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### Cub Tracks, March 1946

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

Harold G. Merriam

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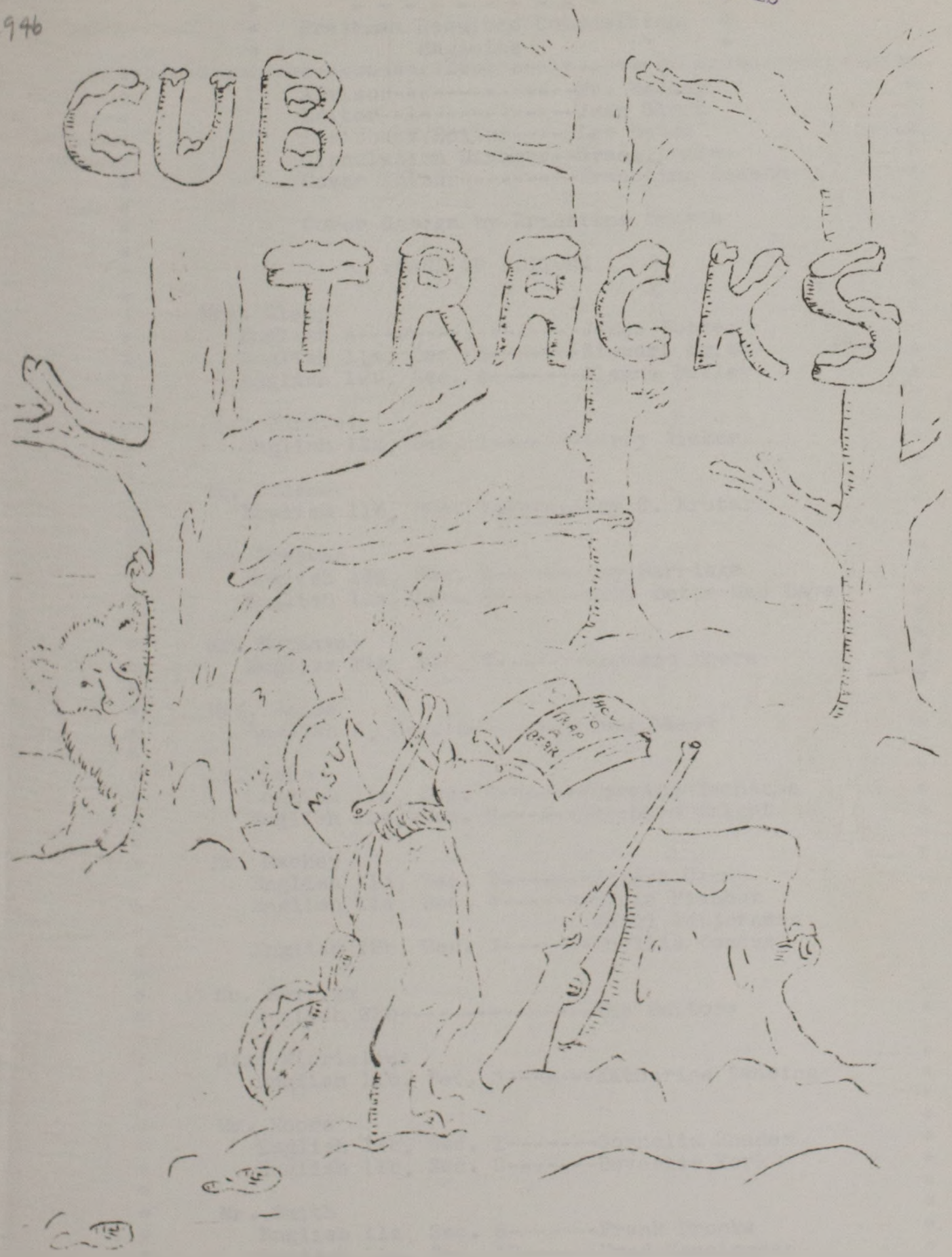
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ARCHIVES

# CUB

# INTRACKS





\* \* \* \* \* C U B T R A C K S \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* Freshman Required Composition \* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* Magazine \* \* \* \* \*

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\* M Y L A U N D R Y G I R L , R O S A \*  
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In my limited travels abroad I met few Europeans I could say I liked well enough to have for friends. There are a few, however, who still remain in my memory, and about whom I still feel curious. There was Antonio, the old Italian who cared for our shower room, a violent anti-Fascist and a true student of democracy. There was Mary of Trani, a voluptuous half-Italian, half-Egyptian woman who ran a sort of eating establishment in her home and occasionally introduced you to "a few honest, decent Italian girls trying to make ends meet". Then there was Rosa.

Rosa and her sister Anna took in the laundry of American officers stationed at the Air Base near her home town, Cerignola, located twenty miles from the "spur of the boot" in southern Italy. By their efforts, they supported their family of fifteen. This was not an unusual feat, however, despite the fact that at this time in Italy all the industries were closed and agriculture was at a lull. The only bread winners in the Italian family were the daughters of "eligible age" who were able to sell their beauty to the Americans, and the little brothers who shined shoes and steered trade to their sisters. But Rosa and Anna were not of this category. Similar to the nice girls of our country, they chose to earn money differently.

Even had Rosa chosen the more sinful path to financial advancement she wouldn't have done well, for Rosa was by no means a beauty. Being Italian she possessed all facial and physical characteristics that identify her race; cameo face, long black hair, short, voluptuous body that suggested warmth and passion. But she was not attractive in a physical sense. Rosa's real beauty was her magnificent personality, a personality that seemed to stream from her in gushes. Conversation with her was always an experience pleasant to anticipate. For in spite of the language barrier she could always understand and at the same time get her own points across. When I talked with Rosa I used a mixture of English and Italian words, a little Spanish I learned in high school, and exaggerated gestures prerequisite when talking to an Italian.

Walking down the streets of the town with my bag of dirt; laundry thrown over my shoulder, I met a ragged Italian urchin who said, "Hey Joe you want laundry done?" I replied "Si" and followed him to his home. In Italy this home was considered average; in America it wouldn't even rank with the lowest tenement. The house consisted of two rooms; a combination kitchen, living room, dining room, and storeroom. Directly above, connected by a ladder, was the bedroom. Here lived fifteen people or should I say, here existed fifteen people. I was received in a most hospitable manner, offered a chair, glass of vino (wine), and was assaulted with a battery of questions by Rosa who jabbered on whether answered or not.



A week later I returned with my Pilot and Co-pilot who brought their laundry. I received my clean clothes, the best job I had ever seen done in Italy. The hospitality was above par as usual. Weeks went on and every week it was the same thing, though with one appreciable difference. Invariably my laundry came back cleaner, shirts pressed better, buttons sewn on, and, above all, everything was there. Other men in my outfit, noticing discrepancies in their work, passed them off on the usual Italian shiftlessness.

This difference between my laundry and the others was noticed at once by my friends and I became the butt of many jokes and ribbings. Therefore I did a little investigating and found after a few questions that I was the favored one of Rosa. Rosa had singled me out as her boy friend so it was small wonder I was getting the excellent service. For in Italy every Italian girl had hopes of going to America and singled out at least one American whom she hoped would be her ticket there. Few, however, ever succeeded in getting even as much as a promise of reaching their goal.

Experienced at playing the game of knowing on which side your bread was buttered, I continued to take my laundry to Rosa's home, for not only was I getting special service, I was charged only one-half as much as my friends. Then there was the small matter of the wine, for, although there was an abundance of wine in Italy, good wine, like anything else of quality in Europe, was very scarce. Rosa's papa made an excellent vintage; in fact, the best I ever tasted.

Finally my golden moment arrived. I was to be sent to the States. I went to say my farewells to Rosa and her family bringing some odds and ends that I would normally have thrown away but which were worth one hundred dollars to the Italians. Elated with the presents, Rosa decided that this was the time to see if I would take her to America. Naturally I said it was impossible. She didn't seem disappointed, possibly because she had another opportunity on the string. However, I was presented with a bottle of the finest Kykiya (peach liqueur that I ever tasted, a great sacrifice for this poor family, one given only after a great deal of thought.

To sum up; the value of Rosa's friendship was more than the good wine and the good service. It was the meeting and knowing decent, honest, people in a foreign country where so many are spiteful, mercenary--or indifferent. For decent people are valuable friends anywhere, anytime, any place.

Richard Miller, English 11b

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There was an Airedale who was bound,  
To mimic a slinky dachshund.  
Although he had speed  
Like that of a steed  
He never quite dragged on the ground.

Rella Likes, English 12b, Sec. 3

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\* R A D O W S K Y ' S   D I L E M M A \*  
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For two weeks after classes had started I sat next to Radowsky, and neither one of us had spoken a word unless it was a casual "hello." During those two weeks I really studied him. I noticed everything about him, his big bushy eyebrows that contracted and expanded with each hard-won thought, and especially that confused and bewildered expression which seemed to be cemented across his ponderous physiognomy. Indeed, I thought to myself, this boy is really having a tough time, and a feeling of pity would creep over me. I knew that I would get a pretty decent grade, but every time I thought of poor Radowsky and the tedious hours that I presumed he must spend to master the lessons, my conceit gave way to a sensation of guilt. His big, deep voice would falter pitifully every time he was called on. It finally got so bad that I began to make small mistakes now and then so that Radowsky wouldn't feel too badly about being so far behind. Several times I offered to help him, but he would get a grateful look on his face and say, "Thanks, but I have to get this by myself." It was a sorrowful sight, since anybody with an ounce of brains could see that Radowsky would never pass the course.

As time went on, his verbal blunders became worse, and often while the rest of the class were studying on page two hundred, poor Radowsky would be frantically searching for some word on page one hundred and thirty.

The week before the mid-quarter examination he got to shaking his head before and after every lecture, and I began to imagine myself as rather cruel in the way that I had coldly observed his frustrations. For although I did not look down on Radowsky in a physical sense, I was aware that he would do well with a little more of the mentality which I prided myself in possessing.

The day for the mid-quarter examinations had come, and Radowsky crawled into the chair beside me, a tired and discouraged looking individual.

During the ordeal he kept his nose about six or seven inches from his paper, and by the look on his face I knew that this would be the end for Radowsky.

Two days later we got our papers back, and our professor announced that there was only one perfect paper in the class. Radowsky's. I received a grade of eighty-seven.

As I sat there shaking my head in bewilderment, I decided to look up that word on page one hundred and thirty.

Stewart H. Smith, English 11a, Section 5  
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The cool clean rain absorbed the indigo of his thoughts. V.L.B.

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The University, a center of yearning. E.A.



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\* T H E M A L E E G O \*  
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To start with, the five of us were very tired. None of us wanted to go, but our male ego was not to be brushed off so easily. The thought of an evening among co-eds at North Hall party abruptly rubbed away the weariness that clung to us from the night before. So there were five loud pairs of footsteps stomping through South Hall's corridors and down its stairway.

Our glumness quickly vanished with lively chatter of anticipation. Our male egos expanded proudly, and probably in our higher moments of elation a persistent little notion would hold the limelight in our thoughts. Could it be we were doing the girls of North Hall a favor? A vain thought certainly, but our male ego would not have it otherwise. This mood enveloped us and increased our joviality. As we turned the corner in front of the girls' dormitory, you could have seen a cluster of five faces under the lamp light. Not handsome faces, perhaps, but broad beaming facades splashed with smiles and soft wrinkles.

In this frame of mind our fingers assaulted the front door bell button. Our elation knew no patience. After several quick raps on the door we strode in boldly like conquering Caesars. Three steps into the front lounge of North Hall was the limit of our spearhead. We halted in unison to gaze dumbly about the room. There were no girls to be seen. Two of us stepped over to the dining hall door. Before we could push the doors open, two co-eds jerked them wide from the other side. Their stern countenances puzzled us. When one started whispering something hasty like "Get out...get out!", we blinked stupidly. Then the guttural voice of the house mother jarred us from behind.

"What were we doing?" Well we thought there was a party tonight. She confirmed this and added that we were early by an hour and a half. Her words rudely upset our male egos. As our thinking processes cleared we realized our egos had, unawares, exposed us to an embarrassing circumstance. Even our egos blushed. Now we had given the impression we were not gentlemen of punctuality but worse--our apparent eagerness labeled us as a species of wild animal.

Our egos gave no more trouble until we were shushed out of the Hall, then they rebelled. There were vile words of women in general coloring the air. Once or twice a desperate cry of "Murrills" penetrated the unexciting night. In ragged formation our mumbling quintet drifted up the steps of the Student Union building. Our egos were fighting hard to retrieve our good spirits of a moment ago. We forgot that we had just been told we were non-essential to their party, for D. W.'s ego started in another line of attack that enhanced us.

D. W. had noticed a large box of small hearts with name numbers on them near the door. We drew quick and accurate

conclusions from this observation. They intended to pair every boy with a co-ed as soon as he entered the Hall. Our male egos protested against being victimized in such fashion. We feared being stuck with lemons--as if we were a sweeter fruit.

During the hour and a half wait four of our egos subsided. We were humbled now and our weariness of the night before nearly led us into sleep. But D. W.'s ego knew no bounds. Vieing with the politician over the radio, D. W. easily bested him by pulling out the plug. As sure as we sat there in the main lounge, he argued, we were going to get stung tonight. It never fails, he continued and cited numerous examples of such affairs in his past to clinch his argument. When we set out again for the party our egos were more responsive to D. W. muttering.

We entered the Hall with wary eyes. The luscious sight of smiling co-eds lounging about on divans and billowy chairs, refired our countenances. We were all for it now. We no longer thought as a fraternal commune; we parted and went our separate ways among the girls.

After the first dance I chanced to remember D. W.'s exhortations. I glanced to see how withered a lemon fate had dealt him. There was D. W. with an unusually charming smile, with an equally charming Miss.

Our male egos were thriving.

Nick A. Kabalin, English 11a, Section 5

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\* S T U D E N T S   A N D   L A B O R \*  
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Are college students in sympathy with or opposed to policies of Labor? This was the question that prompted my poll on the present labor situation. A summary of the opinions received in questioning twenty students would indicate that, as a whole, the student body is opposed to labor's policies.

My poll included three questions concerning the present strikes and their remedy and effect on the nation. The twenty students questioned were men, predominantly veterans, freshmen and upperclassmen and were divided between fraternity and non-fraternity members. One girl included in the poll seemed so mystified and baffled by the questions that it was decided to exclude girls from the survey. Participants were asked three questions: "Do you or do you not think labor is justified in its present strikes? Are you in favor of or opposed to government legislation and intervention to prevent and end strikes? What do you think will be the effects of the strikes on the nation?"



A total of fourteen students, in answer to the first question, thought labor was not justified in striking, that its demands were unreasonable, that its methods were unfair, that it had little to gain. Four students thought labor was justified in asking for higher wages and better working conditions and that the present time was best suited for realizing this aim. The other two questioned expressed no opinion.

In answer to the second question, "Are you in favor of or opposed to government legislation and intervention to prevent and end strikes?" the opinions were more evenly divided, with twelve students expressing themselves opposed to government intervention, and eight in favor of some kind of legislation that would make more difficult labor's striking.

The answers to the third question, "What will be the effects of strikes to the nation?" brought a wide variety of answers, the most common being that strikes would hold up reconversion and production at a time when material shortage is serious. Another opinion commonly voiced was that a large amount of unemployment might well result in a disastrous depression. One person even went so far as to express the belief that a revolution might well result. Some other surprising answers developed from my questions and many lively discussions followed. During one of these discussions as to how labor's striking could be prevented, one ardent young fellow of capitalistic leanings stated that he "Would take all the ----- out and shoot 'em!"

As a whole, the opinions expressed in answer to my questions would indicate that college students are sympathetic to management and irked by labor's policies, that students' opinions vary greatly, and that, for the most part, students are rather poorly informed of happenings on the domestic front and that they lack opinions based on any great deal of thought. Their unfavorable attitude toward labor is probably prompted by the fact that strikes at the present time, through a shortage of goods, have a direct result on almost everyone. Also responsible for this attitude is the fact that students, training for entry into a professional field, feel that labor position in the world will have little effect upon their own position.

The student's lack of knowledge and opinions on such an important question as the labor situation is rather hard to explain, but may be understood when one takes into consideration that the amount of time spent in college work leaves little time for other reading. It is my opinion, as a result of this poll, that labor and management might do well to present their policies, aims, and the importance of the unsettled domestic situation to the public in such a manner that a larger percentage of people would become acquainted with the problem and form some opinion as to how it can be solved.

E. Gisley, English 11b, Section 3

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\* T R I P T O H A L L I D A Y \*  
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Whenever I hear of North Dakota I am reminded of a trip I made there while I was in the army. I had been stationed in Nebraska for some time and expected to be sent overseas within one month when I received four days' leave and also heard that my girl from Missoula had gone to Halliday, North Dakota, to visit relatives. Naturally I decided to go to Halliday. I succeeded in finding a map which showed that thriving metropolis, but the map showed no transportation whatsoever in a north-south direction, and also very poor roads. I had, however, decided to go to Halliday.

At eleven o'clock one morning I got under way by the only transportation available--rides I might pick up by hitchhiking. By dusk I was still in Nebraska and had had such poor luck that at times it looked as if I should turn back, but I had decided to go to Halliday.

As everyone who has tried hitchhiking knows, it is very difficult to get a ride at night, particularly in country that is almost uninhabited, so I began looking over a small town to see what I could promote. By being inquisitive I found a man with a car who was not very busy and succeeded in persuading him to drive me to the next town, about thirty miles away. Upon arriving at the next town I found it to be, as I had expected, not a bit better than the last one, so what could the poor man do but drive me to the next one. This process repeated itself--with the application of some persuasion--until we saw Bismarck, five hundred miles from the start of the man's thirty-mile drive. At this point I thanked him, whose name I didn't know, gave him fifty dollars, and let him go home. I should have let him go much earlier but I had decided to go to Halliday.

I thought my trip was about over so I took a room at a hotel. After taking a leisurely bath and putting on a clean uniform, I decided to call my girl to come to get me. The long-distance operator informed me that it was Sunday. I was not a bit surprised, so I told her I was sorry if I had caused her any inconvenience but I intended to pay for the call. Again she informed me that it was Sunday, and added in a hurt tone of voice that telephones in Halliday did not operate on Sunday. I couldn't believe this, but after being refused, I made an appropriate remark, hung up, and decided to send a telegram, as I had decided to go to Halliday.

My experience with the telegraph company was very similar to my experience with the telephone company, except that at the conclusion of this interview my remarks included my opinion of all utilities, and the town, and surrounding countryside. After this disheartening experience I went back to my hotel room, still believing that the whole thing was someone's practical joke, and waited for the only transportation available,



a local train that went one direction one day, waited over night, and went back the next day. Early Monday morning I discovered that this was the wrong day for the train but that the telephone had started to operate now, from eight to five, and finally got a message through. After spending so much time to go thirty miles as I had spent to travel six hundred and fifty miles, I won out. I got to Halliday.

F. B. Nyland, English 11a,

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\* THE FRUITS OF SECURITY \*  
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I've a life worth writing about, I suppose, if anyone has. Everyone thinks he has; though few will admit it. Mind you, I said writing about, not reading. There's quite a difference between writing of oneself and reading what others have written about themselves. I enjoy grouping words in a certain way and thinking of significant points and scribbling them and then looking at them afterwards. Down on paper, it's a little awesome and very wonderful. Reading other people's scribblings is different. What stupidity, what conceit!

The kernel of it is: I am very important to myself, and I know so little about me. There can be no greater wonder for any man than the wonder and discovery of himself. Am I selfish? Of course. Am I conceited? Most assuredly. Whom do I love and of what does this love consist? My mother, my father, and my sister are the three I love. This feeling is probably mostly habit with nearly equal parts of respect and admiration. It attaches itself to what is known, understood, and feels secure with, particularly the latter. I don't think there can be love, either Freudian or spiritual, without security; or perhaps I should say the prospect of security, of satisfaction or fulfillment.

I've had security most of my life. Much more than I realized up to a few years ago. Perhaps this security is bad. It produces little else but selfishness, not that selfishness is necessarily bad unless it's allowed to be. Recognized and controlled, it is responsible for almost all decent, human actions. On the credit side, then, security provides an opportunity for useful, selfish actions. I cannot claim to have done very many useful things. In fact, I'm hard put even to find a satisfactory definition of usefulness. I've lived my life so far for myself whenever security and society allowed it; nor, with a single exception, have I ever felt the restraint of these to a very large extent. That exception was the War, and this will be the only mention of it.

Security in a small town, a small and normal family, more than enough physical essentials, in the knowledge of perfect health and a full quota of intelligence: these are difficult to realize until they're lost. Perhaps I still don't recognize their full extent and have that in common with the rest of the population in the United States. However little it is recognized, though, its extent and quality shape us all.

This feeling, though I was only vaguely aware of it, gave a buoyancy to the air, a wisdom to the browning leaves, a sense of peace and gentle responsibility to the whole town as I viewed it one day in 1940. My mind was clear and as brisk as my walk. The windows in the high school sparkled benignly and deserved a flippant salute in passing. I went on to South Higgins Avenue contentedly and almost defiantly alone, prepared to rebuff any acquaintance who might not share my mood. There was something too rare, too lonely and precious to waste on a less receptive mind that morning. The trees, the sky, the very houses meant something which must not be ridiculed, or praised, or even discussed. I opened my mouth, my eyes, and a part of my brain in, I suspect, a slightly foolish aspect of bliss. Daly Avenue was aglow with elms and browning lawns. Sentinel was brooding quietly and shaking his pines to give the eager breeze an illusion of efficacy. And, if there is a God, he must have wished an archangel a very good morning.

I slowed my pace to fit the atmosphere. It was too early for much traffic, but an occasional car went toward Higgins and the offices downtown. Most of the morning papers were still on the porches becoming slightly damp. Farther south, where the houses were newer and less conservative and the scattered trees younger, the air seemed cooler and more alien. I began to lose a bit of my former ecstasy. Almost I wished there were someone else there, maybe to talk me back into my former mood. The nearer I got to the edge of the town, the higher the sun rose, the lower my thoughts became. Breakfast was needed--hot coffee and toast and a good book. That was a mile away and a half-an-hour's walk. I became aware of wet feet and misted glasses. The shortest way home was west to Higgins and north to Third Street. Buttoning up my hastily chosen jacket, I hurried back determinedly and hungrily. The magic was gone with the prospect of food, but why should I have thought of food? I was almost completely happy for a short while, and then it was gone.

I have never been able to explain these changes of mood. Is it possible that the mind automatically provides its own comic relief, switching it on when there are conclusions of tragedy on the brink of realization? But there has been no tragedy in my life. I resent it. There should be a reason for feeling. What is the justification for a thought of a mood, or does it need justification? Perhaps I alone am responsible for my thoughts and seek justification only for myself.

James A. Thompson, English 11a, Section 3



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\* FR U S T R A T E D B Y F E E T A N D W E N C H E S \*  
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I cannot now recall at what particular time of my life I first became conscious of the eye appeal of a shapely feminine leg. Certain it is that I was quite young, for I have watched with growing satisfaction several advancements in the technique of clothing the leg to enhance its design and beauty.

Scarcely aware of the time when the ladies wore conservative black ribbed cotton stockings that emerged only momentarily between the high topped shoe and the long dress as the wearer stepped into or descended from the surrey. I recall experiencing excitement at my seeing the first pair of silk clac gams.

The first silk stockings were not the glamorous two or three thread sheers of later years but a sheeny silk, close woven and heavy, very similar, if not identical to, the material used in a sailor's neckerchief.

Until I enrolled in the college course, Introduction to Humanities, I never suspected that it was probably for art's sake that I enjoyed the evolution that has taken place in the Hosiery Industry. If the statement by Robb and Garrison, that art attains its significance as a human experience giving direction and meaning to life, is correct, then I am free to assume that there has been an element of art in my experience. Prior to this recent nodding acquaintance with art appreciation, I was prone to admire the phenomena from the point of view of the scientific achievements that enabled man to produce such pleasing effects through the manufacture of that wonderful synthetic, nylon.

Reticences never having been a characteristic of mine, I found it a pleasurable experience to communicate my admiration to the owner of a fine set of pins glamorously arrayed in silk or nylon.

Although I have been told repeatedly that things are never the same after a man has been separated by war from his accustomed environment and that the ideals he dreamed about during his absence can never again be realities, I suffer a distressing frustration because the change has been so demoralizing.

The fact that some women on this campus are practically barefooted was brought forcibly home to me through a natural cause, weather change. Forced by slippery sidewalks to watch my footing, I was amazed to discover the various types of footwear that can be worn on a cold snowy Montana winter day.

What sight is more chill-inspiring than the great-toe protruding nakedly through the hole of an open-toed shoe, its only protection a coat of nail polish to hide its blush of embarrassment.

The reading-room of the Library is a wonderfully quiet place, ideally suited for day dreaming, reminiscence or study. What could be more distracting or nerve wracking than to be brought suddenly from oblivion to reality by the clumpity, clump, clump, clump of a pair of wooden soled shoes that momentarily changes a cute ninety-eight pound girl into the milkman's horse? If girls in their formative years wear gear on their feet that cause them to develop ungainly walking habits, how can they later develop the graceful doe-like gait of a finishing school graduate?

It is my honest conviction that the primary problem at this University is not Central Board's control over Kaimin, not, who shall finance the Mountaineer, not even the controversy of the Committee to Investigate the underlying causes responsible for the deplorable condition of the Tennis Courts versus the Maintenance Department but something vitally more important. It should be decided now whether women should or should not wear shoes while attending college.

If such practices are allowed to continue, the present trend of calf muscles and ankles to become sinewy and bulbous will be aggravated to such an extent that men of my particular type of art appreciation will be forced to turn to architecture for direction and meaning.

L. A. O'Connell, English 11b

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\* T H E I S L A N D \*  
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Although the sun has fallen below the horizon, a few transient rays remain to swath the jungle with violet shadow so that practically the only thing clearly discernible from the ship is the white, stucco Government House perched atop the promontory like a solitary sentinel. Here and there, thin columns of smoke drift upward to blend with the shadows as the troops on shore light fires in preparation for nightfall.

In a very few minutes, blackout will be announced, and it will be compulsory to go below deck. By dawn, the ship will have left the harbor for the journey to the United States. This is a moment to remember, to fix indelibly upon the memory to counterbalance all the loathing that this island has inspired.

Somehow, going home lacks the complete thrill that one had anticipated. This moment that has been a part of every man's hopes and dreams for the past three years is strangely confusing, as if one were beginning a new campaign for which he is neither prepared nor qualified. There on that island are the familiar things: soldiers, weapons, hunger, fear, hatred, friendship, and death-mingled in a pattern of life that one understands. But such things as rationing, strikes, and new enterprises belong to another world that, here and now



eludes even the imagination. How soon will one learn to ac-  
custom himself to this new life? Above all else, how will one  
reestablish a mutual understanding with the people there?

Almost imperceptibly, the wind has freshened so that the  
ship rolls gently and strains at the anchor chain. There is  
a low rumble of thunder accompanied by one, brief flash of  
lightning; and, for a moment, the island is again revealed  
in detail. Suddenly, one realizes that it is not the eye  
alone which is recording this picture. How long will the  
memory retain, in all its poignancy, the imprint of the man-  
grove swamp with its putrid, poisonous vegetation; treacher-  
ous, slimecovered sands; innumerable deadly insects and rep-  
tiles? Can time dull the recollection of the mountains  
rising almost vertically in some places, covered with trees,  
foliage, and vines that form an almost impenetrable barrier  
forever drenched by tropical rain so that firm footing is  
impossible?

A sudden gust of wind brings a few tentative drops of  
rain. Within a few minutes, everything will be obscured by  
a deluge that will continue unabated until dawn. Someone  
once said: "There is nothing on the island that will not suc-  
cumb to the rain, eventually." It is true. Nightfall merel  
tempers the almost unbearable heat of day. Chemicals never  
completely destroy the disease-bearing insects. Our troops  
wrest the enemy from his well-defended positions only to find  
that he counter-attacks again and again with seemingly inex-  
haustible reserves of men and materiel. But the rain crushes  
all resistance, in time.

Suddenly, one has a feeling of friendliness toward the  
rain. It is as much a part of one's memory as the island.  
Some day, the recollections that are so keen now will fade to  
be replaced by new faces and experiences; but as the hatch  
closes shutting out the night, one realizes that wherever and  
whenever there is rain, some portion of this moment will re-  
turn to mind.

Douglas C. Sheppard, English 11a, Section 5

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\* A CHILD'S CURIOSITY \*  
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Since Mrs. Curts, the Sunday school teacher, had explain  
that God was not only in heaven but all around a person, Gwen  
had tried to catch God unawares. She would stand motionless  
for a long time and then wheel suddenly to find nothing but  
the buzz and hum of the summer air--the same air that had  
been in front of her. After repeating these motions a number  
of times without success, Gwen lay on the ground and contem-  
plated the sky. That's heaven up there, she thought, and God  
is playing hide and seek behind those clouds; it must be nice

to walk on air and hide behind clouds. It was easy for Gwen to know which clouds God hid behind because those clouds always crossed the sun. It was easy to understand why she couldn't see God in the heavens. There were so many clouds to hide behind. She would lie very still, she thought, with her eyes closed, and when she opened them she would look to right and left and in front of her. He couldn't be in back of her because she was lying on the ground.

Gwen opened her eyes slowly and peeped cautiously to her left, in front of her, and slowly to her right. Her heart seemed to be jumping in her throat. Something was tickling her right hand. This time she would see Him. There in the palm of her hand was the largest butterfly she had ever seen slowly fluttering its wings as if to make sure that the beautiful orange and black coloring would be seen. Gwen had often tried to catch a butterfly and now, without even trying, she had one in her hand. She was too astonished to clutch at the lovely butterfly. As the flash of color flew from her hand, and lazily hovered above her, she wondered where such a beautiful thing had come from? She wondered who had made that butterfly?

Glenna Bailey, English 12 b,

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\* D E T R O I T \*  
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Picture twenty-five hundred Negroes crowded into a downtown theater, some of them jamming it in the aisles, others scurrying to and fro with cokes and candy, all of them vibrantly alive to the rhythm of a hot band and hotter torch singer. Cross currents of emotion run through the restless, surging crowd, starting and stopping with the band breaks. These are people out for a good time. They come from every section of Detroit's Negro town in every imaginable kind and color of dress...countless variations of pork-pie hats, peg trousers, and yard-long key chains; skirts three inches above the knee, sweaters stretched to the maximum, black mesh stockings, and spike heels emphasize the generous expanse of leg -- female sex emblazoned for all the world to see. Emotions are worn like clothes and changed as easily. Brawls, lovemaking, tears, and laughter, and conversing in the Negro idiom fill the theater with an undertone of crowd noise, offering distraction from the wild music. Flashiness, music, brawls, sex, and restlessness epitomize Detroit today.

It is a city of races, factions, contradictions. Good and bad elements of all America exist there in proximity. Theories of all kinds are born, tested, proved, disproved, used and misused. The impact of this turbulent community



touches the lives of all its citizens, dictating to some, obliterating others. It is a city of diverse elements thrown together, unwittingly working out America's destiny: on the integrated hell of the assembly line, in the slums of nigger-town, on its buses and streetcars, streets, hotels, brothels, and in the meeting places of its scores of religions. Black man and white man, engineer and sweeper, Henry Ford and John Jones--American...all live, love, and hate here in uneasy balance. It is a major American battleground for the sociological forces fermenting in this country. It has spawned and nurture great Americans and native fascists as indiscriminately as if they were one and the same. It is an American treasure house of skills and an American dumping ground for off-color creeds.

Detroit is Henry Ford and General Motors and Gerald K. Smith, and Detroit is American little-people.

Ford, tycoon of the auto industry, philanthropist, exemplification of Horatio Alger, the dominant force in Detroit. Although a bitter foe of unionism, his company has always taken the lead in paying higher wages, lowering prices, and achieving independence of suppliers. He has been one of the city's spark plugs, only one mind you, because this bustling, lusty town is no one-cylinder affair.

In sharp contrast to the giants of industry are the Gerald K. Smiths for whom Detroit is a happy hunting ground. Here they find audiences and followers. Preaching every kind of creed, they attract confused and discontented people from every walk of life.

Proving ground for democracy, Detroit has all the elements for a major test, but any comprehensive examination of so large a subject must take generations. Detroit is furnishing the material for decision. Race riot: ugly manifestation of man's inability to live with man; of his suspicions, hatred, and selfishness, and, most important, of his failure to make necessary adjustments. The breeding ground of fascism is hate, fear, greed, and intolerance in the individual. John Jones--American, good citizen and diligent worker, decries the advance of the Negro, the Jew, the Pole; has no thought that this is wrong. "Live and let live?" "Sure, but not here, send them back where they came from; we don't want no foreigners working with us."

This is Detroit: city of autos, of the hard reality of periodic employment and radical differences, of achievement, of degradation, of ceaseless change and progress--an American city of destiny.

Fred Hanningsen, English 11a, Section 10.

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Students slip-walk to eight o'clocks. E.A.

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\* N O S T A L G I A \*  
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Nostalgia is a hundred things. It's a snatch of a song, an old faded photograph, a certain word. It lies in dusty cabinets, attics, and musty closets. It comes to life on rainy days as it does on days when the sun is shining. At dusk it becomes a person's mind which goes back into the past to reach for an elusive happiness of then. That snatch of song you heard might have come from anywhere, it might have been played on some spring night when you thought the world was yours. It might have been the song you heard when you met a certain someone. That photograph has on it the impression of a time long long ago. Listen to your song some night when you are lonely and feel that something is missing. Listen to it and then think--that is nostalgia. Think of that face or scene in that picture and think again--that is nostalgia. It's a feeling that you don't want to face but still you want it for the tortured happiness it brings. The happiness it brings is a happiness that does not belong to the present and never will. That is what makes it tortured. Nostalgia takes you back into the dim almost dreamlike past to see old faces, old places, and laughter and merriment of another age.

Nostalgia is a disease that springs from a hundred causes, but has no cure. Songs are written because of it and men drink to drown it. It is nostalgia that makes little things like old pipes, rag dolls, pressed flowers priceless, for sentimentality is the kinsman of nostalgia. It isn't always the moments of sweetness and tenderness that are so dear to sentimental people but sometimes a remembrance and yearning for some exciting and riotous event in a man's life that comes to him often.

This is true of the ex-soldier or sailor, and for off places like Australia, the Philippines, Europe and others like them strike a cord in his heart. He thinks back to some muddy stinking island in the Pacific and sees a bunch of dirty unwashed men who were his "buddies". He thinks of them and then asks his question, "I wonder where they are now."--that is nostalgia. That thing that keeps the past living and wanted in a man's mind is both sorrowful and happy. It amounts to a reverence for those "good old days." I, myself, think back to somewhere and see faces and then I say, "I wonder where he is now, I'd sure like to see him again." I think this thought and then I say, "I wonder if I'll ever get back that ten-pound note I lent him in Sydney?"--That, too, is nostalgia.

Joe Pavelich, English 12b, Section 4

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Love doesn't wait for the calendar: it starts its own spring.

V.L.B.