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Manuscript

SPRING • 1947

SPRING · 1947

VOL. I · NO. 1

Manuscript

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE
OF
BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY
IN
WILKES-BARRE



WILKES-BARRE · PENNSYLVANIA

LD 1145/100
M 212/6m
v. 1
c. 2
ARCHIVES

Foreword



WITH this issue of MANUSCRIPT a new publication is launched on the Bucknell University campus in Wilkes-Barre. Those who have been responsible for its coming into being earnestly hope that through your efforts and the efforts of those who come after you this magazine will develop into a college tradition of which we may all be proud.

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A World and Not A Lantern

Robert Holleran

Swing your telescope toward the moon and look in wonder. It's another world! That's the first shock, the almost tangible wave of thought the sight projects upon the mind. The moon of old, the pretty lantern of the night, is gone.

In its place looms the satellite, its yellow surface tactile, real. Jagged mountains pierce the gasless sky and range in vast eruptive arcs across the face of a world. Lofty peaks rise in solitude from the midst of broad plains rimmed by huge scarfs of rock which seem to accentuate the isolation of the central spires. And everywhere spread the glowing seas of bright volcanic ash.

At the edge of darkness, where Terminator creeps forward to end the lunar night, the relief is greatest. Here long shadows duplicate the rocky crags and even the ashy plain appears pitted with innumerable tiny craters. Here the crest of some mighty peak whose lower mass is lost in the shadow of the lunar night still gleams in the last rays of the setting sun.

Does the moon, like Earth, have sunsets? Yes. But Luna has no moon? Yes. Earth, the moon's cosmic brother, seems a satellite from there. The moon's a world and not a lantern.

See that vast crater, called Tycho by the Selenographers? What of Earth's surpasses it? From the level plain abruptly rises an impassable rim of rugged rock to form within the broad deep bowl of the crater. This is the setting for the central mass of stone which towers in grandeur into the black, vacant sky. The shadows reflect the mountain's stately height.

So vast are the peak and the enclosed plain, that within that shadow might nestle a city.

Is it so alien a scene that a modern eye, lured by the telescope's revelation of myriad impressive features and suggestion of formations beyond its power to define, could not be forgiven the creation of imaginary cities among those shaded valleys? It seems the musing eye might not be too astonished if one were suddenly to appear. Might not that eye precede history by a hundred or a million years and

people the moon's impassive face? Such vision might be prophecy, not fantasy. For who shall set such cities on the moon beyond the attainments possible to a race armed at last with an energy, that of the atomic nucleus, sufficient to bridge the gap of space?

Why not dream of Luna's role in the epic of Man's ultimate expansion to the stars?



Alone He Walks

Faith Davis

Alone he walks.
 There is no one to guide him.
 His world is one apart, shared by none,
 For with him goes no understanding, only pity.
 Yet who can understand a thing as black, as dense,
 As unexplored, as being blind?
 Alone he feels his way
 Along the country lanes and through the fields of green and
 brown
 That in his memory are engraved so deeply
 That nothing man-made can ever change their haunting
 beauty
 In his soul.
 Through war and all its horrors have these scenes guided
 him.
 His dreams of home were peaceful, lovely dreams.
 His mind reached out into the future
 When once again it could turn to ways of peace and love. Yet
 Alone he walks,
 Today, tomorrow, reaching into infinity . . .
 No shades of dark and light to change his life.
 He asks no pity,
 Only understanding and companionship,
 The greatest gifts of all.

No Title

Leonard J. Shetline

The sun was furiously hot. The preceding week had been a week of cool, cloudy and rainy weather, but now the sun was beating down as if it wanted to make up for the time it had lost. Mennonite corn farmers in rural Lancaster squinted reverently at the sun, and, wiping the beads of sweat from their heavy beards, they thanked the Almighty for his graciousness and silently prayed for tall, straight stalks of corn with an abundance of big ripe ears; but the Slavic tenants of the twelve-family block in the small mining town of Coalville were not in a grateful mood. The flat tar roof and the red bricks of their humble dwelling readily absorbed the heat of the sun and made the habitat a veritable furnace. The perspiring and cursing Slavs were forced onto their small sheltered rear porches to seek relief in the thread of a breeze that was unwinding itself from the cool waters of the nearby Susquehanna.

Young Len Telmahz was enjoying the breeze. His porch was at the end of the block, nearest to the river, so he sat quite contentedly on the porch floor reading an old and worn volume of English poetry. Pausing for a moment, he inhaled the cool, tenuous river breeze. The Susquehanna reminded him of the river Elbe which flowed past his childhood home in Kolin, Czechoslovakia. The Telmahz family had left Kolin for America in 1902, and even though Len was only five years old at the time, he remembered quite vividly the scintillating freshness of the magic-blue waters of the Elbe. In its swiftly flowing waters, he had detected, as in the Susquehanna, the unwritten verses of God's poetry.

Returning to the volume in his hand, Len started to read his favorite poem. To him the words were as sacred as the waters of the Susquehanna.

My mind to me a kingdom is,
 Such present joys therein I find
 That it excels all other bliss
 That earth affords or grows by kind:
 Though much I want which most would have
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

"Len!" Ma Telmahz suddenly appeared at the doorway. "It's tam' fer you to go to work." Ma Telmahz was proud of

her son. Next summer he would graduate from high school, and he was the only man on the high school football team who had been offered an athletic scholarship. In the meantime, he was working as mule-driver in the local mine colliery and was earning sufficient money to help pay the bills of the household.

Len quickly got up and straightened his long, muscular arms.

"God!" Ma Telmahz thought. Her husband had given her a mighty son.

Len had to hurry. He glanced at the clock on the windowsill. He remembered that he had to meet his father at the three-thirty cage. It was now three-fifteen. He placed his book of poetry on top of the banana sandwiches in his dinnerpail, and after kissing his mother he dashed down the porch steps into the hot sun.

Len was perspiring when he arrived at the mine shaft. He had run the distance between his home and the colliery in ten minutes, and now he had enough time to go over to speak to Jim Davis, the mine-foreman.

Jim was a hard-headed old man. He didn't like Len Telmahz, and he didn't like Len's father. But he had to treat Young Len right. Len knew how to handle mules, and good mule-drivers were scarce. Mules were harder to get than miners.

Before Len could say hello to Jim, the accident whistle blew for No. 2 Shaft. That was the shaft in which his father worked! Len ran to the cage with Jim Davis.

The cage quickly descended to the scene of the explosion. The first thing that Len saw was his father. The left arm of Big Len Telmahz was broken, but Len was more fortunate than his fellow miners. They were buried beneath tons of rock and coal.

Len rushed over to greet his father, but Jim Davis was there first.

Jim was worried. Excitedly he asked Big Len, "How many mules were caught in the explosion, Len?"

For a moment Big Len Telmahz did not answer. He looked back at the tons of rock and dirt, and visualized the men who were caught underneath it. And here was a man who wanted to know how many mules were killed.

The good right hand of Big Len answered the question, and Jim Davis was engulfed in sudden darkness.

The storm clouds suddenly gathered in the sky, and the heavens burst with the thunder of an angry God. The

Mennonite corn farms in Lancaster were deluged with a tempestuous and driving rain. The bearded farmers looked at the turbulent sky and wondered about the graciousness of God.

Father and son sat on the bottom of No. 2 Shaft and while they ate banana sandwiches they, too, wondered about God's goodness.

The men lying underneath the tons of rock and coal did not have to wonder. They knew.

The Susquehanna was not beautiful that night. Its waters were wet with the tears of misery. Its poetry had no title.



Aftermath

Joseph M. Hiznay, Jr.

The guns gave off their crimson flashes
 And the earth trembled under their impact.
 Through the hail of sudden death
 Men moved doggedly, relentlessly forward,
 Bodies of fear, forced on by a spark,
 For the love of life is strong
 But the mind is irresistible.
 For to fight, a man must believe,
 And what he believes is always true,
 Whether he fights for or against.
 For a man sacrifices, not for country,
 But for his family, his home, his honor.
 And always the fruits of his dream are swept away
 By politicians, and thieves, and robbers
 Of an international scale.
 This time it can, it will be different.
 Man's dream must be realized.
 Man must fight with words as well as guns
 To keep the brave new world alive.

The Electron Microscope

James P. Flynn

The intensive research during the last half century in the ultra-microscopic world called for a microscope much more powerful than the ordinary compound optical microscope. The use of the optical microscope with visible lights as the observing medium enabled scientists to see only the relatively large bacteria. Viruses, bacterio phages, and many bacteria, whose presence was known to scientists only because of their actions, were still invisible.

The reason for the invisibility of these very small objects can be understood after consideration of why we do see an object.

We see an object because of the disturbances it produces on the light waves which strike it. If the object is much larger than the length of the light waves striking it, the disturbance is great and the object is easily seen. If, however, the object is smaller than the length of the light waves striking it, the disturbance is practically nil and the object is invisible. These disturbances become imperceptible when the dimensions of the object are less than one-half the wave-length of the light which is used to observe it.

The light used with the optical microscope, the so-called "visible" light, has wave-lengths which vary from 0.0004 to 0.0008 millimeters. The shortest wave-length in this range (0.0004 millimeters) determines what is called the "resolving power" of the microscope. The resolving power of the optical microscope using visible light is 0.0002 millimeters. This means that the microscope has the power to distinguish two objects which are only 0.0002 millimeters apart. With this resolving power satisfactory magnifications up to 1000 times can be obtained.

The above figures represent the limit of the optical microscope using visible light. This limit may be extended by use of ultra-violet light as the observing medium. Ultra-violet light has shorter wave-lengths and with its use scientists have been able to secure a resolving power of 0.0001 millimeters and magnifications up to 2,500 times.

But even with this extension of human vision, the optical microscope was still incapable of resolving into view the many viruses, bacterio phages, and some bacteria which play

such an important part in human welfare. A microscope much more powerful had to be made.

It was the need of such a microscope which prompted the work of Professor L. Marton of the University of Brussels in the utilization of the wave-like nature of a stream of electrons for microscopic purposes. In 1933, Prof. Marton constructed an electron microscope with which he hoped to study certain forms of bacteria. The microscope, however, failed to live up to his expectations when it gave no better results than he had been obtaining with his optical microscopes.

The reasons for the unsatisfactory results with Marton's microscope were technical ones which were overcome at the University of Toronto by Albert Prebus and James Hillier under the guidance of Prof. E. F. Burton. It was the resourcefulness, ingenuity and hard work of these men which produced the first workable electron microscope. Soon after the microscope potentialities were demonstrated by Prebus and Hillier the Radio Corporation of America began its commercial production.

The principles involved in the electron microscope are similar to those of the optical microscope. The length of the waves associated with the electrons is extremely short, very much shorter than those of ultra-violet light. The shortness of these waves makes it possible to see objects which are separated by a distance of only 0.000002 millimeters. This represents a tremendous increase in resolving power and permits magnification up to 250,000 times.

The source of the electrons is a heated filament. The electrons are emitted from the filament at very high velocities and are further accelerated by a difference in potential of 60,000 volts. Because of the fact that glass is impenetrable by electrons, glass lenses can not be used in the electron microscope. In place of the glass lenses of the optical microscope there are magnetic coils which have the ability to deflect an electron beam just as glass lenses deflect light rays. For each of the glass lenses of the optical microscope there is a corresponding magnetic coil in the electron microscope.

It is imperative that the 60,000 volt potential and the current through the coils remain constant. Even a slight variation in current or voltage will produce hazy pictures. It was these two factors which contributed most to the unsatisfactory results obtained with Prof. Marton's microscope.

Since the presence of molecules of air would prohibit a

direct flow of electrons, a high vacuum must be maintained in the electron chamber. Ingenious air locks have been built into the microscope to facilitate introduction and removal of specimens without ruining the vacuum.

Electrons are invisible to the human eye, so they are allowed to strike a fluorescent screen upon which is produced an image of the object under surveillance. The image produced is in the nature of light and dark shadows corresponding to the relative densities of the different portions of the object. If a permanent picture is desired a photographic plate is substituted for the fluorescent screen. The great depth of focus which is possible with the electron microscope is controlled by varying the current through the magnetic coils.

The microscope is not as cumbersome as the foregoing paragraphs might make it appear. The largest models are about six feet high but smaller table models are being built which have only the most important characteristics of the larger models. All the necessary controls are mounted on a panel on the front of the microscope. The actual operation of the microscope is not difficult because of its compactness and simplicity of design.

The electron microscope has extended human vision fifty times farther into the ultra-microscopic world. The importance of the microscope in research can easily be understood. Already it has showed its worth in the resolution of many industrial research problems. Many revealing discoveries have been made in the paper, synthetic rubber, and textile industries and in the manufacture of paints, plastics, and alloys, to mention only a few. In the field of medicine many new facts have been added to the relatively meagre knowledge of virus diseases. The electron microscope is expected to play an important role in the study of the great mystery of the photosynthetic process.

It must not be supposed that the electron microscope will solve all scientific problems. Far from that! Nor must it be thought that the optical microscope has been made obsolete by the greater resolving power of the electron microscope. There are several important limitations of the electron microscope, especially when it is used for the observation of bacteriological specimens. The unnatural conditions prevailing in the electron chamber cast doubt on the correctness of the image produced on the screen. There is great heat generated by the electron stream and this heat coupled with the high vacuum in the chamber may have a severe damaging effect

on the specimen. Interpretation of images often becomes a problem. The preparation of specimens often incurs serious technical difficulties. Specimens must be about 0.0001 centimeters thick to ensure good results. This thinness of section is often difficult to achieve with some specimens and special techniques have to be developed.

The invention of the microscope, however, will have a far reaching effect on scientific thought and a corresponding effect on human lives. Its many applications have marked a new era in scientific research. What that era will produce we shall have to wait to see.



The Oasis of Irem

Narcy A. Perkowski

The **Arabian Nights** describes a city in the kingdom of Ad that was as beautiful as the paradise to come. Its meandering rivers were carelessly-tossed ribbons of precious ores. Dazzling thoroughfares were made of alternate bricks of gold and silver. Lofty gold and silver pavilions reposed on pillars adorned with chrysolites, pearls, and rubies. The languorous air scented everything with the delicate beauty of ambergris and musk and saffron. Shedad, King of all Ad, called this city Irem.

In another land, three millenniums away, a namesake of Irem was built, which retains the enchantment, the mystery, and the romance of the original. It is the temple of the Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. Among the mountains of northeastern Pennsylvania, in the city of Wilkes-Barre, Irem Temple rests uneasily in a land of coal mines and smoke-stacks and commercial rabble.

Modeled after St. Sophia, the Moslem mosque at Constantinople, Irem Temple is an exotic that has been frightened by vulgar, screechy mineshafts. It has resigned itself to waiting until the time when it can return to the Levant on a magic carpet. Four slender minarets, one on each corner, stake it to the ground. A giant, flat dome sits on the restless fledgling. Yet in spite of all these precautions, the temple has partially succeeded in its attempted flight . . . between

each minaret and outside the skirt of the weighty dome. The skyward-reaching arches bear evidence of that.

On this site, which was the scene of bloody battles between Indians and pioneers only a few centuries ago, Irem Temples recreates the atmosphere of an ancient Persian market. As the glaring winter sun magically transforms the vari-colored glazed bricks of the temple into precious jewels worthy of a sultan's coffers, an observer would not be at all surprised if he heard a sweating caravaner shout his camel-drivers into position. Or even if he saw the loyal sons of Islam assembling for their journey to Mecca. For around the door of the temple, in the Cufic script of Mohammed, he can see the reiterated sentence: "God is great, one God above all."

The interior of the temple speaks to him of spiritual worlds. On each side of the proscenium is a minaretal balcony where a muezzin might appear with his golden trumpet to call all loyal Moslems to prayer. The observer's mind wanders to Moslems and kneeling-rugs, to faces turned toward Mecca, and to beseeching lips that say with full meaning and intent: "Allah is God and Mohammed is his prophet."

High above at the front of the auditorium is the inscription: "Eslam Es Alecrum." It is an Arabic blessing: "Peace be on you."

Above the proscenium arch, behind a blind arcade, a mural depicts a pilgrimage to Mecca. The bearded worshippers in dolmans and mandils jog along atop their camels, looking hopefully ahead and praying for the moment when they will kiss the Kaaba, the sacred black stone of Islam. Around the auditorium, like a girdle around the world, again appears the Cufic message: "God is great, one God above all."

Audiences of all faiths have assembled within this girdle to satisfy their intellectual curiosity and cultural cravings. The coal-scarred miner and the pallid-browed clerk both rest their tired bodies and minds within this tribute to Moslem culture. The Shriners, who have no affiliations with Islam, erected Irem Temple as a meeting hall and as an auditorium for all the social activities of Wyoming Valley.

In its forty years as an entity, the temple has been used for almost all types of social gatherings, except christenings; but the superintendent, who is proud of the temple's record, is still hopeful.

In this Persian setting, several brides have looked from behind their veils at their husbands, for the first time.

Many candidates for public offices have delivered speeches while flanked by Irem's glistening falchions and crescents and stars.

Enthusiastic audiences have cheered Admiral Dewey and President Taft from its balcony. Perhaps these same audiences have agreed or disagreed with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and other well-known lecturers who have appeared at Irem.

The geometric fretwork, tracing the dance pattern of a whirling dervish, has set the scene for happy crowds . . . and solemn ones too. Many men have been borne out of this earthly structure while the Cufic message comforted: "God is great, one God above all."

Although the social functions in the temple have been many and varied, musical events have surpassed all others. In fact, Irem Temple is the musical heart of Wyoming Valley. Since 1908, when Walter Damrosch conducted the first concert within its walls, the temple has become the medium through which the great music of the world has been transmitted to the people of Wyoming Valley. It has been the key to the concert stages of the world. Lily Pons, Madame Schumann-Heink, Jose Iturbi, Paderewski, and Rachmaninoff are only a few of the artists who have unlocked the musical doors.

Bands and symphony orchestras, too, have presented memories of many lands. Sousa's Band played with such buoyancy that the camels on the murals must have wanted to trip to Mecca. The Marine Band played martial music so effectively that one could almost imagine a surge of Moslem tribesmen across the desert of Arabia, conquering in the name of Allah. The Rochester Symphony revealed musical scenes of many lands over which the temple would fly on its trip to the Levant. The Cleveland Symphony might have ended a concert with Ketelbey's "In a Persian Market."

With the hustle and the noise of the musical market still beating rhythmically in his ears, the departing visitor raises his head to read the temple's salutation: "Alecrum Es Eslam." "On you be peace."

As the visitor descends the steps of the temple into a land of icy winds and screechy mine-shafts, he silently recalls: "God is great, one God above all."

A Bit of Excitement

Jerry Mintzer

Sergeant William Blaine dropped to his knees, removed his helmet and placed it under a towering palm tree, rolled over on his back, stretched his legs on the ground, and allowed the back of his head to rest on the helmet. He was a six-footer with broad shoulders, a ruddy complexion, brown hair and brown eyes. He had enlisted in the Army the day after Pearl Harbor, when he was only nineteen years old, and he was now a hardened veteran with three years of service in the Infantry. During the New Guinea campaign he had been awarded the Purple Heart. Now he glanced at his wristwatch and read nine-thirty. He peered up at his silent companion, a lanky, grinning, sandy-haired Texan.

"Thirty minutes to go, Steve. I'll sure be glad to get back to the camp area and out of this hell-hole. How 'bout it?"

"Same here," came the nonchalant reply.

Corporal Gail Stevenson was the same age as Bill Blaine, but boasted six months less Infantry service. They had been "foxhole buddies" in New Guinea, where Steve had also received the Purple Heart.

"G-- damn war," mumbled Steve.

"What's eatin' you now?" chided his best friend.

"Oh, I was just thinkin' how we come t'be here. Once we were happy civilians—and stupid I must say, or we'd never have enlisted to come way out here. Now look at us," Steve rambled on, "sittin' here on guard duty like a couple of idiots. It's a fine kettle of fish when they send you five miles into the middle of a Luzon forest just to guard a stinkin' pile of lumber."

"Right you are, chum, but don't talk so loud. I understand a few of the boys had company last week."

"Japs?"

"Righto!"

Steve lowered his voice. "You know, Bill, I'll bet if the ol' Colonel had to pull guard here for just ten minutes on a night like this, he'd soon say, 'T'hell with the lumber.' It's really a damn shame how they get everyone but the officers out here."

"I agree," said Bill, stifling a yawn. He pushed himself

up into a sitting position and steadied his voice, "Now keep quiet for a few minutes."

They sat quietly, slightly tense, alert. The only noises they heard were the faint rustling sounds of the underbrush and the stirring of leaves in the trees. Nothing happened.

"Think I'll amble over to the tent and get our things together," Bill whispered. He rose to his feet. "Relief should be here in a few minutes, so sit tight and keep your eyes peeled."

"What?" yelled Steve. "Nothin' doing, mate. I'm going with you! If you think I'm gonna sit here all alone an' . . .".

"Not so loud," Bill interrupted. "O. K. Get up off your haunches and let's go."

They picked up their sub-machine guns, pistols, and flashlights and moved toward the tent. As they disappeared through the tent flap, a half-moon emerged from behind the clouds and illuminated the area. After a few minutes of quiet searching Bill and Steve succeeded in garnering their equipment. They were preparing to leave the tent when Bill nudged his partner, "Did you hear something?"

"I think so," came the muffled reply. "Perhaps it was Abram and Hall parkin' their jeep? They should be relievin' us by now."

Steve strode to the tent entrance and pulled open the flap. Standing there, silhouetted against the moon, was a tall, gaunt figure.

"Japs!" Steve yelled as he dropped to the ground holding the corner of the tent flap. Bill fired the .45 pistol from his hip. Bam! Bam! Bam! One bullet struck the Jap in the shoulder, another pierced his heart, and the third grazed his neck. The yellow man from Japan slumped to the ground.

As a second Jap appeared at the opening with his rifle pointed, Bill dropped to the ground and reached for a machine gun. At the same time Steve sprang from his crouched position, tackled the enemy around the knees, threw him off balance, and dived back to cover for fear of more Japs. The unbalanced Jap rose to his feet shouting "Banzai," started to pull the pin from a hand grenade, and was ripped to shreds by the "rat-a-tat-tat-tat" of Bill's machine gun.

Suddenly all was ghastly still.

"Hey there!" a nearby voice cried. "Is everything O. K.?"

Bill and Steve, lying in the darkness, relaxed, smiled, and together emitted a long sigh of relief. Finally Bill spoke, "That's either Abram or Hall or the best English-speaking Jap I've ever heard. Come on, Steve, let's go."

In the Manner of Homer

Marian E. Alexander

The houses and furnishings of the ancient Greeks are vividly pictured in the *Odyssey* of Homer. It is true that Homer tells us little of the establishments of the poor. He dwells on those of the wealthy which, in view of the crude shacks and log cabins that housed men of much later generations, are indeed amazing.

The palaces of the high-born were constructed of stone, several stories high. They contained a banquet hall, bedrooms, servants' quarters, kitchen, and store rooms, all centered around a courtyard. There was probably a special room for bathing though this is only implied in the *Odyssey*.

In the large rooms, the rafters were supported by great stone pillars. Doors were made of heavy polished wood with keys of ivory and gold or bronze. Stairs were provided, too, though it is not clear whether they were inside or outside the building. The bare earth, which had to be swept and sprinkled, constituted the floor of the ground rooms.

The large hall of the palace of Alcinous was particularly impressive. One entered it through doors of gold hung on posts of silver which sprang from a bronze threshold. On either side of the door stood gold and silver dogs which served as "immortal sentries never doomed to age." The hall was radiant with high walls of bronze, topped with blue tiles. Along the walls on either side stood high chairs, each draped with a "delicately woven cover," while "youths of gold on stout pedestals held flaming torches in their hands to light . . . the hall by night."

The hall was the common living and dining room. There is no description of a fireplace in the *Odyssey*, though the hearth and firesides are mentioned, and fires were built in the hall for warmth and for roasting the meat on skewers.

For dining, each person had a chair, a footstool, and an individual table. A maid brought water in a golden jug or ewer and poured it out over a silver basin so that the diners might rinse their hands. Another maid placed a basket of bread and a cup on the table. The meat was carved on a board and served on individual platters by a manservant. Another servant mixed the wine in a bowl and poured it into the cups.

If the dining, the storytelling, or the dancing continued in the hall after dark, the room was lighted by torches like those in the palace of Alcinous, or by braziers heaped with faggots and dry wood and set afire by burning brands. Blazing torches were carried to light the way about the house at night.

The furnishings and utensils themselves are worthy of detailed description. No Grand Rapids production will you find here, but the work of skilled, patient craftsmen.

In general, the chairs were high, so a footstool was necessary for comfort. The chairs and settees were made of wood, carved and draped with covers of delicately woven wool, fine purple rugs, or fleeces. In the palace of Odysseus, Telemachus sat in an inlaid easy chair. Penelope's chair was overlaid with ivory and silver and had a "footrest attached to the framework over which a large fleece was spread." In other instances, chairs are described as studded and decorated with silver, and there is reference to silver thrones.

As is true of most of the furniture of this period, the individual dining tables were made of wood. They were often expensively veneered and always highly polished. In the home of the goddess Circe, however, the tables were of silver and the bread baskets on them were made of gold.

Vessels from which the wine was drunk are referred to as cups, two-handled beakers, or chalices, but whatever they are called, they are always wrought of gold. Bowls for mixing the wine were made of silver. As a gift from Menelaus, Telemachus received such a bowl fashioned of solid silver with a rim of gold. A flowered bowl is used in one instance to carry water for the sacrifice, but Eumaeus, the herdsman, used bowls of ivy or olive wood both for mixing and for drinking his wine.

There were few other appointments in the hall. Odysseus had a wooden rack for spears standing near one of the pillars and, though it was customary for the women to do their weaving on looms in their quarters, on one occasion a work basket was brought into the hall. The basket ran on casters and was made of silver, finished with a rim of gold. It was filled with yarn, and bore a golden spindle across the top.

Beds were generally simple affairs consisting of a wooden framework of legs and a flat surface on which bedding was piled. The bedding consisted of purple rugs over which sheets were spread, and of thick blankets which were used for covering. The only reference to a mattress is made when Penelope orders a bed spread with a mattress, blankets, and clean sheets for Odysseus.

Odysseus' bed is unique in that he fashioned one of the bed posts from an olive tree around which he had built his room. He "finished it off with an inlay of gold, silver, and ivory, and fixed a set of purple straps across the frame."

One bedroom is referred to as "richly furnished," but there does not appear to have been any wardrobe unless clothes were kept in chests as were those that were laid away in scented herbs in the storeroom. In Nausicaa's room, wearing apparel is lying about, and in Telemachus' apartment, a tunic hangs on a peg by the bed.

There are many references to bathing, but whether there were bathing rooms with sunken baths like those found in a later period in the Roman home, or whether there were bathing vessels that could be moved about, is not quite clear. Telemachus, on arriving at the palace of Menelaus, went to bathe in a polished bath. Menelaus had in his possession two silver baths. In the palace of Alcinous, Odysseus was invited to "get into" his bath. The water had been heated in a three-legged, copper cauldron which was large enough to hold a man the size of Odysseus. It is probably safe to assume that the water was poured into a larger vessel. Evidence of the fact that the bath was taken in a separate room is found in the statement "he left the bath to join the men at their wine."

Kitchens, though not mentioned as such, were apparently rooms where the maidservants ground the corn, the barley, and the wheat in hand-mills and baked it into bread.

Finally there was a storeroom. Here were kept the treasures, the wooden coffers and chests filled with clothes, rugs, and bedding, all woven of fine linen or wool. In the storeroom of Odysseus there were piles of bronze and gold. Jugs of wine were lined against the wall. Telemachus, in preparing for a journey, took from the storerooms "flagons of wine with their stoppers on" and barley meal in "strong leather bags."

The single room and the furnishings of Eumaeus' hut are in marked contrast to the homes of the wealthy. The occupant had a chair and a bed, spread with the skins of sheep and goats. The bed may have been a wooden frame or simply a pile of rushes, covered with hides as were some of the seats in the hut.

However, through the writings of Homer and the relics which have been preserved, we know that although the furnishings of the homes of the well-born did not have the variety which we, in accord with our ideas of mass production, consider necessary, they were certainly adequate.

The View

Harold E. Rein

From my window on the second floor of our apartment house, I can see the heart of Market Street on the Heights. It is Sunday. The grocery stores, the barber shop, the candy store, and the fish market stand empty and dark. They look worn out, glad of this day of rest. Only their window displays and advertisements give hint that tomorrow they will again be ready for labor.

The falling snow accentuates the dark gray drabness of the homes that perch on top of the stores, and the warped boards cry out for a new coat of paint to match the whiteness of the snow on the roofs. Wispy blue smoke winds softly from the chimneys, but the wind mercilessly gobbles it up.

I witness a constant battle between the slush on the street and the new falling snow. Virgin flakes cling valiantly to the road, but the slush, with its allies, the cars, the trucks, and the trolley cars, speedily devours them. Now and then a truck or car ventures nearer than usual to the curb and splashes slush on the darkening sidewalk.

I see no beauty in this fallen snow. On the plain, in the hills, and in the woods it exudes a breathless beauty, but on the Heights it is ugly. It lacks the serenity and placidness that snow should have. Instead, it reminds me of something dirty, torn, and disheveled. This Market Street, this Heights, takes its beauty from the hustle and bustle of the people in their shopping and their sidewalk gossip, in the children's noisy play, and in everyone's coming and going. The snow keeps doors closed. It draws curtains. It keeps people off the street, giving it the appearance of an empty stage. The props are there, but the warmth and meaning that only people can add to a scene are gone.

I remember spring and summer days when the grocery stores displayed their vegetables and fruits on the sidewalk, and their sharp odors reached everywhere. They weren't encased in glass, cold and lifeless, as now. I yearn for spring and summer, when the weather isn't an intruder, when people walk the streets for the sake of walking and not just because they have somewhere they must go.

The snow is ugly on the Heights, and in its ugliness it is

also impertinent. It laughs as the battle of slush goes on. It laughs because it is able to transform what was warmth and activity into a row of tombs. I hear its laughter and I cringe, but I take heart when I remember that soon the view from my window will be different and I will laugh with the spring.



Fragment

Lois Mangel

They're here on my desk
as I write,
The flowers of the night before.

As soon as I came in last night
I put them in water,
the delicate, faintly pink camellia with the long curving stem,
and the coy, brilliantly fuschia one with no stem at all.
I suppose I tried to save the flowers
because
I really wanted to save the night.

But now I know that I cannot keep either.

Last night
the flowers were the night.
They were full of grace
and promise,
as the night was.
They were rich and darkly stimulating,
as the night was.
But most like the night,
they were loose and free,
as the night was.

I liked the pink flower better;
I liked its restraint
and gentleness.
The fuschia one was rather blatant and obvious,
but it complemented the pink one,
and it had its place
in the night.

Together, the two flowers were
the mystery,
the eternal harmony,
the golden, creamy note struck afar-off
that was the night.

Who can blame me for trying to save the flowers . . .
and the night?

I have the flowers on my desk now,
in a slender crystal vase.
The pink camellia just reaches over the rim of the vase,
and the purple-red one
floats cheaply on the water.

I say I have the flowers, but these are not really the ones of
the night before; these flowers clearly belong to the day. In
spite of my trying to keep them fresh, both flowers are
drooping and soon they will look wilted. The daylight is
harsh and cruel and it shows that the flowers don't even
fade graciously.

Before they wilt,
I'll throw the flowers away,
and I won't think about the night.

For
the flowers were the night
and the day is kind to neither.



My Mother

Robert J. Dido

If ever I stand like a man, speak like a man, or act like a
man who has walked humbly in the Grace of God, without
fear of what is to come or what has passed, then that man
in me is of a woman, my mother. And when she has passed
away I shall continue to stand like a man but I shall weep
like a child; for a child's tears know no hate or selfishness
but only what is good and righteous. Only these tears are
worthy of her.

Fog

Robert J. Dido

They were heroes, but they didn't want to be; I'm sure of that. Maybe you'd like to hear the story.

We were returning from mission eight, thirty planes in all, carrying approximately three hundred men. It was an easy mission, that is, as far as the enemy's resistance was concerned, but Mother Nature had a different story to tell. She was downright hostile. Perhaps all she intended to do was to lay down a welcome mat of fog, but she overdid it; she covered the English Channel and all of England with a layer 1800 feet high and as thick as last week's coffee. I wouldn't send my mother-in-law up in weather like that.

It was impossible to fly formation in that soup, so the order was given to disperse, and disperse we did. Each plane was to chart its own course into the base. I was in no mood to tangle wing tips with anyone else and so, coward that I was, I charted my course a good fifty miles off what I reasoned the others would take. But that wasn't what you would call a solution to the problem; the fog was still there and in it were thirty planes converging on the base like spokes in a wheel.

Something was bound to happen. When we were within ten miles of the base, I, like the rest of the navigators, decided to "home in" on the radio beam. That was the only way the field could possibly be found. It was still ceiling zero, impossible to see the ground, impossible even for the fog lights around the runway to penetrate and make a landing possible. There was nothing to do but sit up there and wait.

Sit, sweat, and shake, that's all we could do and that's all we did for an hour. Thirty ships within a radius of one mile. How long could we avoid a collision? The biggest worry now was the gas supply. We were already airborne for eleven hours; it wouldn't be long before we would be forced to the ground, one by one.

And then it happened. Like two comets crashing in mid-air, two planes collided, hurtled through space and fell to earth. As fate would have it, they fell at opposite ends of the runway, forming human torches to guide the rest of us safely to earth.

Twenty men died to save two hundred and eighty of us. God made them heroes; they didn't want to be.

One More Purple Heart

By J. B.

My first sensation upon regaining consciousness was that a knife was slowly twisting around within my vitals. The sickening odor of ether permeated the room, and the low buzz of electric saws and the hum of voices gave me a clue as to my whereabouts. Upon wriggling my toes, I heard an anxious voice murmur, "Look, Captain, the spinal is wearing off." There was a sharp stabbing pain in my abdomen. I must have screamed for the voice said, "There, there, son, we'll give you novocaine." The next stab of pain brought my jumbled thoughts into sharper focus and I tried to recall what had happened. From a nearby table a terrible gurgling scream rent the air, and I flinched. The doctor cursed softly—vehemently.

I faded away again only to be brought back to reality by a deep finger of pain in my bowels. My thoughts, spinning like a kaleidoscope, began to untangle and fall into order. It was clearer now . . . my being picked for the reconnaissance patrol with the Lieutenant . . . driving toward Aachen . . . stopping the armored jeep at a crossroads . . . what a d---fool! . . . the warning scream of the shell . . . too late . . . tremendous explosion . . . ringing in my ears . . . dive from the jeep . . . crawl away . . . three mortar shells zero on the jeep . . . my "Anthraxite Annie I" disintegrating . . . crawling into the ditch . . . nice, soft mud . . . floating, floating away . . . then blackness!

"Sutures, Nurse!" barked the voice. Then, "Take him away."

I felt myself on a moving stretcher, swaying from side to side. Blackness once more.

The days that followed were tiresome, to say the least. But to say that they were boring ones would be an untruth, for I had little opportunity to become morose. For many days my bedside was cluttered with plasma bottles, glucose bottles, stomach tubes, rectal tubes, and all types of intravenous tubes. It seemed as if every doctor who passed through the ward added to the list of intravenous injections which I was getting. It all seemed so unnecessary until the day when I saw what my wound looked like.

The shrapnel had driven into the lower right portion of

the abdomen, severing the large intestine and also a portion of the small intestine. Since the resulting shock and loss of blood were so great, only the first stage of a colostomy operation was performed.

When I regained consciousness in the operating room, the surgeon was completing the job of trimming the torn ends of the bowel. Then the severed ends, proximal and distal, were lifted out of the body cavity, sutured to the body surface, and covered with gauze packing to absorb drainage.

After five weeks of building up bodily resistance, I was ready for the last stage of the colostomy operation. Well it was, too, for I never again wanted to feel a hypodermic squirting penicillin into my arm; nor was the foul stench from the draining tubes pleasant to my nostrils. The nearby low moans of dying buddies began to cut deeper. Worse still were the hellish V-1 rockets or "buzz-bombs" which roared over the hospital into the nearby City of Liege. Many of them came over so low that the tile shingles on the roof began to rattle, and patients began to scream. At times like these I thought of the many occasions in the front lines when tired, dirty Infantrymen griped and wished for soft, comfortable hospital beds in the rear areas. How ironic the fortunes of war!

The second operation, although longer than the first, was less painful, and was performed in an empty operating room. Thank God for the blessed quiet in there! The day's casualties had not yet come in.

Splicing the ends of intestine together must have been a tricky procedure, for I heard various and sundry oaths uttered by the surgeon. He had quite a vocabulary, bless him! The minutes ticked slowly as I lay there counting—counting chipped spaces on the ceiling. At last the low hum of voices lulled me into a fitful slumber. When I awoke, the doctor was putting in the last of the stitches. Then, straightening up, he made this classic remark, "'Tis an open and shut case, my lad." I laughed and the pain shot through my body, but I didn't care. I was thankful—ever so thankful to be alive.

The Trend of Life

Robert Holleran

In the boundless universe of suns and light, of space and darkness, persists the incongruous phenomenon of life. Matter burns in the feverish agitation of the stars, or lies inert in the cold masses of the planets moving ponderously through the void. The vast forces of the cosmos are blind and pitiless. Life is a strange intruder in a hostile universe. Yet upon Earth life exists, tenacious, groping, and evolving.

Somehow life began on earth. Somehow, when the furious energies of the cooling globe relaxed, and the land and sea lay calm and warm beneath the sun, the energy of inanimate matter first expressed itself as life.

The science of to-day cannot describe the beginning of life. Provisional analysis can only indicate the improbability of a purely fortuitous occurrence. But science infers the nature of the earliest forms of life, and can trace roughly the course of life in its development from the most primitive creatures to the varied forms of modern flora and fauna.

Primordial life existed in the warm seas of the Archeozoic era, more than a billion years ago. Single-celled plants floated at the surface of the sea, and derived from the sun's rays and the minerals of the water the energy and the sustenance to live, to grow, and to reproduce. The organization of the tiny cell of matter which thus achieved life was exceedingly intricate, and disintegrated quickly when subjected to adverse environmental conditions. But though the individual succumbed, life endured in the many progeny produced by each plant cell while favorable conditions prevailed. With this amazing power of procreation, the primitive plants rapidly spread throughout the warmer seas of the earth.

Here the expansion of life might well have stopped. Filling the warm seas till the food available could sustain no greater number, and reaching as far as possible into the colder seas, the simple plants had met an obstacle which no static force could overcome.

But life was not static. Life proved resourceful and adaptive. Hardier types of cells which could live in colder water came into existence among the earlier forms. Other new forms were able to use different minerals for food. Units composed of many cells evolved from the original one-celled

organisms. Animals appeared, using their greater mobility to prey upon the plants and then become food for other animals or plants when their bodies had deteriorated. The seas soon teemed with innumerable varieties of living creatures.

When life had covered the surface of the earth, on both land and sea, it had reached another and greater limit to further expansion. The existing forms of life might continue to evolve, to penetrate a little farther into the desert and a little deeper into the ocean, and to use still more efficiently the fuels of their environment. But where lay the path to a new expansion comparable to the migration to the land? There was, and is, none, unless it be other planets.

Life is no passive force. Ceaselessly it strives to occupy new areas, to use the energy and substance of all its surroundings for its own increase. It seems able, given time, to devise some means to overcome almost any obstacle. In the face of the present impasse, there has developed among the many forms of life a device which seems destined to become the most effective of all in sustaining the trend of life toward continuous expansion.

This device is intelligence. Existing in elementary, potential form among all the higher types of animals, intelligence has reached an effective level in the brain of man. Intelligence accelerates the process of evolution.

In one sense it may require millions of years for a form of life which can penetrate and exploit an inhospitable area, such as a very cold region of the earth, to be developed by mutation and natural selection. But man, with the intelligence to use fire and to build shelters, can accomplish the same result in a very brief time. Intelligence can recognize and circumvent natural barriers far more quickly than can all such devices as mutation, instinct, and hardihood at the disposal of simpler forms of life.

It appears that with man and his intelligence, life has reached an explosive point in its march of conquest. Man, in pursuit of his own ambition, unaware that his is the motive of all life, may soon be able to carry life throughout the solar system, and perhaps beyond. If this possibility comes to pass, the trend of life will be sharply apparent. After a slow, uncertain beginning, life will be suddenly manifest as a phenomenon of unlimited resourcefulness and insatiable appetite. Life will be, not a feeble spark in the vast universe of stars, but a vital multiplying force which may finally transform the cosmos into a new and higher expression of existence.

He Taught Me More than Flying

Royal S. Culp

I love to fly, perhaps more than anything else that I know of. Why? I don't think I know exactly. Each time I go up I find something new to thrill me. Have you ever looked into a clear blue sky? Of course you have, but what did you see?

"You're looking into eternity, young man. You're looking straight into the face of God," my instructor had told me. Perhaps he is one of the reasons for my love of flying. Flying was his whole life, and I couldn't help catching some of his overwhelming enthusiasm for it.

"See this ship," he had told me that first day. "If you are careless with her, she'll kill you, but if you treat her with care and respect, she will give you the greatest hours you will ever know."

I often thought of the many things he had told me. He met everyone, and every situation, with a philosophical forbearance that never ceased to amaze me. He was not the typical Army flying instructor. I never heard him use profanity. He never spoke of women—only flying. He thought of the weather at ten thousand feet—never on the ground.

"If you know your instruments, you don't have to worry about the ceiling. They'll bring you down through anything," he used to say. "See that low-flying cloud bank over in the east? It looks pretty ugly from here, but climb above it and look down. It's the purest, whitest thing you've ever seen." That's the way he approached all of the problems of life. Everything had a bright side, and if one would spend less time finding fault and more time in looking for the bright side, this old world would be a wonderful place.

He never spoke of the war although he was training me for it. I tried to find out why, but he evaded my questions.

I had been flying about seven months when I had my crack-up. I spread a plane over about three acres of Houston's Ellington Field. I astounded the engineering department by walking away from one of the worst crashes the field had ever known.

I remember walking from the Flight Surgeon's office the next day. Lt. Forrester met me at the door. We walked down to the line, past the neat, even rows of parked ships. Finally he spoke to me.

"They're just a group of men who are doing what they think is best. They may ground you, but they can't make you forget these past months. You'll fly again."

I haven't seen Lt. Forrester since then, but I shall never forget him.



Shadows

Robert Mikulewicz

They dip and dance and then like fairies fade
From shape to shape. In silent pantomime
They weave a wonderous tale of light and shade,
And take the loneliness from endless time.
Before, behind, upon my linen throne
They play in restless rhythms. Fancy brings
And shows to me a humped and crumpled crone
Who changes to an elf-child wearing wings.
There falls a curtain made of tattered lace.
The stage is set, and then new scenes I see:
A shadow ship, with sails puffed full of grace
By unheard winds that blow somewhere for me
Who am earthbound, but thus I pay my fee,
The silent judge of silent pageantry.

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