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Light and Shadows 1955

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Light and Shadows
FOREWORD

With LIGHT AND SHADOWS, Volume I, Number 1, the English Club presents the writing of twenty-six FSTC students of 1954-55. It is hoped that other volumes will follow annually.

The entries have been selected from material submitted by faculty members as the type of writing they "would like to see more often." Other material has been chosen from the student entries submitted in the FSTC writing contest. Good work is never done quickly and easily but comes only after much revising. Most of the writing in LIGHT and SHADOWS has been through more than one revision when errors have been corrected and sentence structure has been tightened.

We are indebted to the Student Government Association, to Dr. E.B. Norton, and to Mr. R.C. Fuller for making this publication possible. Appreciation is due Mrs. Catherine Jones, Miss Gladys Shepard, and Mr. Albert Johnston for judging the titles submitted; to Bobby Scott for the title, LIGHT AND SHADOWS; and to Mrs. Irvin Mitchell for the cover design. Thanks are also due Mr. Rex Depew of the Mathematics Department, Miss Fannie Schmitt of the Library Science Department, and Mrs. Catherine Jones, Mr. Albert Johnston, Miss Mabel Owen, Miss Julia Neal, and Mr. Nicholas Winn of the English Department who have submitted writing from their students.

Recognition is due each of the following:

Selection committee - Ann Morrison, Chairman; Mrs. Cheri Shipper; Miss Julia Neal; Jimmy Davis; Catherine Frost; Betty Whitten.

Materials Committee - Bobby Scott, Chairman; Norma Lee Creel; Sue Frye; Jimmy Gargis; Shirley McDaniel; William Middlebrooks; Pauline Posey; Helen Reeves; David Robinson; Patsy Smith.

Typists - Maxine Campbell; Jimmy Gargis; Ruth Horton; Shirley McDaniel; Virginia McLaren; Bobby Scott; Betty Whitten.

Mimeographers - David Llewellyn; Jack Cannon.

May, 1955

Ann Morrison, General Chairman
Jimmy Davis, President of English Club
LET'S FACE FACTS - IT'S OPEN SEASON ON BACHELORS!

Let's face facts, men - it's open season on bachelors!
If the besieged bachelor is to emerge victorious in his battle for solitary bliss, he must either head for the hills or learn some mode of defense against his worthy adversary, the feminine gender. To know and understand the enemy is to be protected against her.

Realizing that the marriage-inspired girl has many lethal weapons to hurl at her objective, the male who prizes his freedom has several important facts to remember.

Firstly, the average girl thinks about becoming a wife long before the normal male dreams of becoming a husband. Unlike complex man, the average female has only one objective in life - matrimony. While in infancy she plays house: In adolescence, she dreams of her "Prince Charming". In her teens, she starts packing a "hope chest". Before she is twenty, she is scheming and dreaming of a life of "wedded bliss".

If she goes to college, you can bet your life it's not for an education. She is interested in only one subject - animal husbandry. And the poor unsuspecting male is the animal to whom I refer. The "Mrs." degree is much more preferable to the B. A. or B. S. degrees in the mind of the average woman.

Should the academic life prove unproductive, she becomes a sophisticated 9 to 5 career girl. Most of the time, however, the "career" which she has set for herself is landing a mate of some sort.

At social gatherings, and on dates, she may seem gay and carefree, but don't be taken in. Under the smile and the light laugh, she's deadly serious. She's making plans - big plans - life-long plans and they include a man. It may be you! Beware!

And as the years pass - as twenty turns into twenty-one - and then into twenty-two - the marriage-urge becomes more and more intense. Men in whom she has formerly shown little notice become more and more attractive. Her "hope chest" is quite full now and she thinks it is high time to bring things to their logical conclusion. Interest turns into concern - concern into anxiety - anxiety into panic! A single male is a bachelor all of his years; a single woman, after twenty-five becomes an old maid.

It is often suggested that woman is more romantic than man. I do not agree with this contention. Man is the real romantic. It is man who loves freedom, exploration, adventure, the conquest of new worlds, the search for new truths.
All woman wants is security - which is represented by a husband. She is willing to sacrifice man's love of adventure, freedom, and quest for truth in order to reach her goal. She will place nothing beneath her dignity in order to put herself in a more favorable light before her prospective husband. Her creed is "All's fair in love and war".

The second bit of advice is - never underestimate the adversary. You're most vulnerable to feminine wiles when you think you have the upper hand. Don't drop your guard for a second. When you start assuming that these truths apply only to other men's girls and not to the sweet young thing you've been dating, friend, you're practically a married man right now.

Face up to the problem squarely. Consider what's at stake. Take a long look at the sorry, down-trodden, forsaken, regimented husbands trudging down every woman-dominated street in this woman-dominated land. Do you want to relinquish your freedom forever by making one tiny mistake during a mental lapse? Check and see what these married men are doing when you're out whooping it up with a different gang every night. See how often the "little woman" lets them out for those poker games with the boys and weekend fishing trips.

Take a good look at all the men who have already fallen into the pit. Look - but don't bother asking their advice. Almost to the man, they'll tell you marriage is the greatest mistake of their lives. Even a man married 10 years has some pride left. Besides, married men want bachelors to get hooked. Misery loves company.

Armed with the basic truths you find discussed here, you may successfully evade matrimony during this open season on bachelors. In fact, you may even avoid wedlock and continue enjoying bachelorhood for the rest of your natural life. You may, but I doubt it.

Neil Glasscock
Writing Contest

ANNOTATION

Foster, Genieve

George Washington's World: illus. by the author.
Scribner, 1941. $3.50

Very readable story of the life of George Washington, which also highlights the lives of leaders in other parts of the world during the period of his life and shows the influences they had on the destiny of our country and of the world. It is an interesting description of the "one world" of Washington's era.

Imogene Green
Library Science 242
THE BOP

Once when you walked into an ice cream parlor, you saw boys in jeans, tee-shirts, and sneakers. You saw girls in plaid skirts, sloppy sweaters, and saddle shoes. You saw a group of youngsters sipping malts, laughing gayly, and dancing freely and easily to a jitterbug or fox trot. In short, you saw a group of happy, normal teenagers having a good, normal time. But now that Bop is sweeping the teenage population, a tremendous change has come about.

You can walk into the same ice cream parlor and you hardly recognize the customers as teenagers. The boys are wearing duck-tail hair cuts, pink dress shirts with yellow ties, brightly colored pants, and suede shoes. The girls are dressed in too-tight velveteen skirts, too-tight and too-loud sweaters. Practically everyone is dancing. But this is not the jitterbug or fox trot of before; this is an entirely new dance. The dancers don't seem to be having gay, happy fun; they look more as if they were performing some mysterious religious rite. They have a strained, consecrated expression on their faces, and this expression twists into almost a look of pain as they execute the fourth and most pronounced step in their dance pattern. To some of them the foot work is important, but others are performing extra body movements that are almost vulgar. But why this drastic change? What is the fascination of this new dance that has seemed to change the very personality of the young American?

Perhaps one of the reasons for the Bop's popularity is its easy rhythm and dance pattern. The music has a four-count rhythm with a definitely stressed fourth beat that even the dullest dancer can catch. The step pattern of the Bop is also simple. A step, step, step, BOP that is easy to perform and can be picked up by almost anyone. However, the Bunny Hop also had simple steps and an easy rhythm; yet it never gained the almost fanatic hold on the teenage imagination that the Bop has.

Maybe the Bop owes its popularity to its novelty. Perhaps like any other new fad it will catch and hold the teenager's restless mind for a fleeting moment and then pass into obscurity as something else new takes its place in his fancy. But already this new dance which originated not long ago in Birmingham, Alabama, has spread to practically all states of the Union. Recently my cousin, who lives in Portland, Oregon, mentioned the Bop in a letter; one of the girls in the dorm came back from a trip to Miami this fall all excited about the new Bop steps she had learned down there. I have just received a letter from a friend who is stationed in Texas. He asked me if I had learned to Bop yet and said "If so Mama, we'll really go wild when your Daddy comes marching home again." Not since the Charleston has a dance so affected the teen-age slang, dress, and actions.
It could be the room for individuality that attracts youth to the Bop. The rhythm and steps are so simple that after a little practice a couple of good Bopsters can make up their routines as they go along. This gives each dance a uniqueness. However, if it is uniqueness these youngsters are seeking they could simply give a new twist to the old basic jitterbug step.

Probably it is a combination of all these reasons that makes the Bop attractive. Its simplicity, its uniqueness, and its individuality all enable the young Americans to express their intense feelings. It allows them to let off steam. The average teenager today is more worried, confused, and wound-up inside than his elders suspect. The younger boys just escaped from the Korean war are now faced with possible enlistment against Russia. They are constantly battered with conflicting cries of "depression, depression" or "prosperity, prosperity" until they don't know what to believe or whom to trust. They see the suspicion and fear of communist plots, communist infiltration, and atomic power, hidden just below the surface of everyday living. The newspapers and radios constantly blast disaster, violence, and catastrophe into their minds and consciousness until they feel trapped and desperate with dread. It actually becomes physical when their stomachs knot up and their chests seem to close in and squelch the air out of their lungs every time they hear a news cast announced, or a news reel comes on in the movies. The boy, bringing with it the duck-tail haircuts, the flashy clothing, Bop slang, and sexy music, helps youth to release his tensions and to play the role of the irresponsible, don't-care sophisticate. His present philosophy seems to be "Let's do something if it's wrong" or "Let's have fun today, for tomorrow may never come."

Possibly the feeling of fear and uncertainty is the real reason the Bop has caught and held the flitting fancy of the adolescent American. Perhaps because of this, the Bop will not fade as swiftly as the Bunny Hop did. Maybe the Bop marks a whole new era of teenage behavior as the Charleston did in the 1920's. We will just have to wait and see.

Pauline Posey
English 341

ANNOTATION

Judson, Clara

LIFE AMERICAN; illus. by Ralph Ray.
Scribner, 1952. 12.50

Interesting story of Jane Addams, a frail young girl with an unending determination to help her fellowman; her school days, her college life, and her contributions to Hull House, which became the first neighborhood house in America.

Young people will enjoy this story of the bravery and resourcefulness of the heroine.

Betty Ivy
Library Science 242
PATIENT OF TIME

Yesterday---Today---Tomorrow. Around this pattern of time our whole lives are built. The aged live in the shadows of yesterday; youth lives for today alone; children live for tomorrow.

As the years pass, our outlook on life changes somewhat. The things which were once the sole reason for our existence are no longer important to us. Take Christmas, for example. As a child, I can remember how impatient I was for Christmas to arrive. It seemed to me that the twenty-fifth of December would never come! Hence, the expression "slow as Christmas", which I'm sure must have come from a child because to him, more than to anyone else, Christmas is slowness in the superlative degree. It seemed that I lived in constant anticipation of some event. No sooner had Christmas passed than I began to look forward to my birthday in May. After that I lived for the Fourth of July which meant a great celebration and family reunion at our house. Then it was "just a shake of a sheep's tail" until school opened. (Yes, I even looked forward to THAT -- Ah, the enthusiasm of a child!) Next I looked forward to the Thanksgiving holidays because after that it was only one month until Christmas again, thus completing my cycle of "Big Events".

But now it is different. Sure, we still have Christmas, but after the gifts are exchanged, the turkey eaten, and our pocketbooks emptied, it is no different from any other day. After weeks of preparation, we sadly realize that it is all over and it wasn't half what we expected it to be. I'm beginning to understand the truism that the planning and dreaming for the future constitute half of one's pleasure in life. I think I first realized this right after my graduation from high school. For twelve years I had been working toward that goal. "Ah, -- just to have that diploma", I thought. "Then I will make my mark in the world. Everybody will be clamoring for my services." But I soon came to the realization that I was no more important than the million of other high school graduates. That's why I am now in college.

It is interesting to note how our perspective changes as we grow older. There is no distinct dividing line between youth and old age. In fact, as one grows older the limit moves further and further up. My mother who is sixty doesn't consider herself as "old". She considers our next door neighbor who is eighty as belonging in that category. To illustrate my point: While visiting at my sister's recently I met the little girl who lived next door. She immediately wanted to know how old I was. "Twenty", I replied. "Are you married?" "No", "Twenty years old and not married yet?" she exclaimed. It was obvious that she considered me as a hopeless case, and I might have been offended had I not remembered that I, too, shared those convictions when I was her age. However, not that I am twenty, it doesn't seem nearly so old. Maybe it is like the old man, who lived to be a hundred, said when someone asked him if being a hundred didn't seem awfully old. "It's all accordin' to which end you're a lookin' at it from".
Another interesting point about time is how it makes the past seem beautiful and mellows even the unpleasant occurrences. I can see now that my high school days were, on the whole, happy ones. That chemistry class that I detested so much really wasn't so bad. Cecile and I did have fun running those experiments until the day he spilled acid on my dress and boasted that he had perfected a new system of air-conditioning. At that time, I couldn't appreciate his research work, but now I can laugh.

Time has always intrigued the writer, and there are many interpretations given to this inescapable element of life. It has been called a "Great Comforter." This is true in that it mellows grief as nothing else can. When my father died two years ago I thought nothing could give me relief from that terrible loneliness; to some extent, time has.

Time tends to reverse itself. When one is young, it drags; as one grows older it truly flies. What accounts for this? I think the answer lies within the individual himself. His attitude toward the past, the present, and the future. Psychologists point out that it is dangerous for us to live too much in the past of yesterday. But neither should we live too much in tomorrow's future. It is left up to the individual to make a satisfactory adjustment between the two. Perhaps this could be more easily done if we realized that "Today is the tomorrow we dreamed about yesterday".

Ruth Wilson
Third Place-FSTC-Writing Contest
Honorable Mention—Southern Literary Festival
Second Place-Birmingham News Contest

ANNOTATION

Kimbrough, Emily
Through Charley's Door; Illus by Olive Harvey.
Harper, 1952. $3.00

Delightful autobiography of a girl who began working at Marshall Field's back in the days when people thought young girls should do nothing but wait at home for the right young man to come along. Besides telling of her own career, she includes charming anecdotes of other people whom she saw day after day. The book is also, actually, a biography of Marshall Field's, and a good career story, as well. The humorous illustrations and the light style add to the comedy. Would be interesting to high school students and adults.

Sara Spain
Library Science 242
AUNT P'LINEY

There was something strange and frightening about the little white cottage. It looked silent and withdrawn. A shadow had settled over it. The shade at the window of my grandmother's bedroom was pulled completely down, and the others were nearly so. A numbness began to settle around my heart.

Mother's telegram had been brief: GRANDMOTHER ILL COME IF YOU CAN. Knowing how telegrams were associated in her mind only with major disasters, I realized the situation was serious and answered that I was coming.

The trip home on the train had been filled with memories of a diminutive old lady who was amazingly active and vital for all her ninety years. She had been christened Paulina, but to most grownups and to all the children in the neighborhood, my grandmother was known as Aunt P'Liney. This aged, Liliputian bundle of vitality had married a Paul Bunyan type husband who had died when I was but a baby. Mother often told me that while he lived Grandmother had been somewhat unhappy. But their lack of incompatibility had not hardened her. She had evolved a philosophy of her own. Born in other times, she would have made a remarkable queen, ruling wisely but with an iron hand. As it was, her attention had been confined to her children and, in time, to their families. They were her kingdom, and her word was absolute. She was the one person in my life whom I adored and from whom I had understanding as well as love.

When there were no longer any babies in her family, she devoted herself to her son, her flowers, and to her neighbors. In later years the iron in her had mellowed to gold. On evenings when she could be seen coming home carrying an empty bowl, she was unaware of the comments that she aroused behind the sitting room curtains of her neighbor's houses.

"There goes Aunt P'Liney and her bowl. I wonder who's sick down in that direction."

"Must be Mrs. Hood. She finally gave up to her back and went to bed yesterday, but I can't think how Aunt P'Liney knew."

"I couldn't say, I'm sure, but she always does. It just beats me, though, how she gets word of things so quickly."

Evenings when I would be sitting waiting for her when she returned, she would look at me keenly and then begin to talk rapidly.

"Come in and sit down a bit. I've been walking and I'll have
to rest a minute. Miss Hood lives down the road a piece took sick yesterday...well, I guess it's been coming on for quite a spell, but she didn't give in to it till yesterday. She's been right poorly, but she was better when I came away."

She would keep on without giving me a chance to say anything. When we were inside, she would ask quickly, "Had your supper?"

"Well, ...er...no," I'd hesitate.

"Then you just sit right down there and I'll have a bite for you in no time at all. I had a snack kinda early myself so's to go down to Miss Hood's before dark."

"But you said you wanted to rest."

"Never you mind that. 'Twon't take a minute. I can rest while you eat." This old woman with the strength of the pioneers about her would move with authority about the darkening kitchen. "Sakes alive, you do be a sight. I should think that mother of yours would fatten you up some. I've got an apple pie with your name on it that I just took out of the oven before I left. It orta be at its best right about now. Now you eat and stop lookin' so starry-eyed and peaked. Just remember, there ain't nothin' the good Lord can't fix, but it kinder helps to have your belly full of good vittles while we're waiting for Him to do it. I allus said I'd rather feed two hungry dogs as one that wasn't hungry. So get busy and remedy matters. And if that ain't enough, I reckon I can scare up some more."

I would almost chuckle at the thought of consuming all that food. Aunt Plinney would sit down opposite me and talk while I ate, her hands busy smoothing her apron or brushing imaginary crumbs off the table. After the first bite, a smile would settle on my countenance. Aunt Plinney had no need to inquire as to the quality of her cooking.

"Whew! That's more than I've eaten for months!"

"Do you good to fill up once in a while. You oughta come out a little oftener, and I'd soon put some fat on those ribs so's you wouldn't look so peaked."

When I had finished and we were going through the house to the yard, I would see the little string of Job's Tears and amber glass beads—Tommy's beads. Tommy was the cat, long dead. I had played with him and the beads, often breaking the latter. I never cared though, because it was so much fun to help Aunt Plinney restring them. I unconsciously picked up a cushion for Aunt Plinney to sit on while we looked at the sunset.

"Here comes the hummingbird," she'd say.

"Does it come every night?"

"Every night in the world. He has to come every night to see
that everything's all right and growin' the way it should. And if some night he failed to come on time, I'd feel like going out to hunt him up and see if anything was wrong with him. Do you remember Tommy, William?"

"Of course I do. He was the cat. I'll never forget him. Why?"

"Oh, I was just thinkin'. On evenings Tommy and I used to sit and look at the flowers like this. When he died, it was like losing a member of the family. I've known a heap o' people didn't have as much sense." Aunt P'liney sighed in the tranquil stillness.

"You love the sunsets, don't you?" I ventured gently.

"Of all the day this is the hour I love the most. When it's quiet and the birds are goin' to bed and the flowers smell so strong and the sky is so beautiful... it's peaceful then, and I don't feel tired any more. I've seen many sunsets. More, I expect, than you ever will. But there's never been any two alike, and it seems in some way or 'nother each one was more beautiful than the last. Sometimes I think they're one of God's greatest gifts to mankind. And it don't cost a cent to enjoy them. It just riles me clean to the bottom to see anyone who's too busy to give one even a glance, or that thinks it ain't worth while. When the time comes for me to go, I hope it will be at this hour of the day. To me it seems sort of like an hour of promise. The light is going and a period of darkness will follow. But the sun keeps right on shining, although we can't see it, and it never fails to return in the morning."

"Your life has been quite different from mine—we might have been born on different planets."

"We were brought up different in my day. Law me, Pap never would even allow us to play games on Sunday unless they had to do with the Scriptures. He was an awful strict man. God-fearing, he was, instead of God-loving! Why I recollect a preacher at camp-meeting once who jumped up and down and shouted his head off and preached what in them days was considered a mighty fine sermon. He said the Day of Judgment was so close at hand he could smell the brimstone. And he did pretty well at makin' the rest of us smell it, too. Nigh scared me to death. I know now it won't come while I'm here to see the fireworks with these old eyes of mine, which is sort of a pity. It'd be a right purty show, the way he described it."

As she talked, I gazed at her beautiful, strong pioneer hands folded in her lap. In spite of their years they were smooth and firm, still strong and capable, and they were beautiful in their strength. As I glanced surreptitiously at my own slender, white ones, unmarred by labor, it seemed incredible that the offspring of such a grand old oak should be such a puny sapling.

It was always late when I returned home from these impromptu visits with Aunt P'liney. Somehow her unperturbed serenity would hold me spellbound for hours.
When Aunt P'liney came to our house, she would always want music after supper. I'd play some records for her and she'd likely say, "I like to listen to good music, even if I don't understand it. I allus have, though this is a heap different from the hymnin' I was brought up on. Put on that yowlin' one."

"You mean the Lucia Sextette?"

"Yes, that's the name."

"Why, Grandma, you know you don't like that!"

"I never said I did. But I'm gettin' used to it. The first part ain't so bad, until they git steamed up, but the last of it still sounds a lot like cats on the back fence to me. Put it on."

When it was over she said, "Well, I guess I'm weakenin'. It ain't near so hard to take as it was. Mind, I don't say I like it yet, but it don't annoy me like it did, and I'm a-hearin' more in it than I thought was there. I want you to play that thing for me every time I come. That's supposed to be good music, and I'm a-goin' to keep on listenin' to it till I find out why. But that's enough culture for a spell. Play a little on the piano for me now. Then I'll have to go out to the porch and listen to your father tell me what's wrong with the country."

As soon as I'd finish playing, her manner would change and become brusque. "Now I've got to go to your father so he can get the national mess straightened out before time to take me home."

It had all come back to me in a rush, bringing a warmth. But now the sight of the still, white cottage chilled my very being. As I went into the house, I felt somehow that I had never seen it before. Yet everything was exactly as it had always been. Every object was familiar. The room seemed alive, filled with an atmosphere colored by Aunt P'liney's strong and vital character. On the wall were the little string of Job's Tears and amber glass beads—Tommy's beads.

There were people in Aunt P'liney's bedroom. Someone said, "Aunt P'liney, William's here to see you."

The faded blue eyes opened slowly, wearily, and then brightened. "Never thought the day'd come when you'd see your Grandma without her teeth, did you?" she said faintly.

I leaned forward and kissed her. "You'll be wearing them again soon, and skipping rope, probably."

"No, son. My old machinery's about run down. Last year on Mother's Day I got a pot of flowers for bein' the oldest mother in church. But I guess I'll let someone else have it this year." Her voice had an unfamiliar rasp.
"Nonsense. Remember, you're the only Grandma I've got, and
there's no place I can get one like you."

She thanked me with her eyes. "Would you wave the fan a
little, Son? It's stuffy in here." She spoke with difficulty.
Her hand, clutching mine, twitched slightly, then clung no more.
She sighed deeply and was still.

Aunt P'liney had gone away in the spring, just as she had
always wished. As I left the house, I took the amber glass beads
and Job's Tears from the wall, for I knew that Aunt P'liney would
want me to have them.

William Middlebrooks
English 341

IT'S FUN BEING A FRESHMAN

I think it's lots of fun to be a freshman. There are just
bushels of reasons for my liking the green life!

First, I like starting off all over again. I think it's a
grand feeling to just be beginning a brand new life, college. When
I was a junior and senior in high school, it was very dull to sit
around and to watch the wonderfully exciting life of the new, thrilled,
yet green, freshmen. When I really stop and think now, I guess I led
a pretty dull upperclassman's life then. But now I've got that
wonderful, giddy feeling of starting out with a clean slate into a
great new different life because I'm a freshman!

Secondly, I like the secure feeling of having older classmates
prepare the way. It's wonderful to know there's somebody who's
experienced and will help me with my problems. Maybe I'm lazy, but
I like to think about the others leading. When I was an old hand in
high school, there was always some leader or club saying, "How about
you seniors planning the dance since the freshmen are new?" or
"Becky, since you're a junior, would you mind being chairman of the
committee?" Now I'm a freshman and I can sit back and take it easy!

Thirdly, I enjoy the hectic teasing life of a freshman. I guess
this sounds pretty silly, but I really think there's lots of fun
wrapped in the life I lead as a freshman. Sometimes the teasing goes
pretty hard, but then if no one joked about my greenness, what a
character I'd be! "Rat week" was a mess, but I guess I'd have quit
college then if it hadn't been so very much fun. Also, registration
was mighty bad, but when my friends and I got together and wisecracked
about the terrible day, it was so funny I didn't even mind
my aching feet. When I get to be a dull old senior I'll be teasing
freshmen, but I think I'll really be the one who'll be missing all
the fun!

Finally, I like being a freshman in college because I get to meet
so many new people. Oh, yes, I know there are new people coming in
each year, but there will be old ones back, and I just know I'll never
meet as many new people as I have this first year. Because my dad
travels, it's always been my greatest desire to meet and to know lots
of new people. My wish had never been even halfway granted until I began this year. It’s fun to hear some outsider say, "Do you know Bill from the college?", and to be able to reply, "Yes." I find just lots and lots of satisfaction and fun in going home and chalking up a new friend or an acquaintance I made today. Yes, I think there’s nobody like a freshman, who can meet and can have so much fun in learning to know new people!

If people laugh when I say I’m a freshman, I believe it’s envy. I really believe no one can beat the fun that comes with being a freshman!

Rebecca Blair
Class Theme, Eng. 111

Vance, Marguerite. Lady Jane Grey, Reluctant Queen; illus. by Nedd Walker. Dutton, 1952. $2.75.

Marguerite Vance, noted writer of biographies of women, has done it again! We know her as the author of Marie Antoninette, Daughter of an Empress; Patsy Jefferson of Monticello; Martha, Daughter of Virginia, and other stories of women whose lives centered in some important events of history. Now, she brings to life the poignant story of Lady Jane Grey, who for nine days served as a reluctant Queen of England before she was sentenced to die for a crime of which she was completely innocent.

Mrs. Vance spent part of her young life in England, years which were packed with experience which later formed the background for Lady Jane Grey. She also studied numerous sources of the history of the English people, with emphasis on the Tudor period. Eighteen of these she has included in the list of acknowledgments in her book. She has always had an interest in books and a talent for writing, which she proves so adeptly in this story of the sixteen-year-old Queen.

The book has a magnetic appeal for twelve-to-sixteen-year-old girls. It gives a realistic feeling of what it must have been like to be a young girl of royal blood during the Tudor period; and, though the end seems bitter, Mrs. Vance skillfully handles it so that the young reader isn’t left broken-hearted, but finishes her reading with a feeling of satisfaction. The book contains wholesome romance, which contributes to one of the most important interests of young girls; and it presents history in such a readable manner that it would prove an excellent companion to a text on English history. It would doubtless leave a young student with a renewed interest in a subject which she might have otherwise found boring.

The book should definitely find a place in both small and large libraries, not only for its value in relation to the social, emotional, and intellectual needs of young girls, but as an example of good book-making. The lovely jacket makes a fine display item, one which invites a young girl to pick the book up and examine it more closely. The portrait in full color which is the frontispiece, plus the ten full-page black and white illustrations by Nedd Walker, enhance the story. Mrs. Walker, after studying Herbert Norris’s Costume and Fashion of the Tudor Period, has perfected the illustrations down to the most minute detail.
Yet, her pictures show a relative simplicity which matches the text. The type is of comfortable size and style, and the amount of white space on each page entirely adequate. There are a few words which, at first glance, might seem a bit foreign to a young reader, but since the context explains them, they tend to give added enrichment, rather than to detract.

I proudly join the critics in praising Mrs. Vance’s work.

Imogene Green
Lib. Sci. 242

NIGHT COMBAT

Like the tide at Miami Beach the darkness rolled in and settled for twelve, long, lonely hours. It covered everyone with a blanket of loneliness that is indescribable. The once beautiful trees were now no more than splintered remnants dotting the otherwise barren land. The once huge boulders were now small stones strewn by the explosion of artillery shells. The ever present wind stung one’s face like the slap of a hand on bare flesh. This was Korea at night.

Trying to find a position of warmth and protection was like trying to find a million dollars on the sidewalks of New York. I found a small ravine that offered little for warmth and for protection but seemed the best available. Hundreds of persons were within shouting distance, but a feeling of loneliness was shared by everyone. Among these hundreds were some of the enemy waiting for some movement enabling them to make us one less. Strapped across my back was a carbine, and a Thompson Sub-Machine gun lay between my knees. These weapons were my only companions for eleven more hours until dawn.

The wind continued to rush down my ravine like a flash flood after a huge cloudburst, and I began to look about for better shelter. To my left was a large section of relatively flat ground. To my right was an incline up to a rim-rock which would give me some shelter on the opposite side. The wind was increasing and my warmth was diminishing. Such a decision to move was difficult since the enemy was awaiting an opportunity. With nine hours remaining until dawn, my indecision was short lived with the thought of a warmer area on the other side. Human nature will prevail even on the battlefield.

Slowly I began to ease into a flat, crawling position and began to move up the slope, pausing every foot to look for “new” shadows and listen for sounds. Clearing the ground ahead of me with my free hand and carrying the machine gun with the other made crawling very difficult. With eight more hours of darkness to go, I was half way up the slope. Moving was a slow process while I was trying to avoid detection by the enemy.

I reached the crest of the ridge with seven hours left until the welcome daylight would arrive. I began to scan the lee side of the ridge for movement and in the process sighted a shell hole ten yards to my front. Seeing no movement I edged forward toward the hole. Having moved half way I suddenly caught sight of someone standing
beside a broken tree thirty yards to my right front. Even in sub-zero weather perspiration began to bead on my forehead. Wild visions began to run through my mind in expectation of what would happen next. Five minutes passed; nothing happened, but the object was still there swaying slowly. I then realized that blood was flowing freely from my lip which I had been biting all this time. I edged my machine gun into firing position, reached over and snapped the safety off. The sound was slight but to me it sounded as if a rifle had been fired next to my ear. I whispered a challenge to the unknown person, with no answer. I began to squeeze the trigger not knowing when the round would fire. The flash of fire and the deafening roar came at the same time as the gun discharged. I saw three or four rounds hit the body but it continued to stand. Again I began to squeeze the trigger and the process was repeated. Again the body remained upright but another gun fired at my position across the valley, tearing up dirt and stones ten yards to my left. I scrambled for the shell hole, never letting my eyes leave the standing object by the tree. Everything was quiet for a long period. When I looked at my watch, I saw that only one hour of darkness remained. The object became clearer as the sky became lighter and suddenly I saw it—a blanket, containing some six or eight neat holes, hanging from part of the limb.

Fear and loneliness are the most difficult things to overcome in night combat. They sometimes cost one his life.

George Chambers
Eng. 112

WHAT IS A SHARECROPPER?

A sharecropper is a hardworker, a wanderer, and a ne'er-do-well. He lives in the other fellow's house, rents the other fellow's land, and plants and harvests the other fellow's crops. He has nothing to call his own but a frowzy wife, a passel of scrappy young'uns, and a few meager garments.

In the early spring, he begins industriously preparing the land for planting. Carefully he clears away the corn stalks and cotton stubbles, breaks the ground, and lays off the rows. Then he sows the seed—carefully and hopefully—for these will grow and do well, and in the fall he'll buy a mule, or pay down on a small tract of land, or he might even buy a car. All through the spring, he dreams, as he plows and hoes the crop, of the things he will buy in the fall when the crop is gathered and sold, and tells himself and his family, "I'll do better—lots better this time."

When the crop is laid by in the summer, the sharecropper looks for a job cutting timber, or cutting hay on another farm. He does not want to work in the town mills, for he "ain't got no clothes fittin' to wear in town." This money from the timber cutting or hay cutting will buy groceries, so that his wife can use the few garden vegetables to can for the coming winter.
When the harvest is ready, the sharecropper quits his temporary job, and he and his wife and the kids work from day-break to sundown so that the crop can be gathered before the fall rains set in. He keeps the kids working hard by promises of bicycles and dolls. The wife longs for the promised dress, but works silently. At mealtime the cans of vegetables, meant for later use, are taken one by one from the shelves.

Then the crop is sold. The sharecropper is joyful—five hundred dollars! Of course the land owner gets half, but that leaves him two hundred and fifty. The bank gets a hundred and twenty-five that he borrowed to make ends meet before the garden stuff was ready—but he still has a hundred and twenty-five. All the kids need shoes, and the wife says the littlest one just has to have a coat. They'll have to move again, too, because the fellow who owns the land is going to sell out, so there'll be the move bill.

Now he has to begin the search for a new place to rent. He'll have to hurry, too, before the weather gets so bad. It'll be hard to get anybody to lend him a truck when the dirt roads get muddy. And too, his wife is going to have another kid pretty soon, and she "Really oughtn'" to be out in the weather. There'll be a timber cuttin' job to look for, too, when he gets settled—or maybe he'll have to make homebrew, because most of the timber has been cut out around close.

"But why didn't I do better this year?" he wonders as he fingers the few coins and bills in his pockets. "I done more work this time, and the land was consider'ble better than last year's. I thought I had ever'thing figured out. Oh, well," he shrugs, as he sets out to look for new land. "I ain't in too bad a fix. And anyhow, I know somehow I'll do a lot better next year."

Alma Cochran
English 341

Baker, Louise
OUT ON A LIMP. Whittlesey House, 1946. $2.50

Louise Baker has presented her life as a uniped in such a manner that no one could possibly feel sorry for her. At times her hilarious descriptions of her tennis matches, her trip to Europe, her first lessons on walking with crutches, the many friends she has made, and her life with her husband on a lonely Arizona ranch make the reader actually feel as if he is the one to be pitied for the two legs which make him miss all the fun of being a uniped.

The reader is given an incident-by-incident account of Miss Baker's disability from the time she woke up in the hospital with "one foot in the grave" until she had become an established author. The good days and bad days are all treated in the same light, airy manner. She realized that there were bad days and recognized them as they came, but refused to let them defeat her. This would be the perfect book to give to some person who has a handicap, whether it be more or less severe than Louise Baker's. Perhaps no other book could buoy such a reader up as this humorous autobiography would. Sara Spain, Lib.Sc. 242
A Sonnet to Poetry

Now barring travel we can easily go
Through air, o'er sea, on land to visit free
With many heroes dead and gone; or see
In nature beauties really rich to know,
And learn of power held by winds that blow.
We feel the rapture wrought by love's decree,
And see the things emotions seem to be.
We find in nature, time, and man a show.
With words as records we in little time
Can delve in love, at nature look; in rhyme
Sublime a man may ride the roads of fame;
For words of beauty, pow'r doth all proclaim;
And these, set forth in richest writing modes,
Are found compact in sonnets, epics, odes.

Fred Culbreath, Jr.
Writing Contest

"That Which We Call A Nose..."

Nothing of the facial anatomy is so fascinating to me as the nose. One can observe a great deal about a person by studying his facial features, especially the nose, as it is the focal point of the face. The study of the nose is a captivating subject in itself. It can be the most prominent feature of the face or the most overlooked, depending on its size, shape, and color. It averages about two inches long, forms a slightly rounded angle of about fifty-five degrees, and varies in color from sometimes a brilliant scarlet in the summer to a pale pink in the winter. There are many types of noses. Some are pug and flat; some are long and lean. There are haughty noses and humble ones.

Pug noses are often characteristic of persons who are often subjected to having their proboscises punched. As some minor sage once remarked, "A gentleman and a pug nose is a contradiction in terms." A pug nose reminds one of a hog's snout with its upturned tip and flattened underside. They are usually possessed by men who are frequently engaged in physical conflicts like football players, boxers, wrestlers, longshoremen, and thugs. It is interesting to note that among the ancient Hebrews, a flat nose was considered a blemish. In the book of Leviticus, men with flat noses are forbidden to sacrifice burnt offerings to God.

A long and lean nose may indicate superior intellect. Napoleon once said, "Give me a man with a good allowance of nose...; when I want any good head-work done, I choose a man—provided his education has been suitable—with a long nose." There have been many great people in history who had rather long and lean facial appendages. Some of them were Napoleon, Alexander Pope, William Wordsworth, Alfred Tennyson, Disraeli, Lincoln, and of course, Cleopatra. Pascal wrote, "Cleopatra's nose: had it been shorter, the whole aspect of the world would have been altered." There are men now living who are famous for their long and odd-shaped proboscises: Bob Hope,
Senator McCarthy, and Jimmy Durante are only a few. Edmon Rostand created the personification of a large nose in the lovable ham, Cyrano de Bergerac. In this play, Cyrano exclaims, "A big nose is indicative of a soul affable, and kind, and courteous, liberal, brave, just like myself." This may be true, but as Thomas Fuller pointed out, "He that has a great nose thinks everybody is speaking of it!"

The color of one's nose may indicate inebriation, shortness of life, or just too much sun. Artemus Ward, the nineteenth-century wit, wrote of drunkards, "Their noses blossom as the lobster." And, although we often speak of blue noses as people who are rather puritanical, a blue vein across the nose is supposed to signify a short life. There are also noses like mine that are enblazoned in a bright red by the sun every summer.

The nose is a very expressive part of the body. We refer to a haughty and snobbish person as one with "his nose in the air." There are the prudish "bluenoses." To toil daily is to keep one's "nose to the grindstone." And a "nose of wax" symbolizes a person who is easily molded or influenced.

However, regardless of the size, shape, or color of one's nose, (to paraphrase Shakespeare) "A nose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Roderick Davis
English 112

MY SCIENCE COURSES—HOW I DISLIKE THEM

My dislike for science began in the fourth grade when we studied astronomy. The teacher would go into great detail in explaining the solar system to us, but no matter how much detail she went into, I couldn't understand. Maybe my not liking the teacher had something to do with my not liking science. I just couldn't get it into my thick skull how many planets there were or which ones had rings around them and which ones didn't. The whole class must have been having trouble because the teacher hit upon the bright idea that if we drew the solar system, it would be much, much clearer for us all. So all of the aspiring young artists (and some who weren't so aspiring, particularly me,) took their paints and brushes in hand and attempted to paint the solar system. Well, this just made me dislike science that much more because, besides not understanding the solar system, I couldn't draw it. I'm afraid that a course in astronomy wasn't a very good one to start off my science career, but I doubt that any other would have been any easier.

The next science course that dealt me great pain was my biology in high school. I thought that by the time I reached high school I would be better prepared to understand any science that I had to face, but it seems that I was wrong. The first day I walked into class, the teacher began talking about something of which I knew nothing. This didn't discourage me too much because I thought that surely before long we would come to some subject that I knew a little about, but my hopes were in vain. The year passed and we never came to a subject that I understood. Another part of that course which bothered me dated back to my first science course. I had to make drawings of cells, animals, plants, and
and many other complicated structures which tried my patience severely. We weren't allowed to trace, yet the drawings were expected to be letter perfect. Poor, untalented me! I was just out of luck. The only way I passed the course was to make good grades on the written tests. The only way I made these good grades was to memorize the material, and the minute the test was over I forgot all I had learned.

My present science course sends cold shivers over me whenever I think of it. All of the talk about conjugation, mammals, paramecia, and phylums isn't as strange to me as it was in high school, because at least I have heard it before. Even though I thought I had forgotten everything I heard in high school biology, it all comes seeping slowly through my mind as it is discussed in my college biology class, but just as I think I'm beginning to learn something, off we go into something much more detailed. One of my biggest troubles in this science is keeping up with the instructor in note-taking. She flies along giving notes at a rate of forty or fifty words a minute or so it seems and I lag behind, taking notes at the rate of about twenty or thirty words a minute. This makes me lose an average of about nine hundred words per class and puts me terribly behind. My other main trouble is finding objects under the microscope in lab. I'm terribly slow at working with a microscope. It takes me fully a half hour to find the object and by the time I have found it, everybody else has just about finished drawing his. I am truly living for the day when I can sell my biology book to some poor, unsuspecting freshman and walk away with a light heart and a light brain.

Maybe my dislike for science stems from the idea that I'm always expected to draw and I can't draw, or maybe it comes from my not being able to understand the material. I think the solution to my problem would be a science course that requires no drawing and has a text that is written in a simple, down-to-earth language.

Sara Spain
English 112

LeSuer, Meridel
Chanticler of the Wilderness Road; illustrated by Aldren A. Watson. Knopf, 1951. $2.50

A combination of folklore and history, the book contains humorous incident as well as daring adventure in its portrayal of the honest and courageous Davy Crockett as he made his way through the wilderness and on to the Congress of the United States.

Imogene Green
Library Science 242
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Imogene Green
Library Science 242
MEMORY

It seems a desecration and a tragedy, old home of mine,
That strange, rough hands that never knew your warmth,
The comfort of your weathered walls, should pull you down.
When I am dead, you fall; so much goes with us:
The dusty, silent furniture, the paintings dark with age,
Far more, the small grey ghosts that walk your halls.
Through memory's eyes and ears, the people I once loved return—
My puritanic grandmother, my father, stern-lipped, laughing—
eyes,
And he of whom I cannot speak—his shadow with me to my death.
Their hands brush mine where gather ghosts of days—
Quiet days at home when happiness was like a cloak enfolding me,
Days in a whirl of parties, and so many days of loss.
The swish of my new dance dress, too wide for the stair,
Mixes with footfalls, running eager, growing ever slower.
Remembered music swells; the waltz I danced with him
The night we parted; violins, Mother's piano, my canary
(A year ago he died, the last voice in the house save mine).
The ghosts of dreams slip by, too late by now to weep.
My dream of love walks with the ghost of what I was, whose feet
Ran out to life, to turn back quiet and sad to the sure past
And to the knowing that, while I live, what I love can never die.
Ashes to ashes; dust to dust, when life is done.
But what becomes of memories when the rememberer is gone?

Mary Lewis
Second place- FSTC writing contest
Honorable mention- Southern Literary Festival
First place- Birmingham News contest

Wright, Anna Maria (Rose)
Room for One More; illustrated by John V. Morris. Houghton, 1950. $2.75

A mother relates experiences in bringing up three foster children, two boys and a girl, along with her own three. A warm and inspiring account of waifs whose new mother and father sweated over them and loved them into good citizens. A success story of courage and wisdom, with no nonsense, but plenty of fun. Everyone who has been a child will find himself in this book, and parents will feel they have found a new friend in Mrs. Rose.
A Small Town on Saturday

Early Saturday morning there is very little stirring in Bucksville. You could enter a cafe and find only the waiters sweeping the rough plank floors or dusting the knife-marred tables. A policeman would probably be sitting on a stool along the counter sipping a cup of coffee and muttering to the cook.

As the morning grows later the pedestrians, in ever increasing numbers, begin to circle the courthouse square, the only business block in Bucksville. The parking places along the streets begin to fill up. The crowd on the sidewalks grows until people are squirming past each other and interweaving like maggots in a dead rat.

The girls usually walk in groups hoping to be picked up by some boy they like. Sometimes, however, they are still walking when night falls, for the boys, driving around the courthouse block in cars, pick up only a few lucky girls.

On the north side of the square a small group of old men gather for the day. They sit on nail kegs, empty drink cases, or anything that is handy. The ground around their feet is speckled with tobacco juice. Now and then a policeman walks by checking parking meters. He's a rough cop with his lower lip stuck out. His belly overlaps his wide leather belt. Occasionally the squalling of car tires draws his attention.

On the courthouse lawn a crowd has gathered to hear a minister bring a message. Now and then you can hear an outburst of words over the loud speaker he is using. In the stores the sales clerks are selling goods and making change.

At one o'clock the theater opens and the crowd pours in to see a cowboy movie; and to cheer the hero. When the film breaks, as it usually does, there is an outburst of shrill whistling. When each show is over, the boys stand around in dungarees and talk about the serious problems the hero faced. They tell what they would have done. They start swinging at each other pretending they are fighting.

By this time most of the cafes are crowded, and if you enter, the smoke burns your lungs. The juke box is playing hillbilly music at full blast. People at the table crumple a cigarette stub and drop it into damp drink bottles. The pin ball machine snarls and grinds. One person plays it while a group of people stand around, trying to get the ball into the proper hole by holding their heads this way and that. Finally, when the last ball is spent and the machine gets a good shaking and kicking, another person tries his luck at the machine.

These activities gradually cease as night falls.

At dark you find that the streets are not crowded and hardly anyone can be seen walking around. Most have gone home. Others have gone to a skating rink or are just riding around in a car.

At the skating rink there is very little parking space. When you go inside, you find that there are more spectators than there are skaters. The onlookers just stand at the rails to watch the people skate around and around, never lifting their eyes unless someone new enters the door.

Because the floor is very rough, there are a lot of falls. When the showout falls, everyone laughs. The badly worn record player sounds like an old victrola instead of anything else.

Sometimes there is a fight or a free-for-all. Drunks, who sometimes come to the skating rink, cause a confusion and often leave looking like something that has been run through a sausage grinder.
Now, that we have a new sheriff, there is seldom a fight. The skating rink remains open until the skaters are exhausted and the spectators are dizzy; then the party breaks.

The town is again partially filled by the country people returning from a movie at another town or from parties or rides. The cafes are still open but gradually the sleepy-eyed customers leave until there is no more than half a dozen. Then the cafe closes and you are pushed out into the street.

You get into your car and leave the town. On your way home you notice that everywhere the lights are out. But you know next Saturday will be the same, and the Saturday after that. I'm glad I have something else to do.

Samuel Graham
Writing contest

ANNOTATION

Wheeler, Opal

Hans Andersen, son of Denmark; illus. by H. C. Pitz. Dutton, 1951. $2.50

A delightful story-biography of the humble man who was the son of a poor cobbler and became the writer of stories beloved over the entire world. Includes six of his best-loved tales.

Written in simple, flowing style, the book describes Andersen's humorous, loving personality and the situations which caused him to write his stories.

Children from first to sixth grades will enjoy this tale of their well-loved favorite.

Illustrations emphasize Hans's carefree life.

Kay Gamble
Lib. Sci. 242

Stewart, Anna Bird

Young Miss Burney; illus. by Helen Stone. Lippincott, c1947. $2.50

Interesting, readable account of this outstanding figure in English literature, revealing the strict social customs of her day and other influences of her childhood, and their effects upon her writing. Much of the information is taken from her diary. Suitable for junior and senior high school students, especially in a study of English Literature.
Construction problems have always been favorites in geometry. From the days of antiquity, the solution of mathematical problems by geometric methods has been a challenge. During the reign of the Greeks, however, when geometry was reaching a peak in its development, several problems were still unsolved by Euclidean construction methods. Of these unsolved problems, perhaps the one that has attracted the most attention is the attempt at angle trisection. Every year many solutions are sent to colleges and universities by would-be angle trisectors. The purpose of this paper is to show, in general, that the trisection of an angle is impossible, under the restrictions imposed by the Euclidean hypotheses; namely, that only an unmarked straight edge and a compass may be used.

It must be kept clearly in mind, therefore, that the present proof is concerned only with the constructions in which such a straight edge and a compass are the only tools. Consequently, the straight edge may not be used for measuring distances. Deviation from Euclidean construction naturally invalidates the proof. For example, Archimedes devised the following method for trisecting an angle:

Let an arbitrary angle $\theta$ be given. Extend the base of the angle to the left and construct a semicircle with $O$ as center and with an arbitrary radius $r$. Now mark two points $A$ and $B$ on a ruler so that $AB = r$. Keeping $B$ on the semicircle, slide the ruler into a position such that $A$ lies on the extended base of the angle $\theta$, while the edge of the ruler passes through the intersection of the terminal side of the angle $\theta$ with the semicircle about $O$. With the ruler in this position, draw a straight line making an angle $\theta'$ with the extended base of the original angle $\theta$. It is seen at once that $\angle AOB = \angle OAB = \theta'$. Consequently,

\begin{align*}
(1) \quad \angle OBC &= 2\theta' \\
(2) \quad \angle BCO &= 2\theta' \\
(3) \quad \angle OAC &= \angle OAB = \theta' \\
(4) \quad \angle ACO &= \angle OBC = 2\theta' \\
\end{align*}

and

\begin{align*}
(5) \quad \angle OAC + \angle ACO + \angle AOC &= 180^\circ \\
\text{Furthermore,} \quad (6) \quad \theta' + \angle ACO &= 180^\circ \\
\end{align*}

Finally, from (3), (4), (5), and (6), we obtain $\theta = 3\theta'$. The trisection is thus effected by non-Euclidean construction, since the straight edge was marked.
Returning to the consideration of the possibility of a Euclidean construction, we may note that every ruler and compass construction consists of one or more of the following operations:

1. Connecting two points with a straight line.
2. Finding the point of intersection of two lines.
3. Drawing (about a point) a circle with a given radius.
4. Finding the points of intersection of a circle with another circle or with a straight line.

Given a line segment of unit length, it is possible to construct, with a ruler and compass, all rational numbers which can be obtained from the unit by the processes of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. The number field so obtained, which we shall designate by the symbol $F_0$, is "closed" with respect to the rational operations; that is (excluding division by zero), the sum, difference, product, or quotient of any two rational numbers is a rational number. By the application of the Pythagorean Theorem the elements of the rational field $F_0$, all of which are Euclidean-constructible, can be embedded in an extension field $F_1$. This is done by selecting any number $k_0$ of $F_0$, extracting the square root of $k_0$, and constructing a field of numbers of the form $a_0 + b\sqrt{k_0}$, where $a_0$, $b_0$, and $k_0$ are in $F_0$ and $\sqrt{k_0}$ does not lie in $F_0$. Similarly, $F_1$ may be embedded in a third field $F_2$, the latter being obtained from $F_1$ by constructing numbers of the form $a_1 + b\sqrt{k_1}$, where $a_1$, $b_1$, and $k_1$ are numbers from $F_1$, but where $\sqrt{k_1}$ is not in $F_1$. Repeating this procedure, it is possible to reach a field $F_n$, after $n$ adjunctions of square roots.

It is now seen that all elements of $F_n$ are algebraic numbers. The numbers of $F_1$ are roots of quadratic equations, the numbers of $F_2$ are roots of quartic equations, and in general the numbers of $F_n$ are roots of equations of degree $2^n$ with rational coefficients.

**DEFINITION:** Constructible numbers are exactly those numbers which can be reached as above by a finite sequence of extension fields; that is, numbers which lie in a field $F_n$ of the described type.

On the basis of this definition, it may be seen that roots of a general cubic equation with rational coefficients cannot be reached by the extension procedure described above. Consequently, we may state the

**THEOREM I:** If a cubic equation with rational coefficients has no rational root, then none of its roots is constructible, starting from the rational field $F_0$.

With this information, it may be demonstrated, in general, that the trisection of an angle with only an unmarked straight edge and a compass is impossible. Certain angles can be trisected with only these tools (e.g., 90° and 180°), but for a general method to be valid, the proof must hold for every angle. Therefore, the non-existence of a general method will be proved if it can be demonstrated that the 60° angle cannot be trisected as above. This we now proceed to do.
In order to reduce the problem to the consideration of an algebraic expression, consider the trigonometric identity

\begin{align*}
(7) \quad \cos 3\Theta & = 4\cos^3\Theta - 3\cos \Theta \\
(8) \quad \cos \frac{\Theta}{3} & = 4\cos^3\left(\frac{\Theta}{3}\right) - 3\cos \left(\frac{\Theta}{3}\right)
\end{align*}

or

\begin{align*}
(9) \quad 4x^3 - 3x & = a
\end{align*}

and further let \( \Theta = 60^\circ \), so that \( a = \cos 60^\circ = 1/2 \). (9) then becomes

\begin{align*}
(10) \quad 8x^3 - 6x & = 1
\end{align*}

The problem is now reduced to the construction of any root \( m \) of (10), where \( 0 < m < 1 \), since \( \cos \Theta \) must fall in this interval.

To show that this construction in general cannot be accomplished, it must be proved that any root \( m \) of (10), where \( 0 < m < 1 \), is an irrational number (THEOREM I). If the transformation \( y = 2x \) is now applied, (10) becomes

\begin{align*}
(11) \quad y^3 - 3y & = 1
\end{align*}

If there exists a rational number \( y = r/s \) satisfying this equation, where \( r \) and \( s \) are relatively prime positive integers, then we have

\begin{align*}
(12) \quad r^3 - 3rs^2 & = s^3 \\
(13) \quad s^3 & = r(r^2 - 3s^2)
\end{align*}

and

\begin{align*}
(14) \quad r^3 & = s^2(s + 3r)
\end{align*}

Since each member of (13) is divisible by \( r \), it is seen that \( r \) and \( s \) have a common factor unless \( r = \pm 1 \); similarly, examination of (14) discloses that \( r \) and \( s \) have a common factor unless \( s = \pm 1 \). Thus, as a consequence of the assumption that \( r \) and \( s \) are relatively prime, the only rational numbers which can satisfy (11), and thereby provide solutions of (10), are \( \pm 1 \). Since neither of these values satisfies (11), the equation has no rational roots. Consequently, (10) has no rational roots, and the non-existence of a general method for the trisection of an angle by Euclidean construction is proved.
BIBLIOGRAPHY


Anne Frank, THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL. Doubleday, 1952. $3.00

A portrait of a thirteen-year-old who, with seven other Jews, hid from the Nazis from 1942-44, in Holland. Anne tells a story of the noble spirit of the persecuted Jews in an intimate way, revealing the intelligence and rich resources of her inner life. Eleanor Roosevelt's introduction of the book appraises it well: "It is one of the wisest and most moving commentaries on war and its impact on human beings that I have ever read." Adults and teen-agers will have a rewarding experience in reading this book.

Kay Gamble
Lib. Sc. 242
LUCK

Just like I was tellin' Ruby Martin the other noon over the fence, that Mabelene Hester can just as well not get snooty with me. Why, I knew her when she took in washin' so that no good husband of hers wouldn't have nothin' to do all day or night but sit around and peck on that rented typewriter of his'n. It wouldn'ave been so bad if he'd ever sold anything but all he ever got out of it was the excuse to stay up all night so he could sleep half the day when decent folks was up doin' a honest day's work. And that Mabelene - she thought she was too good to mention a word about how hard she was workin' or if she was feelin' bad or about all the things she wanted that she was havin' to do without. Why, one time I spent the whole mornin' hangin' up clothes over at her house so I could get a chance to talk with her, but instead of her tellin' me about her troubles and that shiftless husband of hers, the first thing I know she's asked me about Joe's ulcers and I end up tellin' her the whole works: how me and Joe's always fussin' and fightin', and about my headaches and that pain Joe gets in his back while he's just sittin' around home. Of course, all that's because my Joe goes out and does an honest day's work everyday instead of just whittin' away his time like that husband of hers.

I'll have to admit my Joe started off just like Mabelene's husband but I straightened him out but quick. In fact, me and Momma both told him right quick after we got married that either he quit foolin' around with that drawin' and designin' board of his'n and bring in more money than he was, just rough carpenterin' around, or I was goin' straight home with Momma. And Momma told him my Poppa, rest his soul, gave up his silly ideas about engineerin' and went on into construction work and if he hadn'ave fell off that bridge he'd made a whole pot of money and Momma wouldn'ave had to live here with me and Joe.

But gettin' back to that Mabelene, she just plain didn't have any self-respect at all. I've even seen her go to church with that husband of hers and her in one of my old dresses she'd got at a rummage sale. I mean she sat down on the next to the front row, too. I never was so embarrassed in all my life but she was so busy holdin' hands with that no count husband of hers that she didn't ever notice me starin' at her.

And Sunday evenings instead of stayin' round home or settin' out in the yard like the Lord intended for people to do, her and that husband would press right down the middle of town, holdin' hands in public and walkin' mooney-eyed down through the middle of town. I guess it's no wonder the young folks are goin' wild these days, neckin' and all such stuff as that. Why you wouldn't catch my Joe and me doin' no such stuff. My Joe wouldn't do nothin' like that out in public. Why he won't hardly kiss me in front of Mother, much less walk down the street holdin' hands like two silly kids.

And talk about bein' a show-off, that Mabelene is the world's worst. Why when Jane Parkers' husband got hurt and had to stay in bed for a month, Mabelene was down there the whole time takin' care of the kids and she even went so far as to have some groceries delivered down there,
but she wasn't foolin' nobody but herself. Everybody knows that they ain't got no money. With that sorry loafin' husband, she couldn't have any. Come to think of it, that time Jane's husband got sick was the only time that husband of Mabelene's ever worked at all and then all he did was work as a helper under my Joe.

Why my Joe said he couldn't saw a straight line, but he always had a new idea of how a wall ought to be put up or a roof laid. Imagine him just a helper for a month and already he was trying to tell my Joe better ways to do somethin' my Joe had been doin' for nearly twenty years. Of course, Joe started workin' a long time 'fore we got married.

Like I was sayin' a while ago, just because that no-count husband of hers finally sold some of his stories and bought her a fur coat and that funny lookin' modern kind of house out in the edge of town, she needn't get snooty with me. Why if my Joe had just been as lucky as them, he'd a done twist or maybe three times as good.

Robert Morris
First Place - F.S.T.C. Writing Contest
Second Place - Birmingham News Contest

WHY I LIKE TO PAINT

Ever since I can remember I have enjoyed drawing and recently the painting fever struck me. For a while I tried to work with water colors, but I never seemed to get the feeling of it. Now I am sure oils are my proper medium. To stand before a canvas smeared with color that a short time before was gleaming white gives me the feeling of accomplishment. Although the picture may not be a masterpiece, I feel as if I had recorded part of myself on the canvas. In painting a picture I can express my ideas and emotions with more vividness and feeling than by any other means. When I make the finishing strokes at a composition and stand back to admire it, I can truly feel as though I have gained something.

The best way that I know of to be completely lost to the whole world is to paint. When I get engrossed in painting nothing can disturb me. Although I have never skipped a meal because of my painting, I can go longer than usual without eating and not let it bother me. To me painting is the most complete form of relaxation I know. There is very little physical effort involved in painting and yet a great deal is being done. By striking out at the canvas I can rid myself of any grudges or ill feeling that I may have, and when a session of painting is finished I have a new, refreshed feeling.

I enjoy everything about painting. I like to mix the colors, and sometimes I will sit for hours just mixing colors. I like the smell of the pigment mixed with oil and like to play with it, making little splashes here and there over the canvas. Even the rags that I use to wipe away excess and smeared paint look good to me. I like to feel the thin handles of the brushes and see the wide slash made by a broad or the tiny pin-points of a small one. I like the way that a mistake can be
either wiped away or corrected by another coat of paint. If I don’t like one painting, I can paint an entirely new one over it. To me trying out new techniques is an adventure. I enjoy using wild stabs or delicate lines and even applying the color with a palette knife in making a design.

For me painting is a very enjoyable hobby. I like the feel, sight, and smell of oil painting, and the feeling of relaxation and accomplishment that I get from painting.

Doyle Pace
Class Theme, English III

The Things I Carry In My Pockets

My pockets are always stuffed. This habit of loading my pockets with odds and ends has caused my mother to spend many hours restitching pockets that were ripped either from too heavy loads or from hands going in and out. My pockets have held the usual child’s collection of nails, gum-drops, and spools. But there have been other things in my pockets, and these have changed as my ambitions have changed.

When I was a child of five and one-half and lived in Memphis, Tennessee, I was determined to be the city’s first female traffic cop. I greatly admired the big blond cop who directed traffic from 4 until 5:30 o’clock. I was determined to grow up as nearly like him as possible. For weeks I carried whistle, a junior policemen’s badge (coating two puffed wheat boxtops and a quarter), and a pair of rusty fruit jar rings wired together for handcuffs. I spent most of my play hours directing traffic, which consisted of my three and one-half-year-old brother on a tricycle and a four-year-old girl from next door, in a kiddy car, back and forth through the living and dining rooms of our apartment. I wrote dozens of traffic tickets on a “filled-up” grocery pad, and almost drove my mother crazy blowing my whistle and yelling stop every time anyone walked through the house.

When my family moved from Memphis to Phil Campbell, I started to school. Immediately my plans for the future changed. I forgot my ambition to become a traffic cop and decided to become a teacher when I grew up. Soon my pockets were filled with crayons, pencil stubs, and a pair of empty spectacle frames which I wore in private. I knew all teachers wore them because Miss Anderson, the only teacher I knew personally, wore them. She had a peculiar habit of peeping over here with one eye when they slipped down crookedly on her nose. I practiced this art for many hours but could never seem to get quite the same effect of sternness and authority.

It was in the fourth grade that I decided to become a movie actress when I grew up. Then I carried empty lipstick tubes, cut-outs of my favorite stars, and an empty mascara case in my pockets. I shall never forget the day my sister caught me “making-up” with the mascara case and at the same time telling an imaginary maid that she would simply have to make excuses for me because I had already promised Mickey Rooney (my hero of the hour) that I would attend a ball to be given in my honor with him. I was teased about balls and Mickey Rooney until I hated the sound of
them both. That ended my ambition to become a star.

For the next couple of years I made dozens of career plans. Among them was the ambition to be an airline hostess, a nurse (this when I read the Sue Barton series), a foreign missionary, an engineer, and an astronomer.

Then came my next big ambition. By this time we have moved to Florida. Florida soil is infested with sea-life fossils so I decided to become a geologist. As I went to and from school everyday, I filled my pockets with rocks. In the afternoon when I got home, I would empty my sagging pockets and pick out the best ones for my collection which I stored in cotton-lined boxes. Before my interest began to fade, I had boxes and boxes of them. I still have a couple of boxes of the best ones in the attic at home. Among them is a snail I especially treasured. The whole organism had turned to stone and had broken loose from the original stone in which it was imbedded. While I was on fire to become a geologist, I read books about rock formation and the earth's structure. I studied soil samples and rocks, and I made excellent grades in geography.

Then when I was in the tenth grade I had my first course in biology. I decided this was for me. I would devote my whole life studying biology. I collected bugs, leaves, built an aquarium, and kept everything in my room from frogs to o'possums (this donated by a friend whose mother refused to conserve wildlife in her living room). My pockets were filled with bottled bugs or lizards and my books filled with pressed plants. However, the day my mother found my frog in her meal bin, we had a housecleaning. I had to release all my frogs, give my o'possum away, throw away my bug collection, and empty my aquarium. The fish had died anyway and it had begun to smell a little. Mother worried constantly because my room was such a cluttered, tumbled place and because I wasn't interested in more feminine pastimes.

The very next year though she became worried because I became too interested. At sixteen, I fell in love for the first time, and wanted to be nothing more than a wife and mother. I carried recipe clippings in my pockets, sketched house plans in my note books, read childcare books and almost drove Mother mad trying to learn to cook. I even begged her to let me order a sex manual from True Confessions. I argued that a girl of sixteen who was thinking of marriage really should have the facts. But she set her foot down and said that she could supply all the facts I would need for a long time to come.

The day I saw Dan holding my best friend's hand in the lunch line and realized that she had been close by every time I had seen him for the past day or two, I decided that married life would never be for me. I decided to live alone and write tragic love poetry that would bring tears to the eyes of all who read it. This didn't last any longer than it took me to forget Dan and find someone new to pay for my Friday night movies and to whisper to the other girls about.

During my senior year in high school I had many conflicting plans. Not knowing exactly what I wanted to be, I dragged out many of my early
ambitions and examined them over again. At last I decided to start to college and major in Business Education. Now came the hard part of deciding where to go to school. For many weeks my pockets were stuffed with leaflets and catalogues from different colleges and universities.

Now that I am in F. S. T. C., I find that my pockets are fuller than ever. They carry pencils, fountain pens, protractors, change, and of course my meal book, which is always in my "other" pocket when I get to the chow hall.

Pauline Posey
English 341

NOW AND THEN

Now, while I am young, impractical, light-headed and frivolous, I want, most of all, to date the young man who can cause me to have the most fun. I would be more likely to enjoy myself if he were clever so that he would keep me laughing; if he had a car so that he could take me to Ramon's, the Pig Trail, the Joy-lan, and all the other right places; if he were good-looking so that I could enjoy the envious glances of other girls; if he had enough money to buy tickets, Valentine candy, gas and rose bud corsages. These unimportant things are the first things I would look for in a date. Of course, he doesn't have to have all of these qualities. For instance, if his looks aren't wonderful, they could be greatly improved by his driving a red '55 convertible.

Later, when I am more mature and serious I shall look for the really important qualities in the man I choose for a husband. It won't make a great deal of difference whether he is Tony Curtis' twin brother, or whether he has the wit of Bob Hope, for by then I will have realized that looks are not important, and that beauty is only skin deep. My dream husband must be trustworthy and wise so that I can trust him to make the wise decisions, and so that I can rely upon his judgment when it comes to choosing the bank where we will save our money, the type of friends we will have, and naturally, the correct way to drive a car into the garage without knocking both sides and the back down. It won't matter whether he is rich or poor as long as he is ambitious and is not content with just living, but will want to do more, see more, and have more than just an ordinary person. His ambition will cause him to make enough money so that we can go to operas in Italy, ballets in France, so that we can ride richsha in Japan, and ride camels along the Sahara Desert. I want him to be a Christian so that we can live together and work together for something we both believe and have faith in. I want him to be self-confident as well as courteous for if he has confidence in himself and respect for himself, he will treat me and everyone else with that same courteous respect. Then I can always be proud of him and proud to be his wife.

These things I want from a date now and the things I want from a husband later are entirely different. The first are trivial, superfluous characteristics which can't make me lastingly happy but can only
cause me to have what I want now—a good time. The qualities I want in a husband are below-the-surface, basic qualities that can make two people live together happily for the rest of their lives.

Pat Berry
English 112

WHAT I EXPECT FROM MY GIRL

Girls! My, what a funny lot they are. Just as I seem to begin to find out what is going on, they change. Men these days just don’t have a chance with the young girls, for they are so fickle. However, my own girl must be, and in fact is, different from most young things that "flit" around. Never since the day we met has she altered her affection. Each day she takes more interest in all the aspects of life that affect me.

I always expect my girl to be aware of my presence no matter where we may be. So many girls completely ignore the man who brings them flowers and introduces them to new people. Nothing makes a man more uncomfortable than being slighted, and I expect my girl to perform me even though there may be more interesting men present. I want her eyes to see only me, and if my tie needs straightening, to straighten it.

My girl must be responsive to my particular brand of humor. This is no problem as you will see by an incident of last week. As I turned out the bedroom light and said, "Go to sleep," she laughed in my face.

One of the more important things I expect my girl to possess is personal pride. In this particular respect, we are having a little trouble. You see, she likes to take her shoes off, and seemingly has no qualms about where she is when she does it. I must admit that she has lovely feet, but I do expect a young lady to wear shoes in public. Another problem arises when we go to an affair which requires the wearing of a hat. We do not at all agree on how she will wear it. The style is unimportant to her; the problem is how she will wear it—if at all. She keeps pulling it down over her ear or too far back on her head. My girl is beautiful even in her wrinkled dress, but I do like for my pride and joy to be neat and especially in company. This seems an utter impossibility with my girl, who at times in her eagerness to make us understand that she loves our company, spills something on her dress. Especially is this true when she is drinking.

The last point of importance concerns my need for a deep and understanding love. Every man has a desire deep inside him to be loved not for money or material things he possesses, but for himself. I could ask for no more on this point, for at this my girl is a past master. She has only to smile and utter a few foreign-sounding words to me to know that she loves me dearly. She has so many ways of telling me without uttering an intelligible word—a touch of her dainty hand, a giggling laugh, or a simple twist of her head. Little does she know that
her love-making language is far better than English.

You cannot begin to imagine how far beyond my highest expectation is my six-months-old daughter.

Ramsey Pollard
English 112

GOOD-BYE, MULE

The mule is one animal that is quickly becoming extinct. In the past, mules have been used in many ways, such as a farm animal or a pack mule, as trolley car pullers; and even for transporting the family to church.

Not many years ago, we had mules on our farm. Each evening after I had plowed a "hardtail" all day, I would climb on his back and start home. Although he was going toward the barn, the mule would take his time. That was ten years ago. Now, I wouldn't dare go out into the field and plow a mule for one hour because I would be called "old-fashioned." None of my neighbors even have mules anymore. They got rid of them because they, too, were afraid of being called "old-fashioned."

Besides plowing, our mule was used in various other ways. When my Mama would want wash-wood, I would hitch up old "Gray" and go into the woods to get some pine-knots and rotten wood to put around her washpot. A mule was always employed to drag a hog, after it was shot, from the hog-pen to the scalding place. In the fall, the mule would be used in the harvest. First, the mule went out into the corn-field and helped "bring in the sheaves." Then, he would have to go and stand in the cotton field all day long while the fluffy, white gold was picked. In the wintertime, the mule was always everyone's friend, for when cars got stuck in the muddy roads, they could be moved only by being hitched to the mule.

Now the "old-fashioned" mules are being replaced by the modern machinery. Because mules are so much trouble, the farmer is glad to replace them with something less troublesome. You don't have to feed a tractor nor does it have to be let out to pasture. A person can go out and crank up a tractor, but he has to gear up a mule and take him to water before the mule is ready to go to work. Everywhere on the farm the machine is now doing 'the job.'

In cities, mules used to pull trolleys. That day certainly has passed out of existence. No longer do you see the vegetable peddlers with a mule hitched to their carts, going from house to house trying to sell their wares. The super markets have replaced the cart and the mule. At the railway station, mules pulled the little wagons hauling baggage but now when there is baggage to be hauled, men on little four-wheeled machines carry it.
I think that mules are almost gone. Seldom do I see mules along the roads as I once did when I traveled over the country-side. For awhile, farmers kept their old mules because they had grown fond of these good workers, but now they say a mule is "so much trouble." They sell their old reliables to mule buyers who immediately sell them to glue factories.

I definitely think that the mule age is gone. Nowhere do I see a pasture full of gray, black, brown, or red mules. They're gone. Good-bye, Mules.

David Robinson
English 112

AUNT MANCE

Aunt Mance was a good woman but she had her little idiosyncrasies. I can close my eyes and visualize her sitting on her front porch in her old rocker, with her fan going full blast, the same old fan she kept year after year, the one with a picture of "Gethsemane" on the front and an advertisement of Bruton Snuff on the back.

But Aunt Mance was different from the other elderly ladies in the community: she didn't dip snuff, and she gloried in her uniqueness. Instead of snuff dipping, which she vowed was "Nothing but a filthy habit," she chewed gum; and she was as devoted to her own little vice as the other ladies were to theirs. She didn't buy her gum in stores, but chewed "sweet gum," which she picked from the tree herself. When the sap from the sweet-gum tree runs out and hardens to a certain stage, it can be chewed, and Aunt Mance knew several good trees down in the newground the sides of which were loaded in the spring with fine sticky pickings. On Saturday afternoons, she would get enough gum for a fine big chew at the Sunday service. She never left her gum behind when she went to church. She was always there every Sabbath, and she always sat on the second bench from the front, where the whole world could watch her chew and sing and enjoy herself. Emily Post would have been shocked to see Aunt Mance chewing her gum on Sunday mornings; but I doubt that it bothered God if Aunt Mance chose to chew while she worshiped Him. She was not actually violating any folkways or mores or anything, not at our church, anyway. I am quite certain that Mrs. Post's opinion would have carried no weight with Aunt Mance. The two ladies would have been interesting experience for each other. It's a pity they never met.

Not knowing Mrs. Post, Aunt Mance was a happy woman every Sunday. She would sit in her accustomed place, self-consciously dressed in her best cotton print, with its mother-of-pearl brooch which read "Mother," pinned at the throat. She would chew on her gum rhythmically and occasionally nod her head vigorously in agreement with the preacher. She was an old-time Baptist, the shouting, foot-washing kind, and loved to proclaim her beliefs to the world, especially how she felt about pre-destination and "falling from grace." Her arguments about religion may
not have been logical, but her fervor was genuine. A favorite remark of hers, to spike any religious argument, was: "I know I'm right. But if I'm not right, I hope I get right."

Aunt Mance was small and frail-looking, but after having reared and married off fourteen healthy, God-fearing sons and daughters, seven of each, she still had plenty of energy left for anything of importance which came along. At every community gathering; from revival meetings in the summer to quilting parties in the winter, she was there. Being one of the older ladies, she always sat in the corner near the fireplace if it was winter-time, and near an open window if it was summer-time. She chewed and talked incessantly, and how she could talk and listen at the same time and repeat everything she heard even better than verbatim was a course of amazement to me.

The only meetings she ever missed were those of the Eastern Star. Uncle Bill, her husband, was violently opposed to the Masons, and they had never been able to get him to join their organization, so Aunt Mance was not asked to belong to the Eastern Star. When the night of their meeting came around, Aunt Mance would get fidgety, and you could tell she was unhappy about something. The girls would say, "Aunt Mance is afraid something will happen tonight and she won't be the first one to hear it." But if you asked her what she thought of the Eastern Star, she would sniff, and declare, "I don't think there's much to such doin's. It's just the work of Satan, that's all. If it's not free to all, there's not much to it, and I ain't got no use for it myself although others can do as they please." Never a word of reproach against her husband because he would not belong to the organization, and never a word that she was dying to join the Eastern Star herself. If she had any dark thoughts on the subject, and we all suspected she did, she kept them to herself.

Uncle Bill was a good husband and a good father, but somehow, they never managed to own a house of their own. Consequently, they were always moving about from place to place in the community. Aunt Mance didn't actually know, herself, how many times she had lived in some of the same houses. But you could almost tell the house where Aunt Mance lived; for the house would take on characteristics, no matter which house it happened to be. For one thing, her front porch was running over with flowers of every description. Hydrangeas growing in painted nail-kegs, wandering jew streaming in buckets suspended from the ceiling, geranium and coleoses maidenhair fern—all of them thrived under her "green thumb." Her front yard, no matter how bare and swept out it was when she moved to a new place, would soon be a profusion of petunias growing helter-skelter and every which way, for petunias will grow in even the poorest soil. And her back yards were always full of hollyhocks, and moss roses on the ground, and old maids and larkspur.

Another way you could spot her house was by the size and greeness of her garden. One thing she always insisted upon was that the house she lived in would always have a good garden spot nearby. She
still had all the big pots and pans she used to cook in when her children were at home, and she demanded that she have room to grow all the vegetables she needed to "set a good table," and can lots of stuff besides, so she prided herself on the size and beauty of her garden. I never could understand how one frail, toothless, seventy-year-old woman could turn off so much work. She picked her beans and peas on Saturday afternoon and fixed them for cooking the next morning, for she said, "You never know who all might come from church with us." And she was right, you never did know. In addition to several of her children or grandchildren, the preacher, or some of the neighbors, or even one or two courting couples would come and eat dinner with her, and spend a pleasant afternoon relaxing in her front yard.

Her favorite job was picking blackberries. She was not afraid of chiggers, or spiders, or water-occasions, but would put on her oldest sunbonnet and her cotton stockings and overshoes, and take off to the blackberry patches. The berries grew down along the ditchbanks, in the swampy places, or along old fence-rows, or at the edges of the corn-patches. She would brave all the weeds and bushes and marshy places, and on hot June afternoons, she would go out, pick a water-bucketful of berries and come home, build a fire in her old wood-stove, draw water from her well, and proceed to can, jelly, or jam the berries. Her children and grandchildren all loved the jelly and jam she made, and she knew they would expect it whenever they came to eat with her, all winter long. Her gnarled old hands would be scratched and bleeding a little when she returned from her berry-picking, but she would say, "Shucks, my hands ain't purty, nohow, and what are hands for, if you don't use 'em?"

But Aunt Mance went berry-picking for the last time last summer. Not long ago, she died. And there was the same feeling of gonesness in our hearts as I remember feeling when I heard that President Roosevelt was dead. Nobody worked the day Aunt Mance was buried, for everybody went to the church. She was so much a "part and parcel" of our community, we all felt stunned and lost without her. It was as if an ancient landmark had been destroyed. All her sons and daughters were there. The preacher read for her the last chapter of Proverbs, and I thought it was fitting:

Who can find a virtuous woman?  
The heart of her husband doth trust in her  
She worketh willingly with her hands  
She bringeth her food from afar  
Strength and honor are her clothing  
She looketh well to the ways of her household  
Her children rise up and call her blessed  
A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be Praised...Give her...the fruit of her own Hands, and let her works praise her in the Gates.......
ON SECRET DREAMS

All beings stand apart—alone, afraid,
Small living specks upon a tiny globe,
Wrapped in the heavy yet invisible robe
Of solitude; our inner dreams displayed
To none we know. Our thoughts and dreams are
Made for us, not for the prying world to probe
Or scorn. A message travels past the waiting lobe
Of ears that hear, but know not what is said.
Yet pity for ourselves will never do.
Much better it may be that we conceal
Our hearts' most cherished, deepest fantasies;
For dreams too often never can come true,
But fail. Pride's wounds more slowly heal
If treated 'neath mankind's relentless gaze.

Sandra Pirtle
Writing Contest

Foster, Genieve
$2.00.
Simply written story of the young backwoods boy whose courage, ambition, spiritual strength, and love for his country and fellowman led him to become one of our greatest heroes.

Inogene Green
Library Science 242

Baker, Louise
Snips and Snails. McGraw, c1953. $3.00
Lively account of how Louise Baker chose and followed teaching as a profession, and of her experiences, which never brought her a dull moment. Suitable for mature high school readers who find children interesting and amusing.

Mary Ann Johnson
Library Science 242
WHAT A CHANGE!

Fifteen years ago we went to Grandma's. The morning sun was still hidden behind the river banks and the cold, fresh dew was still waiting to be drawn up when the lazy sun finally rose above the tall pines on the banks. Mama, hurriedly bundling us three kids into our new winter coats, kept dashing back and forth to see if the fire in the stove had gone out. Baby Jean, who was two, had to be carried and heaved into the high-wheeled wagon, but Louis, the big man of the family, who was eight, teased me about his getting to drive the mules while I had to sit by Mama. Being only six, I took such teasing too literally; usually I would chase after him only to fall and skin my knee or tear my new stockings.

This cold morning Daddy was having trouble getting Old Red and Doughboy, our team of travelling mules, hitched up. The mules' breath made long, frosty streams of smoke straight into Daddy's face as he tried to put the bits into their mouths. Soon, however, he came through the barnyard gate and whoaed the team while we jumped in. Mother insisted that Louis sit with us on the quilts behind the seat, but Daddy believed that Louis was now big enough to handle a good pair of mules. So Mama sat on the floor with us, while the men sat up front. It was early when we closed the gate at the end of our oak-lined road and pulled into the Natchez Trace on the way to Grandma's.

This was the time when city people were still in bed, and here we were at 6:00 O'clock, already out for a long ride. We felt rich this Sunday morning because our wagon was brand new, complete with red wheels. The only car around this territory was found on Sundays before church time or when somebody was sick and about to die. The preacher would then drive down from town. But this morning there was nobody to see us because we were out so early. Most of our neighbors' grandmothers and old aunts lived nearer to them than ours did to us so they could start later.

Since there were no telephone poles or Ford Thunderbirds to count, Jean and I were content with counting the "nigger-nables" growing along the roadside. And since neither of us were expert counters, we often disagreed on who had counted the most. The trip was long and the wind was cold against our faces. There had been a big rain the week before, so the road was deeply rutted where thin wagon wheels had plowed through the mud. About 9:30 the air began to warm, and I suspected we had been travelling long enough to be close to Grandma's. Then we turned a winding corner and Daddy jumped down and unfastened the big wire gate. He let Louis drive through. Mama was too scared that the mules would start running away to notice that Daddy had turned loose only one rein to his assistant.

Grandma's big, white-washed house could now be seen surrounded by the dying crepe-myrtle bushes. The chickens were scratching around the big hickory tree and the lazy ducks waddled across the rutted road. May,
Daddy's older sister, who was at the well drawing water, threw down her bucket and came rushing toward the house. Another sister, Eva, was coming through the barnyard from milking. Almost spilling her milk, she, too, dashed toward the house to tell Grandma, "They're coming!"

Wearing their new Sunday shoes, Dot, Marvin, and Bess, the younger ones, were shelling corn for the flock of chickens pecking around their feet. This morning six of them would be victims for the dinner table. It seemed to me that after so many Sundays those chickens ought to know that they weren't safe around there at that time.

Grandpa, smoking his smelly, beat-up pipe, came out to lift us from the jolly wagon. Naturally, all of us kids wanted to ride piggy-back into the house on poor old Grandpa. Usually he wound up making three such trips. At the door stood Grandma in her black Sunday dress and white, starched apron. Two or three baby kittens purred at her ankles and begged to be petted, but she didn't have time for such things when we were around. The big, open fire-place, built up high from the freshly, scrubbed-with-lye floors, looked inviting as we spun out of our coats.

The greeting and hugging over, all of us young'uns, now joined by Aunt Laura's bunch of rowdy robots, scattered out to go hickory-nut hunting or to go to the big barn to fill up on green peanuts, which Grandpa had dared us to touch. The others settled down to just talking.

The women soon got busy in the kitchen helping Grandma with the fried chicken, green peas, creamed potatoes, and all the other fresh vegetables that Grandma had for her big Sunday dinners. If Grandpa had remembered to buy the bananas at the store on Saturday, we would have Grandma's favorite banana pudding for dessert.

About 12:30 Grandma or one of her assistants would yell, "Dinner," which brought even the men folks from their chairs in the cozy, smoke-filled livingroom. For those special Sunday dinners, Grandpa had built a long table and bench for us kids, so we wouldn't have to eat the leftover chicken feet. We didn't mind being crowded onto a rough bench or jammed into a corner to eat, just so we got to eat.

About three o'clock we would bundle up for the trip back home before it got too dark and cold to travel. When we got home our chickens, pigs, and cows had to be fed, and the milking done. I never remembered the ride home because I always fell asleep on the pile of quilts and woke only when Mama shook me and said, "We're home." On our way into the dark, unlighted house we all carried a stick of wood for the fireplace so we could warm up the house. Soon we would all be tucked snugly in between the thick, soft feather beds. And from all the other bedrooms I would hear resting snores, but I would still be thinking about what a good time I had had at Grandma's house. I always wondered what it would be like when I would go back and take my children maybe fifteen or thirty years from then.
Well, fifteen years later I find myself, not with children, but still going to Grandma's. Today it's quite different. This morning I am awakened when the big Sunday paper smacks against the window. I can't wait to see who has posed for the staff photographer so I throw on my robe and slip out onto the porch to be greeted by the morning sun beaming high over the trees and houses around. Our street is quiet because nobody seems to be up. I notice on page six that Aunt Eva's Barry is three today. There's his picture. And that reminds me! Grandma called yesterday and asked us to come over for dinner if we had nothing else to do. I almost forgot to tell Mama. Oh, well, it's three hours until dinner so we don't need to hurry.

Louis is in the bathroom using Daddy's electric razor, and Daddy is in our bedroom combing his hair and wishing Louis would hurry up. Daddy says the army ought to teach Louis to hurry, but he doesn't think they have done so well yet. Louis is home for thirty days before he leaves for a new assignment, and Mother thinks Daddy ought not to complain about his slowness. Jean and I scramble into dresses that we now own together, she getting the one I intended to wear. Mother doesn't interfere in trying to tell us what to wear now, and chances are we wouldn't listen to her anyway.

At last we all pile into the old '53 Chevrolet, with Louis driving and dying to get on the road where he can make near ninety. Mother is still scared of his driving, maybe more so now than she used to be.

After some twenty minutes we swing into the drive at Grandma's, being careful not to run over the new Famous Shrubbery alongside it. A gang of kids are romping around over the large fence lawn with guns, stick horses, and bows and arrows, pretending they are cowboys and Indians. Of all things! But nobody is at the well drawing water; there isn't even a well here now. Just a flick of the house faucet and all the water comes pouring out. Nobody is coming from the barn with a pail of milk; there isn't a barn, much less a cow. The milkman just left four quarts of vitamin A, homogenized on the steps this morning. Grandpa, smoking his smelly, beat-up pipe walks to the door. He pats Jean and me on the back but neither of us asks for a piggy-back ride. Grandpa probably couldn't carry us now if he had to. Grandma isn't seen for about thirty minutes after we arrive. With all the new generation of grandchildren to be admired, we are lucky if she even notices us. There is still a big, open fireplace, but Grandpa doesn't dare even empty his pipe ashes into it, much less build a fire in it. The baby kittens just aren't to be seen inside or outside the house. They don't rate on those glossy, hardwood floors.

Before we even get settled, Grandma says, "Well, dinner is ready and waiting." The fried chicken, piled high on the platters, looks the same but it hasn't got there the same way. None of the kids has scrambled around for the biggest fryers in the flock. Grandma has simply gone down to A & P, reached into the meat cooler, picked her chicken from dozens just like it, and brought it home and fried it. The bananas are so common place that she doesn't even bother to cook the pudding anymore. Almost everybody ignores the dessert anyway except the kids. They wouldn't eat at all if they couldn't get pie and ice cream afterwards.
The big, long bench and table have been given to the garbage man, and now all the kids have to wait until the older folks are through. Even the kids pestering their names won't change Grandma's mind about having an extra bench and table for the company. She won't even let Grandpa build a table on the side porch. "Everybody who passes would see, and what would they think of such a thing," she says. And Grandma still doesn't understand why she can't use her good China, but the daughters-in-law insist on using paper plates so they will have more time to get going somewhere else in the afternoon. May and Joe leave for Birmingham. Bess takes her crying baby home and we, well we just leave to get home out of all the noise and commotion. Soon the driveway is clear and things at Grandma's are quiet again.

I know Grandma feels bad when she goes to the refrigerator and sees the fried chicken left there. And the saucer of sliced tomatoes. And the creamed potatoes. She probably thinks that people just don't eat anymore. But I guess she is glad we all leave so soon. Nowadays we drop in so often I know she gets tired of seeing us.

About an hour later I find myself in a movie at the Shoals, admiring Burt Lancaster in his skin-tight Indian suit. I hardly remember I have been to Grandma's. What a change!

Betty Whitten
English 341

Schneider, Herman and Nina
You Among the Stars; illus. by Symeon Shimin. Scott, c1951. $2.25.

Very elementary explanation of our solar system, associating known facts with the unknown. Beautifully illustrated in blue and yellow. Suitable for intermediate and upper elementary grade pupils.

Mary Ann Johnson
Library Science 242

Parker, Bertha Morris
What Things Are Made Of. Row, c1944. $.36

Elementary book on chemistry, briefly explaining some basic principles. Includes easy to-do experiments. Suitable for mature upper elementary grade pupils with special interest in science. Useful also for junior high school readers.

Mary Ann Johnson
Library Science 242
BETSY

My experience with the Model A Ford might be considered limited, but it has left a great impression upon me. The car I speak of was owned by one of my former neighbors, Mr. Campbell. Like other cars of the time, Betsy, as we called her, was dull black from many coats of paint. Her coupe body rode high over her twenty-inch wheels. This made her particularly agile when the ruts got deep. Many times mud chains were clamped to Betsy's tires and we drove her through mudholes that later models could never traverse.

We could hear her coming for a mile or two down the road, and we always knew her voice. No other car makes the clacking sound of an A model, and Betsy had a tone all her own.

Many Saturday or Sunday mornings I have heard her being cranked up at Mr. Campbell's house and then heard her come rattling, shaking, and chugging around the curve to our house. Whenever Mother heard Betsy coming, she always started talking to herself for she knew there was some kind of work Dad was going to have to do to it. It was a great chance for me, though, because I loved to look under her hood at the little sixty horsepower-four cylinder motor. I think back sentimentally of the hours my father has spent sweating over the distributor or some other weak link in Betsy's mechanism. She was like a baby, always having to be fondled and petted. And unless she got her way, she simply refused her services.

One good thing about cars like Betsy was that they were made simply and sturdy. A model A could be run for years with no costly repair. When things did act up, they could be fixed with a few pieces of hay baling wire. Why, I'll bet that Old Bet had enough wire on her to tie fifty bales of hay.

On Betsy's back end was a spare tire rack. But it was empty, for old Betsy's punctures were so far between that a spare would have been in the way, taking up room. In her trunk were a jack—that didn't work—and a rusty tire pump. The most important use of her trunk was hauling vegetables to market, and peddling apples and some years, peaches.

Once I was overjoyed when Mr. Campbell asked me to ride over to the next county to bring back some pigs he had bought. Into the trunk went a sturdily constructed (Mr. Campbell made everything sturdily and slowly) hog crate. The best I can remember it took us well over an hour to drive the twenty odd miles, but I enjoyed every mile.

But all things must end. One warm spring morning the sun rose brightly over the hills as I walked past Mr. Campbell's house on my way to catch the school bus. In the front yard a new, green Chevrolet pick-up was parked, and a salesman in a brown suit stood talking to Mr. Campbell. That afternoon when I returned from school, the old Ford was gone, and the green pickup was parked in its place. I felt a twang of remorse, but one cannot hold back time—or progress.

Hal Sawyer
English 112