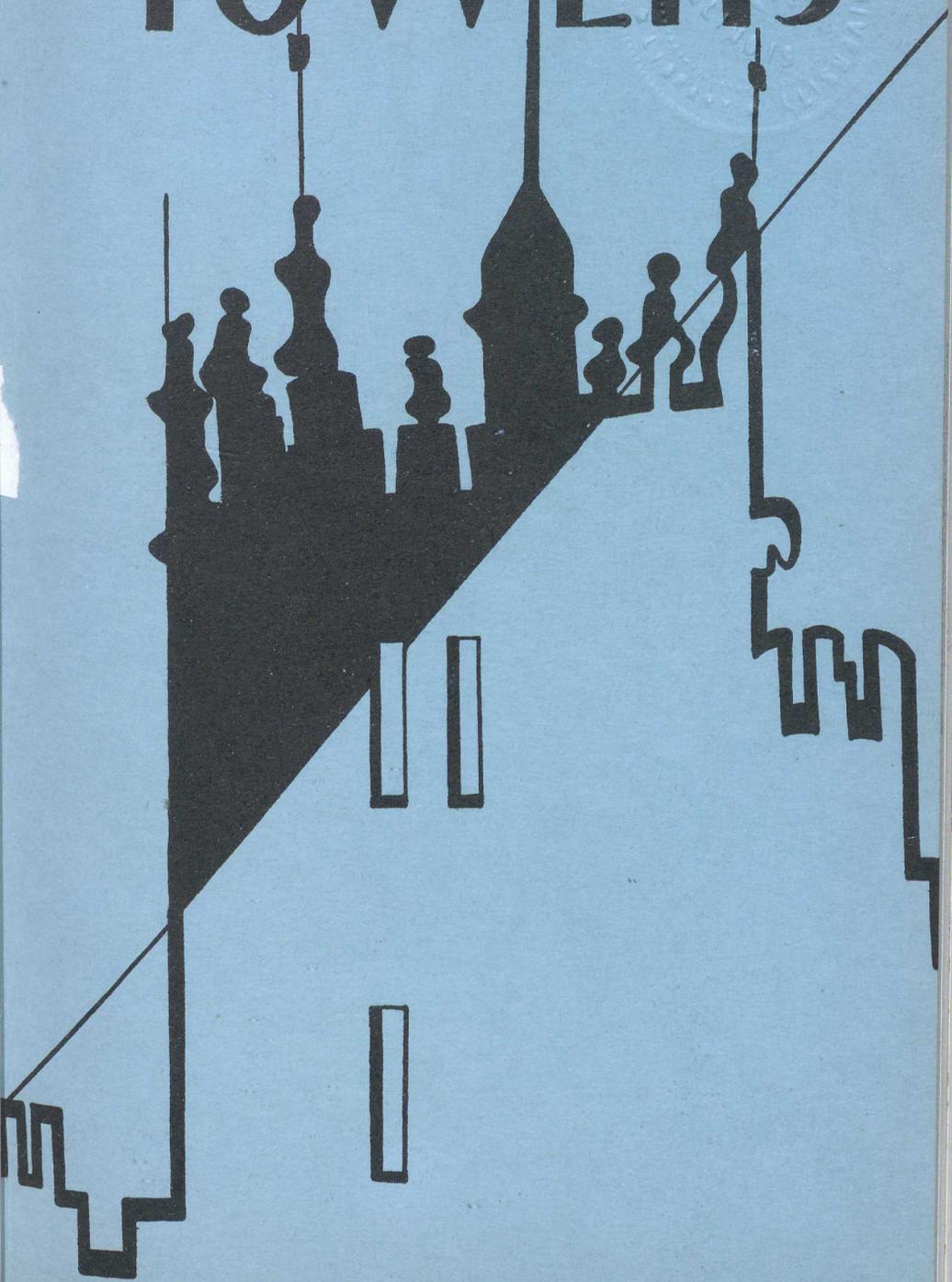
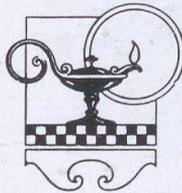


THE TOWERS



The Towers

*Presenting the Work of Students
of
Northern Illinois State Teachers College
DeKalb, Illinois*



VOLUME III
PUBLISHED

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Foreword

We sincerely feel that here at the Northern Illinois State Teachers College there is a need for a publication through which students may find literary expression. Sigma Tau Delta, honorary national English fraternity, is proud to sponsor *The Towers*, which was previously published in 1939 and 1940. During the war years, it sponsored *Budding Branches*, an annual literary supplement of the *Northern Illinois*.

The contents of this booklet are chosen on a selective basis with quality, originality, student interest in view. Many of the selections were themes handed in for assignments in composition classes. If students have something new to say, or something old to say in a new way, *The Towers* offers them a medium of expression.

It is with great pleasure that Sigma Tau Delta brings to you this first postwar publication of *The Towers*, whose name symbolizes the Castle on the Hill.

MERLE WEIHERMAN
Editor-in-Chief
June, 1947

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Towers

*Bold against a brilliant sky—
Or etched across a fly-leaf—
Medieval towers reach
Into heights of grandeur.
Whether stone, cement or clay—
Or words of mighty purpose—
Towers of N. I. are one—
The symbol of the worthy.*

— LORRAINE MARCUM

Back Wash

DON MOORE

On those rare occasions when our tub rated liberty on Saturday afternoon, I always used to head for the Club Tonga, out on Kamamalu Street, because it was the only place in all the zig-zaggedy rickety-rax of plywood and tinsel that the world calls Honolulu, where you could get a good jigger of Scotch for less than half a buck.

It was one of those days when the sky turned white without a cloud, and the sun, plastered against it like a piece of orange Halloween paper, was enough to blister the paint on every deck plate aft of the midship house. I had borrowed a clean pair of whites from Max, my bunkmate, and, after grinding through the dust on the little narrow gauge railroad from Fleet Landing to town, I was in immediate need of a cool double beneath the solitary, slow moving fan that hung from the fly-specked overhead of the Club Tonga.

I sat at a corner table sipping a tall one. Sweat trickled slowly down my leg inside my socks. I watched the fat Kanaka waitress unsuccessfully attempt to kill a big bluebottle fly that was crawling sluggishly up the back of her moist neck.

A Chief Petty Officer walked in from the street. I didn't particularly notice him until he paused at the table right next to mine. He looked pretty young to be a Chief—not more than twenty-three or so. He pulled off his cap and tossed it on the table. A mat of heavy black hair tumbled damply over his forehead. He shoved it back impatiently. Then he paused, his thick fingers entangled in the hair.

He sat down slowly, completing the hair smoothing motion, and folding his hands on the table.

The fat waitress waddled over and

wiped off his table with a greasy rag. "What'll it be, Chief?" she asked in a languid monotone.

"Double Scotch," the Chief replied. He began daubing a handkerchief at his forehead. His eyes roved the room restlessly, taking in the scattered groups of servicemen. Finally they settled on me. "What do you say, sailor?" he addressed me.

"Not much, Chief," I replied. "It's too damned hot."

The Chief daubed the handkerchief across his forehead again. "Mind if I join you in a drink?" he asked.

"Not at all, Chief," I invited. "Come right over." I am a sociable guy. I never turn down a drinking companion.

He sat opposite me. He laid his hat and cigarettes alongside mine. When the waitress brought his Scotch, instead of drinking it, he pulled out the mixer and held it over the rim of the glass, watching the liquid drop from the end. "You see these drops?" he asked me. "They're just like people, know that?"

I thought of a gag. Something about drips instead of drops. But it was too warm to think up jokes. Anyway, I didn't quite follow the guy. So I said, "What do you mean, Chief?"

"Well, you're pulled out of the glass, you dangle on the end of the mixer for a while, and then, plop. You're right back in the glass again, and there's not much anyone can do about it, is there?"

I figured either this Chief was a pretty smart gent or else he had too much overseas time.

The Chief dropped the mixer into the glass with a clatter. His brows tightened together. "What the hell."

he said loudly, "just because a person wants to die, there's nothing I can do about it."

"No," I said cautiously. "You can't very well hold back a *Kamakazi*." I wondered if this guy had had bad dreams at night.

The Chief shook his head. "No, no, no," he said emphatically. "I don't mean like that. I mean when people die from rain, from the wind—when just looking at trees and stars and water is enough to kill them—when they *don't want to live anymore*."

I picked up a cigarette and began pulling shreds of tobacco from the end. A drop of sweat trembled on the end of my nose. I nodded and let the drop splash on the table. "Listen, Chief," I said, "frankly, I don't get you."

The Chief gulped at his drink. When he set down the empty glass, his eyes were a cloudy darkness. "It's a girl," he said. "A Gook. A Kanak." He jerked his thumb toward the waitress. "Not a fatso like that. This girl is slim and clean as a blade of grass—My God, she has eyes that would turn your heart upside down. She's a Kanak, all right. Hair to her shoulders. Now she's nineteen years old, and she's almost dead—" He paused. His mouth grew heavy at the corners.

A little green caterpillar was moving slowly up the leg of the table. I watched it closely to keep from looking at the sweat crawling down the lines in the Chief's face.

"Listen," the Chief spoke with a curious, husky vibrance that seemed too intense for such a day. "I'm no lovesick boot, some punk out on my first liberty." Subdued rage rasped his voice. "I'm one of the December Eighth Boys." He tapped his chest. "I've pushed Uncle Sam's bathtubs around for about four years—"

He gripped the edge of the table and leaned forward. The anger had left his voice. "Listen, I don't know you and you don't know me. That's why I'm telling you all this. The jerks on my ship don't know what the hell anything is about. If you'll only listen to me and tell me what to do—I've got to tell someone about it or I'll go nuts!"

I decided to humor the guy. I lit my cigarette, plucked the caterpillar from the table leg and placed it in the center of the top. I watched it inch toward the edge. "Okay, Chief," I said, "shoot. I'm listening."

The Chief began to talk. It was really too hot in there to listen to him carefully. Besides his voice had that scraping quality that made me feel tired.

"The first time I hit this dump," the Chief said, "was in early '42. Everything was snafu then. The whole damned fleet was a pile of junk out here in the harbor, and the Nips were running high, wide, and handsome all over the Pacific."

I murmured, "Bad time, bad time." I held the lit end of my cigarette near the caterpillar to make it hurry.

"On the first liberty, all the boys went up on River Street to raise merry hell. I couldn't see that noise, so I went swimming at Waikiki. I met this Kanak girl out there. What a honey. Little, smooth, laughing, she was really a sweet innocent kid, only sixteen at the time. We had a lot of fun together, and when I had to shove off for the Solomons, I was mad as hell—you listening?"

The caterpillar had reached the edge of the table. I picked it up and placed it back in the center. It waved tiny feelers around before making off for the edge again. "Yeah," I said, "I'm listening."

"We went out around the Canal

and Tulagi," the Chief continued. "Fooled around the Solomons for a couple of years, and finally got hooked in Torpedo Junction, right there between New Britain and Finschaven, New Guinea. You know where."

"A rugged spot," I agreed. I'd been through the place a few times. I always ran it in convoy.

"—so on my thirty day survivors leave," the Chief was saying, "I went home and got engaged to this local girl that I was going with before the war. And when I reported back to the coast, instead of giving me a little stateside duty, those damned ship's company commandos loaded my fanny aboard some LST and sent me back out here to Pearl."

"They'll do it every time," I said. "They did it to me also." The blue-bottle fly was bothering the waitress again. She whacked at it with a folded newspaper—missed by a mile. The fly buzzed off noisily.

"When I got here yesterday, I looked up this Kanak girl for a date, and I found out she's in the hospital, dying."

I rattled the ice in my glass. "Hey, Beautiful," I called to the waitress, "how about a couple more of the same here?"

"—she's dying." The Chief was groping for words now. His hand opened and closed slowly. "She's dying, the doctor tells me, because she's in love with me. There's nothing else the matter with her. You see, somehow the sand and the grass make things different out here.

"This girl is so much in love that her, body, life, and even her soul are dependent on the man she loves. It isn't that I'm so wonderful. God knows that I'm just an ordinary swabbie. She's the one. It's caused by the way the surf breaks over the rocks, and the way trees grow up out

of the ground.—You've seen the Kanaks. Zoot suits and no shoes. They're born knowing things that we can't understand. This doctor told me that unless I stay with her she won't want to live—And if she doesn't want to live, she won't! But I'm engaged to the other girl, and—"

I brushed the caterpillar about on the table. The heat crushed against my chest like a fathom of brown water. The waitress slopped the drinks over as she set them before us. The Chief's voice was so vibrant and excited that my head ached as though I had been listening to someone bang away at an off-key piano.

The Chief drew a shaky hand across his eyes. "God, the way she smiled when I walked into the room. It'd tear your guts out.—She was there in the bed, her long hair spread out over the pillow. She didn't say much, just looked at me as if I had slapped her face. The poor kid's only nineteen. She's got her whole life ahead of her. And there's absolutely nothing the matter with her—except that she'd rather die than live."

My little caterpillar was escaping over the edge of the table. Escape, would it? Little green devil. I placed it in the ash tray. Then I poised my cigarette over it. I pressed down heavily. There was a short sizzle as a spot of green ash clung to the tray.

The Chief leaped up, overturning both glasses, spilling whiskey all over my clean whites. I thought for a second he was going to take a poke at me. "What did you do that for?" he almost screamed.

"What's the matter, Chief?" I asked calmly. I always try to humor these psychos. I didn't care about the whites. They belonged to Max anyway. I supposed I'd have to wash them.

The corners of the Chief's mouth

twitched sourly. "You killed something that couldn't fight back," he accused.

I said nothing. I was brushing the whiskey from my lap.

The Chief stared at the spot where the caterpillar had been. "Things that can't fight back have got to be protected," he said.

"And so—" I began.

But the Chief didn't even listen to me. He started for the door on a

dead run. It made me hot to look at him. I thought of calling him back to get his hat and cigarettes, but before I got up enough energy, he had already boarded the bus marked "Hospital."

I felt like having a game of cards with Max back on the ship, so I paid the bill and went out into the scalding brightness of Kamamalu Street. But when I got back it was so damn hot that we didn't play cards after all.

My Heart

*My heart is a musical powder box
With a tinkly tune inside.*

*When the lid is on, then nobody
knows*

What tune I have to hide.

*When the lid is off, then the tune is
heard,*

*All merry with bells and chimes,
Till my toes nearly dance away with
me,*

And maybe they will sometime.

*My heart is a musical powder box
But I never forget to find
That it only tinkles when wound
up tight*

With the steel spring of the mind.

— LIZ COOK

Two Loves

*Can one love twice?
Two loves have I,
And there will indecision be
Until I die.*

*One love is duty.
Is that the best
To follow, and let the gnawing
conscience
Lie at rest?*

*One love is young,
As young as I
Who'd bring me love and laughter
Until WE die.*

*Would it be sinful?
COULD it be wrong
To live with love and laughter
My whole life long?*

— LIZ COOK

Books To Be

ELAINE KELLEY

Every fall when the air goes sharp and the brown leaves tumble in fantastic patterns over the ground, there comes a time of ambition that in my case usually resolves itself in one of several ways, each associated with things that should have been taken care of long ago, and about which I have done nothing. This autumn I climbed up to the attic to sort out books.

I had thought to divide my books into two classes: those which were to be kept close at hand for rereading, for reference, or just because I was fond of them; and those to be left where they were. This plan was far too simple; I found myself making other divisions until, after an hour's work, the attic floor was covered with small piles of books. There were Books - To - Be - Thrown - Away, Books - To - Be - Saved - For - My - Small - Brothers, Books - To - Be - Given - To - Neighborhood - Girls, and some rather ill-defined heaps labeled merely Books - To - Be.

Those called Books - To - Be - Thrown - Away were of many kinds: a worn and deeply scarred *When We Were Very Young*; a warped copy of *Huckleberry Finn*, the mute proof that a sudden summer shower had caused a too hasty retreat from the hammock; a volume of *Tales From the Arabian Nights* with one corner missing, reminding me that Squirt, our now matronly dog, once had had all those habits common to young puppies. There were more, too, all in conditions that left them more or less unreadable, but all books that had been deeply loved at one time. Piling them into a basket and taking them out to be burned, I pondered over the question of Mercy Killings. I had just condemned my old friends to such a fate.

The - Books - To - Be - Saved - For - My - Small - Brothers fell into a pattern of taste. All these were adventure stories: real, the reports of war correspondents, and imaginary, the *Connie Morgan in Alaska* sort of thing. Ah, Connie, there was a real boy, a hero, capable of making his way through the arctic world with only his sled dogs as companions, and not at all like the modern cream-puff hero who travels to the Oriental countries in jet-propelled planes armed with any one of the War Department's secret, vital weapons. For a while I had planned to be an old maid, having given up all hopes of finding someone equal to Connie. "Give Me Connie or Give Me the Life of a Spinster," I cried.

They were parts of series, those Books - To - Be - Given - To - Neighborhood - Girls. Nancy Drew in several of her most exciting adventures, *The Little Colonel at Boarding School*, *Honey Bunch at the Sea Shore*, and most of Alcott's stories fell into this class. With these books my hero changed. Still the virile outdoor type, he now possessed other qualities. He danced — something Connie would never do — and he made love, tender love — after twenty chapters of gazing soulfully after the departing form of the heroine, and two scenes in which he pressed her hand firmly while murmuring, "You're a good sport, for a girl, that is," he managed to say, (in the nick of time, too; for it was the last page and his last chance) "Jane, you do know how I feel about you? May I kiss you?" Jane nodded and he pressed his lips against her forehead, while harps played overhead and little ivy-covered cottages danced hand in hand around them.

By the time I had reached this point, I had grown weary. My ambition deserted me as suddenly as it had come; and piling the rest of the books, helter-skelter, on the book

shelves, I went downstairs to sit near the fireplace and meet my newest male acquaintance in literature, an entirely different sort of person, a man named Aristotle.

Down By The Willows

*Down by the willows
In the bottom of the river
Lives a small, green man.
He smiles from the river
He laughs from the river
He winks from the river
But he never comes up.*

*And when I get lonely
I go there to find him
Whenever I can.
I smile in the river
I laugh in the river
I wink in the river
But he never comes up.*

*I once tried to catch him
There in the river
In a small snail can.
He smiled from the river
He laughed from the river
He winked from the river
But he didn't come up.*

*Oh, if he'd come up,
There by the river
I'd play with my man.
We'd run by the river
We'd splash by the river
We'd dance by the river
If he'd only come up.*

— MARY BETH BRYSON

A European Institution

JOE EAMES

A salmon colored tinge etched the sky now and then. Two birds began conversing in the tree above. Their movements caused a fine spray of mist to descend upon my head. Then as I felt my body being shaken in a ratlike manner I suddenly realized that another night had passed. I turned to find my sergeant grinning at me through a two-weeks beard.

"Here's your breakfast, sweet" he purred as he thrust three small metal containers toward me. "Now shove them in your pocket and let's get moving."

Our whole platoon had begun to stir. Some were just crawling out of their holes while others stood waiting in the road. They all moved as though in a dream. I picked up my rifle, and with helmet in hand I staggered over to join them. There were no cheery "Good Mornings" exchanged. The men were in a bad hand and we moved slowly onward, each man spreading out until we resembled a line of ants combing a sugar bin.

How long had this been going on now? Days, weeks, months. It felt more like years, and as I plodded on I wondered just how much longer we could all survive. To think of a roof over my head seemed as erratic as a peasant's vision of a castle, and a bed had long ago become a childhood memory. I was sick—not physically as one is led to believe but mentally. My luck was growing thinner and I knew it; but yet we kept pushing on and on never knowing where our final destination lay.

We were nearing the edge of the woods now and as the early morning sunlight struck my face once more, I saw it. There far below in a gentle rolling valley it lay, surrounded on

all sides by sloping hills and dense forests. My first glance told me that it must be a summer resort of which the Germans were so fond, but on closer scrutiny I decided differently. Although the beautiful white buildings in the foreground with endless rows of wooden shacks suggested strongly our American tourists' camp, I was still dubious. What were those four black, matching pinnacles which towered in the air at the respective corners of the enclosure, and why the double row of steel fence surrounding the entire settlement? My pondering was cut short by a familiar whine, and as I dove for the dust my resort theories were rudely shattered.

We were too small in number; so we could not possibly attack and orders were issued to dig in and wait. Later while the last fading rays of light were still in the heavens, I moved out of my new abode and joined our runner. He was a Jewish boy from Chicago who had a phobia for maps and the desire to know just where he was going. That desire had long ago been lost in me. I inquired as to our whereabouts, and he replied that we were on the Austrian border in the vicinity of Mauthausen. As he (Sadur) was usually more learned in the field of rumors than the rest of the platoon, I asked him what fate our future held. His response was that the attack would come shortly before dawn and that since I was the first scout I had better locate my directions. While I crawled back to my sheltered position beneath an old abandoned motor van, I hoped fervently that it would not rain and then I dropped into a fitful slumber.

Hours later I awakened to the rattle of a canteen, and after a quick conference we were again moving.

We picked our way carefully down the sloping hills, pausing at intervals to catch our breath from the steep descent. We now commanded a position some fifty yards from what appeared to be the main entrance. Crouching low we moved rapidly onward, snake-like in the parallel ditches of the road. There was still no sound from within.

Then as my eyes began to focus more clearly, I saw a strange procession just inside the gate. Barefoot and clad in striped garments some five or six dark, foreign-looking men were nervously flourishing pistols and other weapons. Led by a short, heavy-set, jump-booted soldier, dressed in the familiar tan of the American Army, they had in their midst, cowering like trapped rats, about twenty-five German prison guards. As if awakening from a dream I heard the sergeant's voice.

"Keep going, Eames. There may be more inside." I picked my way through the streets of this almost model prison. Doors began to open and the tinkle of glass came from windows which refused to budge on first efforts. People poured forth jabbering in a dozen different tongues, and above all the clamor of the combined languages I was able to distinguish one single word "Americano."

Some snapped their arms in precise military salutes. A few of the more ardent hugged you and almost devoured you with kisses. Others merely stood quietly on the side and bowed their heads as if in prayer. This was enough. I was ready to stop and enjoy more fully my role of liberator, but the sergeant was calling again; so I continued farther into the camp, striking out for a large factory-like building with a number of wire pens in its rear.

I rounded the corner and stopped dead in my tracks, for I simply could

not believe what I saw. Piled high in the air in neat orderly rows were human beings. Stripped of their clothing and all their possessions, they lay naked and exposed to the elements. One could hardly describe them as human beings but could better fit them with the phrase "living piles of skin and bones." Staring into this almost unbelievable morass of death, I saw a head, about three bodies from the top, turn slowly around and gaze at me through lifeless, sunken eyeballs. The person was alive.

It was coming then. I sensed it. Even being at the ripe old age of nineteen wasn't going to save me. Yes, I was sick. Suddenly I heard a faint sob and turning around I saw Murphy, the second scout—light-hearted, laughable, easy-going Murphy. Murphy, who had landed on the beaches of North Africa some three years ago. Murphy, who now had two clusters on his purple heart. Murphy was crying. The tears rolled unashamedly down his freckled, Irish face. Grasping my rifle, I stumbled around the corner of the building and leaned against the wall.

But there was to be no peace for me, for no sooner had I sat down than two hulks of humanity came crawling to me on their knees gesturing for food. I made a hurried inventory and came up with nothing but some hardtack biscuits. These were accepted eagerly; and as I ladled out some water from my canteen, they began to eat. Slowly at first as if they had long forgotten what food was, then upon tasting it they proceeded to cram the rest down with as much gusto as their feeble condition would allow.

I had only a little water, and filled that golden feeling which any benefactor has, I went forth in search of my comrades for more adequate supplies. Securing a full canteen I hur-

ried to my proteges; one of whom was still munching feebly on his hardtack. The other had apparently dropped off to sleep. Touching him gingerly I tried to arouse him. Suddenly I realized that he was dead. The food had been too much for his shrunken stomach. After having at last seen his liberators he had only lived to breathe but a few short breaths of freedom.

In later weeks when some of the filth had been removed, a more peaceful atmosphere began to invade the prison. In the late summer evenings the Russians built huge bonfires, drank great quantities of home distilled vodka and danced their famous dance far into the night. All this proved of great interest to us from the western world. The Greeks were expert in their cooking of our so un-

appetizing Army rations. The French began to set the fashion in dress with what they could beg, borrow or steal of our clothes.

Many sad and tearful farewells were said in those last remaining days and people from all the countries of Europe began their homeward trek. I spent my final evening in the prison attending a wedding in which a dark haired French lad and a lovely white Russian girl were married. They had met while in prison and now they were going to Paris to live. As the merrymaking began I walked outside and listened to the quiet peaceful sounds of the night. Laughter rang here and there and occasionally a burst of song could be heard. I hoped these sounds of happiness would remain within these walls where once death and despair had prevailed.

Escape

*Here on the hill I stand
And the wind blows by
And the dead leaves fly
And my eyes may fill as I stand on
the hill
And watch my life go by.*

*Then down the hill I run
And I'm nearly blind
From the breeze; I find
I couldn't stay, I must run away
And leave my life behind.*

*At the foot of the hill I pause;
I ran so fast
And I'm here at last,
There are no more tears, there are no
more fears,
But my life is past.*

— LIZ COOK

Vieillesse

I felt a cooler breeze against my
cheek,
And sensed the autumn in the air;
I bowed my head and silently walked
on.

The laughter of a summer day
Had slipped forever from my grasp
until
My clumsy fingers held all but
The dust of memory and youth now
gone.

I heard September rains sing me a
song,
"You're growing old. You're old.
You're old."
And with each tiny, melancholy drop
A minute fell into the past,
Until my life of hurried, wasted
years
Lay as a puddle at my feet.

I saw an autumn leaf slip from its
branch
And fall in spirals to the earth.
The oak had closed one chapter of
its life;
And now the tragic branches stood
Naked and unembellished before me.
"Am I that stark and barren oak,"
I asked,
"That lost what makes a man of
use?"
I knew that under young and eager
feet
I could so quietly be ground
To something less than dust and
memory.

I saw a single snowflake softly
fall,
Kiss the silent earth, then vanish
As the breath of life shall cease within
this breast.
Man is but a temporal creature.

But then a whirling, darting mass
of flakes
Attack the frozen, useless ground,
And laid waste my cancerous dread
of age.

The whiteness held a fairy touch,
Each pine and hemlock wore a satin
 robe,

Each valley had a reborn look.
And above me towered the magic oak
With every dark and lofty branch
Richly attired in folds of velvet white.
And in one moment I had found
Something that men eternally shall
 seek—

For there is always hope and light.

— BILLIE MAE COLTON

The Boid

(A satire of E. A. Poe's "The Raven")

BILL SMERLING

While the bus line I'm ridin'
Mumblin' to myself, confidin'
Whether should some mail be hidin',
 hidin' in the box of mail.

Wonder gets me, want of tidin',
"Will there be some mail abiding?"
In the dampenin' mailbox, empty
 usually as a pail.

To myself I say then, say I
"There will be a letter, cry-eye!"
Then to ope the lock then spring I—
'Tis not Dot, nor yet Lenore.

Openly now, sputtering, prating
"Why ain't there no letter waiting?"
Why can't I some mail be rating,
 plating all my whims with gold.
So to other mouths I listen,
Tell myself that I'm not missin',

All the lines (as nice as kiccin')
 though the real would be less cold.

Eagerly I wait the morrow,
While these lines from Poe I borrow.
Should I climb an ivory torrow (ok,
 you rhyme it.)
Only vines—and ivy mold.

While I happily thus am crabbing
Tired get I of such gabbing
And my shoulder gently grabbing,
 say I this, "She's busy, too!"
So I patiently am counting
All the days as they keep mounting.
Will they be more amounting and
 my letter-dream come true?
Okay, sis, I see ya grinning—
Do I win this little inning?
—Then some letter soon beginnin'!!
Nothin' more.

Disaster

JACK FROOMAN

It was pitch dark. Cold and wet. By listening hard Eddie could just barely hear the water slithering down the side of the wall. It was that still inside. Dark. Cold. Wet. The words ran round and round in his head like a refrain. If he concentrated he could even feel the ship swaying. But where were the men. He tried to call, but it didn't do any good.

He cursed the darkness, the cold and the water. Three years he'd lived on Coen Island. Ever since the outfit hit this jumping off point, all they'd seen were rain and seagulls; all they'd had were darkness and cold; and all they'd done was load ammunition. One ship after another. Four thousand pounders in the lower holds, then the five hundred pound incendiaries, fifty calibre in the 'tween decks and fuses in the upper 'tween deck of number one hatch.

He could hear the Sergeant calling now. "Hey, Smith, tell Curly to hurry those bombs up. What are they doing in that car? Tell 'em we can knock off for the night when we finish this hold." Eddie lowered the four thousand pounder with his tow-motor, and then he looked up at the Sergeant and waved to let him know he'd heard him. The rain was pouring down, and the drops were rolling down the Sergeant's face. He was wet clear through, just like Eddie, and he could feel in sympathy with him.

Eddie shoved the tow-motor into reverse, swung around in a big circle and then started back for his box car. It seemed he hadn't been warm and dry for months—ever since they started on the night shift three months ago. From six to six, day in and day out, with the rain pouring down and the wind howling. He

couldn't have seen the sun even if it did shine in this bleak north country. "For what?" Eddie asked himself, and then answered his own question with a sneer, "To make the world safe for democracy."

He laughed out loud. That's good. They called it that in the last war, and what had it gotten them. He remembered when his dad had gone out on strike after the last war. He'd just been a kid then, but not too young to ever forget the hunger and hardship that followed. And the people had cursed the strikers, called them names like foreign radicals, and in the end the strike had been broken. Now all over the world men were going through the same thing, hoping they'd be lucky enough to get back and pick up the loose ends, and start the real fight for a decent living and a share of the proceeds from their toil.

Eddie was back at the ship with another bomb. He could hear the splash of water plainer now, and the ship rocked in the wind. It tugged mightily at its hawsers. Eddie could almost feel the strain as the huge ropes tightened under the tension. He groaned and tried to shake the water from his head. Ow! That hurt worse. He opened his eyes and tried to pierce the blackness. He raised his right hand in front of his face and only vaguely felt the shadow of it before him. Then he fell to wondering if they'd ever come.

He tried to remember how long it had been now, but in the darkness there was no way of keeping track of the time. Still, he remembered it was Wednesday when they started, and he finally decided it must be at least Saturday now. He wasn't hungry any longer, and that was good be-

cause hunger only made it worse. Also thinking, Eddie decided, didn't do any good either; so he shifted his thoughts back to the outfit and the ship.

Lucky thing he shifted his attention, because the Sergeant was yelling at him again. Eddie grinned to himself. "Hey, Smith, get off that blasted motor and give 'em a hand in number four. Tell Mac I said to hold those two thousand pounders until I find out from the lieutenant where he wants them stowed. And tell Rodriguez he can take a break."

Eddie climbed down from the motor. It had been too easy to last, but he sighed anyway. Still, it proved that you had to work for what you got. Nothing came free. He hitched his rainpants up and bucked the wind on his way over to the gangplank. The ship rose and fell with each blast of the wind, and the gangplank heaved under Eddie. He clung to the rope as he climbed aboard, and jeered politely at the coastguardsman on duty. He knew it wasn't going to be fun in the hold that night.

Down in lower three Eddie kidded with the gang for awhile. Three of the fellows were pretty sick from the motion of the ship. The steam winches whistled and clattered as the bombs were lowered into the hold. He pitched in as the bombs were lowered and helped to stow them in the wings. The bombs and dunnage underfoot were slippery, and the swaying of the ship made him feel nauseated. To get his mind off the rising nausea, he tried to concentrate on the bombs. It didn't do any good.

Sweat broke out on his forehead, and his body got hot and cold alternately. His face was white, and the fellows started laughing at him. Finally with an extremely violent heave of the ship, Eddie retched horribly. He felt the pain clear down in his stomach. The pain grew stronger

and stronger, and his body seemed on fire. He gulped for breath and twisted his head from side to side. The pain seemed to burst inside of him, and in spite of himself Eddie Screamed.

The scream awakened him, and he opened his eyes wide. It was black all around. Not a glimmer of light to relieve the monotony of darkness. He wondered where the hatch lights were. The winches had stopped and the gang had gone. He tried to raise himself, and the pain came back. He realized then that he must have lost consciousness.

The pain was subsiding, and he could feel the cold creeping through his body. The water lapped against his legs. He was wide awake now and thinking bitterly. Just last week the verdict had come saying they couldn't strike. What hope does man have if his only weapon is denied him? What's the good of democracy if they modify it with "and's", "if's" and "but's"? What freedom did he and others like him enjoy if they couldn't decide their own problems? What did four years in the army give him? Democracy!

Eddie groaned. The pain was getting stronger again. The mental anguish hurt even more. Last week they said his industry was essential. Essential for whom? For what? For the rulers of industry to grind out their profits? "Well, what about them?" Eddie yelled. "What about Eddie Smith who slaved in a hole for eight hours a day? What about his mom? And the girl he was going to marry?" Eddie screamed at the top of his voice, "Well, what about them. What about them?" He yelled and screamed; and he cursed the owners and the stockholders. And then Eddie Smith passed out again.

The next time Eddie opened his eyes it was pitch dark. He was cold and wet, and he could feel the water

swishing against his body. Vaguely he thought of pumps and the rain on Coen Island. "What they need," he thought, "is pumps. Plenty of pumps. And then some heat. Lots of heat. And then if he had his way he'd string up lots of lights. Nothing like lights to make a place look cheerful and comfy."

The pain was gone, and he smiled to himself. He felt good all over. Warm and dry. Funny how quick he'd gotten dry. And there was the light. Bright sunshine! It lit the whole works up. He could see every-

thing from the mouth of the tunnel. With the sun shining Eddie knew they'd have no trouble. They'd get their raise. Wasn't it a free country?

Turning quickly Eddie looked toward the gate. There was Mom waiting for him, and alongside of her was Jean. Eddie waved, and smiling he ran to meet them.

The headlines that day read:

FOURTH DAY UNDER- GROUND!

All hope given up for victims of mine disaster.

Banbury of My Heart

FRANK ROSS

Try as I may, I can't forget you. Something of your simple beauty, mellowed with the world you have seen, haunts me still. That preposterous main artery—High Street, you call it—runs as zig-zag through my memory as it does among your shops and inns.

I recall my first sight of you when I stood saucer-eyed and anxious in the station at the top of the hill while all the dwellings pushed and surged toward me and your church steeples stood on tip toes to gape at the new arrival. You never heard of square blocks, I knew instantly; but that mattered little. It was fun to jog along your cobblestones to the Iron Monger's and the Horses and Wagons Inn, beyond the Chemist's Shop to Woolworth's Threepence and Sixpence Store.

Little tributaries branched out from High Street, but they are of no concern. It is there on High that the town lives and breathes. Such nar-

row walks—how do the people manage? And such lop-sided buildings—how does the sun ever dry the early morning dew from the streets? That Red Dog Pub—what made the builders stick it out flush with the street? For that matter, why did they set Collington's Furniture and Mortuary so far back?

Perhaps now the lamplighter has his regular job again and the town is flooded with light every evening. How I needed a street light that night I bumped into the static water tank in the middle of the market place, just off Drury Lane! There I "queued up" for that funny little "cinema" where you call the seats "stalls" and the price of admission depends upon the seat you choose.

I'd give a year of life to stroll through your Anglican Cemetery again, leisurely reading the headstones. (Tiddlewink, I remember, died in 1620—the date the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock.) There I walked among things contemporary with

Shakespeare, Queen Elizabeth, Pitt, the Brontes. Moss enveloped the fat trees, dirty gray moss as old as the trees, as old as the cemetery, as old as Banbury—how old???

Please hear me, Banbury Cross:
I'm lonesome for you. It was to your base at the top of High Street that the fairest women of all England

came to be judged for the King James tournament. It was at your base that I bade goodbye to Alicia Moore, the headmaster's daughter. It was there that she said, "You'll come back to Banbury. You can't help yourself. You'll come back."

Alicia, Alicia, I've been back a hundred times.

Spring Fever

*I suppose I ought to study
I suppose I really should—
But the breeze blew my book
And the sun's in my eyes
And the birds make a noise
In the hazy skies,
And I can't.*

*I suppose I ought to study.
I've such a lot to do—
But the daffodils constantly
Ruffle my thought
And the bees are distracting
And although I ought,
I just can't.*

*I suppose I ought to study
It's bad to be this way
But a robin came by
With a throat full of singing
And the air is so sweet
And the spring is so—SPRINGING!
That I can't!*

— MARY BETH BRYSON

The Cherry Tree

*Like a Spanish lady
Primping for a lover
You don your lacy
White Mantilla.
Like a lovely lady
Caring more for fashion
Than for sense, you dance
In the chill March wind
And pretend that
The cold isn't there.
Making the others—
Who soon will be
Great, green
Kings of the forest,
Making the others
Look a little dull
And conservative
And stupid.*

— MARY BETH BRYSON

High Tide and Time

MARY ELLEN SPERE

The waves of darkness rush in carrying in their muddy depths: superiority, exclusiveness, hate, tyranny, oppression, and misery. As each crest breaks against the land, it stretches a cautious finger out over the sands of time, searching for a rock of liberty and independence that can be surrounded, tossed about by the whims of its master and then completely and hopelessly engulfed.

A large business trust stifles all competitors—a rock of independence is lost in the sea of monopolies. A newspaper chain cuts and colors reports of current news to suit its own policy—the rocks of truth are surrounded by waves of lies. The Ku Klux Klan sends a "holiday greeting", "Get out of town, Nigger, or else"—the rock of liberty and justice is engulfed. The Columbians plot to overthrow our United States government—the waves have reached their highest fury as they swell and pound against the rock of American opinion. But this time only the waves are smashed and beaten; the united wall stands firm, and so the plot against the American people is foiled—or is it? What about the business trust that stifles all competition? How about the newspaper chain that poisons the public's mind? And what about the Negro or Jew that lies by the roadside, bloody and beaten by the hundred per cent Americans? Are they not the same billowing waves of darkness that lay waste our rich and fertile country? Are they not all water from the same high tide? *The high tide of Fascism?* They have in common a hatred for the average man, a desire to deprive these citizens of their rights—economic or social.

The Greeks called it "hoe barbar-

oi". Henry VIII and Louis XV called it "divine right". In 1922, Mussolini gave it a modern name—Fascism. So the future shakes hands with the past as the high tide of Fascism rolls in again.

Eventually, as history will tell us, when the situation becomes intolerable, the subjected masses will rise and turn the tide. But this will happen *after* the world has been ravaged after its economy has been plundered, its resources drained, its people diseased in mind and body. What must the tyrants do before we would rise in our wrath against them? To what evil end must the Fascisti carry their barbarous plans before we build our wall?

Is it not enough that the methods of big business have become the means of power to a new tyranny? The old capitalistic society, loaded with its petrified prejudices, still living in the era of "Coolidge prosperity" and the methods used to achieve it, is exploiting our natural and human resources—is sabotaging the federal government's attempts to build low cost housing and keep prices within the veteran's income.

For one thousand, seven hundred forty-three major industries, the increase in profits in 1944 as compared to 1936-39 was 217.7 percent. The National Association of Manufacturers flood the market with such catch words as "economy", "American way of life", and distorted meanings of "free enterprise", but they do not flood the market with the necessities or comforts for life in these United States. Capitalism is rapidly becoming a system designed to make a few men rich instead of a design for the enrichment of many people. The monopolists have forgotten that man

is more important than money or machine.

In an effort to combat the management diehards, union extremists have sometimes gained power. Unionists who become "exclusive" conflict with other groups unnecessarily and to the detriment of society as a whole, or use their organization to resist the progress of technology as shortsighted as the group they are seeking to combat. As long as management and labor are so selfish that they can see only their own points of view and not those of society, they must be ready to take the responsibility for the national confusion that is inherent in such a Fascistic attitude.

Adding to this confusion are those newspapers that have allied themselves, for their own profit, with a small group in the community, a political group, or follow the dictates of a demagogue in the editor's chair. Our system of free press is fast evaporating. Monopolies of the mind become more and more common as one thousand newspaper owners drop from the lists as compared to a few decades ago. Now one company dominates more than three thousand weeklies. There are only one hundred seventeen cities left in our entire nation, where competing dailies still exist. Ten states do not have a single city in which there exists competing daily papers; twenty-two states are without Sunday newspaper competition. Fourteen companies owning fifteen papers control about twenty-five percent of our total daily circulation. The reason for these evils is that McCormick, Hearst, and other representatives of press monopolies have erected barriers against competitors who are not sympathetic with their own Fascistic views. From the Chicago Tribune, November, 1923,—"Up to the present, we believe Fascism has been more than justified—the Fascisti—have restored the es-

sential of ordered society, discipline."

Four years later—

"There are merits in an intelligent and beneficent tyranny or autocracy."

And six years later—

"Fascism has produced impressive results which parliamentary government and a regime of civil liberty did not achieve and showed little evidence of achieving."

From these statements of policy one can easily discover the Fascistic tendencies in the news. But selfish economic desires are not the only interests that promote and foster Fascism. Monopolistic tendencies in big business, labor unions and newspaper concerns are seldom as fanatical as the supporters of Social Fascism. For Social Fascism is a psychological war in which you emotionalize the mob, frighten its members out of their wits, exhort them in a holy war against whatever enemy you have chosen, and by that time you have enslaved the minds of the people. So the spell-binding demagogues take to the soap-box to send a wave of hysteria sweeping over our land.

The fiery cross is seen again as the Klan recruits neighbor to fight neighbor, race to fight race, and religion to fight religion. In California a Jew's shop window is smashed, and a Jewish fraternity house is defaced with the letters KKK smeared across it. In Georgia a negro barber who refused to leave town was killed by the "brave" Klansmen. Members of the Tennessee KKK are told they must get ready for a racial war; each must arm himself with a gun and ammunition. Again in Georgia in June, 1946, a negro member of the A. F. of L. was severely beaten with a rubber hose for refusing to resign from the union. Under the guise of the United Sons of America, the Mason-Dixon Society Incorporated, and

the Free White Americans Incorporated, the Klan continues its activities in spite of its national disbandment in 1944.

Equally throbbing with "Americanism" and dripping with super-patriotism, groups like the American Firstists, recently changed to American Action Incorporated, Christian Fronters, and the United Mothers of America, preach Fascist hate doctrines. They are preaching discipline and forgetting that democracy depends upon self-discipline. These would-be assassins of democracy get their start in the fears of the American people. One of the over-all characteristics of the twentieth century is fear. The other is apathy. The most menacing word in America today is "inevitable." This state of mind is unworthy of our people. We are like the old Spanish prisoner, pining for years in his dungeon and planning to escape. One day he pushes the door. It is open. It has always been open. It is time we stopped sitting around thinking that we ought to do something about Economic and Social Fascism. It is past the time we took action.

We must first take mental action by realizing that we cannot suddenly hope to overthrow these deep rooted forces. If we would fight Fascism by Democracy, we must follow the pattern of Democracy, an endless series of steps in one general direction.

The first of these steps is self-preparation.

1. Recognize the fact that modern thinking must be in terms of an expanding universe. Knowing this, free men who wish to remain free are concerned not only with their own freedom but also with the freedom of other men.

2. You must know whom and what you are fighting. Broaden your knowledge by reading such books as: *Southern Exposure*, John Roy Carl-

son's *The Plotters*; also obtain the Army's expose of Fascism — *Fact Sheet No. 64*.

After you have completely overhauled your own viewpoint, you are ready to start formulating some policies.

In the field of Economic Fascism, probably the best possible move would be to take the man behind the mahogany desk on a tour of the slums, coal towns, and textile villages. But since this probably won't be possible—we can see to it that corporation taxes are graduated, wielding a heavy hand on the monopolies and at the same time not being allowed to stifle small businesses. The small, privately owned enterprise needs a chance for healthy growth. Remember that freedom of enterprise is for the great mass, not just for the plutocrats. In the field of newspaper Fascism, we must demand from papers a full disclosure of the sources of information. Find out from which companies the paper receives most of its financial aid. Does the paper involved always support these companies regardless of the issues? *Always* read behind the headlines; read more national and international news; read two papers with differing views—even if you agree with one and get mad at the other.

When dealing with Social Fascism, do not speak of tolerance; it is an empty superficial term. Seek understanding between racial and religious groups. Expose and openly contest such organizations as American Action, Incorporated, The United Mothers of America, and the Ku Klux Klan.

Remember, whether you are a clergyman — upholding inter-racial and religious groups like the National Conference of Christians and Jews, a writer—presenting the facts without blowing them up or toning them

down—, a teacher, a policeman, the program chairman for the club—regardless of your profession—you can fight Fascism. And you must fight—now. We must settle the rocks of

justice—independence firmly in the sands of time. We must build the impregnable wall of American opinion—that the high tide of Fascism may never roll in again.

The Breeze and Eye

.. BOB MORLEY

It was in the wee hours of the morning. I was wearily wending my way homeward on the Rapid Transit when this unforgettable incident occurred.

I had settled in my seat and started to doze when the train screeched to a halt. The door opened with a bang. My eyes, half closed, fell upon one of the hugest men I have ever seen. He waddled down the aisle toward me, stopped, looked, first at the vacant seat next to me and then down at his huge avoirdupois form. I could fairly hear the wheels of his mind calculating the problem running through his brain—would he fit in the allotted space or not? With not an altogether satisfied air, but rather one of circumstance, he eased himself to the seat as one would plunge a cork in the gaping top of a champagne bottle. He grunted, wheezed, and dozed off to sleep, leaving me pinned against the side of the car much in the manner of wallpaper against the wall. My thoughts of sleep were immediately erased from my mind, and I gazed out of the window, mentally counting the remaining stops until the train would put into my station.

Three or four stops, five bruised

ribs and about ten minutes later I noticed the reflection in the window of a young love-struck couple across the aisle. They were entwined in each other as the serpents were to Mercury's staff. This sight proceeded to occupy my mind for the moment.

I was still interested in the love birds when a cinder, aflight in the summer breeze entered the car—without paying fare—and replaced the young gentlemen in Miss Lovebird's eye. She reached for her handkerchief, and the breeze again poured through the portal, whipping the lace from her hand, and landed it smack dab in the middle of my sleeping companion's stomach.

Sensing plight and being a gentleman, I gently but firmly prodded my sleeping companion. As he raised his sleep-laden eye lids, I, being at a loss for words, pointed to the handkerchief. He looked first at me, then at the kerchief, muttered a drowsy, "thank you", pulled open his belt, and tucked the lace down his trousers thinking all the while it was his shirttail.

To this day I wonder what form of verbal beating he received from his wife as she discovered this bit of feminine attire.

The Lure of Johnny Ringneck

ROBERT BERNARDIN

Where were you on the eleventh of November, 1947? If you are a pheasant hunter and duty kept you from hunting this game bird, I feel sorry for you.

Sure, I developed a cold, had car trouble, or perhaps my grandmother died; I have forgotten just what it was that kept me from attending college that day. If you were to ask the Dean, he could probably tell you my reason for cutting classes. Just between you and me, however, I went hunting for "Johnny" Ring-Neck.

Jim, my buddy, and I had planned this hunt for well over a year. Plans were started in earnest when we were sure that both of us would be back from a prolonged visit with Uncle Sam. As Bobbie Burns has said, "The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley." We were determined that come "hell or high water," the opening day of the season would find us afield. You can see that the mere fact that I was supposed to be in college and Jim was supposed to be working was not enough to keep us from our hunting trip.

The defense of the case rests except for the relating of the actual crime.

The time: 6 A.M. November 11, 1947. The place: a farmer's hay field, a few miles west of Compton.

Since the sun arose officially at 6:37 A.M., we had a half-hour wait before starting our quest for "Johnny" Ring-Neck. This half-hour was spent talking over, for the thousandth time, the plans for the hunt. As the time slowly passed, our spirits dropped lower and lower, and uncertainty crept upon us. We had not been hunting for two years, but we knew that pheasants are hard to find during the season. By day, they stay

in corn fields, or perhaps a bean field, to fill their crops with corn and beans. By so doing, they could elude us, as we had no dog to point them out. Our only chance was to get them before they left their roosting place in the hay-field or weed patch.

Six-thirty-five found us out of the car and loading our guns. Neither Jim nor I had very high hopes; so we tried to bolster our ebbing spirits as we walked toward our first field. Jim said he knew there were pheasants there because he had seen them only a few days before. I quickly replied that it certainly looked like a good place.

We had not gone far through the field when a sudden cackling and the loud whirring of wings awakened my dead hopes. Then I saw him! He had plummeted out from almost under Jim's feet—a beautiful specimen of our ring-neck pheasant, with his long brown tail, and his plumage gleaming in the rising sun's rays. I called to Jim, "He's all yours, kid!" His gun boomed once, and our first victim bit the dust. Our spirits were thoroughly awakened now, but we hunted through the rest of the field without success until we came to a small weed patch surrounded on three sides by standing corn. It was here that I got my first chance; for as we neared the far end of the patch, a cock suddenly arose in full flight. I drew my gun to my shoulder and blazed away. I am afraid I had a slight case of "buck fever", but luckily the bird dropped heavily to the ground.

Well, sir, by this time guns were sounding off all around us; and although we tramped through likely-looking fields for three or four hours, we did not get another shot. We saw

several cocks leave their hiding places, but they were all getting up out of range of our guns. The shooting now and then of other hunters was making them wild; they were no longer giving us a sporting chance. Tired, but happy, we trudged back

to the car and headed for home with our two birds.

The question remains before the jury. Were we guilty of a crime in shirking other duties for no reason but to hunt pheasants? What do you think—pheasant lovers?

Who Am I ?

*I set about here and there each day.
And once in awhile,
The dirt is washed away.
Sometimes I'm burned or moved
about,
But never a word do I shout.
From Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith I
get the gossip,
But while the priest is here, I'm in
in the closet.
I never strike or ask for money!
When children throw me,
They laugh, think it funny.
At poker games - - I play no actual
part,
But if I'm not there
I break the housewife's heart.
Now in modern times,
I may be found, in the air
And on the ground!
Auto, plane, and tank
I'm all about - - without thanks!
Now you ask, "Am I known?"
Of course. I'm
The ash-tray you own.
*Based on Anglo-Saxon Riddle -
Modernized.*

— DON GARNS

Can't I Bury These Tales ?

BEVERLEY BLOOM

*Here is my apology
For slang English and poor
rhyme,
Blame it on the weather
Or on the lack of time.
Look at it with criticism,
Not with awe, sir,
I apologize to your literary sense
And to Geoffrey Chaucer.*

*When those sweet April showers
Finally turn to daffodils,
And the brook begins to run again
In ripples and in rills,
And the buds begin to blossom,
And the birds begin to sing,
And each woman looks for love,
And each man becomes a King,
Then we know by all the signs
Vacation time is done.
"Hello", we say to study-lamps,
"Good-bye", we say to fun.
Goodby to our dear parents,
Goodby to our dear friend,
Goodby to dear Chicago,
Easter vacation is at an end.
So off we go together,
Twenty-nine of us.
Going back to school again
On a special Greyhound Bus.
I speak to none of them,
And none of them to me,
But I study each and every one
As you will soon see.
And as I have time and space,
I shall give you just a view
Of each individual,
Of his clothing, and his hue,
Of his face, and of his fancy,
And was he young or old.
Hence, without more introduction,
My tale I shall unfold.
First, there is a young widow
Who bears herself quite well.
Her story, written on her face,
Is easy enough to tell.
With her is her son
And with him, his doll, Paddy.*

*Roger is the boy's name.
He was named for his daddy.
He doesn't sit still a minute,
He is in the seat and out,
Talking to his dolly,
Turning all about,
Reaching up with Paddy,
Racing down the aisle,
But, Mommy, lost in reverie,
Is smiling all the while.
Sitting side by side,
Right across the way,
Sit two charming people.
He is all in gaberdine,
She is all in silk.
They look like any others
Belonging to their ilk.
They had been to the movies,
And are discussing the plot.
She says it is CHARMING,
To him it wasn't so hot.
From time to time they comment,
But mostly they just sit,
He is holding a magazine,
She is holding her hat.
To anyone who knows them
Their attitudes aren't strange,
And a stranger would venture to say
that
The couple is engaged.
Just behind these seats,
Way back in the bus,
Five young girls are sitting,
Raising quite a fuss.
Singing songs of old N.I.,
Toora-Loora-Lay,
THE CASTLE ON THE HILL,
And Rat-da Rat-da-doo-day.*

Laughing faces shining,
Voices lifted in mirth,
The laughter of these schoolgirls
The loveliest song on earth.

Right up in the front seat
Sits the college BRAIN,
Not knowing if it is sunny,
Not heeding snow or rain.
Reading, always reading,
Never losing time.
(He's not the type, you understand,
To fit into this rhyme.)
He has no time for poetry
Only school work in his head.
And a pulp magazine
Is a thing he's never read.
His clothes are strictly G. I.
Whether at school or party,
And right now he's sitting and read-
ing:
FROM BEOWULF TO THOMAS
HARDY.

Right close by to "Brainy"
Sits a pleasant chap
Happiness, contentment
Written on his map.
His sweater is a red one,
And boasts a black NI.
The team in all its glory
Is in his mind's eye—
He just sits and gazes
And smiles into space,
"The team I'm on won—we
won"
Is written on his face.

Up toward the front of the bus
Oblivious to the noise,
Sit a couple of fellows
They're each "one of the boys."
They're awfully happy people,
They're laughing all the time.
To them the world looks rosy,
The future is sublime.
I wouldn't like to shock you
Let me whisper it to you.
They've got a big quart bottle
And it's filled with Master Brew.

Nonplussed by it all
Batting not an eye

Sits a stuffy, know-it-all,
Instructor, near by.
Listening intently
To a student tell some tales
And the "hay" this kid is pitch-
ing
Comes in bales and bales.
The prof is absent minded,
The student knows it all,
One is stuffed with lemon-juice
The other is all gall.

In contrast to this pair,
Sit room mates nearby,
Arguing and jabbering,
And making the fur fly.
One is neat and quite subdued,
The other wild and gay.
One wants the bed on the left,
The other, the other way.
They really like each other,
But never can agree.
If one said it was HER fault,
The other said it was SHE.
If one said they were bulb plants,
The other said they were seed.
If one said, "Yes, I want it."
The other said, "No, indeed."

There was one gal reading the
jokes
And some one else chewing candy
She's absorbed as she can be;
With his jaws he's quite handy.

Last, but certainly not least,
And, not counting me,
Mumbling and grumbling to him-
self,
Sits our driver, as cross as can be.
I know the host in Chaucer's tale
Was jovial and spry,
But that was a fellow named Harry
And we have another guy.
He's had a falling out with his wife
About some of their friends
And he can not wait until . . .
Quote "This bus trip ends . . ."
And so he has no suggestions,
And wants to get home,
He doesn't urge us to amuse our-
selves with tales,
And so . . . here ends this poem.

Have You Been Tattooed Recently ?

WILLIAM G. COYNE

One bright and sunny day in Honolulu when the atmosphere was imbued with intoxication, I, with my inebriated companions, sauntered down to a dismal side street and stopped in front of an antiquated, dilapidated shop. The sign read: "Yankee. Have You Been Tattooed Recently?"

We thought this very odd and because we were marines of a curious nature we entered and found a small, sinister, filthy, and unkempt room with a diminutively, corpulent Oriental sitting in a broken down barber's chair. We asked a few routine questions and looked at the numerous designs before my companions decided to have the Marine Corps' "Semper Fidelis" tattooed on their arm. For some unknown reason I refused to partake in this operation although the thought has often intrigued me.

The art of tattooing can be traced back to the Egyptians. Excavated mummies with tattooed designs on their bodies were found to be dated two thousand years B. C. The Japanese claim to have practiced the art of tattooing for over twenty-five hundred years. Many of the earliest tribes practiced the art for various reasons. It is thought that the origin of tattooing was probably the slashing of the body to indicate grief at the death of some loved one. Many of the early tribes were tattooed for superstitious reasons. The early Syrians were like this: they employed a design similar to a horseshoe between the base of the thumb and the index finger to give strength to the arm and to ward off evil. Other tribes considered it as a form of beauty.

While I was stationed in New

Zealand, I noticed the beautiful designs of tattooing on the faces of the Maoris. They thought this signified beauty and each Maori was as proud of his tattooing as you or I would be with a new car or a pound of meat. In addition, no two Maoris had the same design. According to these people the operation was completed with a sharp needle dipped into a mixture of different juices and stains.

Another primitive method of tattooing was accomplished by rubbing various coloring into the wounds of the skin. This proved inadequate and the single needle method was developed. This type of operation lasted for over a hundred years before the invention of the electric needle, the tool of most operators today. The electric needle not only is faster but the method is less painful. For example, an area of one and one half inches would take approximately five minutes to complete with the electric needle but with the old method of the single needle it would require hours.

The needle is an electrically wired machine that resembles an oversized mechanical pencil that holds six or eight needles together at the tip of the machine. With the current on the needles lash in and out like a snake's tongue and penetrates the first two layers of the skin. The needles are dipped into a mixture of dry pigment, inorganic salt, alcohol, and cocoa oil and then punctured into the skin. It feels like the bite of a mosquito.

The first effect of the operation is a lively irritation of the skin with a moderate discharge. Soon after, a crust forms and the design is hard to distinguish. After a week the

cruist drops off and the design becomes clear. Although it requires no great physical strain to be tattooed, there is a possibility of infection spreading and a few cases of leprosy, tuberculosis, and syphilis have been recorded. This is because most tattooing is still done by wandering operators in pool rooms or with carnivals, circuses, or in under-world dives where usually the patient and often the operator are under the influence of alcohol. However, some communities regulate sanitary and health conditions and there is less chance of infection occurring. Operators under these regulations first shave the area to be tattooed and cleanse it with soap and water. The needles are sterilized and a dressing is applied to the tattoo when the operation is completed.

In spite of the danger of infection tattooing became very popular during the war, especially among sailors and marines who wished a permanent record of their organization.

Psychiatrists claim that tattooing is done to show exhibitionism and masochism. Others get tattooed to show their ability to withstand pain and still others to show they are regular fellows. As mentioned before, a great number of people who become tattooed do so while under the influence of alcohol. Statistics reveal that one out of fifteen women have tattooing of some type while one out of every ten men undergo the needle. Most men desire designs such as serpents, swans, horned owls and military insignia while women seem to desire the initials of their loved ones.

Although most tattooing will last approximately ten years, it may be removed sooner. However, it is a much slower process and requires great skill. The mere indication that tattooers make as much money removing tattooing designs as they do tattooing is ample reason, as far as I'm concerned, to remain untattooed.

This Love I Love

*This love I loves
The tiny flame that was kindled
When your eyes struck mine,
That flared at our touch,
That sprang to a blaze,
Till leaping and whirling with all-
consuming fury
It melted us into one;
Not that blinding heat of passion,
But the intense blue flame that is
left.*

— MERLE WEIHERMAN

A Narrow Escape

LEONARD J. MALINOWSKY

Fog! It rolled in from the sea completely engulfing our ship and shutting off all sight of the strange harbor which we were fast approaching.

Fog! It billowed about our ship, thicker and thicker, until visibility became a matter of feet instead of miles.

Only one hour away from our destination and we encountered that dreaded enemy of all men who sail.

Our speed was constantly decreased. Slower, slower, until we were barely making any headway. "Bwc, Bwc," the ear-rasping sounds of the fog horn blared forth a warning with monotonous but sinister regularity. All hands were at the rail, looking, eyes straining, trying to pierce that white blanket, trying to find some rift in the fog through which we might find safety in the harbor.

The blast of a horn to the right, another to the left, and suddenly we were aware of the fact that other ships we could not see were also seeking the same narrow entrance to the harbor. To make matters worse we were traveling through

the icy waters without any radar which could have detected an approaching obstacle. We were sailing blind. The thought of a collision at sea and its tragic results must have presented itself to everyone's mind. We became tense, hoping that by some miracle this white blankness would suddenly lift.

Suddenly, from out of the milky whiteness a gigantic freighter appeared, heading directly for us. Thousands of tons of steel came bearing down upon us.

Never had so many men moved so quickly. As if guided by some mysterious force, the hand of the captain at the control lever snapped it to Full Speed Ahead. Instantly the ship became alive and vibrating, straining to evade the disaster that seemed unavoidable.

Seconds seemed like hours. Never had inches been so important as they were at this unforgettable moment. In spite of the low temperature, cold beads of perspiration rolled down my face. It was close, but fate was on our side and we were spared an icy swim in the cold, dark water of Newfoundland Bay.

Philosophy

*Born into this world of suffering
and strife,*

Born with our back to a knife;

*Eager to regain the wealth of hap-
piness—*

*Living now in a world of eager
meaninglessness.*

— MARVIN ELLIOTT

A Night At The Mortuary

LILA STRANDT

Our friend Al Lindoerfer had bought a lovely old home and had made it into a funeral parlor, with living quarters on the second floor. One Saturday evening I was asked to stay with his little girl while he and his wife went to the movies. I agreed, not knowing what was ahead of me.

I arrived at the gruesome establishment at about eight o'clock and was greeted by Mr. Lindoerfer himself, who led me first into one of the eerie downstairs rooms at the foot of the stairs, "to turn out a light." The light happened to be at the head of a casket in which a pale lady lay at rest.

We then went upstairs and into the living room, where I helped his wife with her troublesome fingernails, said good-by to them, and settled down as comfortably as possible in those surroundings and began to read the numerous undertaker's circulars that were scattered around. I soon dozed off, but was rudely awakened by a strange noise. Someone was coming up the stairs, and there was no one in the place but me, the sleeping baby, and the little old lady downstairs; and I wasn't coming up the stairs.

I sat there glued to the seat, waiting for the cold hand of death to be placed upon me; but the creaking noise soon ceased.

I was by this time so used to the idea of dying that I arose from my chair and went into the hall to see who my mysterious friend was; but all that I saw when I looked down the stairs was the light burning at the head of the casket.

I rushed back into the living room, slammed the door, put a chair in front of it, and weakly sat down

in my chair. I had seen Al turn out the light. Who turned it back on? And who walked up the steps?

I sat alert for the creaking noise with my eyes fastened on the door, and awaited I knew not what.

Time passed, and I grew cooler and more calm. I gingerly picked up the abandoned circulars and began anew to read their morbid contents, and soon dozed off as before.

I awoke with a start. Someone was again coming up the stairs. I was sure of it this time. The steps were approaching the door. Someone was trying the knob. I picked up a chair and awaited the next move of my opponent. The knob rattled a few times and then a voice said, "Lila, open the door. What the heck did you lock it for?" It was Mr. Lindoerfer.

I put the chair down, went over and removed the one from in front of the door and with a weak smile, greeted Mr. L. and his wife. Of course, it was he who turned the light back on, my thoughts ran. But they were soon cut short when Al said, "And why did you turn on the light by the casket?"

My knees became useless masses of gelatin unable to support my shaking frame. The smile on my pale face faded, and I gasped, "Al, Gert, I didn't turn that light on." And with these immortal words, I quietly passed out.

When I awoke, Gert was smiling down at me. I couldn't see why she should smile. A dead lady had turned on the light and almost killed me and Gert was smiling. Then Al came in.

"Well, Lila, I'm afraid that you've

had a bad evening and all because of a short in the circuit downstairs."

"A short circuit," I said, "but who walked up the stairs? I heard someone coming up the stairs."

"I should have told you before I left. I'm used to it now, but when

we first moved in I too thought, when the radiators creaked, that someone was coming up the stairs."

I can look back at it all now and laugh, but since then death has held no fear for me. I died too many times that night.

On Likes and Dislikes

CAROL ANDERSON

Robert Louis Stevenson said, "The world is so full of a number of things, that we should all be as happy as kings." Yes, the world is certainly full of a number of things; if there are some things we do not like, there are many more things we can find that we do like. The personality, character, and abilities of a person can be determined by his likes or dislikes. Therefore, I can be analyzed.

There is nothing I like better than spaghetti....mystery stories by Erle Stanley Gardner....platform, spike-heeled shoes....good musical comedies....flowery and feathery little hats....cheese and crackers in bed....drug store counters filled with cigarettes, gum and film....double and triple dating jitter-bugging Eddy Howard's music....Ernie Simmons on the radio.... friends, tried and true.

I have a passion for beautiful colors of yarn...big, odd-shaped purses...moccasins....legends of the supernatural and occult....smooth music and a college crowd....Jane Eyre....soft

cuddly little puppies....spring evenings.

I wish I had a pair of horn-rimmed harlequin glasses....a collection of classical jazz records....a big, furry teddy-bear....a brand new light blue Pontiac convertible and a driver's license....a knack for wrapping presents....a pen that never runs out of ink...a lead in a Shakespearean drama.

There is nothing I loathe and detest more than fur coats and slacks...affected and unnatural people...false displays of friendship or affection....pencil leads that break....dancing school recitals....chipped fingernail polish unmade beds chocolate-covered peanuts.

I could get along nicely without a first-hour class....parental guidanceeating in restaurants....clothes that have to be sent to the cleaners every week lectures in Social Science people who get in my way....fluorescent lights that light about five minutes after you turn them on.... neighbors.

Moods

*The sea is a lovely lady,
Dancing by the land,
Talking in a soft sweet murmur
To the land. Firting her Frenchlace
Skirts at his feet, calling
"Come away, come away with me,
I am your lover, I am the sea
Come away, come away."
Laughing softly at the
Great, strong land.
"Someday you'll come, someday,
Maybe not today, but someday."*

*The sea is a raging monster,
Leaping at the land, roaring
With a great mad roar.
Raking the land with his
Fierce white teeth, shouting
"I'll slay you, I'll seize you
I am your foe, I am the sea.
I'll get you, oh land,"
Laughing wildly at the
Poor, weak land.
"Someday I'll get you, someday
Maybe not today, but someday."*

— MARY BETH BRYSON

The Moon Is a Silvered Sliver of Pearl

*The moon is a silvered sliver of pearl,
That glides through the black-petal
sky,
The sky has only the moon to hold,
And so do I.
The past is a river filled with my
tears,
The future a black petal sky,
The sky, the moon, and the past are
one,
And so am I.*

— LORRAINE MARCUM

It's X To Me

ROBERT J. WYLLIE

As I blissfully battle my way through my first year of college, I often think back to easier days spent in the grade and high schools. The varied subjects I was compelled to take to broaden my mind as a rule gave me no difficulty. I enjoyed school immensely. History, English, science, foreign language, and civics were easy for me. But one subject in particular I consider to be a black spot in my life and a terrific influence on all my days. Yes, an evil curse upon my existence. Mathematics!

I have been told that some Arabian character decided that a few proven formulas and methods used in solving mathematical problems facilitate the difficulties of those who have use for figuring. Perhaps the Arabian people have contributed much to our present day culture. But why must they make my efforts so confusing? They have designed a little equation that has ruined my whole life. One little, silly letter has caused me to lose my sense of stability. I am a nervous wreck. What does "x" equal? Don't get me wrong. Please don't! I fully appreciate the contribution of "x" to our so-called civilized society. Men like Einstein have proven its value.

But why, I ask you, must I be tortured constantly with its mysteries? Have you ever entered your classroom and found your seat, taking a final deep breath for safety? As some instructors talk terribly fast and furiously, you patiently wait for theories to be expounded so that you, too, may be educated. Through eight years of elementary school in my home at Waukegan I impatiently waited for the day when I could get to high school and learn why

$x - y$ equals? Oh, I was proud of myself. Two and two equaled four. I was a mathematical wizard. Gaily I entered my freshman high school course in algebra. I was eager to learn and anxious to cooperate with my instructor. He was a wonderful man as all mathematics teachers are, but he just didn't seem to understand that I was baffled. The rest of the class had learned the value of "x" and were now busy on the rest of the alphabet, but not little "R. J." He still wanted to know about "x." My instructor would just shake his head and remark that it was a shame, because I was such a nice boy. He compensated me for my stupidity by passing me. I was glad to pass, but I've never been the same since. I developed an acute inferiority complex, which puts me in a dither even when I have to add a grocery bill. Even my nightmares don't have the boogie man and terrible black faces. Yes, that's right, it's "x" again.

For awhile, thanks to Uncle Sam and Adolf Hitler, I was able to go away from it all and do simple things like signing my name. But a few scientists worked with "x" and developed the atomic bomb. I was back in trouble again. My destiny was clouded. But joyfully I packed my bags and enrolled at school in DeKalb. I enjoyed my courses and was very much interested in them. I admired my instructors and liked college life. Then suddenly it happened. A man pointed his finger at me from out of the college catalogue. Yes, I had to take algebra. And now as I sit with my math book open and the world mine to conquer I think of James Thurber, who wrote a piece about his difficulties with botany. I sympathize with him

more than this pen can write. He couldn't see through a microscope, and I can't see through "x." But some day, I'm sure, the heavens will open up, a ray of light will come through, and the whole world will acclaim,
"He knows what "x" equals!"

Two Years Have Passed

Two years have passed. "What portends have we seen," I ask myself, "that augurs good good for man?"
What concrete evidence; Irrefutable Between the doubt and death—the blood that ran?
Are they forgotten, who gasped through the mud in pain;
For nothing did they die, in foreign climes alone;
What invidious force concludes their death in vain
Who dares break faith, deny solace to their moans?
Their death for what? Temporary consolation;
A breathing spell; recondite balance of gain;
Sybaritic delight; deep stimulation—
A chance to rebuild, savor the bargain.
Smile, laugh! Beasts! Grind out your gold!
Yes, they're forgotten, once more undersold.

— JACK FROOMAN

That Hungry Look

PAUL McGUINESS

I laughed when I saw him. A leaner looking thing I had never seen before. A broomstick body with toothpick legs and a firehose neck with a large bony head perched on top made him a funny sight. His ribs were like a curved washboard and his stomach disappeared into the cavity of his chest. Upon closer inspection the laugh died on my lips and a kind of pity crept into my heart. He seemed to sense this pity and to resent it; for he raised his head a little higher, straightened his meatless backbone, and his eyes glowed with a pugilistic fire.

I think it was his eyes that really won me. Behind that gleam of defiance I could see a heart longing for love, longing for a word - it didn't have to be a kind one - just a word

to let him know that someone at least knew he was there.

I called to him and he turned around and looked behind him. He could not believe that I had meant him. I called again and he unbelievably and yet joyfully advanced. I wondered how many times in the long past this scene had been played — a man meeting his best friend, a dog.

I picked this scrawny creature up and took him home with me. For twelve years he was by my side, in rain and in sunshine, in the snow and in the tall grasses by the river, in moments of joy and in moments of sorrow. He became sleek and fat of physique but to his dying day I would catch him looking at me with that same hungry, unbelieving, yet joyfully hopeful look.

Chess

AGNES BONVOULOIR

Almost as long as I can remember, the game of chess has fascinated me, probably because it seemed so distant and unreal. No one in my family ever sits down long enough to be interested in sitting for hours to complete a game of chess. Could I gain that persevering quality? Just think of taking hours to figure out one move in chess. Then too, there is always the fascination that men have (according to fictional reports)

committed murders, ruled lives, and even ruled the world by proper moves on a chess board.

With all these factors in mind, I began searching at the tender age of eleven for a teacher. I had almost given up until last summer. One of my father's friends knew of my strange passion for knowledge of the game of chess, and it was through her that Manuel came upon the scene. He spoke beautiful English

for a native of Spain, and, moreover, he knew how to play chess. When we were introduced, one of the first things he said to me was, "I hear you want to learn to play chess. I don't know why a woman wants to learn a man's game, but anyway I will teach you."

My lessons started that very same day. The first thing I had to learn was to distinguish one piece from another and to name them. This along with the moves of each piece was one of the most complicated parts of the game. Since Manuel had learned to play chess when he was a small boy in Madrid, he very often reverted to his own language for directing me in the art. Naturally, that helped considerably.

I found that when you play chess you cannot be sure of any move unless you study it carefully from eight directions. You also have to consider future moves. When you really become proficient, you are able to predict and control your opponent's moves. In chess, the future is much more important than the present.

The first hundred games were the hardest in one sense; but in my estimation they were the easiest, since they were over in a matter of minutes. It took my instructor no time at all to checkmate my king and end the game. The only trouble was that with the finish of each game he insisted that I must concentrate more intensely on my moves. "You have too many other things on your mind," he would say again and again. "When you play chess, you must not think of anything but chess. Everything else is unimportant."

Well, I tried for a while and in the end succeeded in prolonging our games to greater length. I even progressed to the point of having my

teacher invite me to participate with him in the local chess tournament. He had great faith in my ability that night, because on the previous night I had succeeded in outwitting him for nearly two hours in one game.

With all the confidence in the world, we both took our places in the tournament hall. "Now remember," he cautioned me, "you are playing chess; so dispell any other thoughts from your mind." "Oh, yes," I thought, "I am playing chess. How wonderful! After all these years of longing and waiting, I'm actually playing chess." My mind began traveling back to all those wonderful people who ruled the world through chess. "Why after tonight I may be able to do the very same thing," my subconscious informed me.

My reverie was interrupted by a voice I had never heard before: "Why did you make such a stupid move? Now I checkmate you, and you are out of the game. To think that after all my efforts to teach you to play chess properly, you should dream your time away and make a foolish move like that. Here, take this book, read it, and when you understand it thoroughly and can realize the importance of a game of chess, come back to me and I will again play with you." Thus spoke the voice, while a hand from somewhere gave me a book on the principles of tournament chess.

I was crushed, for had I not really made an effort? How can one sit still for hours at a time with nothing on his mind but a little piece of ivory. "It's silly," I said to myself. I took the book, however, smiled sickly, and walked out in a daze. The book still lies in my desk drawer untouched, and I have not seen Manuel since, nor have I played chess.

Why ?

*WHY does it always rain
When I've forgotten to wear a coat?
I go on a picnic?
I've left the bike outside?
We're on vacation?*

*WHY does the phone always ring
When I'm in the tub?
I'm outside?
I've decided to sleep all morn-
ing?
I've lost my voice?*

*WHY do we always have a vacation
When none of my friends do?
It rains all week?
I have a term paper to work
on?
There's a phone strike?*

— DOROTHY BRANDISH

Evolution of a Brooklyn Bum

TOMMY MURPHY

March 21st, 1946
Tommy Murphy
1 Kish Blvd.
DeKalb, Illinois

Mr. Thomas Murphy, Sr.
543 Kosciusko St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Poopdeck,

Just a line to let you know I'm all squared away and attending college now, here in DeKalb on the G.I. Bill. Good ol' Democrats. This ain't a bad school at all Pop, and the grounds are full of scenic beauty and stuff. One thing that's different from home though is that the people out here talk so funny. Even the teachers. And there's a lot of strange guys

running around the campus out here, too. I was talking to some guy the other day, and he was trying to tell me some long winded explanation of what the law of diminishing returns was. All the time I knew it was like you always told me; people keep putting dough in slot machines and keep getting less back and that's the law of diminishing returns. I tried to explain to this dope, but he just laughed at me. He's really dumb; in fact if he had a brain, he'd probably be dangerous.

This place is really out in the woods, though. Know what I saw the other day? A pig! They got 'em on farms all around this place. I

don't think it'd be a good idea for you to see one though. If you saw how dirty their feet are, you'd never eat pig's knuckles again. Everybody keeps kidding me about the Dodgers. Boy, are they Cub fans out here. I just tell 'em all that compliments will get them no place and let it go at that. Say, Pop, this would be some place to open an Army-Navy store. All the girls out here wear is dungarees any kind of beat-up shoes they can get their hands on, and raincoats. Even when the sun is shining, they wear raincoats. How's Uncle Paddy's job at the fish market? Do the cats still follow him up the block every nite when he comes home? Well, say hello to Mom and the kids for me, Pop, and I hope everyone is in good health including Mrs. Haggerty's feeble-minded daughter. I gotta start studying my English now. Can you imagine. My English teacher sez I don't pronounce my words right. I'll learn her a thing or two.

Your respectful son,

Tom

May 4th, 1946
Mr. Thomas Murphy, Sr.
543 Koskiosko St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tommy Murphy
1 Kish Blvd.
DeKalb, Illinois

Dear Thomas,

Well, son, you've been in college over two months now and still going strong. That's quite an accomplishment when you consider that you're the first one in our family to ever even attempt to go to college. I want you to know that we are all proud of you here. Even Mrs. Haggerty's feeble-minded daughter is proud of you. We had a little excitement on the street the other day. You remember the Italian junk dealer, Mr. Famagetti. You know, the guy who tried to vote so many times the last time

LaGuardia was running for re-election. Well, he had his cart piled high with junk, having just finished his rounds and was just getting ready to shove off for home when his old horse, Nellie, keeled over in the street and just died of old age on the spot. Well, there was quite an uproar with all the kids and other mucky-mucks (ed. note: same as big time operator in Illinois) milling around trying to tell Famagetti what to do and him crying like a baby, but there was a bigger uproar when Mulligan, the cop, showed up and starts dragging the horse down the street and around the block. Famagetti almost exploded and he sez to Mulligan, he sez, sez he, "Hey whatta you dragga my horse for?" Well, Mulligan comes right back and he sez, "Look, Mr. Famagetti, I know just how you feel, you being a bachelor and losing your horse and all, but I have to make out my report and I can't spell Koskiosko, so I'm dragging the horse around to Green St." He did it, too.

Your Uncle Paddy don't work in the fish market any more. He's got a better job now with the Sanitation department cleaning out sewers. The cats don't follow him home now anymore. Everyone is well here, including Haggerty's feeble-minded girl. Hoping you are the same, I'll stop now.

Your one and only father,
Pop

August 10th, 1946
Mr. Thomas Murphy Jr.
1 Kish Blvd.
DeKalb, Illinois

Mr. Thomas Murphy, Sr.
543 Koskiosko St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dearest Father,

I am always glad to hear from you, Father. Really I am, but I do think that you ought to be more

careful about your grammar. You see I leave my mail around my rooms and my roommates occasionally read your letters, and after all, Papa, I wouldn't want them to get the wrong idea of my family background. And after all, you must remember that anything you say that is negative to established convention is simply a reflection against your apperceptive mass. So do be careful, won't you?

I'm so weary lately having been pledged to Alpha Delta Chi and also delving into many extra-curricular activities. Oh well, that's the price one pays for having a social life. How is dear mother. Still the gracious lady she always is, I take it. Please do try to use your influence to make her stop going to those atrocious bingo parties. After all, Father, the type of people she meets there will surely affect her mental residue. Well, Papa, I'll close now hoping that the viscosity of your muscle cells are well, and wishing good health and dominance in coordination to everyone.

Your humble offspring,
Thomas . . .

September 5th, 1946
Mr. Thomas Murphy, Sr.
543 Koskiosko St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Thomas Murphy, Jr.
1 Kish Blvd.
DeKalb, Illinois

Hey You,

What's eating you anyway? If you were here now and told me my grammar was no good, I'd give you the back of my hand. I'm beginning to wonder about this school your going to. What's this alphideltichichi business you're mixed up in? Haven't I told you never to hang out with foreigners? And you don't have to delve into any extra-curricular

activities either. I told you all there is to know about sex when you were fourteen. And what if your mother does go to bingo parties. For your information, Mr. Uppity-up, your mother won forty bucks at the last bingo she went to and bought me a new lower plate with the money. Now my face has a shape again and if there's anything wrong with this, then I wish you'd consult one of those high-falutin' pefessors and find out what we should do to save our lives. And now if your highness will permit, I'm going down to the corner to get a growler full of suds and I hope this isn't an insult to your vodka-drinking college friends. You sound more like a Republican every letter.

Poopdeck.

P.S. Your Aunt Norah wants to know if an apperceptive mass is higher than a solemn high mass? Personally I don't care. . .

November 18th, 1946
Mr. T. H. F. Murphy, EsQ.
DeKalb, Illinois

Mr. Thomas Murphy, Sr.
543 Koskiosko St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dearest Pater,

I say, pater, old boy, you don't seem to like Republicans. Really, I can't see why. Cawn't you understand that our country is in bad shape after that horrible man, Roosevelt. Oh, course with your background in Eire and the Irish-Republican revolution against England, I can picture, in my sub-conscious cranium, your favoring the Democrats. Come to think of it—what's wrong with England. Wouldn't it be a better thing, pater, for all concerned, if Ireland and the Irish Free State were to capitulate to England. It would sort of consolidate the British Isles, don't you know. And oh yes, pater,

your reference in your last missive about, and I quote, "going down to the corner for a growler full of suds" —oh! how vulgar. I simply don't know what to do about you. Oh well, the usual good health to mater and all the clan and I have an astronomy class tonite; so I will depart in radiant contentment. I continue to bear my burden of heredity.

Yours, don't you know,
T.

November 22nd, 1946
Mrs. Thomas Murphy
543 Koskiosko St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tommy Murphy
1 Kish Blvd.
DeKalb, Illinois

Dear Thomas,

Your father refused to answer your last letter. Remember that old Irish war club that he kept on the mantelpiece in the frontroom (you'll pardon the expression, your majesty) that he used when he marched in the St. Paddy's day parade. Well, he's got that, and he's on his way out there now to Illinois to get you. Why don't you catch a boat to Siberia?

Your mater, you snook,
Bingo Annie.

Music In The Night

*Silver slivers of a song, hidden in the
velvet folds*

Of music played by one alone.

Soft gray echoes hesitate,

Shaken loose from walls of night,

*As gentle seeking fingers touch the
keys.*

*The dark is filled with tones in
kaleidoscope array—*

Each shining note more perfect,

More filled with rising splendor,

More rich and deep and tender,

Than earth-bound heart can hold.

*Entranced, the music rises, and the
sound is deftly woven into gleam-
ing drops of beauty.*

One crescendo, pure and clear,

*And the music of the night dips soft-
ly into silence*

On a single haunting tone

Of music, played by heart alone.

— LORRAINE MARCUM

Education for the Atomic Age

MURIEL MAPES

Scientists tell us there is no physical defense for the atom bomb. The cities of the world can be blown to bits in an instant by atom bombs planted by saboteurs, or dropped by radio-controlled planes. In a world where success in war goes to the country that can obliterate its enemy first with atomic bombs, there can be nothing but fear and mistrust. The only defense there can be for the atom bomb lies in the thinking of men. The education of the Atomic Age must build up a set of attitudes that makes the use of the atom bomb unnecessary.

The education I propose for the Atomic Age can not be merely national in scope. It must be international. All countries must participate and cooperate in its programs if they are to succeed.

The education of the Atomic Age must "catch up" morally and culturally with the splitting atom that can either give to humanity horrible destruction or unprecedented production. We must advance our social ideas as far as we have advanced our scientific and technical ideas in order to receive the best the Atomic Age has to offer us.

The education of the Atomic Age must stress understanding. The people of each country must understand the cultural backgrounds, patterns, and ideas of other countries. In this way only, can they be tolerant of each other's attitudes. Only through understanding can the common goals and ideas the world must have be established. Only through understanding can fear and mistrust be done away with.

The idea of competitive society, so long emphasized, must be replaced by

the idea of cooperative society. We must have cooperation in the formation of a world government, cooperation in the obedience of international laws, cooperation in every phase of international life. We must learn to work with men of all nations for the good of a new world society.

We must start immediately to work toward these educational goals of international understanding and international cooperation. The Atomic Age is moving swiftly along, and the danger of atomic war is greater every day. We have not long to reach these educational goals, and if we fail the first time, we may not have a second chance!

The exchange of students and professors among the countries of the world will do a great deal to promote understanding and cooperation. A start has already been made on this program, but it must be expanded into a large-scale movement. The free international flow of information, both cultural and scientific, will also promote understanding and cooperation. There should be free exchange of literature, exchange of lecturers who would interpret the actions of their country so that others might understand, exchange scientists, political leaders, businessmen, farmers, educational leaders.

At the present time, the problem of how to educate for the Atomic Age is mainly a problem of how to educate the youth and the adults. It is this group that will be formulating the policies of the world in these crucial post-war years. It is this group that must set the new international patterns of behavior. They must be able to understand and cooperate. They must not make mistakes!

