

Poor George Is Blind

Poor George never could see Mr. Wright. For a year I tried to make him see, but the last year I gave up. I suppose it's just as well; he probably wouldn't have liked the old man.

Poor George. I think he thought I was crazy all along. Mr. Wright knew I wasn't, of course. George would sit there and look at me, and then he'd look through Mr. Wright, and then he'd look back at me and shake his head. It really wasn't his fault. He never did have much imagination.

I met Mr. Wright one evening while I was taking my 6 o'clock walk. I had been sick; the doctor had said I needed more fresh air, and so George insisted that I take a walk every evening.

I was tired; I hadn't done anything all day. I never had anything to do. I had wanted to work when we were first married, but George

Sunday, but we always left immediately after services. We had our Sunday dinner at a certain restaurant downtown, and always had the same meal—roast beef, with apple pie for dessert. George liked roast beef.

With Mr. Wright, however, I had nothing to worry about. He was very easy to talk to. I had told him my name, that my husband was an accountant in the bank, and that we led a very quiet life at home when I glanced at my watch and saw that it was almost seven. I knew George would be wanting his supper, so I excused myself and left.

As I went back to the little house, I felt better than I had for days. George looked up from his paper, a little irritated, as I came in. "Where have you been? You're ten minutes late!"

"I met the nicest old man in the park today—a Mr. Wright. We only talked for a little while, but I felt—" I broke off as I noticed George frowning at me.

"I thought you knew better than to talk to stranger," he said. "With all the things that go on today, you can't trust anyone. Sometimes I think you have no more sense than a ten-year old."

I opened my mouth to defend myself—he was such a nice old man; there couldn't be anything wrong with him—and then I closed it again. It was useless to argue with George. His attitude failed to dampen my spirits; I hummed as I set the table until George asked me to be a little quieter. He was trying to read the evening paper.

The next evening George walked with me in the park, after he had come home from work. That had happened only once after the first few months in the 15 years we'd been married. I think he was afraid I'd been talking to strangers for years.

We hadn't walked very far when I saw Mr. Wright coming toward us. At first sight of him, I had an urge to turn off into a side path, and then I thought that if George could meet him he might decide that my judgment wasn't so bad after all.

I smiled, and Mr. Wright smiled back. George almost walked right past him, so I pulled at his arm and said, "George I'd like to have you meet Mr. Wright, the man I was telling you about last night."

Mr. Wright put out his hand, and George just stared, first at me, and then at Mr. Wright. "Shake his hand, George," I said. "Don't just stand there."

I think I was almost as startled as he was. It was the first time I had snapped at him in ten years. He turned to me. "Let's go home," he said, almost tenderly.

"But—" I looked at Mr. Wright helplessly.

"Don't worry about it," he said. "I don't think your husband is feeling very well tonight. If you come out here tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock, we can talk some more."

I didn't understand what was going on, but I shrugged my shoulders, told him good-by, and turned and walked on with George.

Though I had learned to suppress all my emotions quite well in the years since I had married George, his insult to this nice old man was too much for me. We walked in silence for a while, and finally I said, "How could you be so rude?"

He just looked at me again, almost with the same look he had had when he told me about the head teler who had embezzled a fortune from the bank. Then he smiled a strained smile and said, "How would you like to eat out tonight?"

Warrior's Hymn

by F. X. Ross

I seek no flowered path to tread,
No churchman's pious prayer—
Nor maiden fair, nor costumed day,
Nor tender, hitting air!
For I have cast the gauntlet down,
And spurned the feeble laws,
While with the fiery Gods I strive—
For US no pact or pause!
Not mine, the way of sufferance—
From that my spirit turns.
My soul but glories in revolt,
And for the conflict years!
For man but finds his highest self
In all devouring strife
And, though my fate consume me quite,
I'll lead no other life.

Who takes a maid takes joy, you say?
Short is that night of pleasure!
For one who is of deathless clay
Eternity's the measure.
Who lives with war shall sleep with her;
That is the ancient rite.
My virgin soul I guard, for her
And that unending night.

would have none of that; no wife of his would work, he said.

So I quit my job, even quit doing the small amount of writing I had done. I really could see no harm in it; I had always enjoyed it, but George was firm. George was always firm.

I sat down on a bench in the neighborhood park. For no discernible reason, I suddenly thought of an old man I had been catching glimpses of occasionally.

There really was nothing very distinctive about him; he was tall, thin, seventy-ish had a rather large, white moustache and walked with a slight limp and a cane.

But he drew my attention the first time I saw him; he was the kind of man I would have liked to have put into a story.

I heard steps stop in front of me and looked up, startled. My thoughts had materialized!

"How do you do?" he said, and tipped his hat. "My name is Mr. John Wright. I hope you don't think I'm being forward, but I take a walk every evening too, and I have seen you so often I almost feel as though I know you." He indicated the bench with his cane. "May I sit down?"

"Certainly," I smiled. I was very pleased. I wasn't too sure how to act; George didn't like to visit much, so we very seldom had friends in. We went to church on

"Oh, no," I protested. "I'd have to change clothes and I'm sure there wouldn't be any room left at our usual restaurant."

"Why should we eat there? Let's eat somewhere else for a change. How about that Italian restaurant on 16th Street?"

I stared at him. I could no more imagine George and I eating at a different restaurant than—well, than I could see him turning somersaults down the sidewalk.

Mr. Wright said that George wasn't feeling well. Maybe he was beginning to crack under the strain of his work.

I decided I had better humor him, so we went back, got in the car, and went out for dinner.

George was more talkative than he had been in years. He told me about the bank affairs, going into a great amount of detail, seeming to grasp for something to say, trying to talk continually.

I was actually rather bored. Business had never interested me too much. I had liked to read. I had liked concerts and plays. There had been times when I wondered what had attracted me to George, or him to me.

I think I appreciated his steadiness and he liked my quiet personality; he couldn't stand women who chattered. Though my mind was still on the old man, I listened as attentively as possible.

Finally, the meal was over, and I was preparing to go home when George asked if I would like to go to a movie.

"George, what's the matter with you. Ever since we met Mr. Wright in the park—"

"But, dear—" he frowned, shook his head, and then said slowly, "There was no old man in the park."

Poor George. He was sick. I looked at him closely, then smiled and said we had better go home. He'd probably had a hard day at work. I took his arm and we walked out of the restaurant.

He didn't sleep very well that night. I felt sorry for him, but I didn't worry much. He had always been such a dependable man; I just couldn't see him losing his sanity.

By morning he was more natural. He didn't speak to me over

THE FEAST

God is a carpenter,
The Devil a walrus.
We are the oysters . . .
they will eat all of us!
what if God does eat more than the Devil?
Still the Devil will get all he can . . .
The only real choice for the won and the lost
Is whether or not they like Worcestershire Sauce!
F. X. Ross

the breakfast table; he gave me his usual quick kiss and good-by before he walked out of the door. I felt extraordinarily good. I was looking forward to seeing Mr. Wright in the park.

At a quarter of ten I unplugged the iron and walked in the direction of the park. Mr. Wright was waiting at our bench. It was a nice morning, and we began to talk about the weather. Then he told me about his mountain-climbing in the Alps, about his travels in Europe.

I had never before met a more interesting man. He had done the things I had wanted to do all my life, and he had such an interesting manner of speaking. I felt as though I had been there with him.

Somehow the conversation



YOU'LL FLUNK FOR THIS—YER SUPPOSED TO PICK UP ROCKS—NOT DIG FOR 'EM.'

changed to music, and I found he loved the same kind of music I did. On an impulse, I invited him up to the house. I had a rather complete collection of records which I played, of course, only when I was home alone.

George could see no sense in the conglomeration of noises and the voices screeching for hours in some language no one could understand. Mr. Wright and I put on a stack of records and sat and listened with speaking.

I asked him to stay for lunch, but he said he thought he'd better go home before they started to worry about him. I invited him to come back the next day.

When George came home, he seemed to be waiting for me to say something. I didn't tell him about Mr. Wright's visit; I was afraid it might upset him again.

Later that evening, however, there was a knocking on the door, and I opened it to Mr. Wright. George seemed not to have heard the knock, but he turned when I said, "Why, hello! Come in, please."

Again he gave me that strange stare, and then he got up, came over and stood beside me, and said, pronouncing each word distinctly, "Dear, there is no one there." He reached out as though to prove it, and his hand touched Mr. Wright's, but he seemed to feel nothing.

Suddenly, he turned and walked out the door, returning in five minutes with the neighbor, whom we knew only slightly. I began to introduce him to Mr. Wright, but he gave me the same odd stare that George had given me and said nothing. George mumbled something about "not feeling well . . . dizzy spells . . . thanks," and almost pushed the neighbor out of the door.

They just couldn't do this to Mr. Wright! If they chose to ignore him, that was their business, but I wasn't going to desert him. I had enjoyed his company very much, and he was a lonely, friendless person.

"I'm sorry, George," I said. "I'll take Mr. Wright into the other room. You go ahead and read your paper."

I hoped Mr. Wright wouldn't feel hurt because of the incident, but he said he was used to such things; old people are often ignored.

About two o'clock, he decided to leave, so I walked with him to the door. When I had closed it after him, I turned to George and said, "I think I'll go to bed. Good night,

TO A FRIEND

I thought I saw a nightingale warbling to the sky.
It was nothing but a sparrow.
I have a faulty eye.

Now I see a river
Filled from shore to shore.
Now I see on closer look
A void and nothing more.

Now I see a pedant
Prating to the throng.
Now I see an ostrich.
A bird without a song.
Don Auld

disturbed me to know that no one else could see Mr. Wright, but it didn't simply accepted him as a friend.

I realized that his presence embarrassed George, so I didn't talk to him or about him in public. It didn't bother Mr. Wright either. He was a very good-hearted gentleman.

The psychiatrist and George asked me if I would object to going to a hospital. I told them I really felt fine and saw no necessity for it, but if it would make George happy, I would go. George had been terribly jumpy, especially when I talked to Mr. Wright.

One evening he had gotten out of his chair, stalked into the room where Mr. Wright and I were talking, and threatened to throw him out. Mr. Wright said good night and left immediately, saving George the embarrassment of trying to throw out someone he couldn't see.

Before Mr. Wright left that night, I asked him to visit me in the hospital, and he promised that he would.

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WHO'S A GENIUS?

Place: a coffee shop on any campus in the United States.
Time: Seven-thirty on a Friday night in May.
The curtain goes up. (Pantomime would probably be as effective as the dialogue which follows.)

First Student: Aren't you going to the lecture?
Second Student: Can't. I've got a term paper due Monday. Are you?
First S: Of course. Any lit major just has to go—it's the major event of the year.
Third Student: Frankly, I think he's greatly overrated. Most of his poetry is mediocre, and he can't seem to choose between realism and fantasy, and that latest play—good heavens, it's no more a true tragedy than Death of a Salesman!
Fourth Student: I can't agree with you—they say that he is a wonderful lecturer, and I personally think that his last play is the height of his career.
It shows both more and less depth than any of his other work. I think that he was laughing at the audience when he wrote it, explaining the action neatly, and leaving everything else unsaid.
First S: I suppose you're going to say that Williams is a good dramatist, too.
Fourth S: Not necessarily. The only analogy that I could draw would be between their sincerity as artists, and perhaps as frustrated poets.
Williams writes for himself and all artists of ilk, while Shakespeare has a somewhat broader appeal. I think that he is following the right track because art is going to lose its importance if the majority of the people can't understand it on at least one level.
First S: Come on, we'll all be late.
Second S: Well, back to the old typewriter.

The curtain goes down permanently. —Nancy Rodgers

Vernal Equinox . . .

Cont. from Page 3.

the stupor characteristic of the last stages, tremendous reluctance to attend class, write papers, or do other classroom assignments, a peculiar and driving thirst for certain commercial "beverages," uncontrollable desire to acquire a sunburn or tan, and desire for companionship with others afflicted, preferably on a sandy beach.

These symptoms are apparent during the hours between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. From 5 p.m. to 3 a.m. there is a peculiar loss of fatigue accompanied by sudden bursts of energy and enthusiastic irresponsibility which prompt the sufferer to indulge in activities which would not normally have any lasting appeal to him. The third phase of the disease occurs from approximately 3 a.m. until 10 a.m., during which time the victim loses consciousness in a coma from which it is relatively impossible to rouse him.

There are, of course, varying degrees of these symptoms, and it is not unusual to observe contradicting symptoms. In extremely rare cases on record, the victim has behaved in a manner diametrically opposed to that commonly observed.

These rare cases find a surplus of energy which leads them to excel in academic work, and even to relieve tensions caused by this infusion of energy by doing more than is required for certain courses.

These cases are, indeed, not only extremely rare, but usually short-lived, since the sudden abundance of energy is all too often replaced by either the more unusual symptoms or by a severe case of infectious mononucleosis.

The debilitating effects of VEF are both physical and mental. Mental results of a siege of the disease are indistinguishable from those of its closely allied malady, senioritis. Generally, the student no longer manifests any interest in classes, campus affairs, and certain social situations.

The student who has formerly been active and interested in activities feels a revulsion at what, in his unnatural state, he labels dirty politics or busy work. His former co-workers become "glory grubbers" or bluffers.

The student who has been active in a social sorority or

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