

a feeling of brotherhood and unity in all functions, social, business, or religious, prevails. Stewart referred to an "honor system" as a result of the community feeling. Nappanee's answer to his "honor system" is the common trust which allows citizens to leave their doors unlocked, with no qualms of theft. Living to make life easier for all in the community is the prevailing spirit with which Nappanee is endowed.

As the "plain people" are a personification of "in the world, but not a part of it," so their existence provides an invisible adhesive to bind all opposing components into one striving for a common goal. Thus, in the form of simplicity, is Nappanee blessed with a true, living community spirit.

## Versailles—Lost Wonderland

Clara I. Frisbie

"**B**REATH-TAKING . . . unbelievable . . . shimmers with a glow of the past." I read again the words in the travel folder describing the palace of Versailles. I had studied the history of the great palace which today still stands as a monument to the glory of France; now for the first time I was going to see that monument. In just a few moments I would be standing in front of the gates of a world museum, a museum of grandeur and excellence.

I settled back in my seat and listened to the sound of the motor as the bus moved swiftly along. I tried to picture how Versailles would really look. I could imagine it shimmering in the distance, gradually taking shape as I drew near, the huge gates gleaming as the sun shone on their golden tips. I could almost see the dazzling path that led up to the huge iron doors and the splendor of each room as it unfolded before me still enveloped in the robes of the past.

The bus jolted to a stop and I came out of my world of day-dreams. I was seized with a feeling of intense anticipation. My excitement mounted as I gathered up my things and hurried towards the door. By the time I managed to get out of the bus, I trembled uncontrollably.

For a moment I was afraid to raise my eyes and see the reality, but slowly, almost without volition, I lifted my head and saw Versailles, wonderland no more.

There were the huge gates with their tips of gold, but the gold was tarnished and chipped with age. The touch-up painting made it look like an old woman trying to cover up ugliness with cosmetics. The dazzling path was of cold, gray brick, and instead of being bathed in sunlight it was washed in a foggy drizzle. The doors, it's true, were of heavy iron, but they didn't open unfolding rooms of "unbelievable splendor." They opened unfolding rooms that seemed neither splendid nor quaint, but merely in poor taste.

The Hall of Mirrors was a long corridor with windows on one

side and mirrors on the other. The entire thing had been done in gold. The floor was done in gold colored cement. The elaborate carvings around the mirrors and windows were gold. The candelabra which stood in front of each mirror were gold. Even the door at the end of the corridor was of solid gold. At one time Versailles might have been considered magnificent and beautiful, but as I looked around I saw only the tarnished color, the too elaborate statues, and the general ostentation. The King's Council Room was done entirely in blue and gold. The blue curtains were embroidered in gold. The blue chair and table coverings were embroidered with gold. Even the wall which was painted blue had been outlined with gold. I visited the War Drawing-room, the Opera of Louis XV, the Room of Hercules, the Room of Diane, the Queen's Room, and the Room of Peace with increasing disappointment.

When the tour was finally over, I followed the others down the drab, brick path to the waiting bus. There was still only a light rain, but to me each drop seemed to weigh a year and I'm certain I grew older with each step I took. When I heard the heavy, iron gates closed behind me, I turned to look once more at a dream; a dream, a miniature Fantasyland, which became a reality after years of hope and in less than a minute turned into a lost wonderland.

## Abstractions: The Deceptive Words

Rick Stanton

“**W**ORDS are but the signs of ideas,” wrote Samuel Johnson, the great English author and lexicographer. And like signs, which can only point the way toward something in the distance, words can often merely point in a general direction. I am not speaking of words like “inch” and “ounce” and “year,” which have obtained very specialized meanings. I am not even speaking of the more generalized terms like “house” and “tree” and “ground,” which, although they do not represent standardized quantities or qualities, do at least impart some sort of visual image to the listener's mind. Rather, I am speaking of abstractions—those words which have no concrete referent. These are the words which have turned brother against brother and father against son merely because both persons had a different referent in mind. For instance, let us explore a few of the possible meanings of the word *freedom*.

*Freedom* is a word which usually gives us a pleasant feeling or a feeling of justice (there is another word of which we should be careful!) having been accomplished; but if we examine some of its dictionary meanings, I think we shall see that freedom is not always desirable. We see that freedom can mean anything from (1) “liberation from slavery, imprisonment, [or] restraint” to (2) “exemption; immunity; as the freedom from care” to (3) “exemption from necessity, in choice and action; as, the *freedom* of the will” all the way to (4) “improper familiarity.” We can see quite readily that