel ashamed. He could not make it now, even though his leg no longer pained him. He hardly noticed it, the bleeding had stopped long ago. But he could not crawl another inch.

From his hiding place in the ruins of some long forgotten trenchworks, he stared at the three people in the valley before him. If he cried out, they would probably turn him over to the Chinese to curry favor and perhaps some bread. But he vowed they would not take him so long as breath remained in his body. So he waited in silence for the Tall One. It would not be long now.

The mid-day sun, occasionally breaking through the cloud banks, pounded on the youthful head. He had long since disposed of his helmet, it was too heavy. Beads of perspiration stood out on the line-free brow, and cakes of mud and manure clung with the tenacity of death to his dungarees. A bandolier strap and his scabbard bound what was left of his right leg. Blood and the ageless soil of a parched land were caked on the stump of flesh that once was his knee, but pain, like the fickle Korean swallow, had flown.

His thoughts came to him as if they were being shouted from the bottom of a well.

How long had it been? Tuesday night the patrol had been

ambushed. That was two, or was it three nights ago? In the terrible confusion of battle he had stepped on it, not seeing it in the darkness. When he awoke they were all gone and it was quiet. His right foot throbbed madly near the ankle. He was surprised and terrified to find that he did not have a foot on that leg any more, and his life flowed into the dry and worthless soil with every beat of his heart. The bandolier strap and scabbard served the purpose of a tourniquet, and he crawled off toward the mountains looming in the darkness behind him. In a cleft of a hill he wolfed down the rest of his assault rations and fell into a deep and bottomless sleep.

How he prayed for the sight of a marine patrol! But none came. He crawled toward the mountain ridge until dawn, then he had to hide. It was painful at first, but soon the pain left him and he made better time. He wondered about dirt in the wound. Had he used the sulfa powder when he put on the tourniquet? As soon as the sun dropped to the hills behind him, he crawled on.

Arms aching, breath coming in desperate gulps, he climbed one hill after another. With dawn came sleep. When he awoke he was staring into the cold, glaring eyes of a pheasant. The brilliant-plumed bird, frozen in position like some statue, observed with frightened interest this strange thing lying in the tall reeds. A slight movement and the terrified bird was airborne. The thunder of fluttering wings echoed in his ears as he crawled on.

Then he saw them from the top of the ridge. They were between him and the river. Huge boulders formed a rough bridge across the shallow stream, and beyond that there remained but one ridgeline between him and his outfit. So near, and yet so far!

He might have made it if he had not slept so often. Sleep came easily now. The Tall One was coming and there was nothing else he could do.

Gentle as down, the rain caressed his sweating brow and he leaned back against the rotting sandbag to bathe in its coolness. The pain, sharp as a searing flame, accompanied his anguished scream and he doubled over into the dirt.

The Koreans had heard! They were shouting in their native dialect. Someone was running toward him. They would not turn him over! They would not! They must not cheat the Tall One.

The drops of rain made small eruptions in the powdery soil as they plopped, plopped to earth. The muffled roar of a service automatic challenged the multi-throated voices of thunder as the three Koreans stared down into the trench.

After a moment or so, the weapon was handed to one of the women, and the native, stripping to his loin cloth, wrapped the young one in his garment. With the effortless pace of the Orient, he jogged off with his burden toward the stone bridge and the American lines.

The Spiral

Jessie H. Cochran

THE OLD man was back, on the bed again, lying flat, but he couldn't remember getting up there. It was a climb, too, because it was a hospital bed and higher than the one in his hotel room. His hands were folded on his stomach and he studied the backs of them. Mottled and livered, the nails turned inward like claws. I'm falling away, he thought. Falling away. What is happening? And then the spiral began again. That was the way the psychiatrist had put it: a spiral of thought we'll break with the shock treatment.

But all the treatments had done was to make it impossible for him to remember how he had gotten back in bed. It didn't matter. I'm dying, he thought. It's happening to me. It's the beginning. Then the walls of the room seemed to be reaching down and not up, and the spiral ceased and was all at once a straight drop, a deep shaft that was dark and pitted with cruel little lights that hurt his eyes and terrified him. He fought the whole way, trying to swim up; but how can you swim in the air? I'd climb back up, he thought, if someone would tell me how. There must be a way. I can't fight this thing. I don't even know what it is.

He reached bottom at last, or was suspended, because there wasn't any bottom to the shaft. But he stopped and for a wonderful, God-like moment his mind was empty and quiet before the thoughts came pouring in, like a flood tide over the arid, barren sand.

Everything that comes out of me is black. I should have gone to the doctor sooner; I thought I had diabetes. It's my own fault; there's no one to blame but myself. Old Jess Wright had diabetes and they cut off both his feet, but he died anyway. I'm going to die, it's the beginning of it. Nothing is going to do any good.

He opened his eyes and stared at his hands again, which were the same, except that just over the index finger was the psychiatrist who appeared for a moment to be standing on his bed. He wasn't, of course, only leaning against the footboard, but it gave him a bad moment. His hands jerked and trembled, which the psychiatrist did not miss.

"How are you today, Mr. Williams?"

The old man squinted to get his eyes adjusted, because they seemed to be playing funny tricks on him these days. I should have gone to see the doctor sooner. I thought I had it.

"Well, all right I guess." Of course this man, who was too young, couldn't help him. He was a pale little man, almost non-existent, except that his glasses caught and reflected the light, but this only meant you couldn't see his eyes. It was all futile, useless; what could possibly be done?

"You're going to be all right, you know. We'll break that spiral."

"Well."

With great effort he pulled himself up in bed and swung his feet over the side. His body reminded him of a beached whale he had seen once, the tremendous bulk fallen in on itself, dying on the beach. He felt his ribs caving into his stomach, which constantly dropped and dropped, sickening him.

"Does the diet here seem to be all right? Are you hungry between meals?"

And where will I go afterward, if I don't die here? Where will I go to die? The doctor was looking at him and he knew he had to say something, so he said that.

"Of course there's always the question of where I'll go when you folks here are through with me."

"Well we'll see about that. There are plenty of good rest homes until you feel like your old self again."

The old man laughed, because he couldn't remember his old self. There must have been one, somewhere, but it was lost now. The old self hadn't been dying, and he was. He had diabetes now, and he should have gone to see the doctor sooner. I have no one to blame, he thought, no one to blame but myself.

The doctor clutched his hands around the footboard and shoved himself into a straight, hopeful posture and almost smiled. He wore a gray suit and a dark blue tie with small designs in it and probably had a wife and children waiting for him at home. A long house, because these men made a lot of money. The old man paid him a lot of money, and he paid the hospital a lot of money, but neither this doctor nor any doctor nor any nurse in the whole hospital could tell him how to swim up out of the shaft. And he was willing to try it, because he'd always taken care of himself, but he just didn't know how.

"You seem in better spirits today, at any rate. Maybe our treatments are taking effect and you just don't know it yet."

He nodded and pulled back his lips hard over his gums, because he thought for a horrible minute he might cry, but he controlled it.

"Let's hope so," he said. "Let's hope so."

The Broken Record

Lucia Walton

AS THE front door swung open, a voice called down the stairs, "That you, Jenny?"

"Come on down, Mother, we've got company. Jack's in town and brought me home."

"Fine! I'll be down as soon as I finish dusting."

"Take off your coat, Jack, and come in the living room." Jenny shook snow from her dark page-boy and began stripping off her white gloves. The overhead light of the hall deepened the shadows that ridged her sharp cheekbones. Her thin face looked older than the square one of the young man with her, though they were of the

same age.

"Here, let me," he said, reaching to help her with her coat.

She glanced briefly at the thick, well-manicured hand on her shoulder with its heavy fraternity ring, thinking how different Jack's hands were from his brother's long supple ones. As she slipped out of the long coat, the muscles of her jaw tightened as though with pain.

"I haven't been here for quite a while."

"That's right, you haven't." She waited while he hung their wraps in the hall closet, then walked before him to the next room.

"Cigarette?" he asked, reaching into his black-and-gray tweed pocket as he sat down beside her on the faded sofa.

"Thank you, yes."

Leaning toward her with a lighter, he searched her face anxiously. "Getting a little thin, aren't you?"

"Oh, I've lost some." She smiled and inhaled deeply. "Tell me about yourself."

"Not much to tell—just doing the same old things. How about you?"

"Well—as you know, I've come back here, and Mr. Putton luckily needed a new secretary. That's all."

"Are you going to stay here?"

"I don't know, Jack. Mother and Dad try so hard, and they've been wonderful. But you can't just go back and start all over again." Stubbing out the half-smoked cigarette, she began to twist the loose gold rings that encircled her wedding finger.

"I guess not. Why don't you come down to Chicago and get a job? Things must be pretty dull up here."

"For some reason, I like it that way. There's something about a small town—"

"Don't bury yourself, Jenny." His rather prominent blue eyes narrowed when she blanched. Drumming on the arm of the sofa he looked about the room, thinking the tall girl beside him in her smart black dress out of place in its dated hominess. "You aren't the small-town secretary type."

"I didn't used to think so, but now—" she laughed uncertainly. "Now I don't seem to have the energy to do anything else. Once I couldn't wait until I was old enough to leave. Now I think I never will again."

"You ought to go back to modeling," Jack persisted. "You were getting somewhere, before you—gave it up."

"No," she answered quietly, her wide black brows lowering, "I don't think so. I think that would make it harder. Give me another cigarette, will you, Jack?"

His mouth tightened as he lit cigarettes for both of them. "You'll rot in this little hole-in-the-wall. Anyone would. No fun, no people, no excitement—"

"I don't want them any more!" Jenny sat up straight, her eyes blazing. "Maybe I want to rot. It's dull, it's routine. But it's

different. Like swimming, somehow. Here I can just let myself sink down in it and let it shut out everything else!" She sank back, breathing hard as though she had been running.

"Jenny, you can't bury yourself with Joe! It isn't right, it isn't natural!"

"I don't want to talk about it any more, Jack. How about some music?" With a forced smile, she stood up and crossed the room to a walnut console. "Radio, or records?"

"Doesn't matter." Jack watched her limber body as she knelt to open the false speaker, drew out an album, and straightened gracefully, her head bent over the phonograph. He walked to her quickly. "Jenny," he whispered, sliding an arm around her waist. Her knuckles whitened against the record she held. "Marry me, Jenny. I'll make you happy. Joe never would have, even if the accident hadn't happened. He never was good enough for you."

She snatched herself away from him as his lips moved against her hair. Her dark eyes burned through him with a strange wildness. "Not good enough!" she spat savagely through tight-clenched teeth. "Not good enough! And I suppose you are!"

He took a step backward, gazing as though hypnotized at her bloodless face slashed by long searing eyes. "I know it hasn't been very long, Jenny, but I've always wanted you." His tone was like the whining of a child trying to justify a poor report card to its father. "Joe was too old for you, too—"

"Get out of here! Get out!" Her body was taut, her breath short and rasping.

"Jenny—"

The record she still clutched snapped in the fierceness of her grasp. "I said, get out!" She stood for a moment looking at him as though the force of her stabbing, hating eyes would make him disappear. Then the pieces of the broken record dropped to the floor on either side of her, and she walked slowly out of the room. Motionless, Jack stared at the ringed black semicircles that blotted the flowered carpet, listening dully to the quick uneven clicking of her heels on the stairs.

In a Coffee House

William Backemeyer

"PULL up a chair," Jim said, grinning broadly.

"Thanks, I will."

"D'ya like *capuccino*?"

"No," I said, "too much whipped cream and froth and stuff. Do they make it pretty good here?"

"Yeah, this place is authentic."

I had just met Jim. Our mutual friend had introduced us, then had seen a long-lost pal in the far corner and had dashed off, leaving Jim and me confronted.

"You a student here?"

I confessed that I was. "Just starting on my Master's. How far along are you?"

"Aw, I'm not really a student," he drawled, throwing an incredibly long leg over the corner of the tiny table. Beside his chair stood a battered old briefcase which overflowed with papers. "I take a couple of courses for kicks, but I'm not really a student."

"You must work, then."

"Naw . . . not really," said Jim, cocking his head to one side and squinting at me through one eye.

The waitress came and I ordered some *espresso*. Then I noticed the open book Jim had in front of him.

"What are you reading?"

"Conrad . . . *The Secret Agent* . . . it's putrid!"

That seemed to pretty well close *that* subject.

"Well, if you don't work, or study, what do you do?" I asked.

"I spread Anarchy."

"You do *what*?"

"I spread Anarchy. Say, I've got some papers here you should read," and he rummaged through the briefcase without removing his leg from the table.

"Sure thing," I said, "that's just what I've been looking for."

I took the papers he handed me. They were entitled *Annihilation*. As I glanced over them, he leaned back and sipped the last of his *capuccino*. I decided to push him a little further. What the hell, I thought, Anarchists ought to be able to take straight questions.

"Then what do you live on, Jim?"

He grinned.

"Well, it's this way," he said. "I was in the army. But I didn't like it. Not at all! So I decided not to talk to anybody. You know—a boycott. Damn, but that bugged them. They tried everything, but I wouldn't talk."

He stopped to light his cigarette leisurely.

"Well, after six months of this, they gave me a medical discharge—with a pension! So I live off my pension."

I burst out laughing and Jim chuckled to himself.

"Say, that's great," I said. "You spread Anarchy on government funds, eh?"

His leg toppled to the floor. He scowled at me. Then he reached into his case again.

"Man, you'd better read this pamphlet, too. Don't worry, they're all free. But I've really got to be going now . . . it's been great," he said, as he gave my shoulder a jovial slap and mustered a parting smile.

I watched him move slowly toward the door, the briefcase swinging heavily at his side.

different. Like swimming, somehow. Here I can just let myself sink down in it and let it shut out everything else!" She sank back, breathing hard as though she had been running.

"Jenny, you can't bury yourself with Joe! It isn't right, it isn't natural!"

"I don't want to talk about it any more, Jack. How about some music?" With a forced smile, she stood up and crossed the room to a walnut console. "Radio, or records?"

"Doesn't matter." Jack watched her limber body as she knelt to open the false speaker, drew out an album, and straightened gracefully, her head bent over the phonograph. He walked to her quickly. "Jenny," he whispered, sliding an arm around her waist. Her knuckles whitened against the record she held. "Marry me, Jenny. I'll make you happy. Joe never would have, even if the accident hadn't happened. He never was good enough for you."

She snatched herself away from him as his lips moved against her hair. Her dark eyes burned through him with a strange wildness. "Not good enough!" she spat savagely through tight-clenched teeth. "Not good enough! And I suppose you are!"

He took a step backward, gazing as though hypnotized at her bloodless face slashed by long searing eyes. "I know it hasn't been very long, Jenny, but I've always wanted you." His tone was like the whining of a child trying to justify a poor report card to its father. "Joe was too old for you, too—"

"Get out of here! Get out!" Her body was taut, her breath short and rasping.

"Jenny—"

The record she still clutched snapped in the fierceness of her grasp. "I said, get out!" She stood for a moment looking at him as though the force of her stabbing, hating eyes would make him disappear. Then the pieces of the broken record dropped to the floor on either side of her, and she walked slowly out of the room. Motionless, Jack stared at the ringed black semicircles that blotted the flowered carpet, listening dully to the quick uneven clicking of her heels on the stairs.

In a Coffee House

William Backemeyer

"PULL up a chair," Jim said, grinning broadly.

"Thanks, I will."

"D'ya like *capuccino*?"

"No," I said, "too much whipped cream and froth and stuff. Do they make it pretty good here?"

"Yeah, this place is authentic."

I had just met Jim. Our mutual friend had introduced us, then had seen a long-lost pal in the far corner and had dashed off, leaving Jim and me confronted.

Polar Place

Martha Gentry

ONCE there were three White Bares who lived in a suburban cave. Father Bare worked hard in the market place, buying honey from the country and selling it in the city.

"He's a likeable Bare," his wife would say, "and tries hard. It will be too bad if he has to be a honey salesman all his life."

This made Father Bare work harder and harder, night and day, and gave Mother Bare more money so that she could take Baby Bare to the best pediatrician in town.

"You must nurture this little Bare and give him all the love and warmth he needs," said the pediatrician.

Mother Bare, however, confused the meaning of the pediatrician's words. She doted on Baby Bare instead of loving him, nursed him instead of nurturing him, and kept him so warm that her best friends began to call her Smother Bare.

Baby Bare never went to bed early nor ate his spinach—simply because he didn't want to. Mother Bare knew that if she forced him to do these things against his will he would feel insecure. Baby Bare did not like kindergarten because the teacher was mean to him and wouldn't let him draw pictures on the floor.

"He doesn't have to go to kindergarten," said Mother Bare. "I'll keep him home with me."

The honey business was getting better every day, and Father Bare hired other Bares to help him. It kept him busy figuring his income tax.

One day he said to Mother Bare, "I have a surprise for you. Baby Bare must start to school soon and you'll be able to use this."

Mother Bare looked out the window, and there on the street was a long, black carriage.

"Yes, indeed," she said. "Baby Bare must start to school soon."

The teachers at school had never heard of insecurity, because they picked on Baby Bare. He didn't care for school. He didn't care for Sunday School either—they had the same kind of teachers there. Pretty soon, Baby Bare didn't go to Sunday School any more, but, as everybody knows, all young Bares have to go to grade school. Mother Bare gave him all the protection she could from the wicked teachers—whenever she wasn't away in the black carriage.

Baby Bare grew and grew. He went to the barber shop every week, and one day he came home with a new kind of haircut. The barber had left the hair growing long, just in front of his ears, and he looked exactly like all the other Bares at Junior High.

Father Bare didn't have to work on his income tax every night, so Mother Bare wasn't too surprised when he came in one night and said what he always said, "What's for dinner?"

"I don't know what Cook's planning, Father Bare, but I'm upset

over what I heard at bridge club today.”

It seemed that their suburban cave wasn't in the suburbs anymore and, of all things, there were some Black Bares buying caves in the neighborhood.

“What are you going to do about it, Father Bare?” asked his wife. Father Bare suddenly remembered some work he had to finish.

The next time he came home for dinner, Mother Bare brought up the subject again.

“Baby Bare will be going to high school next year, and I'm not going to have him mixing with those crude Black Bares. I drove out to Polar Place today and found the most adorable new cave.”

“What's wrong with this cave?” asked Father Bare.

“Nothing at all,” she answered, “except that it's old-fashioned. It's time Baby Bare had a decent place to bring his friends. This neighborhood just isn't what it used to be, what with its old two-storied caves—and the Black Bares.”

They were settled in their new cave by the end of that summer, and Baby Bare enrolled at Polar Central. He hadn't yet learned to like school, and they were still hiring those ignorant teachers who hadn't heard that young Bares must be protected from things that frustrate them.

When he was old enough to get a driver's license, Baby Bare asked Father Bare to buy him a carriage.

“Every young Bare deserves a Thunderbird,” he told Father Bare. “And, by the way, Father Bare, I need more allowance.”

So he put away his childish toys and played with his Thunderbird and his allowance. Mother Bare didn't always know where he was, because they were often away in their carriages at the same time. Father Bare didn't know either. He was busy with his books.

One day, a strange Bare wearing a badge came to Mother Bare's cave.

“I'm looking for Baby Bare,” he said.

“Oh, Baby Bare's at school,” said Mother Bare.

“Oh, no, Baby Bare is not at school. Baby Bare hasn't been to school for three days.”

Mother Bare tore at the man with her claws and growled at him and said, “You must be mistaken. Baby Bare told me he was going to school.”

Everybody at the school was as unreasonable as the man with the badge, which prompted Mother Bare to sympathize. “I'll put you in a private school where a Bare of your station belongs.”

Then, one morning, the teachers and pupils of Polar Central arrived at school to find that someone had been there before them.

“Somebody's been breaking our windows—and chopping our woodwork—and running our fire hose,” they said, and then, all together, chorused their judgment, “the Black Bares!”

The man with the badge said, “No, it wasn't the Black Bares.”

And he went straightaway to Polar Place and found Baby Bare sleeping in his bed.

Mother Bare swooned when she heard Baby Bare tell the man with the badge that indeed he was one of the Bares who tried to chop down Polar Central.

"It was all Ted's fault," said Baby Bare. "He had an axe and I didn't, but he said I could play with the fire hose."

"After all, Mother Bare," he said, a tear rolling down his cheek, "when I was a young Bare, I wanted an axe of my own more than anything and you wouldn't let me have it. I never had a fire hose either. Young Bares should always have what they want to make them feel secure."

"I'm Comin', Pa"

Lucia Walton

THICK boots stamped and scraped the cement outside the door. It swung open, slammed against the thick body of the old shepherd dog sleeping in front of it. She pulled herself up with a whine and lurched across the room. Ben dropped his arithmetic book and ran to the dog; burying his face in her fur, he began to croon sympathetically.

"That won't do no good," Ben's father muttered from the sill. "That dog can't hardly hear your fussin'."

"Oh, yes, she can, can't you, Frisk?" The boy's tone was half-defiant, half-pleading.

"I said she can't hear right! Can't see, either." The big man looked angrily down at the dog, then turned his jutting nose toward the kitchen and inhaled deeply. "Supper ready, Martha?" he called, the heavy odor of stew twitching his nostrils.

"Pretty soon, Frank."

Unzipping his leather jacket, he sank into a bulky chair.

"You can too see, Frisky. Just as good as I can, can't you?" Ben was singing into the dog's ear.

Frank scowled at the blond hair swirling out from the boy's pink cowlic. "Quit fussin' and go help your ma. And bring me some coffee."

Ben gave the dog a squeeze and ambled unhappily to the kitchen. Frisk's pointed nose followed him tentatively, then snuggled between her freckled paws.

"Hurry up, boy!"

"I'm comin', Pa."

The dog raised herself at the sound of Ben's voice and trotted to the doorway. Ben, hurrying from the kitchen, fell over her; coffee inched blackly over the gaily-flowered rug. Frank flung out a curse. Running in, Martha snatched off her apron and began to blot the steaming rug with it.

"All over my new rug—oh, Ben, can't you be careful?"

"It's that dog. She's too old. Guess it's time to shoot her."

"Pa!" The boy's eyes stopped their anxious shifting from one parent to another and glued themselves in terror to Frank's dark face.

"She's too old. She don't do nothin' but make trouble any more."

"Oh, Pa, she ain't old!"

"She's older than you are, boy," Martha said in a worn voice.

"Get me my gun. There's light enough."

"Pa, you can't!" Ben slipped his grimy hands through the dog's matted fur and gulped.

"Get the gun!"

Still on her knees, Martha looked up at her husband, then at the boy. "Go on, son. Frisky'll be better off."

White-faced, Ben stood up and slumped out of the room.

"Get your jacket, too." Frank called after him.

"Frank, you're not takin' the boy!"

"Time he quit all that foolishness."

"He's only a baby, Frank!"

"You're makin' him into a sissy. I'm takin' him!"

Stubby fingers locked in the dog's neck fur, Ben shuffled over the field, lagging behind his father's determined stride. Cold was settling down, hardening the earth; sun-reddened stubble crunched underfoot. Hoarse cow notes drifted to them from the north.

"Starr's gettin' his herd in late," Frank remarked.

Ben didn't answer. His thin shoulders slumped further inside his big wool jacket. They came to a stile, climbed over it into the pasture.

"Take her over by that stump and make 'er stay."

A raw wind stung Ben's tears into his cheeks as he stumbled to obey. He told Frisk to sit, then threw himself to the hard ground, clutching her, crying soundlessly against her soft ear.

"Stop bawlin' and get over here!"

Ben shuddered convulsively. His arms fell numbly from the dog; he got up, sniffing head down, and walked quickly past his father.

"Where you goin'?" Frank growled. A strangled howl answered him.

"Get back here! You ain't a girl!" His black angry eyes pulled the boy around. The barrel of his gun raised.

"Frisky!"

The dog started at Ben's anguished wail and began to trot toward it. A bullet spewed dirt in front of her; she stopped uncertainly, lifted her nose, screamed as the rifle cracked once more and began to run crazily away from it. Thick redness spurting from her shoulder sucked the blood from Ben's face; tearing animal shrieks beat at his brain as the rifle's steel mouth spat again and again. Suddenly there was only the sound of his father's hoarse panting. He struck out blindly across the field, running faster and faster until his knotted stomach threw him to the bleak earth.

Imagery in Milton: "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso"

Shirley L. Bullard

IMAGERY in Milton! Say color, say yet music, say rather words! A word in Milton is filled brimful with over two thousand years of meaning, so weighted with centuries one cannot lightly pass—Cerberus, the Stygian cave, Ebon shades or the night-raven—without letting the mind traverse time in conjuring the shades of ancient myths. "And of blackest midnight born" was not only melancholy but earth from chaotic darkness. With such timelessness behind it, a single image could delight till all literature ran out, and to compare the imagery in "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" seems as unending as an archeological trek.

"Loathed Melancholy" and "deluding joyes" begins Milton, two figures the same. They fall alike to the nether side. But how different the gaudy, bedecked strumpet Joy is from unkempt, long-faced Melancholy. Joy cavorts with her cohorts in chorus-line, Melancholy broods over his drink alone at the corner table, only dead cigarettes surrounding him.

Now leave these underworld shades, the smoke-cloyed air, the glittery light. Breathe instead earth air fresh as mountain green and wind blue. Rest instead in the marble light of a classic cloister.

Not alone traverse the upper air. See across the meadow Jest, Jollity, Quip and Crank, a fair set of twins like Tweedledum and Tweedledee, Nods, Becks, and Smiles, clan cousins on every side, those two prime ministers now doubled o'er, Sport and Laughter, and reigning Mirth now clasping hands with Liberty. Catch a breath of spring air. "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" Can you see shy Hope there too?

While here in this refreshing meadow, hear that gay musician, Laughter, piping merry notes so light they tickle the tops of grasses until the very meadow ripples in a smile. But not to Laughter alone is music, for Silence has its own perfect symphony. Follow his mute-robed figure into that temple garden. Peace and Quiet greet us. Here is something universal. Melancholy here keeps charge. The light of Contemplation is here diffused in every eye. Do you see calm Hope lingering there?

Those of the earthborn who seek Mirth and Melancholy find them thus: Mirth in the lark, Melancholy in the nightingale, Mirth in the open glades, Melancholy in the secluded forest. Mirth rejoices in the sun, Melancholy seeks cold moonlight. Mirth plays a wedding march, Melancholy an Orphic requiem. Mirth goes to a state fair or to a coronation ball. Melancholy notes the train whistle pass late in the night, or the fog horn off shore. Mirth tells tall tales, Melancholy reads Plato. Choose either comedy or tragedy, they are

both by Shakespeare. Like to sing? Take part in a madrigal round or the church choir. Go to a square dance or take in a planetarium show. Day and night, night and day, city country, country city, peasant and peerage, peers and peasantry. Imagery? No, just life, about three thousand years of it.

The Riot

Pat Mahoney

HUNDREDS of screaming schoolboys fled down Shara Istaklal, their banners dragging in the dust behind them. White-helmeted policemen, in Land Rovers and on foot, herded them toward the wide Shara Omar Muktar and the roadblock. Loud-speakers, mounted on trucks, waited there to give orders to the mass of humanity as the excited students milled before bayonet-armed soldiers.

Realizing their encirclement, they threw their placards and banners into the gutter. Shouts of innocence reverberated across the square.

"Death to the French Barbarians!" "Avenge our Arab Brothers!" "Frenchmen, Go Home!" Gaudy banners were now trampled underfoot.

Stone-faced policemen struck down ringleaders with short, thick billies. Screaming agitators tried futilely to rally support. Frightened boys were carried bodily to waiting patrol wagons.

The demonstration had been scheduled for three days, but as usual the police knew about it an hour afterwards. "Riot Plan Two" had been put into effect immediately, and by the time the marching students approached the Royal Palace the police and soldiers were waiting for them.

A cordon of police, three rows deep, surrounded the French Legation as well as the residence of the French Minister. Mounted police, armed with axe handles, patrolled the main avenues of approach.

At the Legation, steel shutters had been lowered and bolted to prevent window breakage. The high steel gates at either end of the garden were secured, and members of the Federal Police, armed with riot guns, stood solemnly inside.

The demonstrators, led by members of the Ittihad Sporting Club, assembled in the Fiat Garage parking lot. Placards and banners, prepared three days earlier, were taken from their hiding place in the garage's grease pit. Under shouted orders from a minor official of the Egyptian Embassy, the group marched out of the alley and into the main street.

French-manufactured automobiles, Citroens and Simcas, parked along the streets, had their windows smashed and fenders dented by the club-wielding mob. A small Renault was overturned, and its gas tank set afire.

On they came, chanting freedom mottos and singing their national anthem. As they made the turn into Shara Baladia, the police went into action.

Armored cars drove into the mass of demonstrators at twenty miles per hour. This surprise move broke the phalanx-like formation, and mounted police rushed in behind the vehicles, clubs swinging wildly, to further disorganize the mob.

A small boy tagging along with an older brother fell and was stepped on by a surging horse. As the leaders broke in full retreat, the small boy did not follow.

Behind the horse police came a solid line of bayonet-armed reserves, forming a wall of flesh from curb to curb.

Injured demonstrators were carried to the rear by police and thrown into open trucks. A screaming boy, his arm dangling uselessly at his side, was silenced by a heavy-handed sergeant and thrown into a truck with the others.

Shopkeepers hurried to lower their steel shutters as the herd of rioters rushed headlong down the street. The big window of the Café Sardi was smashed by a policeman's billy, which had flown from his hand in the *melée*.

An hour after the demonstration had gotten underway it was all over. Broken windows, wrecked automobiles, and blood in the streets gave mute testimony of the riot. The government-owned newspaper reported that evening that three persons had been needlessly killed, ninety-four injured, and that a staggering amount of property had been destroyed.

The following morning the city was back to normal, with signs "Open for Business" hanging over the doorways of many ruined shops.

A MINOR TRAGEDY

Feathers soft
 of quivering gray,
 Pinned against
 a summer day. . . .

Shimmering arrow
 straightway spun,
 Crimson blood
 beneath the sun. . . .

Gentle life,
 flecked by pain,
 Gentle death,
 its last refrain. . . .

—SUE WINGER

Life on Other Planets

Gary Moore

"In the Beginning, God created the Heaven and the Earth . . ."

—GENESIS.

A GLOWING, bulbous sphere hurtles through timeless darkness. On the surface of this globe, seas of molten rock bubble forth incandescent gases and sulphurous fumes. A planet, which will one day be called Earth, is being born.

Time passes. Earth cools. The crust of the Earth is now solid and barren. Steam hisses out of the rock crevices to join the thick layers of heavy black clouds overhead. The groan of the cooling rock is matched by the rolling thunder from above. Nervous lightning flickers about the sky. The tension is broken by a single raindrop as it spatters onto the hot rock surface. The first drop is followed by countless others as the sky pours down a great cooling deluge. The water smooths the jagged rocks, carrying away precious elements to form warm salty seas. And here, in these warm seas, the greatest miracle of Creation is about to take place. Life is about to begin its wonderful cycle on Earth. . . .

Why should such a great and overpowering miracle be confined to our dust-mote of a world? Is the egotism of Mankind so great as to deny the possibility of life on other planets? In earlier times, when Earth was believed to be the center of the Universe, with all the other heavenly bodies circling around it, the peculiarity of life to Earth seemed reasonable. Today, however, Earth is known to be the third of nine planets circling a yellow star on the rim of a great wheel-shaped galaxy which is only one of many star systems in the unfathomable Universe. Earth is by no means the center of the cosmos. Yet there are many people who maintain that Earth is the only planet capable of supporting life. A few of them will grudgingly admit the possibility of simple plant life on Mars, but they insist that no higher forms could exist anywhere except on Earth. The skeptics argue that Mercury is too hot, Venus has formaldehyde in the upper atmosphere, Mars has too little oxygen, and all the planets beyond have crushing gravities, poisonous atmospheres, and fantastically low temperatures.

I can see no reason why life should be confined to a restricted set of conditions. Even on our own planet, there are organisms which survive in so-called "hostile" environments. Microscopic yeast plants, for example, are able to carry on growth, reproduction, and all the other life processes, *without oxygen!* The giant squid, the angler fish, and other deep-sea animals live at pressures which would crush a human being. These organisms are living proof of the adaptability of life.

No one can say with certainty that it is impossible for life to adopt the form of a methane-breathing organism, capable of living

in the crushing gravity of Jupiter. Life on another world might even have a silicon body-chemistry rather than the familiar organic hydrocarbons of Earthly species.

Those who argue against the possibility usually overlook a very pertinent fact. Ours is not the only solar system in the Universe. If we overlook the possibility of the development of life in the alien environments of our own solar system, there is still an excellent chance for the existence of life on other worlds. The number of stars in our own galaxy (the "Milky Way") is beyond conception. The number of stars in all the galaxies of the Universe is truly infinite. Each of these stars is a sun. Some are red giants, some are unbelievably dense white dwarfs, some are like our own sun. Of all the suns which are similar to ours, there must be some with planets. Surely, some of these planets must, according to the law of averages, have environmental conditions favorable to the development of life.

Where life exists, progress exists. The horse has developed from a small fox-like beast to a swift and powerful animal. Man has developed from a dim-witted Hominid to a creature capable of questioning the order of the Universe. If our God is a logical God, why should He reserve this miracle of evolution for a tiny planet in the backwoods of the galaxy? Just as God is Universal, His miracles must also be Universal. Surely, then, life must exist elsewhere in that star-filled infinity. Perhaps, somewhere, other minds are wondering about the possibility of life on other planets.

The Room

Linda Ballard

"**A**ND THIS is a typical room on the second floor." The guide opened the door for the visitors touring the women's dormitory. Immediately she wished she hadn't. But it was too late. The door was open. In marched the five women who, though of various shapes and sizes, gave a general appearance of matronly uniformity, each equipped with a large, economy-size handbag and a hat whose designer had either been intoxicated or in the throes of some strange seizure of madness when he created it. The guide flinched at the expression on their faces as they first confronted the room.

"Two Jordan students live here," she apologetically explained, "Jordan College of MUSIC."

The women looked at the room with an interest colored with horror and distaste. A short woman in a light blue sailboat-shaped hat let out an exclamation.

"Oh! My Heavens!"

The other women turned to look at the thing that had excited this outburst. They followed her fixed gaze to a corner in which, entwined

around an overhead lamp, swung a vine with jungle-like tendencies. Its roots emanated from a potato sitting in a former peanut-butter jar. The women went over to the corner to investigate this singular piece of botany in spite of the vain efforts of the guide to steer them out. She made a mental note to never, never again make the mistake of not checking Jordan students' rooms before exhibiting them.

"Who did you say lives here?" asked a tall woman with a feathered hat.

"Two Jordan students," the guide weakly answered, "—a dancer and a music maj—"

She was interrupted by the short woman, who having stepped backwards, stumbled over a violin case half-lurking under the chair.

"So I see," she said, glancing with more than annoyance at the case. She regained her balance, only to see further evidence of the inhabitants' occupations—a pair of red tights drying on the towel-rack among a tousled tangle of towels.

The whole room, in fact, was extraordinary, the women reflected afterwards. How could such a cubicle, so like all the other cubicles in the dorm, except for color—this specimen was aqua and white—be so different? Each room was furnished for two—two couchbeds in the far corners, two dresser-desks, two closets, two mirrors, and two bookshelves. Everything had been planned so neatly and compactly for those rooms. How on earth could all that perfect planning be so disrupted? It could have been the clutter, not too much, just enough for individuality. There were approximately four pairs of footwear on the floor, nicely scattered around for variety. You could have your choice on which to fall over: a saddle shoe, size nine, or a bedroom slipper, size five. The beds *were* made; that is, one was, and one made a half-hearted attempt to be. Surprisingly enough, it was the little things that gave the room its atmosphere: the paraphernalia on the desks—one with an assortment of lotion and cosmetic bottles, pictures, and a pair of toe shoes, the other littered with books and papers with a record cover proudly proclaiming "BEETHOVEN" mixed in among them—the bulletin board with its potpourri of mementoes, and in close proximity, a blaring red Confederate flag. Over one bed hung a picture portraying a couple of tired dancers, a peculiarly apt subject. On the window sill stood an iron and a glass of water with two paint brushes in it.

The guide managed somehow to pry the women loose from their horrified fascination and to lead them downstairs to the safety of the first floor.

"This," said the guide as she came to a first floor room, "is a typical Butler student's room." She proudly and confidently opened the door to a neat pink and lavender cubicle whose owners were a math student and a business administration student and whose proudest possession was a filing cabinet in one corner.

Reading, Writing, and Moffat

Miriam Scharfe

IN 1917 Mr. John Moffat, complete with Bachelor of Science Degree, drove into Emmerich Manual Training High School history and parked himself in the English Department. From that first green light, Moffat began practicing rituals which have made him legendary among graduates of Manual High. To every graduate within the last forty years, Manual and Moffat are synonymous. Reminiscing among former students about time and tricks in "John's" class is as common as the strains of the old school song are at a football game. Many students, however, do not realize how scholarly Moffat is, because his methods of teaching often cause students to question this man's mentality. Very much to the contrary, though, is the fact that in 1920 Moffat earned his master's degree from Columbia University and was a member of Phi Beta Kappa. It was not until my sophomore year that I had the "opportunity" (because of rumors concerning the man I had reason to doubt my fortune) to be in one of Moffat's classes and to draw my own conclusions about him.

Before Moffat stalked into the scene on that first day of class, we sat nervously expounding and exaggerating the most recent stories we had heard about him. It must have sounded like a confab of the local gossips whose tongues cannot waggle fast enough when a juicy tidbit has come their way, but at least it relieved some nervous tension. Suddenly every tongue froze before sounding its next syllable as the master waddled into the room. He quacked out a greeting through an impish smile which resembled the satisfied look of a sly old fox before he devours his prey. Moffat sat waiting for the pupil with a comment who would serve as his first victim as his popped blue eyes roamed from student to student. He was a curious sight—this little old man. His ruddy complexion, accented by a much too large nose, was eventually lost in a receding hair line. A clump of white curls on the top of his head reminded me of whipped cream on a helping of strawberry Jello.

Since there were no takers of his bait, Moffat pounced on the class with the comment, "Well, it looks as though I've got a pretty stupid group here."

This was only the beginning. For the remainder of the semester we were never quite sure what might happen during the seventh period and Mr. Moffat's class. One day I was the subject of one of his favorite pranks which always happened when someone walked in tardy. As I buzzed into the room a few seconds after the buzzer, the class snickered because it knew what my consequences would be. I glanced at Moffat, drew a deep breath, and began the process of clearing myself.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Moffat," I offered.

"A gerund is a verbal used as a noun," Mr. Moffat started explaining to the class as he completely ignored me.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Moffat," I tried again but to no avail. After drawing several of these blanks, he nonchalantly turned to me and gave me one of those what-are-you-trying-to-prove looks.

"Why good afternoon, Miriam," he said innocently. I smiled, sighed, pivoted on my heel, and made a dash for my seat.

"Wait a minute," the voice halted me. "You have to get a reply from the class also before you can sit down."

Hesitantly I made my way to the front of the room and blushing pleaded several times, "Good afternoon, class."

This could have gone on all period (it has frequently happened) if it had not been for a friend who sensing my agony finally answered my greeting.

Mistakes on tests caused the formation of many Moffat clubs. After our first test was graded and handed back, many students became semester-charter-members in two of Moffat's popular clubs. Students who misused the word "its" automatically became an "itsy-bitsy-witsy" club member. Whenever Moffat asked them who they were, they would have to reply, "I'm an itsy-bitsy-witsy" and recite the rules governing the usage of "it's" and "its." "Verb choir" was for those students who mistakenly identified participles and gerunds as verbs. Daily these singers entertained the class with their chant, "an 'ing' word by itself is not a verb." If a poor unfortunate happened to spell "all right" as "alright," he would find himself spending the rest of the period going around the room whispering to each student the correct spelling of "all right." But for the student who proudly displayed a perfect paper, Moffat had a reward—his own monogrammed candy. The drooling student anticipated a creamy chocolate as Moffat clumsily jerked a box from one of the desk drawers. He flipped open the lid, plucked out a moldy M & M candy tablet, and tossed it to the student. This was Moffat and his uncanny sense of humor.

I shall never forget the day he announced we would have moving pictures about the book, *Silas Marner*, we had just read and discussed. This was really a treat! But our jaws dropped as Moffat pulled out sketches of the Eliot characters and announced, "I'll pass these pictures down the rows and we'll have moving pictures." Moffat humor was also reflected in the papers he graded for the class. Whenever his evil eye cornered a mistake on a student's paper, he punched a hole through it. Then when he returned the papers (this was done by means of sailing the paper in the general direction of the owner), he reported that he did not accept papers with holes in them, "so please do them over if they resemble a sieve."

His management of discipline was also part of his notoriously popular method of teaching. For the girl of the class who just could not control her sound box, there was the closet. All Moffat had to do was transfix a grin on the culprit and point to the closet door

with his withered forefinger. The guilty person would vanish into the two-by-four prison for the remainder of the period. To the boys of the class this looked like great sport, and so they proceeded to antagonize Moffat in hopes of being sent to the dungeon. But as usual, Moffat had other ideas. One day he quietly and deliberately drew circles, two inches in diameter, on the blackboard. Then he turned on the agitators and marched them to the board ordering them to insert their noses in the circles. The girls and Moffat enjoyed a good laugh.

Like the hundreds who had gone before me, I too, by the end of the semester, had learned respect not only for this educator but also for the subject material. For through his unconventional teaching techniques, Moffat was able to make students retain material far longer than the colorless school-marm could ever hope to. In fact, never have I seen an educator who makes a more perfect subject for the old Italian proverb, "Whoso would kindle another must himself glow."

Hiroshima

J. W. Stilwell

AT EXACTLY ten minutes past six in the morning, on August 6, 1955, Japanese time, Mr. Osyki Kamura stepped off the train at the Hiroshima station and joined the crowd of businessmen and schoolchildren who were politely pushing their way toward the exit. Before leaving the building, he stopped to buy a package of Golden-Bat cigarettes, and was puffing on one as he stepped out onto the sidewalk. The crowd had almost completely dispersed, and he easily made his way to the corner where he would catch the trolley. The traffic, which was made up of every type of vehicle from rickshaws to two-ton trucks, was exceptionally heavy on the six-lane main street; but by bluffing the driver of a late-model Chrysler he was able to dash to the trolley's safety zone. As he stood there waiting, his glance fell on the clock of the new eight-story department store, and he was pleased to find that his own Omega was in agreement with it. When the trolley arrived, he dropped his twenty yen into the box and walked to the rear of the car, where he found a seat by the window, complete with a discarded newspaper. He flipped through the first few pages of the paper, paying only slight attention to the picture on the front page when something made him turn back and observe it more closely. Suddenly he realized that it was a picture of the very street he was now on, taken two months before the Americans dropped the bomb. Why, if it hadn't been for Toyami's fish-market in the foreground, he would never have recognized it as being the same town. How depressing was the sight of the old, crowded, two-lane street with no building over three stories high. Even the old Kyo bridge looked as if it was ready to crumble and float on out to the sea. As the trolley hummed on down the street, he began com-

paring the scene that was moving past the window with the picture which he held in his hands. A feeling of pride rushed through him when he thought of the marvelous job his countrymen had done rebuilding the once-devastated town. He was sure that no other people in the world would have had the determination to turn a charred, twisted waste into this useful, modern business-district that he now observed. Only an unyielding desire to live and work where their forefathers had lived and worked could produce results such as these.

Just before the trolley started across the Kyo river, it passed the one remaining, obvious reminder of that horrible day, now ten years past. The sun glinting on the shiny bronze plaque made it impossible to read the inscription from where he was, but he knew what it said, word for word, from previous visits. "Let there be no more Hiroshimas." The words rang in his head. Behind the plaque, the razed skeleton of what had once been the most impressive building in town, stood like a filthy scar on an otherwise beautiful face. During the remainder of the ride his mind drifted back to the war, and he briefly recounted the griefs he had known, including the loss of both his sons. How easily we forget the horrors that war brings and the price that victor and loser alike must pay, he mused. How he wished that everyone in the world could carry, in his mind, the picture of mass destruction and human suffering that at this moment was dominating his thoughts. Were we right in rebuilding our city, or should we have left it untouched as a warning to any nation who is considering war as the answer to its problems? He decided he didn't know the answer, but he resolved to include in his prayers, that very night, a plea that there would never be another Hiroshima.

MUSIC

Music is a love song
Singing in the breeze,
Music is the wind's song
Whisp'ring through the trees.
Its tones are clear and lovely,
Spreading o'er the earth;
It may be played on instruments
Or sung with joy and mirth.
Few of us can understand
The beauty of each phrase,
But music is God's own way
Of bright'ning all our days.

—DAVID D. GRAF

The "Hood"

Charlene Boyle

PSYCHOLOGISTS, attempting to eliminate further probing of the juvenile delinquent known as a "hood," have simply labelled him a non-conformist. Yet is this classification correct? The "hood" wears black boots rather than oxfords or white bucks; the "hood" prefers long hair with a "duck tail" or sideburns to a crew cut; the "hood" feels more comfortable in a black leather jacket than in a car coat; the "hood" continually attempts to prove that he "belongs" rather than believe that he does; the "hood" uses his own language in addition to that of normal teenagers. While differing from them, he shares his peculiarities with all other "hoods." Therefore, while not acting in accordance with the socially acceptable standards of the older generation, he is conforming to the strange codes of his own kind and cannot be called a true non-conformist. It seems that psychologists do need to study this individual more closely, and one point at which to start is an analysis of the "hood's" language.

Garnered from a variety of sources, the "hood's" vocabulary includes excerpts from the typical teenager's lingo, from parents' blasphemous outbursts, from the motion picture and television villains' sadistic remarks, and from newspaper accounts of delinquents' remarks. The average teenager frequently uses words such as "crazy," "square," and "cat" or sentences such as "I dig you" or "I flipped over her" which are bewildering to staid adults. These expressions are interspersed throughout more conventional conversation, however. The "hood," on the other hand, selects the "teen talk" which is least like standard English and uses it as the foundation of all his speech. Since the "hood" is usually the product of parents who are void of interest, love, or sympathy, he avoids all ties with home except in the matter of profanity. Such discourse as often is exchanged between an angry husband and wife provides rich, colorful language from which the enraged "hood" can draw. Because his parents fail to gain his respect either through neglect or lack of understanding, the "hood" turns to the entertainment world to provide him with the heroes he needs. His basic insecurity makes him admire someone who has a domineering personality and seems fearless in every situation. His obvious preference is for the "bad guy" since the delinquent feels that he is in a sense an unwilling "bad guy," badgered by his parents and by convention. From the fictitious villain he adopts such criminal classics as "heater" for gun, "take the rap" for assume the blame, "on the lam" for in trouble with the law, "let's scram" for let us leave, "squeal" for give information, and "copper," "blue-boy," and "flatfoot," among other synonyms, for an officer of the law. Since the "hood" himself is curious about his kind and enjoys notoriety just as his heroes do, he eagerly reads

newspaper descriptions of drag races, "chickie" runs, gang fights, or other incidents involving so-called "hoods." From these accounts he picks up further additions to his garbled and unusual language.

Perhaps the most unfortunate aspect of the "hood's" language and the one most responsible for his behavior, however, is his incorrect interpretation of such abstract concepts as "faith," "courage," "heart," "loyalty," and the like. Perceiving the significance of these words by their use in reference to deeds of valor or love, yet failing to receive instruction in their exact meaning, the "hood" attaches the importance of these words to trivial occurrences within the realm of his own experience. Taken into custody for slaying a member of a rival gang, one teenager explained that his friends had "faith" in his ability to carry out his assignment, and, although he liked his victim personally, his "loyalty" to his gang was more important. The "hood" also uses the terms "courage" and "heart" in justifying his "chickie" runs, Russian roulette, and other deadly games. In his efforts to live up to his incorrect ideals, to flaunt his disrespect for his parents, and to be different from other teenagers, the "hood" is sometimes called a simple non-conformist, but an analysis of his language helps to explain his behavior as part of a group in more exact terms.

The Resources of the Dictionary

Don Mobley

A DICTIONARY is many things to many people. To the businessman and the teacher, it is an indispensable tool. To a balking student, it may be a volume as vague as a folio of black magic. In order to discuss the use of a dictionary, however, one must find some means of comparison. Surely, the extraction of precious metals from ore seems analogous, and, as in metallurgy, both good and bad methods persist. Amalgamation and gravitation are, for example, important both to mining and to the mind.

In amalgamation, gold particles from crushed ore are obtained by associating them with mercury. A process of selective differentiation must then follow. Words, too, are associated and differentiated between, even some which seem at first glance to be synonymous. For example, although "stench" and "fragrance" are definitely allied, a rose does not possess "stench" nor garbage "fragrance." The words are associated, but in each case one noun is the gold and the other the mercury. The value of associating true synonyms, however, cannot be overestimated. Although standard dictionaries list many, such specific works as Dr. Devlin's *Dictionary of Synonyms and Antonyms* have fulfilled a need, the wailing of which could be heard from the halls of Harvard to the doorsteps of Cal Tech.

Gravitation, the settling out of heavier particles, occurs in a huge vat. The lighter metals are held in the surface froth and can be skimmed off. A student, too, can lightly skim off the "surface froth" of his dictionary—and achieve only the mediocre triteness of cotton

candy. By scraping the bottom of the "vat," he obtains a syrupy sludginess which may adhere so to the feet of an unfortunate reader that comprehension is impossible. The old adage, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," can accurately be transformed into: "A rotating sphere of petrified terrain congregates no foliaceous bryophytes"; but all effectiveness is drowned out by the words. Only by the proper blending of words, therefore, can the maximum effectiveness be achieved.

Thus, with care, the best term with just the proper inflection can be chosen. After all, a ton of sea water contains only one-tenth pound of bromine. One remaining method, the most common, needs mentioning. This is osmosis. While it is an infallible law where non-living particles are involved, the mere proximity of student to dictionary does not initiate a flow of words from saturated book to vacant skull. First, any item must be used in order to be useful; there are no intrinsic values. Secondly, words do live and even undergo Darwinian evolution in which the natural selections of weather and climate are replaced by those of the Johnsons, Websters, and national influences. Of words, as of the soul, it can truly be said, "There is no death."

The conclusion is a simple one. A dictionary can be allowed to repose unmolested on the bookshelf or it can become an invaluable sourcebook of information. Whether or not to take full advantage of this source is a decision each of us must make for himself.

Individuals, Classified

Deirdre Porter

STUDY is defined in Webster's New International Unabridged Dictionary as a "setting of the mind or thoughts upon a subject to be learned or investigated; application of the mind to books, arts, or any subject, for the purpose of acquiring knowledge." This starched wording makes the occupation sound rather serious, as of course it is—to some. A survey of the approaches pupils take to the matter makes an interesting study in trait. Students in their methods vary as greatly as do their individual personalities, but fall generally into three broad classifications.

In the first group we find the person who studies with such assiduousness that one could be quite certain it is, as the old saying has it, "a matter of life or death." So intent upon his task is he that he hears or sees nothing of the activity around him, if such there be, for indeed his solemn presence all but discourages it. Attention solely on the stacks of texts, notebooks, pens and pencils laid neatly within his reach, he sits with his body in the same military order, feet flat on the floor and together, spine straight, shoulders back—orderliness at perfection. One can almost visualize his mind, areas of thought accurately categorized and deftly filed under the proper subject for efficient reference.

The second person we are introduced to is one who regards study as the most catastrophic of those "necessary evils" we constantly refer to. For him study is, without exception, the greatest trial of his years. But bear it he does. Pencil clenched in fist, he assails the problem with an admirable determination. For a time he sits quietly enough, the only expression of frustration seen in his deeply creased forehead. Soon, however, he becomes impatient with his seemingly fruitless efforts and begins to fidget noticeably: his black horn-rimmed glasses, worn chiefly for effect, we believe, threaten dizziness from his twirling them; his pencil eraser is sadly mangled between two rows of gnashing teeth; and his hair, if he has that much, is twisted mercilessly in his fingers. Presently even this gives way to more violent techniques as he gives the table a resounding thump, flings his pencil down (breaking the point so that he must sharpen it again, adding to his burden), and resorts to wearing a thin streak in the flooring. Satisfied for the present, he then returns to his seat (after sharpening the pencil, of course) to finish his labours, a truly miserable individual.

The third student is one with whom we are perhaps the most familiar. For him, study is simply an inevitable accompaniment of school attendance, one not to be taken with a dreading seriousness, but with a more casual air. He begins with good enough intentions, but his difficulty lies in lack of concentration. A room in silence encourages contemplation of the happenings of Saturday night (past or future); a room in which others are moving about lends easily to study of their actions and vicarious participation in their activities. Part of his philosophy is that a break or breaks are essential to effective study; furthermore, there is a good television presentation occasionally; and then, why not have a nibble for sustenance during the program. . . . The last strains of the theme song fade out and he returns to the books, or rather the books come to him, for that couch is so comfortable. With the rest of his snack spread out before him, feet up, one ear cocked to the TV, he proceeds to complete, or should we say "finish up" his work. After all, he does have a free hour in the morning before his classes.

Here they are, then, dogged Drexel, frustrated Freddie, and easygoing Gus, each representative of his associates' peculiar habits. This, however, shall not be construed to indicate that this classification is absolute. Rather, it is an indication of particular mannerisms in individuals which may vary in degree and even to the point of embodying facets of each of the classifications as they are here presented. Exactly what concludes from all this is left to the reader's determination, save the author's firm belief and trust that in endeavor of any description, regardless of the controlling agent, there is little danger of the individual's becoming, as many fear, a socialized robot; the individual will remain just that—an individual.

The Creole People in New Orleans

Janet Rubenking

"Once upon a time—can you not recall it? You were many years younger and more sensitive to impressions, [and] you were reading that book of books, *The Arabian Nights*. It was a most alluring story, scented with garlic and all the delicacies of the East, you unexpectedly found yourself fighting a way through a narrow, tortuous street, swarming with children, merchants, black slaves and chattering old women, following a tall man, a magician in a high turban. Suddenly he halted before a green door and pulled a bell cord. You heard distinctly footsteps approaching on the other side. Then—How it happened that Fortune favored you is not in order for explanation here, but you found yourself admitted into a Realm of Mystery to which that unpretentious green door led, and what you saw in that Inner Court has already been described in ten times a hundred tales that will never die. All this happened years ago. But it comes back in a heap—If—

"You leave Canal Street, which is the principal thoroughfare of New Orleans and the neutral ground between the old and new sections of the city, and turn your footsteps down the old Rue Royal, Rue Bourbon, or Rue Chartres for a glimpse into story-book land. This French quarter is the most picturesque and interesting part of the city. Every square has its legendary or realistic story."¹

MY "LOVE AFFAIR" with this magical, story-book quarter began four years ago when I went to Louisiana to visit the Martínezes, Creole friends of mine. I knew that the Martínez family were of Spanish and French descent, and that the Louisiana born people of pure Latin-European blood were called Creoles, but I knew nothing of their customs or history. Of course, they were eager for me to see the Vieux Carré, or French quarter as it is sometimes called, in New Orleans, and to tell the history and the many stories of their people. From the first moment I saw the Vieux Carré, I was completely captivated.

It is a maze of ancient and lovely architecture filled with fine restaurants; exquisite grillwork on overhanging balconies; carriage entrances mellow with age leading back to sunny, tropical courtyards; narrow, musty tunnelways opening into flowered patios; flagstoned alleys; countless antique, curio, and perfume shops; book stores; art dealers; quaint bars; bearded artists. Through it all are the smells of age, of roasting coffee and cooking pralines, of all the famous Creole

1. C. Macleod, "Old-time Southern Life in the Hidden Courtyards of New Orleans," *Craftsman*, vol. 10, p. 300 (June, 1906).

dishes—gumbo, jambalaya, courtbouillon, hot rice cakes, pompano, and all the rest. There are the sounds of French and Spanish spoken behind latticed doors, the clip-clop of shod feet, the chimney-sweepers crying, "Raminay! Raminay! Got any chimneys to sweep today?" and the coal peddler calling "Mah mule is white, mah face is black; ah sells mah coal two bits a sack."

"They are like wrinkled faces, these old houses, and one must look upon them with the deference that youth should show to age. Some of the houses have outlived their usefulness, like so many of the old, and while you may look upon them as much as you please, you must look with friendly eyes. If you do not, you may come away with only the idea of dirt and squalor—and you may miss altogether that lingering charm which clings to these old mansions even in the last stages of their decay."²

There is a certain mood, a melancholia, surrounding the Vieux Carré—a sort of spell which comes from the dark, still bayous, the moss-covered oaks, the white of magnolias against dark green foliage, the old cemeteries, the luxuriant growth of tropical and semi-tropical plants, and the great Mississippi lazily crawling to the Gulf.

As I walked through the narrow, picturesque streets, I was borne into another world—the world of gay balls, operas in the old French Opera House, Creole gentlemen calling on the families of the girls in whom they were interested, and all the other romantic practices of the Creoles and old New Orleans.

"Such a city as this cannot be 'done.' It can only be savored. Only slowly will it reveal itself to you, like a shy but sapient woman who conceals not to mystify but to beguile. For New Orleans is old and has seen much and is a little weary, but she is still beautiful and quietly conscious of her charm. Such a city gives her hand to the tripper. Her heart she holds for the quiet and patient lover."³

It was in this atmosphere that my interest in that culture which flourished and then died in this beautiful city developed. When I returned from my Louisiana visit, I began reading every book I could find about New Orleans and the Creoles. Two years ago I returned to my Creole city, and I came home more in love with it than ever. The city and its people are a source of never-ending fascination to me, and I often long to return with a nostalgia I thought possible only with memories of home and family when one is away. There is a legend that anyone who drinks the water from the Mississippi River in New Orleans will immediately fall in love with the city, and, if he is so unlucky as not to be able to spend the rest of his life there, he will constantly long to return. Since there is no other water to drink in New Orleans but that from the river, every

2. Lyle Saxon, *Fabulous New Orleans*, Crager, New Orleans, 1950, p. 268.

3. D. L. Cohn, "New Orleans," *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. 165, p. 491 (April, 1940).

visitor and resident alike is the innocent victim of this spell. But what a wonderful spell to be under and what a fascinating, romantic city in which to lose your heart!

THE WHITE BIRCH

Oh, if I could only be,
As beautiful—as graceful—
As the White Birch tree,
Reaching—ever reaching,
Toward Eternity.

Silvery in the moonlight,
Oh, so silent and still,
I watch the White Birch standing—
Majestic on the hill.

And when I'm feeling lonely,
And I begin to sigh,
I gaze again at the White Birch—
Reaching for the sky.

Majestic, so majestic—
Oh, if only I
Could be the White Birch standing—
Reaching upward—ever reaching,
Toward the starry sky.

—LOIS ANN DAVIDSON

DEATH

Gray as the mist of dawning day
Soft as glow of Hesperian ray
Filmy as starlight fading away—
A fleeting breath.

Silent as nighthawk soaring high
Gentle as wind whispering nigh
Peaceful as rivulets rippling by—
This is death.

—NANCY E. CLARK

I'll Take the Highlands

Doris Jamieson

OUR VOYAGE of twenty-two days across the Pacific Ocean had finally reached its completion when the *M. M. PATRICK*, which we lovingly called the "rust bucket," sailed into the beautiful Manila harbor in the Philippines. Even the partially submerged ships from World War II could not sober our gay hearts. We were impressed, however, with the modern skyline after having spent the last day and a half sailing between jungle and palm-covered islands.

The nonchalance with which everyone on the dock seemed to accept the arrival of another military transport ship full of dependents and troops was so incongruous with my pounding heart that I thought I must surely be dreaming again. The sound of my youngest child asking, "Where is Daddy? Where is Daddy?" soon brought me back to reality. With some difficulty the three children and I found ourselves bumping down the gangway to the waiting arms of my husband. To accomplish this task required superhuman efforts, because I had stuffed the overflow of clothing from our suitcases into a laundry bag, which the porters felt too proud to carry off the ship. In appearance we must have looked like refugees, but in spirits we felt like royalty.

Somehow we all managed to hug and kiss "our Daddy" and to get into the car for our drive seventy miles north of Manila to Clark Air Force Base. Jamie, Barbara, and Judy were bubbling over with stories to tell their Daddy, and one could scarcely have believed this family's routine had been interrupted for six long months.

Alex proved to be a good sight-seeing guide, and we soon learned that Dewey Boulevard had once been lined on either side with royal cocoanut palm trees. During the days of Japanese occupation they had all been removed to provide a landing strip for the planes. The old walled city in Manila, which dates back to the days of the Spanish, presented us with the first glimpse of the war's destruction in the Philippines. But the sights of Manila were typical of a thriving metropolis almost anywhere in the world, and we soon found ourselves in Quezon City. Here we observed the first example of the apathy of many of the Filipino people. This suburb of Manila boasted a fifteen-acre subdivision divided into small lots with each lot proudly sporting an "outhouse." We were told this subdivision was built to encourage the squatters to move out of the congested city streets to an area where each family could enjoy the luxury of private toilet facilities. Two and one half years later, upon our departure from the Islands, this subdivision was still unoccupied—thus the way of the Oriental mind.

After leaving another Manila suburb, the city of Rizal, named in honor of Jose Rizal, a great Filipino patriot, we noted a sudden

change in the scenery. Modern buildings were replaced by nipa huts built on stilts and nestled amidst the tropical vegetation and crowded between rice paddies. The average Filipino is extremely poor in material possessions, but he is rich in family love. Large families are considered a blessing, and one never sees a Filipino youngster being reprimanded by his parents. This constant love eliminates the need of orphanages because even nieces and nephews are accepted with joy in an already bulging nipa hut.

The lowlander builds his one-room nipa hut of native grasses, rattan, and banana leaves. A woven hammock will be found swinging between the stilts for the comfort of the man of the family during his afternoon siesta. Everyone else must sleep on the floor on a mat. A siesta is a necessity since the working day begins about 5:00 A. M., in order to avoid labor through the heat of the noon day.

One is immediately impressed with the crude manner in which these people wrest rice and cane from the soil. Every task is performed by hand or with the aid of a carabao, or water buffalo. It is back-breaking work in which even the younger children assist. The harvest is shared with all the families of the hacienda after the owner has taken his portion. Individual family ownership of land is very rare. Here again we sensed an unprecedented acceptance of misfortune without incentive to overcome the system.

While watching all the new sights of this land in open-mouthed amazement, I was frequently brought back to reality by the reckless driving of the jeepneys on the highway. Jeepneys are jeeps that were liberated at the same time as the native population and subsequently converted into grotesque-looking taxis. The drivers had mistaken ideas of grandeur and thought they could rule the streets and highways with their rudeness and careless driving. I must admit, however, that we often gave them more than their rightful share of the roadway.

Our first rest stop was at a stand in the barrio of Marivales, where we purchased mangoes. The small sum of one peso for a dozen seemed unfair to us since the Filipino mango is considered by many to be the best in the world.

On and on we drove, through strange sights and odors to the native tannery and then the city of Angeles. The tannery's odor was almost unbearable, and the filth of Angeles was unbelievable, especially since it was the second largest city on the island of Luzon. I found a well perfumed handkerchief and made use of it. On that first trip through the lowlands I would never have guessed that the day would come when I would be accustomed to the horrible odors and unusual sights.

The contrast as we drove through the gates of Clark Air Force Base was as different as winter is from summer: well regulated traffic, enforced speed limits, uncluttered streets, carefully manicured lawns, immaculately white buildings, and American odors. This was one reaction that never changed for me regardless of the number

of trips made on and off the base.

After spending one night at Clark, we motored another one hundred and twenty miles north to the Mountain Province and the city of Baguio where John Hay Air Base is located. We passed through many more of the same native-type barrios including Tarlac, which was rumored to have been the center of Communistic activity on Luzon. The elevation then began to change until it attained a height of five thousand feet above sea level in less than thirty miles.

This lush province was not reached without many hair-raising experiences on a precarious mountain road. It was not uncommon to have to wait for the Igorots to remove a slide of dirt and rocks in order to proceed on our way. Of greatest relief to us was the escape from the oppressive heat of the lowlands. As we gained altitude, the temperature dropped from the nineties to the seventies, and the vegetation changed from jungle to pine. The people even appeared to be more energetic. We soon learned that the Igorot came from a very hard working tribe, and his ability to scap a living from the soil here was more astounding than that of the lowlander. As one watched him literally hang on the mountain side while plowing, planting, or harvesting, one wanted to get out and give a word of encouragement. It was our close association with these people during our last year in the Philippines that has made me say, with emphasis, "I'll take the highlands."

The Searchers

Pat Fitzgerald

THE "GROWN-UPS" worry about us, as the elder generations have worried about their offspring since time itself began. They worry because we are silent, because our rebellions, if we are really rebelling at all, do not take place openly, nor do they come to a head. We are too quiet. We do not roar; in fact, we hardly seem to rumble. We are different from any of the youth that has passed before us. Superficially we may seem lethargic, but look a little closer. We are really quite active, for our way of life is a search. Unlike our parents, the younger generation of the Roaring Twenties, we do not feel a need to break all conventions. There are few rules left to be broken and flaunted in the faces of our elders. Besides, they are rarely shocked by the younger generation any more. We do not really know what our goals are. We have yet to find them and to find ourselves.

The silent generation was born in the midst of a depression and the beginnings of a war that were to change the whole life of the American people. As yet, the world has not settled down. Rather than becoming stabilized, the world still rocks with the repercussions of the changes it has undergone. Fear and tension surround us everywhere. We fear complete annihilation; we fear failure; we fear fate itself. And so we intensely search for a place to belong. Sometimes

our quest may seem foolish and pointless to those outside our age bracket. Sometimes it seems foolish to us, too. We waste many hours "rodding around," driving a certain aimless pattern. We are looking for trouble, danger, and excitement, but mostly we are just looking. On the other hand, we listen, observe, and study, searching. More of us attend colleges and universities in quest of knowledge than ever before. But because we fear life itself and all the dangers it may hold, we are skeptical and distrustful, so we adopt no heroes nor idols, nor do we commit ourselves to any one belief.

We want someplace to belong, someplace where we feel secure. We do not enjoy being questioned and looked upon with suspicion. We are looking for someone who will accept us for what we are, instead of trying to dissect us and giving up when the job is botched. But the older generation eternally wants to know why, so we assimilate what we hear and see and learn and keep our ideas within us until we can be sure of why ourselves. First we must find our own sense of values. We need to find our place in this fluid society.

For us, security does not mean world-wide acclaim. We have no desires to climb mountains, swim channels, or discover continents. These things have already been accomplished. We merely want a good home and enough money to keep us comfortable. Often we seek a higher education not for the knowledge involved but for the security college degrees offer. We are very self-conscious. We have, as a group, adopted no cause. We have no commitments other than those to ourselves. We feel we must find out what we are, and so our life is a search for the answers. Until we feel sure of ourselves, our place, and our goals, we must guard against the poking and the prying and the criticisms of our elders.

The older generation accuses us of too much tolerance. But we cannot be intolerant when we are not sure within ourselves what is right and what is wrong. We are called apathetic. But we cannot take a stand on something whose relationship to ourselves we have not fully explored. Thus our studying is not for the pleasure of knowledge in itself, but a search for the answers to the unsolved riddles within us. Just as we are on the brink of adult life, we are on the brink of a new world and a new way of life. The confusions of the world are our confusions. When we understand ourselves, our goals, our motives, and our desires, we will understand each other. Then we will no longer need the protective covering of silence.

Dull, Duller, Dulles

Sam Stegman

THE UNITED STATES is technically one hundred sixty-eight years old; it is, compared to other civilizations, just in its adolescence. I often wonder, however, even at this tender age, if our brief period of supremacy is not due for a sudden change. Coming events cast their shadows before them, and today our rich land is crossed

and recrossed by the shadows of events yet to come. One of the most menacing problems to face us is that of the inadequacy of our foreign policy. In the field of foreign relations, the United States is still very young. We practiced "sunken head" isolationism for so long that when we finally did enter into world affairs, we were not armed with many capable statesmen. The present state department, under the leadership of the "wandering minstrel," has been called many things; some even go as far as to say that the only thing that the department has accomplished is an all-time travel record. I will not be so harsh (mainly because I am not qualified to make such a statement), but I will point out several gaps and inadequacies that I believe exist in our present foreign policy.

One of the most glaring examples of an inadequacy in our foreign policy was accentuated by our confused feelings during the Hungarian revolution; we were like a little brother watching his older brother fight the neighborhood bully; we were afraid to join the fight for fear of becoming involved, yet we mentally fought every battle and spiritually suffered every blow. Granted, the United States was caught in a dilemma; however, the only safe way out of an international dilemma is by having preventive rather than fire-alarm diplomacy. Cardinal Mindszenty and many other pro-Hungarian supporters pleaded with the United States for help, but we could only fumble around and not do much more than increase the import quota. Another matter of grave importance was our involvement in the diplomatic struggle over the Middle East crisis. Britain, France, our old wartime allies, and Israel—virtually an American protégé—were on one side. We, the Kremlin, and Nasser were on the other side. We were actually urging the United Nations to take a course of action that would save the neck of a dictator who had instigated the crisis against our oldest and dearest friends. The Suez incident also brought to our attention the importance of the control of the Middle East and African land masses. Europe was virtually strangled when their supplies were forced around the Cape of Good Hope. The world, including the Communists, was the audience to the display of power that could be extended by the proprietors of these two territories. The gravity of the situation can be realized when one imagines what would happen if the Communists controlled the Middle East and Africa. Finally, in West Germany, we have been sufficiently warned of the inevitable trouble which must result from the present arrangement. The United States made a spectacular showing in the Berlin Air Lift, but what did we solve? If our present diplomatic atmosphere in West Germany is allowed to extend into the future, we may be left with the job of protecting West Germany without any other help. Britain had to pull out of Greece because of economic difficulties; she also had to cut her donations to the United Nations' armies. Maybe her next economic measure will affect West Germany.

Therefore, after examining just three of the many faults in our

foreign policy, one can visualize the importance of every international policy decision. One wrong move could possibly give the Kremlin the reins in the Middle East; Europe could be starved into submission without the firing of a single shot. And certainly a change in our present policy concerning Communist satellite countries must be made if we are to save face in the free world, especially after the blow our prestige suffered in the Hungarian incident. Although I am no more informed on foreign affairs than the average news follower, I believe there are two areas where our international strategy might be improved. First, let me establish the idea that our status in the world today places us at the head of all free world actions; therefore, any action we take becomes the policy of the entire free world. In the Middle East conflict, it would seem to me that the area where we should concentrate our efforts would be the basic core area of all middle East disputes. If we could help solve the ubiquitous Arab-Israeli dispute, we might be able to make some headway in founding a stable relationship with the Arab-African nations; as it is now, we have trouble even making contact with these countries. Under the Eisenhower doctrine, we have committed ourselves to fight only in the face of direct Communist aggression. We have taken no actual measures to alleviate the basic clash. Next, to improve our standing with the satellite nations, I would suggest a policy of trade rather than aid. I realize that such a recommendation is certainly not new, and it has not escaped being the topic of many debates. However, I still believe in the principle. At present, we have many restrictions on trade to the Communist satellite nations. By these restrictions, we are not hurting the Communist cause, but rather helping it by forcing these nations to trade behind the iron curtain. When small nations become economically dependent on Russian trade, they are most vulnerable to Communist control. If a nation is economically dependent on another nation, the threat of loss of that trade can be used as a powerful weapon to coerce conformity. If we were to start making trade agreements with some of the satellite nations, we might stand a chance of pulling some of this economic power from the Communist leaders. Not only would such action tend to neutralize the effectiveness of this Communistic weapon, but it would also promote a better feeling for the United States among the suppressed countries; these afflicted countries want assistance rather than gifts. I realize that I have taken the risk of oversimplifying this trade-rather-than-aid issue, but after the minor fallacies of the proposal are arbitrated, the principle still stands, and it appears feasible. At least, one could see some concrete progress being made.

Surely, the actions we take in the next few years concerning international problems will all have great influence on the final "showdown" between the free world and the slave world. The faults I have found in the status quo may not be the most practicable when tried, but as a reader of the weekly news magazines and the daily

papers, I would speculate that the current international trend is a prologue to something bigger and more important in the future. I can only hope that the policies finally made by our nation are ones that will strike at the basic conflicts, and ones that will be worthy of posterity.

I Will Find My Place

Gary Moore

I CANNOT see! I am aware of light, but I cannot perceive images. The blinding light is intolerable. I must take refuge in darkness. When I try to move, I find that I am unable to walk! Finally, I manage to squirm and wriggle deeper into the warm, slimy ooze which envelops me. Here in this wet, pulsing darkness, time means nothing to me. There is no sleep or boredom, no night or day. There is only the all-enfolding darkness.

Now I am aware of a great urge within me. I must do something! I struggle up through the blackness toward the light. As I emerge into the light, I am surprised to realize that it is no longer a source of discomfort. Instead, the light seems to increase the urgency of this indefinable need which drives me. I succeed in forcing my almost helpless body out of the clinging slime and onto dry land.

As I lie here, exhausted, a great change ripples through my body. Suddenly, my perception clears. I am overwhelmed by a wealth of sights, sounds, and smells. My vision is still slightly blurred, however. Although motion is easily discernible, I have difficulty in distinguishing still objects. I am greatly pleased to find that I am now able to walk. I walk in circles, testing my legs and loving the feel of independence and mobility. I pause to rub the filth from my feet and smooth down my hair.

This is unbelievable! I am flying! I am moving effortlessly through the air. My surprise is dulled, however, by a gnawing, overpowering hunger. I spiral down onto a broad, flat plain to begin my search for food. Luck is with me! I soon find several large jagged crystals which, I am pleased to discover, have a surprisingly sweet taste. Nearby, I find an odd, ring-shaped lake where I eagerly quench my thirst. The cool water lifts my spirits, and I look upon this puzzling existence with renewed hope. Perhaps, after all, I will find my place in this strange world around me. My thoughts are interrupted by a sudden feeling of alarm. Then, I see it! A large, black shape is hovering above me. I crouch, unable to decide whether to run or to fly. The black thing grows larger, and I realize that it is rushing down upon me. There is no escape! As the air whistles violently around me, I know that I am about to die.

The housewife gives the fly-swatter a final decisive shake as she mumbles, "Pesky fly!" Then, with a determined sniff, she returns to her cleaning.

How to Act Like a Highbrow

Nancy Brandt

DO YOU sometimes feel like an illiterate clod who does not appreciate the finer things in life? With today's emphasis on education and science, it is obvious that the intellectuals and the highbrows are here to stay. This problem cannot be avoided by fleeing to the backwoods—flee far enough into just about any backwoods, these days, and you come to a rocket proving ground. And there you are again, surrounded by intellectuals.

Where does this leave all us non-intellectual types who don't know a radio isotope from a pingpong ball?

Someone once said (could it have been Cleopatra? It *sounds* like her) "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em." We are faced with a lesser-of-two-evils type of choice: we must all become either intellectual or highbrow. Becoming an intellectual involves years of poring over books with improbable titles like *Summa Theologica* and *Quantum Mechanics*. It is completely possible that you may emerge from this with your mind tottering, absolutely tottering, from trying to read Chaucer in Middle English.

This is a risk you need not take. With boldness and two or three hours' practice you can learn how to act like a highbrow. A highbrow is, after all, a pseudo-intellectual; he is non-creative, and what he does best is *appreciate*. You, too, can appreciate perfectly well, once you get the hang of it. Then follow a few simple rules, and before you can say "intercontinental ballistic missiles" you will be a full-fledged imitation highbrow, ready to dazzle the world.

The first rule concerns the matter of clothing. In the past it was easy to look like a highbrow if you wore a battered trenchcoat and a bitter smile and carried a copy of *The Atlantic Monthly* under your arm. Nowadays, however, trenchcoats have been popularized by TV detectives, and almost half a million people subscribe to *The Atlantic*—so you can see that this costume is no longer enough to indicate that you belong to a select group.

Today's highbrow wears clothes very much like those of any other man, except that they are slightly crumpled. He is not fashion conscious—he wouldn't recognize Ivy League if it ambled up and flipped its back buckle at him. Remember, the *haute couture* is not for you. Don't buy anything conspicuously stylish. Better yet, don't buy anything at all for about four years.

Now we must take up the problem of what you are going to be appreciative *about*. The real highbrow specializes in appreciating one particular thing. You must be very, very careful here. The thing you select should be somewhat obscure, a little esoteric, and without demonstrable appeal to the masses. Fourteenth-century lute songs are a good choice, and the recordings are not prohibitively expensive. Or you might choose the works of an obscure poet. It is essential that he

be obscure; the "big" men in poetry have been appreciated over and over. It is also possible to resurrect something from the past and begin regarding it as precious. For instance, right now there is a new cult of appreciation for *Huckleberry Finn* among the real intellectuals and highbrows. They go around asking the uncultured "How long has it been since you read *Huckleberry Finn*?" with the same hauteur they would employ in inquiring "How long has it been since you finally got the alphabet firmly committed to memory?"

Remember, you are going to be a synthetic highbrow, and if you can't find anything you feel like appreciating, then make something up. I have been appreciating Ozonides for some time. When questioned about him, I reply in a superior tone, "He was a very *minor* philosopher of the Periclean Age." This is stated in a manner implying that no one else has had the wit to appreciate this neglected sage. Actually he sprang into being in his full philosopher's stature one day when I desperately needed an authority to back up a rash statement. I was at a loss for an answer to the indignant challenge, "I don't believe *anyone* ever said that!" I happened to glance at the bookshelves, and there he was, right on the back of Volume 16 of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*: Mushr to Ozon. He remains my favorite philosopher. He said so many *interesting* things.

Now we must take up the vitally important matter of what you will say. It is wise to work up a stock of remarks suitable to various occasions, so that you will never be caught with your culture down. You will be able to make up your own, but here are a few to get you started.

Suppose that you have been to a concert and are asked afterward how you liked the music. Simply breathing, "It was *wonderful*," is NOT highbrow. Have ready some concert-going comment such as "Don't you think the woodwinds were just a little insistent?" By the time your questioner figures out what he thinks you meant, you will be safely home in bed.

Here is a handy reason to advance for your lack of scientific knowledge. Sigh in a mock-depreciatory way and exclaim, "I'm like Hobbes. Upon first looking into Euclid, he said, 'By God, this is impossible!'" This remark is calculated to impress both those who know who Hobbes was, as well as those who don't.

It is perfectly safe to confine yourself to quotations from *Alice in Wonderland*. Gentlemen and scholars often remark ruefully to each other, "It was the very *best* butter." Curiouser and curiouser! Borrow a copy from some trusting third-grader, and stock up.

If you get caught in a situation in which your prepared remarks are not enough, throw up a smoke screen of words like "esoteric" and "cognoscenti." As a last resort, throw in the phrase "phallic symbol." If this doesn't bring the conversation to a grinding stop, you are in over your head anyway.

The knowing smile may be used with great success. Say nothing, positively nothing, but twist your lips into a smile that implies "I

know all about it, OF COURSE I KNOW, but I'm just not saying anything to these clods."

With a slightly crumpled suit and a bow tie canted 3° ESE, with your mind full of cannily prepared phrases and your spirit laced with bravado, you are ready to join the rest of the highbrows. Don't look now, but most of them are phonies, too.

FIRST SNOWFALL

The flakes in gentle scurries sifted
 Down to earth—their coming lifted
 The bareness and bleakness of Fall's brown reign.
 Dainty they fell, haughty and vain,
 Delicate, dancing bits of disdain. . . .

Cold and sparkling, see them light,
 Lightly forming white on white,
 Dullness, darkness disappear,
 The ground is covered silver clear,
 The sky has shed a silver tear. . . .

The earth's tired countenance, scarred and worn,
 Now is graced by the favor of morn.
 Magic, a mystical mantle fell
 With condescension to grace earth well,
 A blanket of beauty, a magic spell. . . .

—SUE WINGER