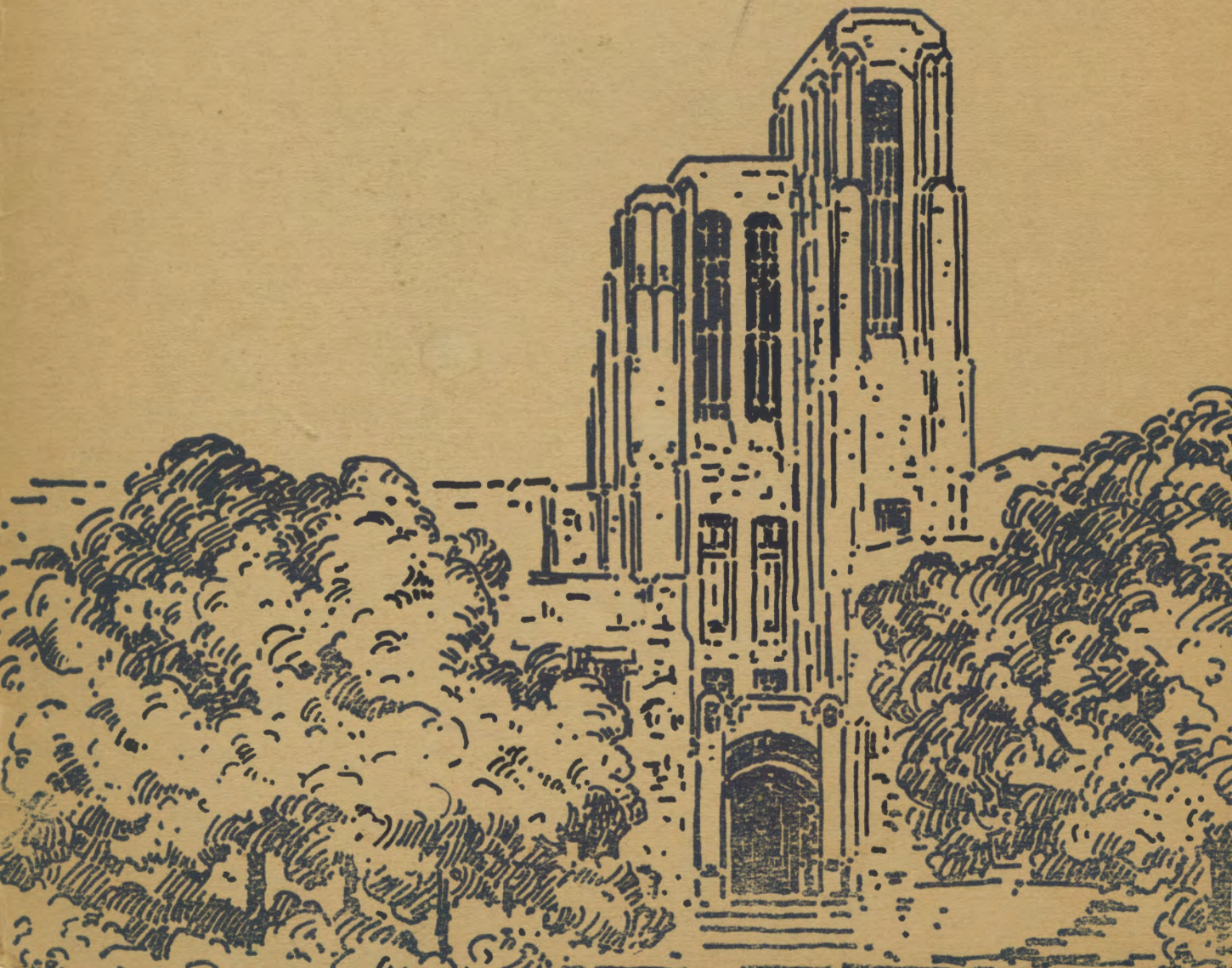


# MSS

VOL. VII

MARCH, 1940

No. 3



# M S S

VOL. VII

MARCH 1940

No. 3

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

WOODCUT, GEORGE WILSON	<i>Dreams</i> , MARIE TELLAS - - - - -	22
<i>Invitation to a Magazine</i>	<i>Is War Justified?</i> , MARIGRACE FRANKLIN	23
<i>Excerpts from a Vera Cruz Notebook,</i>	<i>Lost Glory</i> , C. MYRON WINEGARDNER -	23
MARY WILEY - - - - -	<i>Black Sheep</i> , JACK SHACKELFORD - -	24
	<i>Night Moment</i> , ROBERT C. SCHALK - -	25
<i>Of Wanting</i> , ROBERT PACE - - - -	<i>Spring</i> , WYOMING ROBINSON - - -	25
<i>Strikebreakers</i> , RALPH MORGAN - -	<i>In the Beginning</i> , BARBARA FREDERICKSON	26
	<i>Opera Tonight</i> , SUZANNE MASTERS -	27
WOODCUT BY GEORGE WILSON	<i>Entertainment,—Two Kinds,</i>	
<i>Pretty Important</i> , BETTY GORDON - -	ROBERT DIETZ - - - - -	27
<i>A Day at School</i> , TOM MARKIN - -	<i>Joseph Lautner—Director Entertainer,</i>	
	HARLAN JOHNSON - - - - -	28
WOODCUT BY WESLEY ROMINE	<i>Why I Came to College</i> , JOHN F. CARSON	29
<i>Week End</i> , FRANK WINTIN - - - -	<i>The World Unmasks</i> , TED W. SEDVERT -	29
<i>Sleep</i> , ARTHUR GILLIOM - - - - -	<i>On Eating Grapes Downward,</i>	
	BETTY SMITH - - - - -	30
FRESHMAN SECTION	<i>The Weekly Theme</i> , HELEN OVERTON -	31
WOODCUT, ROBERT AYERS	<i>Excerpts</i> - - - - -	32
<i>This Thing Called Nature,</i>		
DOROTHY I. CHASTAIN - - - -		

JACK HEIDE, EDITOR

MADGE RUTHERFORD, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

### POETRY

Lewis Vogler

### COPY

Marguerite Ellis  
Marilynn Morgan  
Robert Pace

### EXCHANGE

Mary Clay

### CIRCULATION

William Starks  
Maurice Barry

### ART

George Wilson  
Wesley Romine  
PRESS  
Marilynn Morgan  
Robert Pace

### JUNIOR STAFF

ROBERT SCHALK AND MARILYN ALSTADT, EDITORS

John Bernhardt  
William Buxton  
John Carson  
James Ellerbrook  
Barbara Frederickson

Arthur Hamp  
Norvella Judd  
Fernande LeVier  
Tom Lewis  
Suzanne Masters

Elizabeth Meyer  
Charlotte Moore  
Myron Scarbrough  
Leslie Shippey  
Rovena Smith

Cover by Miss Constance Forsyth

Faculty Sponsors — Dr. Allegra Stewart and Professor Don W. Sparks



## Invitation To A Magazine

MSS is a laboratory for students in writing classes in the English department at Butler.

This simple statement means that these students have an opportunity to see their work in print, to have it published in a form which makes it possible for them to receive the criticism of their classmates. It means that they themselves are able to criticize and evaluate the work of others. In that it represents a certain section of the work done in the university, it is an integral part of the university life.

Since it is supported by the students for the publication of significant writing at Butler, MSS is a literary magazine and approaches writing from a serious viewpoint — much as the student of painting approaches art in his drawing class.

The sponsors and staffs invite students outside of the writing classes to submit work for publication. Manuscripts should be handed to Dr. Stewart or Mr. Sparks and will be considered by the appropriate staff.

As more students read MSS and as more students publish in MSS, it can represent a larger and larger part of the student body.



# EXCERPTS FROM A VERA CRUZ NOTEBOOK

MARY WILEY

This, then, according to my father, was the last outpost of civilization. I shivered slightly in the sticky night air as I gazed around the desolate station of Rodriguez-Clara. Two months of voluntary exile followed, two months with no escape, on soil where no white woman had lived for thirty years.

There was a train that ran from Rodriguez-Clara to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. We were to go on that as far as we could, and the last fourteen miles we were to travel on a private mail car that struggled daily from Cuatatalapam to meet the main line.

The train we boarded there in Rodriguez-Clara was a two-coach, narrow-gauge rail car. I was told that there was only one distinction between first and second class passengers: when the train stalled the first class only had to shovel wood into the engines; the second class had to get out and push. The train had exceedingly hard, slatted, wooden seats; no pullman facilities. There were no screens in the windows, which were for the most part flung wide to capture any passing breeze. Mosquitoes were so thick that even the hardy had given up slapping them. My dauntless mother produced from nowhere a huge exterminator, and as long as her energy lasted, before she, too, succumbed to the heat, sprayed the air to a saturation point with Flit.

Our solitary light consisted of an oil lamp hung dangerously in the middle of the aisle and swinging madly as the train lurched. The cars were crowded, so filled to overflowing with peons and their wives and children that we could not find seats together.

I sat next to an Indian woman nursing a small child. At my feet was a large

crate of aroused hens, and across from me sat a meek-looking man in soiled white—a doctor traveling to the interior. Mother and Dad had as companions two swarthy half-breeds with a full bottle of cheap whiskey yet to go between them. One passed the bottle to my mother, who declined with as much courtesy as fear and repugnance would allow.

It was well after midnight when the train sweated to a halt, letting us off at Cuatatalapam. I had a queer sensation as of being deposited at the jumping-off place and told to advance. Our track car was waiting for us, and by the dim light of the lanterns, and the more familiar light of the moon, we got in. The car was nothing more than an open platform with trolley-car wheels and an old Ford engine motor. The regular night crew was aboard, armed with pistols and machetes, (the long, curved knives used for cutting cane), They were all dark-skinned silent Toltecs, save for one equally silent negro. No one spoke. The only sounds were the slapping of the underbrush against the sides of the car, and the muffled effort of the Ford engine as we advanced.

We arrived in Cuatatalapam proper about two o'clock. Tired to exhaustion, I only remember stumbling home in the dark stillness by the intermittent flicker of a pocket flash.

Cuatatalapam was a sugar mill in the interior of Vera Cruz, in the heart of some of the richest sugar cane land in the world. The inhabitants were entirely native Indians, with a few Mexican underhands in the office. Many of the Indians had never seen a white girl, let alone a barbaric American one.

In Cuatatalapam the women wore four

petticoats and went barefooted the year around. Disease was rampant, but there were no hospital facilities, and the only substitute for a doctor was a pharmacist maintained by the company. There were no electric lights, except those connected with the manager's private generating plant—and that only from eight o'clock until eleven. There were no telephones, no wireless, and only two radios. There were no sidewalks in town, not even any roads other than the paths worn by mules and cane carts. The only method of transportation was by horseback. During the rainy season the most-traveled roads were continuous mud streams with gathering algae mats on top.

There was a piece of property comprising about four acres given over to the manager, on which there were two houses, known by reason of their size as the big and little "gerencia". These were situated outside of the pueblo itself, and were surrounded by spacious, cultivated grounds, the whole of which was enclosed by high barbed-wire fences.

Immediately separating the two houses was a rose garden and a profusion of orange trees bearing beautiful bitter fruit. Several gardenia plants that flowered daily grew wild in the yard. Of the two houses, one was one story high, fairly compact, the other two stories high, monstrous, and painted spasmodically in blue and green. Both were wooden, built up about three feet from the ground on stilts, surrounded by verandas, and in a total state of disrepair. We, by preference, lived in the smaller house; our only occasion to use the other was to invade the rotting library that the former manager had dedicated to the worms. In the two months I was there, I left the premises twice.

In our house, which had been untenanted for some while, there were bats breeding in the attic and rats nesting in the

closets. The rats were so wild that they invaded the living room as we listened to the ten o'clock broadcasts, and they marched on the kitchen at midnight. Once we had to tear down an entire section of the back bedroom, because in our innocence we poisoned the rats. When they died they fell down between the walls. But the bats! They beat their wings on the roof until they made a nightmare of sound.

Through the month of July it rained daily; regular cataracts of water would pour from a black sky for an hour, and as soon as the pelts of rain struck the hot earth they rebounded as steam. The weather was the one sure topic of conversation in Mexico at the time.

When the rains came, the vegetables all rotted, and from July to October it was impossible to secure any. We brought enough canned food stuff to last us through those summer months. We made soups of herbs, and raised chickens for meat and eggs. Occasionally our table was supplemented by turtle and wild game.

But scarcity of vegetables was not our chief dread: with the rain came the mold. Overnight it spread like the plague through cupboards of linen and closets of clothes. If we left the closet doors shut, the next morning our shoes would be covered by a filmy, greenish mildew. Clothes and linen we were forced to air daily. Even books were not safe, but had to be scraped and sunned.

Moreover, the river rose with the rain sometimes as much as ten or twelve feet, and often overflowed. There was a precarious wooden bridge spanning the river, which was carefully taken apart each summer, and stored in the mill, to be rebuilt in the winter. They judged the time for removal of the bridge when the water snakes began their exodus from the low river bank.

Cuatatolapam will always bring the

memory of quick thunder in the sky, heat intense and enervating, flaming sunsets and flambuoyant trees. Then there will be wiry, brown-skinned Indians in thatched huts, with pigs, and mud, and flies. There will always be the startling contrast of the poverty of man against the abundance of

nature; the sight of bread fruit and papaya growing wild, and children dying of diseases of filth and malnutrition. This much I shall never forget. It lives no longer as a reality even in my memory, but it remains indelibly as a glimpse of life at once novel, exotic, and disturbing.

*Recall*

## OF WANTING

ROBERT PACE

. . . of wanting, of wanting, of searching, seeking, desiring, utter nakedness of desire, utter shining whiteness of naked want

. . . of forever seeking, forever the alone, the torn, the beaten, the ravaged of thought

. . . of always walking in shaded streets, of stopping in darkness and staring into lightness, all gay, happy, golden light of easy fulfilment

. . . of standing and staring and of wanting, and of turning at last back into the shadow and walking on

*gone*  
. . . of crying aloud into the unheard ear, of waving frantically at the unseen eye, of pounding and clutching desperately the unfelt hand

. . . of no escape, not even the solace of the martyred, of not even the clean-sheeted bed of the invalided, not even the padded cell of the labrynthed

. . . of only a dusty room on a darkened street, only a padded couch, only the stupid frantic ticking, ticking, ticking of the kitchen clock, only the stupid staring antimacassars

*every day toward*  
. . . of not even a cat to rub, nor a dog to kick, nor a book to read

. . . of at last going to bed and lying, turning, twisting, and of at last going to sleep

. . . of at last going to sleep and of not even dreaming, never, never, never ever dreaming.

*def. rhythm  
rep. for effect  
form - conventional  
pattern - no  
no - capitals  
universal  
almost  
in life  
massed confounding  
enforced*





## STRIKEBREAKERS

RALPH MORGAN

After three years of R. O. T. C. in high school three friends and I enlisted in Headquarters Company, 151st Infantry, Indiana National Guard. Ehle, the two Croucher brothers, and myself after a year of service had all been made corporals; and we were very proud of our stripes. It is no wonder that at the veteran age of seventeen (the minimum age for enlistment was eighteen) we were all anxious to go on strike duty to show those radicals in Terre Haute what we could do.

I was shopping down town when I heard the newsboys shouting that the Guard had been called for strike duty. Immediately there came to my mind the words of the basic field manual on riot

duty, "A well trained company should be able to march, fully equipped, from its armory an hour after receiving notice that it has been called for riot duty." The awful thought arose that perhaps my company would leave without me, and that I would miss all the excitement; so I practically ran the full distance to the Armory.

I arrived at the Armory panting. The clock said eleven thirty, and I found that besides the Captain I was the only member of my Company there. The Old Man set me to work calling the men on the roster and gradually they began to drift in. As a man came in he was given his pack to roll and the rest of his equipment — including a large, unfamiliar .45 caliber revolver which

he had probably never shot. By eight o'clock that night my outfit was ready to leave — twenty-five men out of a possible sixty four.

Ehle, the Croucher boys, and I managed to get in the same truck with Sergeant Wilkerson, our favorite three striper, and two or three other men. It was a beautiful moonlight July night and when the convoy had left the lights of Indianapolis far behind we stood to poke our heads outside the canvas cover to see the long line of army trucks stretching before and after us on the road.

When we reached Terre Haute we found that it was a dirty town with dark silent streets. The convoy arrived at the Armory, and we were ordered to dismount and to form ranks. We were then marched into the armory to receive some of the worst army grub I have ever tasted before or since, and some ammunition. At this time we were carefully instructed to place only five shells in our guns, leaving an empty cylinder under the firing pin since these pieces did not have any safety lock. We were also ordered not to fire under any but the most extreme circumstances unless ordered to do so by an officer. We were then remounted in trucks and began a slow journey to the stamping mill which was the center of the strike.

As the convoy neared its destination we could hear faint shouts and confused sounds. Bricks were hurled from dark alleys. Strong-lunged women shouted, "strikebreakers", "scabs", "tin-soldiers", and less printable names.

Ehle and the Croucher boys were sitting across from me and beneath the rims of their steel helmets in the fitting light of rare street lamps I could see the perspiration on their too-white foreheads. My own lips were dry and I must have looked as white as they.

Our truck suddenly turned a corner,

and much too close an unseen mob of angry men and women set up a howl of hate that ran chills up and down our backs. Ehle was whiter than any of us and spoke for all of us when he said, "I wish I hadn't come."

Missiles began to shower off of the canvas covers of the trucks, and close by we heard a series of pops that in our excitement passed for shots. We had not dismounted yet, and out of the back of the truck we could see the mob rushing madly away from the direction in which we were going. Our truck stopped, and the sergeant ordered us to dismount. We jumped out, grouped ourselves in the riot formation of the flying wedge, and stood orienting ourselves and awaiting orders from the lieutenant. He appeared on the run with a weapon resembling a sub-machine gun but which really fired only tear gas shells. He ordered us to double time and we followed him to the front of the factory where about ten blue-shirted police were firing tear gas into a mob of about five hundred weeping and cursing people. Since we were equipped with pistols that could easily be lost in hand to hand combat we were ordered to halt while the rifle outfits, their shining bayonets fixed, trotted grimly toward the mob. A few rocks were thrown, but, already bewildered and frightened by the tear gas, the mob broke and ran. We did not pursue very far because it was obvious that the violence of the mob had been replaced by fear. A deadline was established a few hundred yards from the factory, sentinels set up to guard it, and for us the war was over. Only routine policing was necessary for the next few days before the civil authorities were able to take the situation into their own hands.

Really very little happened to me or my friends during this incident. It was little more than a pleasant ride to and from Terre Haute, but yet, every Guardsman

who was there will remember it, not for the violence or the excitement, but for that scarcely describable spirit of utter fear, hatred, and contempt that came from the souls of those workers in the howl they gave on seeing us.

We broke the strike. "Loyal workers"

were escorted to and from the factory by police and Guardsmen. At the time, I remember, I was very proud of my part in this modern drama; but now, as I look back, I think I understand who was really right and every once in a while the scream of a lost cause comes faintly to my ears.

## PRETTY IMPORTANT

BETTY GORDON

Haze from sputtering exhaust pipes drifted odorously to the nostrils of the little girl sitting on a low stoop. She peered near-sightedly at the cars rushing by her dilapidated house, scuffling the toe of her oxford in the grayed dust. Her prematurely wizened face was screwed up in an attitude faintly reminiscent of a white cat with sore eyes. Complacently she waited.

An attractive playmate bounced up to her side. "Hello, Eileen," she said hesitantly. "Can you play with me now?"

"Not now," answered the other. Importantly, she said, "My mother and father are getting a divorce."

Her friend regarded her skeptically. "I don't believe you," she said.

"Yes, they are," said Eileen, wrinkling her nose disdainfully. "Just because your parents can't get one — you're jealous, that's what." She smiled, thinking of the new status a divorce would give her.

"They could too, if they wanted to. Don't you really think they could?" she asked anxiously.

"No," said Eileen. A quarrel seemed to be imminent, but the girls' attention was distracted by the approach of a slovenly looking, uncorseted woman. The hard lines of the woman's mouth tightened as she saw the two.

"Did you get it? Did you get it?" screamed the child ecstatically, tugging at her mother's dress.

"Yeah," she said raucously. Irritably she pushed away the girl's hand. "Yeah. I got rid of that lousy father of yours. And he better not try to skin out of paying that six bucks support money, neither, that's all I got to say."

The mother looked as if she would like to slap her, even lacking express provocation. Eileen sensed her hostility. "I been good, Mom. I just been settin' here waitin'," she said.

The woman stalked into the house, her pudgy posterior wobbling ominously.

Eileen sighed, blissfully unaware of her companion. Her friend watched her with mingled awe and disbelief. "They really did get it," she murmured incredulously.

"Yes, they really and truly did. Now you just wait 'n see the things they get me." Eileen had half-awakened from her trance.

"Let's go tell the other kids," shouted her friend. "Won't they wish their folks would get one too?"

Eileen preened herself contentedly, anticipating her potential importance to the rest of the human young.

"There's the little girl whose mother and father got a divorce," she heard them, her neighbors, say enviously.

Her face composed itself into a modest smirk, the lines of her body settling into a correspondingly smug contour. In anticipatory delight, she scuffed the toe of her oxford in the grayed dust.



## A DAY AT SCHOOL

TOM MARKIN

Slowly the boy awoke. He was about seven years old, husky in a squat manner. He blinked, opened his eyes on a squalid scene dimly visible in the early light of a mid-September morning. His younger brother was sleeping calmly at his side — lying on a filthy straw tick that they shared, and covered by an equally filthy partnership patchwork quilt.

Filth was the keyword in the description of the room the boy sleepily gazed on. It lay in the wide cracks in the rough board floor. It was visible on the black broken wallpaper that covered the four walls of the room. It lay in the foul close air, on the battered cook stove in one corner of the room, in the two iron beds where his two sisters and parents were sleeping.

The boy arose with a grunt. He slept in a faded blue denim shirt; it was but a moment's effort to step into the patched

pair of overalls. Shoes were unnecessary; the weather was still warm. He stepped out the back door into a lean-to that served as a back porch. A tin wash pan rested on the wreck of an old-fashioned wash stand. The pan was full of whitish grey water. The boy threw the water out, pumped the tin basin full from a rusty pump nearby. Disregarding the grey ring close to the top of the pan he splashed his face and hands, gulped as the cold water trickled off his face down onto his chest.

Having completed his morning toilet the boy turned, re-entered the one room hut. His mother was up, sleepily, grumpily preparing the eggs and greasy ham that would be his breakfast. She had wide hips; thin, stooped shoulders.

"This school is a hull lot of tom-foolery," she growled as she shoveled the greasy mess onto an unwashed tin plate. "Takin' a' able-bodied kid like you off all

day when you could be helpin' around here."

The boy didn't answer, merely sat down and ate. His mother yawned, went back to bed. She was heavy with child, her fifth in eight years. The boy finished his breakfast, stepped out into mist-filled sunshine. His father's car, a fairly late model in good condition was parked by the house. It was the one family possession of any value.

He walked slowly up the grassy, rutted lane to the highway. A feeling of relief battled with a feeling of dread within him. He was glad to leave the house, but he dreaded the day at school. The other children snubbed him. He was "that awful dirty Campfield boy" to the girls — "that trashy Campfield kid" to the boys.

His teacher was another matter. She was beautiful, young, and in a stilted, forced way kind to him. She always smelled so nice that somehow the room had a pleasant odor, despite the clammy smell of children. The boy sighed. He wished the teacher would take him on her lap, caress him as she did some of the other children. She was always making over the superintendent's kid, a fat sissy of a boy.

The school bus came in sight over the hill. Huge and orange, it always gave the boy a thrill when he first saw it. It rolled up to him almost noiselessly, sat patiently while he climbed in. He walked silently to the back of the bus — huddled in a seat by himself. The other children were chattering busily. Friendly spats, muted shrill voices created a muffled uproar of sound.

In what seemed to be no time the bus was at school. The boy was last off the bus, last to walk in the big dark brick building. Slowly he walked up the dark oily wooden steps and into the classroom. He went to his desk in the rear of the

room, slid into it quietly. He was terribly conscious of his bare feet and ragged clothes.

The teacher came, bright and cheerful, seeming to bring with her some of the spirit of the morning. A large ragged bouquet of flowers, the last remnants of summer, lay on her scarred desk.

"My," she smiled prettily, "now who was the lovely child that gave me these?"

The superintendent's son shyly held up his hand, giggled.

"Why, Tommy, you sweet, lovely child. Thank you very much. Well, it's a dreadful thing to do on such a lovely morning, but we will have to start the lessons. Arithmetic is first."

The morning passed rapidly, the alternated periods of study and hesitant recitation flying past. The boy failed in his attempts to recite. He knew his lessons, but every time he began to talk he felt the almost hostile eyes of the class, felt his brain go numb, his tongue thick.

Noon came. The boy sat in his seat till the rest of the class had filed out, then arose and started to go to the basement where lunches were provided for the "underprivileged" pupils. The teacher had been straightening up her desk. As he started to walk out the door she looked, hesitated for a split second, then plunged.

"Johnny—"

The boy turned, looked at her with a questioning look on his dirty brown face.

"Johnny, come here a moment." Her voice seemed appropriately firm and gentle, and yet it just didn't ring true — even to the boy's untrained ears. "I want to talk to you."

"Yes, Teacher." Johnny stood timidly before her, uneasily shifting his weight from foot to foot.

"You're not happy at school, are you, Johnny?"

"No." It was a man's tone.

"The other children don't play with you, do they, Johnny?"

"No."

"Johnny—" she paused. "Johnny, I want to help you. Now you do what I tell you and the children will want to play with you. Will you do what I want you to?"

The boy's eyes gleamed excitedly.

"Shore will."

"That's fine. Now Johnny, starting tomorrow I want you to come to school with your face, neck, ears and hands washed very clean. Wear a clean shirt and trousers. And shoes and stockings, Johnny, shoes and stockings. Will you do this for me, Johnny?"

The boy looked doubtful.

"I'll try."

"That's fine, Johnny, I know you will. Now run along and get your dinner."

After Johnny had left, the teacher finished tidying her desk, arranged the papers that were to be graded. She felt relieved. At times this job was rather distasteful. She thought of her approaching marriage with joy. No more teaching! That awful child! Ugh!

The boy walked slowly down the stairs and into the lunch room. The room was clean, bare except for the long tables and folding chairs. There was a sour odor permeating the whole room.

All through lunch a wild mixture of thoughts churned in his head. Shoes! Where would he get shoes. Stockings! Practically an impossibility. A great wave of black discouragement swept over him.

He fought it down.

"I'll do it. I'll do it."

The afternoon was a hazy series of happenings that had no connection with anything. All the time grim determination was forcing its way through his body. How he would do it he didn't know, but somehow he must force his parents to give in to him. He could hear even now their sarcasm, sarcasm that would lead to anger when he pleaded. But he *would* win them over.

The driver had to tell him when he was home, the boy was so engrossed in his problem. He arose slowly, walked down the aisle, stepped onto the ground beside the strip of cement. Slowly, almost ponderously, he trudged down the lane, head bowed, thrust forward.

He looked up. There, less than a hundred yards from him was his home. It was a shack—boards, logs, and a few bricks slung together in a loose lopsided manner to form four walls and a roof. The yard was cluttered with boards and scraps of machinery. His brother and sisters, ragged, dirty children, were playing on the brown dust. The car still stood by the house, shiny and new, strangely out of place in the midst of filth and squalor.

The boy's feet shuffled to a stop. He lowered his head. His body seemed to slump, grow smaller. He couldn't cry, he just stood. Slowly realization burst in his mind. He knew, as the whole world knew, that he would never play with the other children.

## WEEK END

FRANK WINTIN

Lu had been in the city for seventeen years. They were two different people, the frightened, pregnant girl she had been at twenty when she first came here, and the calm-eyed honey-haired woman she was now, standing at the "cross roads of America."

The memories of those first years, nightmares though they had been, thronged now upon her memory pleasantly remote, a jumpy, maudlin motion picture she had been forced to sit through.

The wretchedness of her betrayal at Hagersville, the sorrowed bewilderment of her aging parents, the shame of the flight to Indianapolis, the terror and agony of her abortion.

Now all this was pleasant to remember—pain regarded from immunity from pain. Precise in her movements, she walked around the Circle to West Market, and along West Market to Illinois street, a slim, shapely woman in her neat black suit, with her black overnight bag.

She crossed Illinois. Illinois: gaudy, raucous, dirty—a fitting symbol of her life, though you might not have believed it to see her so sublimely indifferent to the whirl about her. She turned into the Bus Terminal and, without losing her attitude of indifference, set down her bag and looked about her, as if searching for someone.

Adah wasn't there yet. Adah, her younger sister, who had come from Hagersville five years after she had left it in her disgrace. Adah, whom so many took to be her twin sister, yet who was so exactly her opposite in disposition.

Now Adah pushed open the swinging door and looked about her. There was noise and belligerence in her stance, and a measure of selfconscious casualness.

Spying Lu, she rushed to her with a broad smile.

Lu was annoyed. She said nothing however.

"Lu-ella, dar-rling, I thought I'd never get here. Have you got your ticket to Cincy yet? Be a sweet and lend me a ten until next week, won't you? I saw a ducky little hat on my way here, and I just couldn't resist—" Adah's chatter ran off into dashes periodically.

Holding her borrowed ten dollar bill, Adah raced to the ticket window. With her most intense smile, she ogled the ticket seller. Lu followed after her with a leisurely stride.

Adah was resuming her weekly flirtation with the ticket clerk. He had come to recognize the pair, and always responded gracefully to Adah, meanwhile smiling at Lu knowingly.

With their tickets for Cincinnati in their purses, they went to the news stand. Lu bought a copy of *The Daily Bugle* and the September issue of *Glamorous Hollywood*.

"What do you plan to do, dar-rling, this week in Cincy? Let's go to the Swinnerton and get rooms on the third floor. What will we do tonight? We won't get there until almost ten. We'll go down to the bar and see if there are any interesting men in town and if there aren't we'll get some liquor and the Sunday papers as soon as they come out and go to our rooms and read the funnies and get tight—"

Lu sighed. It would be a facsimile of all the other week-ends in Cincy. They would get tipsy and work themselves into hysterics over Popeye and Jiggs and finally go to sleep. It was good for the nerves,

they thought, but recently the hysterics weren't as much of a relief as they used to be. They just paved the way for more hysterics.

Once in a while they went back to Hagersville for the week-end. People no longer stared at Lu there, but she didn't care anyway. They would lie around all day Sunday and help their mother with the dishes or sometimes even with the cooking. And before they left, they would press a couple of ten dollar bills in their mother's or father's hands.

But usually they went to Cincinnati or stayed in Indianapolis during the week-end. More life, they would say. Life was what counted. You couldn't possibly get enough of it.

Their bus was coming in. Adah was straining at the bit to rush out to meet it. She wanted a good seat half way back, and she was determined to get it. Lu liked to wait until there were several people on the bus, so that she might have an audience to admire her leisurely world-weariness as she got on and settled in her seat.

The terminal smelled of fresh popcorn and dust and people. The sounds from the street—beep-beep-beep, honk-honk, read-all-about-it, scree-eech — all had travelled here through a tunnel of oblivion. The bus itself smelled of exhaust fumes and leather.

A fat woman got on, a couple of thin married men (funny how she always knew if they were married), a couple of white-haired grand dames, a fat man, a half-starved looking, adolescent boy who looked at her with the insolent non-perception of youth. She thought he was still looking at her several minutes later, and she turned casually, as if to look out the back window, but his head was turned the other way.

She felt Adah snap suddenly to attention at her side. Adah was sitting on the

aisle. Lu knew without looking that a good looking man was getting on. And she was right. He sat down across the aisle from them by the fat man.

Poor, poor Adah, she thought — for no particular reason at all. Somehow it was always silly and disgusting, that eagerness for the hunt which Adah had.

She unfolded *The Daily Bugle* to the sports page. How had today's races come out? Lu loved the horse races. She always went if she had a chance, and sometimes she lost a two-dollar long shot on some animal with a lot of "L's" in its name. That was Lu's system.

The bus was almost full and ready to pull out. The long shadows of late afternoon were becoming gray-blue. "Advice to the Lovelorn" wasn't very interesting today. No misunderstood wives. Lu liked letters from misunderstood wives.

And now in *Glamorous Hollywood* there was a good story about Hedy Lamarr's private life. And a wonderful picture of Cary Grant.

By now the bus had pulled out and was traveling through the crowded streets. Lu looked out on the crowd with a pleasant consciousness of her own remoteness. After a week behind the lingerie counter at Tracy's department store, it was heaven to have nothing much to do.

Adah was still busy with her extra-curricular activities. Her purse had slipped out of her lap into the aisle twice already now. The second time the young man caught the hint. In a few minutes she knew all she needed to know. The man was on his way to Cincy, too, and he wasn't married. He lived in Chillicothe, O., and traveled for a shoe company.

Lu looked now at the young man. With a sudden helpless stab of envy she was sorry that she had not seen him first. He wasn't too young. Very well-groomed, clean-cut but not handsome, sad, and



sincere. Not what Adah was accustomed to term "one of the haw-haw boys." She knew she could take him away from Adah if she wanted, but she was too lazy to try.

This probably wouldn't be one of those week-ends, then. They would dig up another man and celebrate a whole mess of holidays at once.

Now they were in the country. There was a large meadow of cows, sublime amid the dust. About time to milk them, she thought, remembering her father back at Hagersville and how he would be driving the cows in about now.

And there was a little old woman standing in a farmyard. About her mother's size, Lu realized. It would be nice to be standing now in a patch of cool grass in a farmyard, breathing in all the rich, clean smells of the farm. It would be nice to be smelling some clover. It would be nice to take off your shoes and run about barefooted, feeling the cramped soreness ooze out of your feet.

It would be wonderful to eat corn-on-the-cob and drink a lot of milk, and then go to sleep on a marvelously soft, miraculously cool bed, and know subconsciously that tomorrow there would be no job to go back to, no admiring nor disapproving stares to feel upon oneself.

Saturday night on the farm. That was the best night of all. You felt the excitement in the air, but you were not a part of it, released and remote. And there would be a moon tonight. Funny—you never noticed there was a moon in Cincy.

"Pers'nally, I always get sick if I eat frankfurters," Adah was saying to her young man, "but I must say I do love them. Frankfurters and sauerkraut; it's not very elegant, but oh my—"

"Sweet romance!" Lu snorted to herself. Adah had exhausted the superficial details of her existence and was getting down to what really mattered—her stomach. The young man was still interested though.

The blue-green of the distant forests was becoming gradually darker. Some of the cars they met had already turned on their lights. She wished she could open a window and let the cool wind brush over her.

There were lights now in the kitchens of the farmhouses. Poor, dull farmers eating supper. She realized that she was hungry. And now the town of Christy was coming up before them.

When the bus pulled in at Christy, nearly everyone got off to stretch.

Lu called to the bus driver, "Throw my bag off here, please."

Adah looked at her with astonishment. "Well, whatever in the world?"

"You go on to Cincy. I'm going home to Hagersville."

"Oh, Lu, for Pete's sakes. What has come over you? I never did hear of such—"

But she finally realized that Lu had made up her mind. Pouting, she refused to go ahead to Cincinnati, but she finally changed her mind as the bus was almost ready to leave.

Lu watched the bus's red tail lights becoming tiny flecks in the dusk. Then she picked up her overnight bag and went to the railroad station. She was exhausted from the weight of her decision.

She opened her purse as she approached the window. The stationmaster smiled a friendly greeting.

"One way to Hagersville," she said.

# SLEEP

ARTHUR GILLIOM

To sleep is to lose the feeling of consciousness and even existence. Feeling, sensation, and thought may be so dulled in slumber that the state of the mind and body may be actually much the same as in death.

There are many classifications of sleep—resting, napping, dozing, drowsing, reposing, and slumber—all according to the completeness of relaxation of the body and mind. But let us consider deep slumber, perhaps the most interesting and mystifying because of its close resemblance to death. Almost beyond human understanding, the conditions attending deep sleep may even offer a clue as to the real nature of death. Perhaps there is some secret meaning suggested by the state of the body and mind during deep slumber.

If we observe an exhausted person who has just lapsed into a heavy slumber, to all appearances he is quite lifeless. His blood pressure drops, the tempo of his breathing and pulse slows down, and except to the close observer, he looks for all the world like a dead man. Now let us look inside. We will have to use our own personal observations and recollections in this phase. As the person relaxes to

rest his tired muscles and strained nerves, his mind gradually becomes less and less conscious of surroundings. Now it slowly loses its grasp on all reality until it starts to glide into complete oblivion. During this phenomenon the mind may be pictured as a ball rolling downhill into the pit of unconsciousness. When it finally gets there, no conception of time, proportion, or existence is present. Scientists tell us that dreams, rapid mental images of past experiences or imagined circumstances, occur only in light sleep.

Deep sleep, then, is marked by an almost complete cessation of life and certainly a perfect loss of sense perception as far as the mind is concerned. Might we even say that the mind has ceased to live for the time being? Then what a striking similarity of the state of the mind in deep sleep to the conditions surrounding death! Deep slumber is one of the most pleasurable and gratifying experiences in the human life. Why this is true does not concern us so deeply as a much more tantalizing challenge. If the mind exists in much the same circumstances in death and deep sleep, can death be anything then but an eternal state of pleasure?





# THIS THING CALLED NATURE

DOROTHY I. CHASTAIN

How differently are we mortals affected by our occasional brushes with nature, each according to his own innermost feelings, likes and dislikes, and mode of life! And what more suitable place to observe this phenomenon of individuality than a summer tourist lodge situated in one of the most desirable spots on the shores of Lake Huron. At the moment the lodge is apparently just coming to life, and although it is still very early in the morning there are a number of early birds stirring about and making their preparations for a full day to come. However, of the dozen or so occupants who are awake, we are interested in only three. These three individuals, representing three widely different walks of life, are J. Livingstone Avaro, vacationing businessman, who, unable to sleep any longer because of the very stillness of the country about, is gazing morosely out his window; Miss Helen Meek, librarian, sitting entranced at her window and absorbing the scenery in a manner indicating habitual early rising for just this purpose; and Mr. David Median, author, a man still young enough to have at once the viewpoints of the artist and the athlete, who is sitting at the window of his room, contemplating the great outdoors.

## MR. AVARO GIVES HIS DESCRIPTION

Mr. Avaro, glaring out his window, was struck suddenly by the thought that this was supposed to be, to put it in the words of the travel folders, "nature at its finest". His succeeding thoughts ran accordingly, and he found himself framing in his mind a part of a letter to be written

to his brother who had been left in charge of the business:

"This is supposed to be the type of scenery which inspires the poets to great descriptive heights. It is well known that I am not a poet, but no one can deny that I have definite views concerning what is going on about me. Directly below my window I can see the short, smoothly clipped grass, evidently well tended. The bright green color is broken about fifteen feet to the left of my window by a winding stone walk which leads from the side door down to the gate which opens on to the beach. The beach, I might say, is separated from the grass by a white picket fence, very old fashioned looking. Already the sun is glaring down upon the white sand of the beach, which throws off a reflection bright enough to blind a person. About forty-five feet to the left down the beach a gray, wooden dock extends perhaps twenty-five feet out into the water. Fastened to the dock are two rowboats, one very new and the other quite dilapidated and ugly looking. Also tied to the dock is a powerful-looking speedboat of quite good length and having an expensive appearance. I have no idea where the rest of the boats are, but surely there must be more.

"The water is quite blue, and in the distance one can see where it meets the different shade of blue of the sky. Over to the right, a small sailboat moves slowly forward, the white sails reflecting the sun in the same glaring fashion as the beach of sand. A figure is visible at the tiller, but from the way the boat moves he is apparently in no hurry, just loafing along. Another sail can be seen in the distance,

evidently the sail of a much larger boat. It is moving faster, too. Just above it I perceive the sun shining brightly. How hot it looks! I'll bet this day is going to be a scorcher.

"There is some movement on the beach now. Evidently some early morning swimmers going out for a dip. They seem to be enjoying themselves, but the water looks too cold for that sort of thing. There are two men, a woman, and several children. However, the children are not going into the water. They are playing about on the sand."

This then, is the scene as viewed by him . . . . .

*MISS MEEK DESCRIBES THE SCENE*

To even a casual spectator observing Miss Meek sitting in reverent awe before her window, the thought would probably have occurred that if he asked Miss Meek to describe the scene at which she was staring with such obvious ecstasy she would probably have done it thus:

"It is a wonderful, wonderful morning. All is quiet and serene. The sun is a bright ball of fire, throwing its rays down upon a welcoming world. The water is a clear, bright blue with white caps of foam appearing on the waves as they near the shore, and its broad expanse of blue beauty is marred only by the presence of a small sailboat in the foreground and another one in the background.

"There is a certain beauty about the morning. The breeze blows gently, and the morning air is so fresh. The only sound is a faint rustle as the breeze strikes the leaves of the trees at the front of the house. Several of these trees, a dark green in color, are visible to the right of my window. They are of immense height, veritable giants in comparison to the other trees about. There is a certain majesty

(1) *Byron, Childe Harold*

about it all. Nature seems so close at a time like this. It is as though she were trying to speak to us. Perhaps Byron's feelings were much the same as this when he wrote

'Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a part

Of me, of my Soul, as I of them?' (1)

"In a place like this it would be quite possible to feel oneself entirely alone and in quiet communion with nature were it not for the disheartening presence of the meagre work of man in the form of the two sailboats on the surface of the lake, the rowboats and motorboat tied to a small wooden dock, which is to my left, and the sudden and somewhat annoying appearance as out of nowhere of a half dozen people, evidently early swimmers, shouting and yelling as they make their way into the water.

'Summers joys are spoiled by us' (2)

"The grass below my window is clipped short and runs in a smooth blanket clear out to the picket fence which surrounds the lodge. A gate, reached by means of a winding walk made of stone, opens directly onto the swimming beach where the early swimmers are cavorting in most undignified fashion."

This is the scene as she saw it . . . . .

*MR. MEDIAN TAKES SOME NOTES*

Mr. Median, sitting at his window and surveying the early morning scene, was debating in his mind the probability of using a description of the scene before him in some future literary work. Finally, coming to the decision that such a thing was quite possible, he took out a small, leather notebook which was constantly in his possession and began jotting down notes for future reference:

"The scene is one of lasting splendor, not easily forgotten. The clear, uncloud-

(2) *Keats, Fancy*

ed blue of the sky blends in the distance with the faintly deeper blue of the water in such a manner as to make the horizon only a vague, indefinite line. Nearer the shore the wide expanse of blue is marked here and there by the presence of white capped waves.

'The sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
The waves are dancing fast and  
bright.' (1)

Just above the horizon, the sun sheds its brilliance upon water and sand alike, and both throw back bright reflections as though they are attempting to outshine the sun itself. Below the sun and fleeing swiftly, as from its rays, is a large, well-trimmed sailboat, and in the foreground is another smaller boat, listing dangerously at the moment, the man at the tiller evidently enjoying the clean, fresh air and sweet morning breeze, free as yet from all irritating odors.

"About fifteen yards north of the lodge is a gray, wooden dock, somewhat the worse for wear, and riding the waves alongside it is a white, powerful-looking speedboat with exceptionally good lines. Also tied to the dock are two rowboats. The one at the left is clean and bright and has that newly-purchased look, but the other is a dull, dark green, a boat of somewhat dilapidated appearance, which has probably carried its owner to many interesting sights and possibly through many prodigious experiences, perhaps a boat with a history behind it.

"Adding somewhat to the blue and white color of the day is the velvet green of the grass which stretches from the gate leading to the beach up to the lodge itself. Over to the right of this picture is a group of trees, all with very dark green foliage, which contrasts remarkably with the lighter green of the grass and the light colored

(1) *Shelley, Stanzas Written in Dejection*

stone of the lodge. A walk of graying stone winds its circuitous way from the lodge door down to the gate, and at this moment there are several people passing out the gate, evidently bound for an early swim. They are interesting looking people and seem to be enjoying themselves immensely. The three children, none of them yet in their teens, are frisking about on the beach now, apparently in a game of tag, and the grown-ups, also numbering three, two men and a women, are already in the water and obviously enjoying it. For this is not only the kind of scenery which inspires in one the feelings of the poet, but it is also the type of day which causes one to feel the urge for physical exertion in order to appreciate the true possibilities of nature."

This is how he saw the scene . . . . .

Avaro's head has sunk upon his clenched fist, Miss Meek's eyes have grown large and have taken on that far-away look characteristic of the dreamer, and Median, having put away his notebook, is resting his elbows comfortably upon the window sill, his long, slender hands supporting his head. The sun rises slowly higher in the sky, and the little sailboat, sails no longer dipping perilously close to the water, has come about gradually and is making for shore. A motorboat engine sputters and coughs, then dies, and the calls of the before-breakfast swimmers ring out across the beach. Downstairs, a gong rings, and the three day-dreamers are brought abruptly back to the world of the present, entirely unaware of having served us in our quick survey of the study of nature appreciation. They leave their window with varying emotions and prepare to descend the stairs to breakfast. The day has officially begun.

# DREAMS

MARIE TELLAS

Dreams are intangible things and do not lend themselves easily to classification. I shall attempt, however, to divide them into two categories, day dreams and night dreams; realizing, of course, the many restrictions and sub-divisions to which such a classification must be subjected.

Day dreams are the result of an active imagination, suppression, unrequited love, or a sensitive nature. I like to think that poetry is created in such dreams, and is either nurtured and developed into masterpieces of thought, or buried and hidden beneath morbid reflections; depending upon the character and talent of the dreamer. A day dreamer is hampered neither by time nor space. At one moment he may be scaling the Alps with Hamilton, and the next, led by a beckoning, indefinable wraith of thought, he may be transported to Poland, and the horrors of modern warfare. The dreamer is the king of the universe; the controller of destiny; the very god of Fate. The moon and stars obey his command; centuries become as fleeting seconds; the whole course of events is changed by his least design. The conscious mind is the supreme authority and guides the thoughts into pleasant channels or not, as it desires.

But when the dreamer surrenders himself to the mysterious, unexplored regions of sleep, the subconscious mind becomes the master. No longer can the content of the dreams be designated. Now they become mere wisps of fancy loosely woven together by a common subject, or concrete and complete events. It is not for the dreamer to decide, but rather for some strange, unknown power that bewilders him with its

intensity and excites him with its inexhaustable scope. It sends elusive visions through the curtain of night to inspire him, or nightmares to terrify him. It is a creature of moods.

This then, is the land of dreams—exotic, interesting land where the laws of man are not applicable and the laws of nature are often transgressed. A weird, uncanny land where a king may become a pauper in an instant; where even the magic lamp of Alladin and the travels of Sinbad are as nothing to the wonders that confront the dreamer.

Since the day when Egypt suffered under torturous famine, dreams have been considered as omens of evil, forerunners of disaster and portent glimpses of the future. In Homer's "Iliad", Oneiros, the dream-god is sent to Troy to visit Agamemnon and advises him how to proceed in the war against the Trojans. The fact that this advice is immediately acted upon shows in what great regard dreams were held. Now science has undertaken the task of interpreting dreams, not as prophecies but as indicators of some mental or spiritual uneasiness. But the fascination of these magical trains of thought lie in their impenetrable quality. To elucidate fancy is to strip it of its charm. Once I wrote a poem about dreams that seems to express my idea as completely as I shall ever be able to express it. Part of it went like this:

"Phantom shadows in the night  
With touches of ethereal light,  
Expressing the inexpressible,  
Penetrating the impenetrable,  
Haunting . . . . . Fantastic . . . . ."

# IS WAR JUSTIFIED?

MARIGRACE FRANKLIN

Dictators praise it; fools glory in it; nations sacrifice for it; men die for it. What is it? War, and its colleague, power. In the past there were new places to conquer when one desired more land and new surroundings, but there are no longer new territorial frontiers, so war is used as an excuse for aggression and greed.

Youth is its prey. Young men are idealistic, and believe in fighting only for a cause. In order to remedy a lack of purpose, propaganda is manufactured to inspire patriotism. The youth are bored with a dull, drab existence, and the prospect of excitement appeals to them. It is great to have ideals, but tragic to have them shattered.

But what right has a nation to ask such sacrifice? It takes the youth, marches

them off either to die, return invalid, or be presented with medals to prove that they killed men. You would not go to someone else's home and destroy it and the people in it because you do not approve of their purpose; neither has a nation the right to encourage her sons to do that in another country which they are forbidden to do at home.

Machinery was invented as a facility, to serve a useful end, but when abused it becomes as Frankenstein's monster turning on its master, and acting as a knife to cut off a generation.

The answer to the question, "Is war justified", is inevitably "No". An old adage states, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread". Shall we be fools or angels?

## LOST GLORY

C. MYRON WINEGARDNER

It was a dreary November afternoon somewhere in France; the year was 1918, and the greatest war the world had ever known was here a grim reality. The forces of the German Imperial Army had been steadily retreating, and many of the Allied troops had been out of touch with their superior officers for days, as they followed up the retreat. Talk of peace had been prevalent among the men for the last few weeks, but the running battle still continued.

Among these men, who were chasing the enemy across the battle-torn fields of France, was an uncle of mine, Captain

George Arnold. He longed for peace, so that he could return home to his family; however, Fate had a sad destiny to deal him today. As he stumbled onward, he met it, met a hail of machine gun bullets which cut him to ribbons. There was nothing unique in the manner of his death; thousands of men had already died in the same way. The strange thing was that he had been killed at about three o'clock on the afternoon of November 11, 1918, four hours after the war was over.

It is glorious to die while helping to win a cause; it is equally glorious to die for a lost cause. But where is the glory in dying for a cause already won?



# BLACK SHEEP

JACK SHACKELFORD

The greatest problem that comes with Christmas is that of choosing gifts for all of your friends and relatives. This was true of my Christmas two years ago. Nineteen of my relatives were coming to our house to enjoy together that festive occasion. A week before their arrival I began planning what I should give each one. I must commend myself on having been able to take care of the first seventeen in fine style. The last two were the most eccentric of all my relatives. They were just the opposite in character. My Aunt Cud was a strong temperance leader in her little town of Bloomly, while my Uncle Swan was an habitual drunkard. I thought for once in their lives they would receive a gift that would fill their hearts with joy. The very next day I bought Uncle Swan a quart of the best imported whisky that money could buy and Aunt Cud a ticket to the annual meeting of Sandusky's Temperance Leaders. I thought that my other relatives would not appreciate my giving Uncle Swan this "beverage" so I changed the label to read "Cooks Imported East Indian Tea."

Christmas rolled around and with it the exchange of gifts. The last two to be given out were Aunt Cud's and Uncle Swan's.

Horrors! I had put the labels on the wrong packages. The gifts were interchanged. Aunt Cud thought it queer that she received imported tea, but she said nothing. Uncle Swan was too inebriated to know or care what he received. That

was the beginning of a rejuvenation for these two.

That afternoon Uncle Swan found himself in a large meeting room crowded with people. As things got under way the people grew quiet and listened to the speaker. Uncle Swan nearly went to sleep, but now and then he caught a word of the lecture. Every once in a while there came a loud "hic" from the back of the room and everyone would turn around and stare at Uncle Swan sitting placidly chewing his home grown tobacco. Believe it or not, Uncle Swan sat there the entire afternoon listening and ultimately believing in that temperance lecture.

In the meantime Aunt Cud, feeling drowsy after the big Christmas dinner, decided to try some of "Cook's Imported East Indian Tea." She poured herself a glass full and gulped it down.

"Mmmmm. Pretty good. Guess I'll have some more," thought Aunt Cud. So saying she lifted the bottle to her lips and drained it. A warm feeling began to creep over her body and she wanted to laugh. Aunt Cud then let loose a series of "hics" that shook the windows in the house.

It took all seventeen of us two hours to sober her. When Uncle Swan came back from what he called, 'a very inspiring meeting,' he was very much shocked to learn about Aunt Cud. He spent fully an hour lecturing her on the evils of drink.

The effect of this Christmas was evident. Aunt Cud became the "black sheep" of the family and Uncle Swan rose to great heights as a temperance leader.

## NIGHT MOMENT

ROBERT C. SCHALK

The night is calm and free, and sweet with spring,  
The heady, scented air so cool and still.  
The silent, throbbing stars are close and clear.  
A crescent moon hangs low above the hill.

I know when I am dead and laid away,  
And fiery stars come swarming o'er the hill,  
My very dust will feel, from out the grave,  
Innate awareness of this beauty still!

## SPRING

WYOMING ROBINSON

When fragrant spring in full array  
Descends upon the land,  
The beckon of a balmy day  
Enthralls the soul of man.

No worldly frets — but fancies free  
To watch the feathered fun,  
In search of twigs for homes-to-be  
Beneath a lazy sun.

A south wind's whispering, pleasing praise,  
The violet's answering blush,  
The rabbit's wise and watchful gaze  
Intensifies the hush.

All drowsy drugs for idle dreams  
And hosts of hopes unfurled,  
When new-born spring in full regime  
Returns to mortal world.

# IN THE BEGINNING

BARBARA FREDERICKSON

The man without a country has my sympathies. Though I am an American, there is no one place which I can really name as my native habitat. I was born in England, my father and mother having moved there, he to write the great American novel, and she to contribute her addition to the human race. Before a year had passed we had removed to Mentone, France, Dad having been as successful in his undertaking as Mother. There is little I can say about my early life in France; the mind of a one year old is not wise enough to record incidents for future reference. When the twelve-month lease on the house we occupied had run out, Mother decided she had had enough of French housekeeping; accordingly, she and I set out for "home", leaving Dad, who was engaged on another prize-winning novel, behind. "Home", to Mother, means Toronto, Canada, and so it was with that destination that our bags were labeled.

Summer in Canada was adventurous. There were all my newly-met relatives to entertain with my childish antics, and, in turn, their capacities for pleasing were yet to be tried. I must have been a remarkable child; friends I made that year still mention my charm and endearing qualities to my parents, though it has been lo! these many years since they have seen me.

My fourth birthday was celebrated in Los Angeles, California. This, if any, might be called my home town, for it was all of three years before we again took to the road. My fourth year was an eventful one; Mother fell seriously ill, and was said to be dying. Overheard conversations intrigued me; I had not yet seen a dead person, and my scientific curiosity was aroused. I begged to be allowed to visit her in the hospital, arguing, reasonably enough — "but I have never seen a person die!" Unfortunately for my curiosity, but luckily for me, Mother survived, and I had the privilege of nursing her back to health. She assures me that my tender head-rubbing was her best medicine. Despite my cold-blooded acceptance of possible death, I was overjoyed to have my Mother home with me once again, and would sit quietly for hours in her room, content just to be with her.

Meanwhile my education was being fostered in the most advanced kindergartens and at the age of five I entered the first grade of a private school. School life was dull; having been taught at home, I was more intelligent than my classmates, and thus started my journey on the road to egotism. Fortunately, in two years my life was changed. I was abruptly taken from school and told that we were soon embarking for Europe.



# OPERA TONIGHT

SUZANNE MASTERS

## I

Tired from the long climb to the balcony, the old lady paused on the second landing. She tugged at her worn, black hat for a moment, then started up the last flight. A polite young man met her at the top step and waited patiently while she fumbled through her leather bag for her ticket. The seat was back a little farther than she had hoped, but there was no doubt but that she could hear. Loosening her old black coat, she gazed about. From the red and gold ceiling dripped tiered crystal lights. Far below, members of the orchestra were beginning to take their places and tune their instruments. The red velvet curtain rippled above them.

The music was starting. She listened attentively as the musicians performed.

## II

Cross, the manager, hurried about giving instructions to the stupid ushers, speaking to the right people, ignoring those who started toward the stairways. It looked like a good house. The best people were there. Galleries and balcony were filled as usual. There went the press boys now. Another season like this and they could have a new curtain and some new sets. And the ceiling, the horrible gilt ceiling, could be done over. Why did an orchestra have to make such noises just to get in tune? Well, there goes the curtain. Funny people, these musicians.

# ENTERTAINMENT---TWO KINDS

ROBERT DIETZ

I walked into the theater. A snappy little blonde took my ticket. As I approached the nearest aisle another such bit of pulchritude dressed in red satin slacks said, "How far down, please?" Just as I sat down the news reel was over, the screen darkened, and the footlights shone on a gigantic velvet curtain. As the curtain was raised, revealing a brilliantly lighted stage with multi-colored backdrops, the orchestra, sitting behind dazzling music stands, played a popular theme song.

One by one the players unfolded their arrangements of popular hits. Saddle oxfords kept rhythmic time to "In the Mood" and "Oh! Johnny". A bald-headed man in the front row roared loudly at the novelty arrangement of "Ragtime Cowboy

Joe". Suddenly a soft spotlight revealed a beautiful brunette dressed in blue satin—what there was of it. As she gave her rendition of "Blue Orchids" the two in front of me nestled closer. I relaxed a little myself. But soon the curtain fell, accompanied by the usual clapping, whistling, stamping, and howling.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again I walked into a theater. A distinguished gentleman took my ticket, then handed me the seat stub and directed me to my seat. The stage was unlighted and bare except for the music stands, chairs, and a plain backdrop. As I glanced through the program, the musicians came out on the stage one by one and proceeded to tune up. Sudden applause made me

realize that the conductor had just appeared. He tapped his baton and Wagner again came to life.

The music of Valhalla itself could be no more beautiful than that overture to "Tannhauser"; the tense faces of the listeners revealed its effect. There was no spotlight, but suddenly all eyes were on the

harpist as her fingers ran across the instrument, giving the delighted listeners Schubert's "Ave Maria". "Finlandia" seemed to lift the whole audience into some strange ecstasy. When the concert closed with "The Blue Danube" the applause was spontaneous and long; the music lovers were well satisfied.

## JOSEPH LAUTNER--Director Entertainer

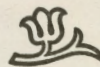
HARLAN JOHNSON

In a student choir the responsibility for the success of the group rests almost wholly on the director. The success of a singing group, I have learned, is not only measured by the degree of ability and technique which the choir possesses, but also by the personal enjoyment which members get out of rehearsals. Measured by these two standards, Joseph Lautner seems to be the ideal choir director. Since Mr. Lautner's reputation as a teacher and musician is known well to the general public, I shall endeavor to picture to you Lautner the director, as seen by the student choir member.

By Mr. Lautner's suave and gentlemanly appearance, no one would suspect that he might be transformed at the rise of a crescendo. This, however, is all too true. As the music swells he leans forward, his eyebrows lower, his jaw quivers, perspiration breaks out, he beats the air furiously with his fists; and a fiery gleam comes into

his eyes as the desired effect is finally produced. Then suddenly softer music soothes him; he becomes gentle and as meek as a lamb. He winks at the girls and smiles at the boys. As the music strikes a rhythmical passage, he steps from the platform and times the music by dancing back and forth before the choir. If the singers' eyes do not show enough spirit, he strides slowly past them with a fiendish glare until more laughter is heard than music. Mr. Lautner has his own method of handling tardy cases. When a student comes in late, the director stops all singing. He then wishes the late-comer a pleasant good afternoon and politely inquires how he is, as everyone enjoys the embarrassment of the student.

Choir might be boring to many, but to those who through their preparatory years have learned to appreciate music, choir under Lautner is the very frosting on the cake of higher education.



# WHY I CAME TO COLLEGE

JOHN F. CARSON

What does college mean to the young blood in the world? Is it to dull our senses enough to shoulder a rifle and take lives that mortal man was not meant to pass judgment on? Is college to offer this restless generation the chance to sell four years of its life in social madness and careless play? Or does college embody a serious pursuit towards a financial goal, a betterment of morale, and a trend to make our country more economically sound, governed with foresight?

College is not a toy. It should be used to the individual's advantage. Of course, when Junior leaves his family circle to plunge into a new environment away from home, he must scale barriers by his own fortitude. If he has never smoked, drunk liquor, or had a serious affair with a girl, the chances are that these things will be experienced long before the four years terminate. Why does vice creep into the character, crowding, pushing, devouring the good qualities? It is a parasite that weakens the heart fibers and diseases the mind. Youth is on the independent basis he craved, and yet it can court his downfall. The courage of denial strengthens the character.

A level head gives room to clear thinking. Eyes that are not dulled by dissipation can be kindled by the leaping flames of inspiration.

Why did I come to college? I'm taking a shapeless piece of clay to mold into a definite being. After college it will be heated and glazed into completion. It is the first handling of clay that makes it a good finished product.

I don't want to wade knee-deep in mud, treading on the mangled bodies of my comrades. I don't want to see the blinding bursts of shells or feel their concussion rock the earth. I want to deafen my ears to screams of agony welling from raw, dry throats. May I never see weeds entangling a lump of earth that houses the blood-stained, maggot-infested body of a comrade I played cards with, bummed cigarettes from, or slept in the same trenches with.

I want my life to be controlled by a purpose. I want to fulfill a social obligation I feel. My contribution to the world, however small, must be something I've struggled to give, something that was given with generosity not directed by personal gain.

# THE WORLD UNMASKS

TED W. SEDVERT

I have one of the most interesting jobs in the world. It makes me smile and giggle, and sometimes my sides almost burst from laughter. It makes me sad, disgusted, and once in a while I may shed a tear. I have seen the world, yet I have not stirred more than a few feet. I have seen joy, heartbreak, laughter, and sorrow as an

everyday occurrence. I see the most flagrant displays of stupidity, and the wondrous merits of good common sense. I meet liars, schemers, doctors, lawyers, priests, and bums. I see young hopes and young love eager and fresh. I see old hopes and old love stimulating and lovely. In the parade of faces that passes me by I see the

world reflected.

My job is an insignificant one, and carries little influence in the world today; yet, to an observing eye it is on the pulse beat of the public. People come to my place of employment to relax, to laugh, and to cry. It is then that their lives show most clearly. They are no longer cautious of the world. They forget to present their mask of everyday life and show themselves as they are in unguarded moments. Not even in their own homes do they show on their faces so clearly what they are—even what they think—as they do in my house. It gives me a chance to look into every

heart. Many are the stories that could be told without even asking them a single question.

I am a servant of the people. I coddle and cajole them. I mother them and father them. I play tricks on them, lie to gain my point. I act as advisor and coun- ciler. I love them and hate them in turn. I am proud of them one moment and dis- gusted with them the next. To some I lay down the law, others I obey with the meek- ness of a gentle lamb. Thus I learn much of life and follow many extremes of conduct in merely being an usher in a moving pic- ture theater.

## ON EATING GRAPES DOWNWARD

BETTY SMITH

All my life I have heard that one must work and save so that when he becomes older, he will have something with which to enjoy himself. This viewpoint is pre- valent even in grade schools. While in grade school, we were taught to look for- ward to the time when we would be in high school. Grade school was only to be endured until that time. Then in high school, the goal of going to college was set before us. Our high school life was plan- ned with that view in mind. We lived for the future of going to college and really growing up. Now in college, we plan our courses for a job we plan to fill in the future. People that now hold posi- tions look forward to the time when they can retire on old-age security, or look back to the time when they were in school, and wish they could repeat the experience. All our lives we look forward to what is to come. We forget about the present. We forget that we possess only the present, and

that if we fail to enjoy this, then we must inevitably look back on a life barren and fruitless. Samuel Butler expresses con- cisely and clearly the way I believe life should be lived. He says, "always eat grapes downward— that is, always eat the best grape first; in this way there will be none better left on the bunch, and each grape will seem good down to the last. If you eat the other way, you will not have a good grape in the lot. Besides, you will be tempting Providence to kill you before you come to the best." I believe we should open our eyes to the world about us, and begin to learn what we can enjoy now. If we live each day sincerely and honestly; if we are thoughtful and careful; if we do each job to the best of our ability; if we put our whole beings behind our fun; then we are eating our grapes downward. In this way we can be sure there will be none better left on the bunch, and we will not be tempting Providence to kill us before we come to the best.

# THE WEEKLY THEME

HELEN OVERTON

Theme! That mere word of five letters is the cause of many a headache to every college freshman. There is probably no phrase which is held with more contempt than that weekly one which begins, "Now, students, for your theme next Tuesday you will write on one of two topics." Before the sentence is half finished, the face of every pupil in the room increases an inch in length as he mechanically searches for his notebook and pen with which to write down the topics. While he is writing them down he suddenly has the happy thought that he has a whole week to write the theme, so there is no need to worry about it now. He will wait until he has time to think about it. Strange enough that time never comes. Of course the student means well, and no doubt he would have written the theme on Friday night if the gang hadn't come by, or on Sunday afternoon if he hadn't decided to sleep; but unfortunately Monday night arrives and he reaches the unhappy realization that it is now or never.

With this idea in mind, he sits down at his desk with a dictionary on one side and his notebook on the other. For the first time in a week he glances at the topic. "Heavens, the professor must have lain awake at night to think of this one," he decides. Nevertheless, he begins scribbling down whatever ideas he has about the subject. At this point little brother pops his head through the door and asks for help with his long division. Although little brother probably knows more about it than he does, the college student can't let him get the idea that he can't work the pro-

blems, so he struggles with long division until, by the aid of the answers in the back of the book, he finally arrives at the correct answer. Twice as much time is spent in attempting to show the kid brother how simple it is. By this time the favorite radio program is in progress and so for half an hour the theme is again forgotten.

When the program is finished, he plunges into the theme and rushes through it in order to get his chemistry assignment. About eleven o'clock the need of sleep overtakes him, and he decides to get up in the morning to correct and type this theme. So to bed.

Just in the middle of a peaceful dream he is suddenly awakened by mother who says it is six o'clock and he must get up. Muttering something about it being the middle of the night, he turns over and proceeds to sleep another fifteen minutes. Then he remembers the unfinished theme! He jumps up; dresses; and hurries downstairs to breakfast. This he hastily swallows while mother begs him to eat slower or he'll have indigestion. Breakfast over, he rushes to his room and starts to type the theme. His fingers seem to go everywhere but the place they are supposed to, but he finally finishes it and reaches the car line just in time.

The morning slips away, and ten forty-five finds him writing his name on his paper and handing it in with a sigh of relief. He no sooner sits down until he once again hears the familiar, "Now, students, for your next theme——." Again he fumbles for his notebook and has the happy thought that Tuesday is a whole week away.



## EXCERPTS

"You would laugh at a man who says he has a spirit by the tail, but you do not laugh at a man who tells you he has a glass bottle full of compressed air, though you can see nothing in the bottle." — James Thomas in *What Is It?*

"Forked lightning, jumping off in weird shapes, angular octopi in the dark overhanging sky; ominous black clouds swiftly, silently cutting off the sun and stifling the blue of the sky, and the Wagnerian thundering of Jupiter's kettledrums combine to stir every sense with power and drama." — Louise Hawk in *I Listen to Jupiter's Kettledrums*.

"I was intent in my solitary game trying very hard to sell an attentive hen a bit of ribbon" — Betty J. Smith in *Childhood Memories*.

"As a result of these Indian stories (novels by J. F. Cooper), I pictured America as a paradise of wild scenery with mystic and heroic Indians roaming about in it. Now that I am over here, the only redskins I have seen are the Washington Redskins' football team." — Gottfried Guennel, German-born Butler student, in *Autobiography*.

"The hullabaloo of twittering, screeching, and cackling, uproarious enough to

waken the dead, jarred my ear like ammonia striking the nose." — Gerald E. Hosier in *One of Those Meetings*.

"Oh well, here's a happy thought from Chaucer to start off with: '*In principio mulier est hominis confusio* — Woman is man's delight and all his bliss.' Geoffrey, there are times when I doubt your veracity." — Robert Dietz in *My Daily Thoughts*.

"And rare indeed is the man who has not had his nerves and ears wracked by the monotonous repetition of words and music as the phonograph needle sticks on a flaw in the record. Three minutes of this merciless torment would make a Spartan sob." — Frank H. McFerran in *Noises*.

"He (the candid camera fiend) produces such startling results as the major's wife holding hands with the ice man and the minister stealing an apple from a vendor's cart." — Marie Tellas in *The Candid Camera Fiend*.

". . . the little off-key melodies which the porch sang as my father stepped onto its weary planks." — Hardin Wheeler in *Nocturnal Symphony*.

"The sun seemingly had forgotten the world that day, and the pines were silhouetted black against the snow as if in mourning." — Gene Balclock in *And the World Turned Black*.

