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Winter 1944

### Cub Tracks, Winter 1944

Students of the Montana State University (Missoula, Mont.)

Harold G. Merriam

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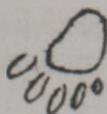
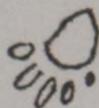
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# CUB TRACKS



WINTER QUARTER



VOLUME 1, NUMBER 2



## MY HOME TOWN

The Bitterroot Range rises beside Hamilton protectively, tall, and sharply defined against the sky. Twelve miles away on the eastern side of the valley are the gently rolling hills of the Sapphire Range. In the spring the countryside is green with wild grasses, sage, and grease wood, which later in the summer becomes parched and dusty under the hot August sun. By patient irrigation the farmers tilling the small amount of arable land keep the fields oases of alfalfa and field peas, wheat and sugar beets. These constitute the main crops, not only around Hamilton but throughout the entire valley. During the years of the great exodus from the drought areas of the Dakotas destitute families of German - Russian extraction, from Pa and Ma down to the youngest toddler, did most of the seasonal harvest work. Many of these same families by frugal living and shrewd bargaining own good farms in the county. Their place in the fields has been taken over by Mexican labor imported from the border states of California and New Mexico.



Extending far into the foothills of the eastern mountains, abandoned orchards of stunted, gnarled apple trees lift gaunt protecting limbs to the intense burning blue sky. Years ago, just prior to the First World War, the valley was boomed as a big fruit country. Easterners flocked to invest large sums in arid, near worthless land, and hopefully planted acres and acres of McIntosh apple trees. When the ventures proved profitless, the lucky ones gave up and left, while the unfortunates were stranded. Today, one can find people with Vassar and Princeton degrees living in near poverty, inhabiting tiny weatherbeaten shaks in the hills. One project is still known as "University Heights" in tribute to the faculty members of the University of Chicago who invested and lost their savings in these orchards. Nature has done her best for the trees, but little by little they are dying off; the fruit gets smaller and seedier. But apples are there for the taking in the fall months for anyone with the ambition to pick them.

All through the higher country, deserted farms dot the sage--homes of amateur farmers who did not know enough to stick to the rich land bordering the Bitterroot river. Years ago I stumbled upon one of these places while hiking. In the hay loft of the barn I found old letters and pictures dating from the turn of the century. They told of fine, cultured people who struggled against the elements and lost.

Hamilton itself has but one claim to fame, the Rocky Mountain Health Service Laboratory. Here vaccines for spotted fever and yellow fever are made. As a cultural influence, this Lab helps make Hamilton rather unusual for a town of its population of about 2000. A number of brilliant and distinguished men and their families live and work in the town.

(My Home Town continued)

The business district serves as a market center for the farmers living in the vicinity. On Fridays whole families come down from Sula, Hamilton Heights, and from miles up the Skalkaho highway for the big event of the week, the public sale. Here elderly ladies with a sharpeye for antiques rub shoulders with hard working ranchers watching for a second hand sewing or washing machine while Colonel Lykins assumes the traditional auction manner.

Shopkeepers, skilled workers, teachers, bankers, secretaries, these make up the "solid" element of the community. They work in the cannery, dehydrating plant, own grocery stores, beer halls, and drug stores. The saloon owner is as esteemed as the teacher or minister. These varied groups own property, pay taxes and live their lives out in placid security, marrying and intermarrying to produce a new generation just as "solid" and placid.

This is my home town, its people and their jobs. I know that wherever I go in the years to come, in whatever situations I may find myself, I shall return now and then because it is my home; because I love the hills and canyons. The yellow pine and poplar lined lanes, the dashing streams and mountain lakes. But I shall also return to the people I have known and lived with. They are sincere people, conventional and hide-bound to be sure, but they are genuine, hard working, and democratic. The children of the well-to-do and the poverty stricken mingle intimately in the class rooms. We walk down the streets and speak to everyboyd, whether we know them or not. I like them; I like my town; real people live there.

---Shirley Fowe English 11B

## PETTICOAT LARCENY

The girl's face was pale with terror, her tear-stained eyes round and frightened. She kept repeating monotonously, "I don't know. I don't know why I did it."

On the desk beside her was the inexpensive pair of anklets with which she had "unconsciously" walked out of the store. The manager of the store and the store's detective were both sitting across from her. With pencil and pad in hand, they began to ask her her name, address, height, weight, age, and if she had ever had any previous experiences in shoplifting. They asked to see her purse, and, after examining the contents, found out that she had nearly six dollars in change, about twenty - five dollars in paper money, and also a bank book showing a considerable sum of money in her checking account.

They finally released her. "Signed her out," as they termed it. The fact that this was a first offense, plus her genuine remorse, weighed high in her favor. First, though, she was made to sign a confession admitting that she had stolen the anklets. She was also asked never to return to that establishment.

After she had left, the two men talked over the incident. "She looked like a nice girl", the store manager said. "I guess we scared the devil out of her, but it was for her own good; now she's so scared she'll never try it again. Do you get many like her?" "Too many", the store detective answered. "That's practically all we do get--girls like her. Occasionally we get a professional, but they're hard to catch, and we've just about cleaned them out of existence. Figures show that 90% of amateurs are women, and since about 95% of all shoplifters are amateurs, it can readily be seen that shoplifting is almost exclusively a feminine pursuit. Most of the women are actually relieved when caught" the store detective went on, "They admit it is nothing but a habit, and only the threat of jail and public disgrace can break it. They sign confessions easily. The professionals, on the other hand, will not sign anything. They never have any means of identification what-so-ever, and are always thinking up new ways to out-smart store clerks.

Many professional women shoplifters use a huge pocket inside the front of the skirt as a device which enables them to conceal three or four articles of considerable bulk and size. The bottom of the pocket is tied by a string; as the shoplifter sees trouble approaching, she jerks the string, and the merchandise falls to the floor. She will immediately step away from it and apologize for her awkwardness in pushing the goods off the counter. Male professionals also have tricks of their own. They wear cords around their necks like those used by saxophone players and at the right moment, pick up a suit and merely attach it to the cord. Under a loose-fitting overcoat, one can scarcely notice the bulge.

Many suits for damages have resulted from charging someone for shoplifting, so now detectives arrest only those who actually pick articles up; and sometimes they wait until the thief has left the store and gone out into the street.

The whole idea of shoplifting borders on the fantastic: Perfectly decent people, who would be out-raged if you suggested that they could not be trusted, walk into a store and help themselves to whatever strikes their fancy. Psychiatrists can't explain the urge. Getting something for nothing

( Petticoat Larceny continued)

is part of it, as is trying to outwit the store. Perhaps the best explanation is that offered by the head detective of a leading New York department store: "We all have a little larceny in our hearts. Some can control it, others can't. We show it in various ways. After all, what is the difference between a shoplifter and a man who cheats in filling out his income tax return?"

---Betty Jeane Green English 25B

THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE

A history professor  
Talked long and loud and fast;  
Striving for an impression  
That in students doesn't last.

He was looking for a fellow  
That could lead a good discussion;  
He was shouting in a bellow--  
But who would volunteer?

He singled out a freshman boy--  
Soundly sleeping, snoring loudly;  
The teacher thought it shame indeed  
And asked, "Johnny will you lead?"

He asked the question several times;  
Still slept the tired freshman on,  
Never stirring; never hearing,  
Contented with oblivion.

The disgusted speaker shouted hoarsely,  
His roaring voice like thunder felt;  
Saying once again, "Johnny will you lead?"  
Johnny jumped and looked disgusted--  
Answered--"Lead yourself for I just dealt."

---Curtis Stradstad English 25B

## BLIND DATE

At eight-thirty the doorbell rang, feebly, as though uncertain of its powers, and I thought to myself, "That's my date."

One final glance in the mirror over the second floor fireplace, and I floated down the stairs, my freshly-lotioned hand outstretched in greeting. Our eyes met, and reeled under the shock. After uncrossing my own, I took a second look.

Now I'm not one to be choosy. Experience has already taught me what to expect in the way of dates--I'm not exactly Lana Turner, or even Shirley Temple, myself. Yet there are standards a girl should attempt to satisfy. That's why I like a man to have a minimum of sixteen teeth, preferably visible. And I demand that he be tall enough to see over my shoulder when we dance. If he doesn't dance, it doesn't matter, because he'll be sitting down most of the time, anyway. And I also like a healthy head of hair, not necessarily abundant, but at least ample for covering the crown of the head. I swallowed my disappointment remembering that poise is poise. I smiled and chirped, "Hello, there. My name's Marion Jackson. Are you Horton Hunter?"

Horton nodded. I decided that he was either numb from shock or the silent type. Not that he'd been so reticent over the telephone. Somehow, with modest phrases like, "I don't scare babies," and "My mother has always liked me," he had surrounded himself with an aura of masculine ruggedness and virility. His deep, quiet voice promised even more--something, shall we say, of the panther. But nowadays you certainly can't believe what you hear. While he was a man, his being so was the only similarity between what I saw and what I had expected to see. My panther was definitely a squirrel, stocky, stooped, with a fat face and thinning hair.

I thrust my coat into his arms. "Well, we might as well go. We really want to see the town, don't we? Ha, ha, ha." He returned my laughter briefly, "Ha."

The walk from the Lambda House to town was a refreshing one, distinguished by the same smart repartee. As I chatted desperately about this and that, Horton inhaled hungrily. Sensing that this was his first open post in two months, I suggested a movie. For the first time Horton showed healthy animation.

"No siree, you said we were going to do the town. And even if it is small, there must be a bar someplace. By then, teetotler that I am, I actually felt the need of a drink. I forgot what mothers are supposed to tell their daughters and led Horton to the Pink Splinter Lounge, where he immediately began to ply himself and me with liquor.

After three cokes, I really began to enjoy myself. The cigarette smoke was so thick I could scarcely see Horton at all. And since he didn't say much, except to gruffly hail the barmaid at regular intervals, I was left comparatively alone, with my coke, my thoughts, and someone's elbow in my back. I wondered about the elbow for some time until I realized that it was another girl's. Once in a while Horton emerged from under the table to



(Blind Date continued)

ask me if I wanted to dance. I did, but not with Horton. At this stage of the contest a tall, dashing stranger should have entered the arena. But as he didn't, I crawled over the tables to a newsstand outside the bar door and purchased a copy of this month's McGill's, which features the last chapter of an exciting serial involving rum-runners, a bubble dancer, and an army chaplain. I spent a profitable evening, catching up on my reading.

At twelve, Horton was forced to leave the lounge, and I followed, not wishing to pay my own taxi fare home. By this time, Horton, who had been grumpily stoical before, was now absolutely sulky (about the whole thing.) I didn't see much need for being my usual charming self, either. Even in the taxi, where I was forced by the war-time transportation problem to sit on his lap, Horton maintained a fummy glower. That was all right with me, because, after all, a girl can only stand so much.

When we reached home, I told Horton that he needn't see me to the door. I didn't think he could make it. Neither did he, so there was no argument. The only thing that irked me was the taxi driver's asking me if I didn't think I ought to see my escort home safely.

---Marjorie Powell English-25B  
SOUTH PACIFIC

Weeks ago, during furious fighting in the South Pacific, one of our ships was torpedoed or bombed and sunk. Among those fortunate enough to reach a lifeboat was one young Texan, who gave his life for four of his friends when he helped them into the boat and then, exhausted, sank. These lines are a tribute to his gallant sacrifice.

A screaming night, with sharp hours  
Brutally hacking at too many lives and hopes;  
Long shots of flame, and screeching shells,  
And howling, raging fury all about;  
Encircling all in hell, upsweeping  
Men and fire and wood  
In roaring, struggling heaps.

And there was one who watched the hell,  
Perhaps with fear.....but who would say?  
His boat had vanished, but for him  
There was a sort of safety in the shell  
That floated yet, through blasts  
And terrorizing arcs of flame.

Not so the four who struggled  
In the hungry clutches of the water.  
He saw, and on the sight, gave up his place  
To dive, and grasp, until he viewed it all once more,  
But only long enough to see the four were safe.  
Long after, then, the bright flames fondled quiet waves  
Above a hero.

---Flora Sagen, English 25b

## HYSHAM

Hysham is a town because it consists of various business enterprises and because it possesses people. But more than a town, Hysham is any town, in any nation in the world. The character of the town itself is as common as the people who inhabit it. Its beginning was humble; its future is not large; its existence is generous.

This is a town with prides. It is proud of the broad acres that surround it and of the men who till them. It is proud of its freedom from indebtedness, proud that it is a good business town. It finds itself forever moving slowly forward. Lots are cleaned, new buildings go up, new businesses come in. It can well be proud that as a small town it is not sinking, but swimming.

It is a town of hopes. Great stretches of land are not yet under cultivation, and even greater stretches not yet irrigated.

It is a town that receives one coolly. It watches and waits and discusses, then it accepts or rejects. There are people who are and people who aren't. It may deal cruelly with one of its numbers--ignore, chide, condemn and ridicule--yet no one suffers alone and friendless. Not in part but wholly, in times of trouble, sorrow or unjust accusation, it gives generously of its kindnesses and understanding.

In the two short blocks of "Main Street" are represented almost every line of endeavor by which man earns his bread. Those who pursue these lines are typical of their trade, typical of the world, cosmopolitan.

The butcher is a man who longed to be a doctor, a man of frustrated ambition, a man of fine tastes, an educated man. Typical? What man ever dreamed of being a butcher?

The doctor is a southern gentleman, child of decadent Carolina aristocracy, a man who initiated his career with nothing in his pocket but inherent culture and is terminating it with only the addition of unreceipted statements. That which he has known and lost in the intervening years has left him a slovenly, ironical-humored, lonely old man who refutes his claim of atheism by the continued pursuit of his profession and by his love of growing things.

The Slavic tavern keeper is a miner grown old too early. His solemn barroom wisdom colored by the heavy accent, his tender pride in his fine, robust children, his daily tour of the town accompanied only by his massive black dog, add warmth and intimacy to the pattern of small town life.

The grocer established his little general store on the lonely prairie. His supplies, tossed of on a train merely slowed at a spot indicated as the station, he hauled to his door in a wheelbarrow. The town grew up around him. He built the board walks. His family grew. His business grew. Some of the board walk remains. He remains, well-to-do, loved and respected, as much a part of the town as the town itself. His son carries on.

There is the hearty goodness of the county case worker, a native daughter who too many years already has borne the burden of an invalid mother, the care of a younger brother. Generously, selflessly, she has served her responsibility, her office, her community, but she dreams of a home and children.

To the hardware dealer can be applied in all truth the term "self-made." His is the story of an immigrant lad, homeless, penniless, un-

(Hysham, continued)

educated, who by a desire to learn, a will to do, has achieved no small success. His home, his family, his business are not small ones. Seventy years of climbing, falling, brutal, bruising life leaves his eyes still snapping, his laugh a boy's laugh, his feet still dancing.

In the old log shack, reputedly the first building on the "new" town site, the drunkard holds forth. A schoolteacher gone smithie, on some days he plies his trade with a clang and clamor pleasantly reminiscent of yesteryears; on others he may be seen, his fatness clothed in forge-smoked denims, his eyes focused determinedly ahead, his feet rising and falling as if he were walking on a void, making his ludicrous, drunken way to the butcher shop for ten cents worth of hamburger.

In the "dole town" on the east side lives Louie with his aged mother. Browed darker than his race warrants by hours under a blazing sun, wizened, wrinkled, his hand knarled and grotesque from the brutal use of them by hoe and beat-knife handle, Louie, the little Mexican, grins and lies and works and loaf's through life. He spoils kids. He showers gifts profusely. He loves perfume. He gets drunk. He's shamed. He gets in the way and stays there too long. Louie is typical of no one but "Louies" everywhere.

They are all here, the good and the bad and the indifferent, contributing, detracting or just existing. These are the people who inhabit this flat, sprawling little prairie town with its broad main street, its jumbled buildings, its rutted, crooked alleys, its muddy side streets, and weed-grown vacant lots. Across the rolling fields and pastures to the south rise craigy hills. Through the rich irrigated farmlands to the north, dirty, swirling, treacherous, runs the river. From this good earth the town finds its birthright, draws its sustenance.

---Pat Crum English 11B

## THE MAGNIFICENT BLACK

When I first saw the black stallion standing at the outer edge and near the front of the band of wild-range horses, I issued a low whistle of suppressed admiration and excitement. If ever there was a perfect specimen of horse flesh, this was it. I was close enough to see the strong layers of muscle resting easily on the black's chest, his long and intelligent face with eyes wide-set and observant. At one glance of his eyes and forward pitch of his sharp pointed ears, I knew that he was aware of my presence. He was waiting to see if I were something to run from, to be completely aware of, or to ignore. The sun's rays glanced off his coat making the satin-like surface shine like moon upon the water. He arched his neck slightly as he grazed along at some distance from the rest of the band. I judged him to be about two years old. At about this time the white leader of the group became aware of me and, issuing a loud neigh of warning, led his group away. The last thing I saw of my black beauty was his flowing tail as he sped easily past the other mares and colts to take his place at the white's heels.

All through the autumn days I caught glimpses of this band and the beautiful black colt among them. Always he was at the white's heels and when I spoke of this to some of the men, they "reckoned" he would be leader of his own band some day.

During the long winter months I never saw him again and I wondered if he would ever come back to our summer range.

It was about a week after the snow had melted in the early spring when I went for a ride around Badger Canyon and, as I suddenly came out of a wash-out, there before me stood Nero, as I had decided to call him. His head was up, with ears pitched forward, neck arched and every muscle in his body tense for the bound that would carry him out of danger. When I remained silent and still, he gradually relaxed, and went on drinking from the stream at his feet.

Nero was three years old now and at least eighteen hands high. His legs were slender for that type of range-horse and his hoofs were small, but strength and vitality could easily be seen in his broad back and lithe legs. Having drunk his fill, he suddenly nickered, then snorted, which caused white fountains of steam to burst into air, and suddenly with head down bucked away a few feet from the stream and settled down into a floating gallop over the roughest terrain. The coordination of each muscle was perfect as he raced across the slopes with neck arched, head high and tail and mane flowing. For a few minutes he was lost from my view. When I saw him again, he was leading his own band of horses to another spot of land for grazing.

As I continued to watch him I wondered what his fate would be. Would he be captured by some understanding man with enough sense to break him correctly or would a brute of a man get him and break him in such a manner as to put fear of man-kind into every fiber of his body?

The answer to that question I did not know for several years because I moved from that part of the territory and although I thought of Nero a lot and wished that I owned him, I never heard of him until a tall, raw-boned, grey-haired rancher from that district came to visit us. I hap-

(The Magnificent Black continued)

pened to catch him alone for a few minutes and I led the conversation to horses.

"Did you ever notice a black stallion of about eighteen hands roaming around that part of the country?" I casually asked.

"Did I ever see that horse? Jumping Jehosahaphat! I wish I had never seen that horse. Do you know he's got a band of mares in every section of the country? Do you know I've lost twenty in the last three years and all the other ranchers have lost some too. Thunder we call him because when his herd of mares comes running across the country it sounds like thunder and when you look out, there he is at the head of the band. Black as thunder clouds he seems to skim over the ground. Do you know every man in this country around here and even from neighboring places has tried to catch him but he has evaded all traps set for him. Most of the people don't mind too much his being around as the mares usually come home next fall and we get some dandy colts from them. Yes, that black is really a beauty."

Perhaps six years later I heard the news of Thunder's death. A band of mares and young wobbly colts along with Thunder were sheltered under an over-hanging rock during a heavy wind. Suddenly a loud roaring could be heard and Thunder shot into action; dashing here, nipping a flank here, he succeeded in chasing all the mares and colts out of danger of the loosening rock. Just as he paused on the out-skirts of the band, he heard a faint frightened nicker from under the rock and a little colt came out from behind a crevice under the over-hanging ledge. Thunder rushed to the little fellow's side and nudged him into action. The colt just did break free from the danger of the ledge when it started to move and huge rocks came rolling down. One rock struck Thunder on the head as he went rushing by and dazed him so he was unable to make it the rest of the way to freedom. The jumbled mass of dirt and rock completely buried Thunder.

--- Rae McGahan English 12B

#### CIGARETTE

The spark glows,  
The smoke is warm,  
But the ash lies  
cold so soon.

---Contributed

## MIND CONTROL

When I was a junior in high school, a hypnotist put on an exhibition in one of the class rooms before a small group of students. There was extra room, so our English class was asked, as an afterthought. One boy from our class volunteered to be the subject.

It was not the weird and mysterious process we had all read stories about. The man spoke quietly to Bob for a few minutes and then cautioned us not to make any sudden noise. Given careful instructions Bob wrote his name on the blackboard in the sprawling scrawl of a third grader and beside it the name of his current girl friend. When told that he was drunk and asked to walk a chalk mark, he swayed and stumbled realistically.

There was nothing confusing or unfamiliar in the show except perhaps the post-hypnotic suggestion that he kiss Dave, one of his best friends one minute after he woke up. As soon as he regained consciousness we crowded around him asking how he felt and if he knew what had gone on. For one minute he talked calmly and laughed when we told him what he had done. Then deliberately, as if it were not unusual, he walked over to Dave and kissed him on the cheek. "I just thought I should," he explained sheepishly.

Before the performance I felt, as did many of the other spectators, that hypnotism was a fake and looked upon it sceptically like a sleight-of-hand show. But we were thoroughly convinced after talking to Bob that it actually was a phenomenon of the mind. It could not have been a put-up job as we had expected it to be, for Bob was not in the psychology class scheduled to see the show, nor was he a good enough actor to fake convincingly as he would have needed to do.

In the last few years medical science has recognised hypnotism as a method of cure in many mental cases and it has come to be important in psychological cures in the war and has even been tried in an experimental fashion at the army hospital at Fort Harrison. When I went with a sociology class to visit the state mental hospital at Warm Springs we were told that research along that line was progressing rapidly and might be very helpful in some cases of insanity. The theory we were told that under hypnotism one could retrogress mentally to an earlier age and proceed from that age to the present in a series of stages by suggestion and possibilities for finding the causes of mental breakdowns. Also, the psychoanalysts had an idea, for which they had a good deal of evidence, that the mind has an almost photographic record of every hour of consciousness and that under hypnotism things which were forgotten by the active mind could be brought to the surface.

All of this introduces an idea that the mind has a great latent power which hypnotism is one method of uncovering and which, I think, will be one of the fascinating and significant fields for study in the future.

If in the mind there is some sort of record or memory of all the past of the individual, then this might account for many of the strange feelings known as hunches. Probably the gambler is best known for his hunches. One boy I knew followed the races continually and had a shrewd evaluation of horses. He made money slowly but fairly consistently by carefully studying the relative merits of the competing stables and betting only

## (Mind Control Continued)

when he was quite sure of winning. Yet occasionally he would get a hunch, a feeling so strong that he would throw aside good judgment and bet wildly-- and win. Often when he tried to decide what had prompted him to do it, he would remember some point in the horses favor or some incident which had not impressed him at the time but which had made the difference in the final race.

Hunches work for college students taking exams, too. They come in handy particularly in "short answer" tests where dates and names have to be filled in. Continually I have found that the first answer to occur to me is right although I may have changed it after reasoning the problem out.

When I ran the school paper last year I often needed to find one of the reporters or some student and when I looked up his schedule found that he was not in class. Skipping was such a habit that a student did not hesitate to stay in the building if he wanted to when he should be in class. Often when I found that some one I needed to find was skipping I would usually get an urge to leave the publications room and walk to some part of the building and there I found him. This happened so often and the timing was so exact that it does not seem to have been a coincidence. Perhaps I had seen him in that part of the school at that time before or had heard him say something that might lead me to believe that he would be there but I did not consciously think of it at the time.

Undoubtedly many incidents like these are purely coincidental, but such occurrences are frequent enough to be very noticeable and to lead to a belief in hunches which is stronger than most superstitions and seems to have more foundation.

It seems possible that the mind may have great undeveloped power along this line. It is obvious that some mental power called the "subconscious-mind" in psychologists lingo can have an effect on a sleeper. The common instance of waking just before the alarm clock rings is an example. Some people can "set" their minds to wake them at a certain time and be sure of rousing when they wish.

Another recognised ability of the subconscious mind is the power of bringing up other subjects when the active mind is concentrated. For example, when I am trying to think of a subject for a theme, often other things will come to mind without effort--verses of poetry which I had read years ago but never memorized or ideas for stories complete in every detail. I have read and heard of this happening to many people; in the Readers Digest some months ago an author wrote of how, when he was trying to think of steps in a humorous plot, complete plots for tragedies would suddenly present themselves. It may be that using the brain stimulates it to independent action.

Much nonsense has been written about mental telepathy and it has been brought so often into horror stories and used by quack mediums for spiritualism that it is hard to take the subject seriously; yet sometimes there are examples which can not be explained as anything but some more than normal interchange of thought.

Five-year-old Tommy who lived near us was very fond of Mrs. Jamison, a queer old woman next door and spent much of his time at her house. When she moved away he grieved and did not forget her. One morning several years later he told his mother that Mrs. Jamison had come to see him and told him that she was giving him a little house in Florida. His mother did not take this

(Mind Control Continued)

seriously until some weeks later when they got news that Mrs. Jamison had died and left a will dated on the day when Tommy had his dream. He might have heard her mention the cottage when she had lived next door, his mother thought, but she had not owned it then. The timing in this case could have been coincidence but other cases seem to lead some credence to the idea of mental telepathy.

A minister who had done missionary work in central Africa told me that the natives really had some system of mental communication from one village to another. It is a mystery to the white people he said but it is an undeniable fact that they can get news without mechanical aid sooner than the official stations learn it.

If this is true it seems that these natives have developed a part of the mind which we have not yet been able to control. How much of this is merely fabrication and how much of it is fact is hard to tell, for examples are hard to prove; yet there must be some basis for at least part of these super-normal powers. Perhaps hypnotism is one road leading to the further discoveries in the mind. The field of study of this type of thing will be increasingly important in the future.

---Agnes Regan English 12b

### RELIEF

I leaned back comfortably in my seat, and moved a little closer to the window, so that the last few rays of the fading daylight might reach the pages of my book. A genuine feeling of contentment and eagerness suffused me. I was happy with the whole wide world. Yes, I was finally on my way home. Strains of the negro spiritual "Goin' Home" weaved crazily through my brain, and even the clicking wheels of the train seemed to be beating out that tune against the shiny tracks. Yes, I was happy--happy not only because I was going home, but happy because I had left my prison of mountains behind me.

For weeks I had been harboring the desire to reach up and push the mountains out of my range of vision with a sweep of my hand--I was like an animal in a cage looking frantically for an exit. I felt "hemmed in" and wanted desperately to climb to the tops of the mountains, to see what was going on in the world beyond. "Or is there still a world beyond?" I questioned myself.

And then, traveling through North Dakota, it seemed to me that a giant blindfold had been removed from my eyes. My vision was no longer imprisoned by the hulking Montana mountains and endless plains were mine to see. I looked across the vastness of this earth, and stifled the desire to cry, "I'm free!"

---Miriam Weiner, English 25b

## WHAT SHAKESPEARE DIDN'T WRITE ABOUT ENGLAND

Shakespeare's England was merry England---merry England with its songs and dances, its revelry, and tingling, throbbing life, and general freedom from restraint. And Shakespeare's England was also one of restless change, controversy, persecution, turmoil, and the plague.

I have been impressed in my reading with one fact in particular: that Shakespeare seems, in a way, almost to ignore the most momentous facts of his time, and his work is much less colored by the events and conditions surrounding him than by his own imagination. The sordid England of his home found little expression in his work, gratifyingly enough.

I have said his was an age of change, and so it was--for England, first Catholic, changed to Protestant by the time of Queen Elizabeth's death, and when Shakespeare died, it was well on its way to Puritanism. The divisions of nobility, gentry, yeomen, burgesses, and common people were sharp. Favorite recreations were hunting, hawking, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, bowling, archery, and dancing. A colorful program, until the Puritans decided it was immoral. The highways, poor as they were, were filled with ballad singers, beggars, acrobats, and wandering players. London was still a medieval town, surrounded by a great defensive wall, guarded by the tower, and crowned by the cathedral.

It was during this time that rushes, too-seldom changed, covered the floors--even in Elizabeth's chamber; rank and odorous perfumes were introduced. London inns reverberated with songs and dancing.

At the same time, the changes were accompanied by religious controversy and persecution. Strife, debate, repression and turmoil held sway. It is an era generally recognized as one of peace and prosperity, except for the persecutions, plague, and occasional insurrections.

One cannot help but be impressed with Shakespeare's freedom from restraint in dealing with the classes and conditions, his buoyancy of spirit, and lively manner of interpreting his experiences. All of England was vibrating with rancous life and argument; yet he treated pagans, Catholics, and Protestants alike. He was untroubled by faith or ritual. His writing contains plenty of religious controversy, but remains singularly non-religious. He observed all classes carefully, for they're in his writings--the drunkards of the London Inns (Falstaff, for example); the yokels of Warwickshire (Dogberry); up to the finest gentlewomen of the land (Rosalind).

The reason for his untainted, unprejudiced style is found, I think, in one more of his countless triumphs--his triumph over incongruities, and his ability to translate his studies of the human mind into verse of immortal beauty. This ability came chiefly from one source--his decision to give his mind, not to any cause or party, but to a portrayal of man. It can easily be seen how his decision has increased and enriched our heritage from him, simply because he could sense the advantage of rising above the controversies about him, and was able to rise above them.

Thus he devoted his energies and magnificent talents, not to a cause which would be outworn and obscure in a few years, but to interpretation of man, a heritage which he left to all mankind, to last through the ages.

