



"I SEE I'VE LECTURED PAST THE BELL AGAIN—"

**Fools . . .**

Cont from Page 3.  
 an invariable custom.  
 If he had had an exceptionally good day, he might tell a joke or two at the table, usually directing them to his daughter, as he did tonight. She had come to the table late, explaining, "Sorry—the dogs broke away from me. Now Blackie will probably be pregnant, too."  
 "Daughter!" Mrs. Stuart had been shocked. The rest of the family had glossed over the remark in eating.  
 After the coffee, which Conrad was still too young to share, Mr. Stuart condescended to remark, "A good meal, Isabel." She looked at him gratefully and went on cleaning dishes.  
 As she saw her daughter putting on her coat and boots, she said to her, "Can't you stay home tonight?"  
 "No, Mother—I'm going downtown with father. He needs help tonight." Because she moved in both of their worlds freely, Esmerelda was the medium by which her mother and father might have coalesced.  
 But she was a calculating child; she took from both of them and gave to her father, who would help her escape. He was an intelligent man, inheritor of English nobility, who had found the necessity for earning a living sufficient.  
 He deliberately set for himself too much work so that he might stay in a world where he need have no emotions except the superficial camaraderie of his associates.  
 Esmerelda did understand him, but she did not want his life; he had not wanted it either, but it was a reasonable substitute for life.  
 Only occasionally did the black moods, almost insanity, which he had given to his daughter, touch him now.  
 When he was old, old, he would turn to his wife, but now Esmerelda could not allow that, because their joining might keep her at home; she labored conscientiously

covers from his head so that the cold air would re-alert him.  
 People were such nuisances, he reflected, and all so disagreeable, even his sister. When he was younger, they had haunted him in his sanctuary, like nightmares, but for the last six months his home in bed had been of purest joy; he had succeeded in realizing that they were just a nightmare.  
 He had, after the purge, grown increasingly reluctant to leave the land in which he walked wach night, with its pure colors and sounds.  
 He had begun to bring parts of it back with him, until, by concentrating upon them, he could ignore people entirely.  
 His school work had not suffered, except that he was absent-

mined in recitations; consequently his mother had noticed nothing.  
 Today he had learned that people were still there; he felt as though his days were all bad dreams, dreams.  
 He turned the idea over; hitherto he had thought that his nights were dreams. But if the days were bad then they should be the dreams; if these people were nightmares, that would explain why they used to be in his border-world—he had simply remembered them upon waking.  
 Then it should be possible—no, wait—why had they gone away if he still dreamed? The nightmares were becoming weaker, that was it. Then what the nightmares called sleeping must really be waking, and what they called waking, with their malicious perversion,

must be slipping into the nightmares.  
 If he could just wake up, really wake up, from these nightmares, then he would have conquered them and could be at peace.  
 And then he was very tired and the borderland enchantingly close; he covered himself and allowed it to envelop him in its fresh warmth.  
 Esmerelda came home at twelve and set her alarm for eight. She would—as usual, she supposed—have to drag Conrad out of bed. She slept soundly until the harsh ring of her clock roused her; it took her a few seconds to remember the day of the week, that it was a school-day, and then she was hurrying down the hall to wake her brother.  
 "Get up, lazy, it's five minutes after eight!"

Walking under a huge cecropia tree whose blossoms never dropped, Conrad heard her voice faintly. As it grew stronger, he remembered what he had thought the night before.  
 If he did not wake up, or, rather, if he woke up, he could rid himself of these nightmares. He clung to the tree trunk and concentrated upon the patterns of green and white.  
 He heard Esmerelda's voice diminish and finally fade out altogether. Then he sat down to rest, for willing the nightmare away had been hard work. Esmerelda was downstairs shaking her mother violently. "Mother, wake up!"  
 "What is it?"  
 "It's Conrad, Mother. You'd better call a doctor, but he isn't breathing—the fool!"

**Poor George . . . cont.**

The time I spent there was quite confusing. They gave me shock treatments, and I saw mice on the ceiling and knew I was going to die, and they were torturing Mr. Wright and he didn't come to see me for a long time.  
 Then one afternoon he came walking into my room. I was so happy to see him that I snapped out of my depression immediately. He told me he had tried to get in to visit me, but they wouldn't allow him into the room.  
 He had finally managed to get past them, and we had a wonderful afternoon. He left just before supertime.  
 When the attendant came in, she seemed surprised to see me feeling so well. I didn't tell her that Mr. Wright had come back, because I knew he was why I was there, and I didn't like the place.  
 I improved daily—ate all of my meals and even joined in the games. Mr. Wright visited me as often as he could get in. At the end of a week, they released me.  
 When I had told Mr. Wright how I had been treated, we both agreed it would be better if I acted as though I thought he didn't exist when others were around. When the psychiatrists questioned me before I left, I pretended that I had completely forgotten Mr. Wright.  
 George was delighted at my rapid "recovery." The first week I was home, he treated me like a queen—took me to dinner, brought me candy, even spoke to me at breakfast.  
 Soon he drifted back to his normal routine—we only went out on Sundays; we seldom talked to each other.  
 In that first week, I saw Mr. Wright only for a few minutes during my morning walk. He understood perfectly why it was that way. As George became his old self, our visits became longer. The first time Mr. Wright came to the house after I was out of the hospital, George brought the neighbor over again.  
 This time, however, I pretended that Mr. Wright wasn't there. George muttered, "Must still be jumpy . . . Guess it was a mistake," and ushered the neighbor out of the door.  
 I explained the situation to him and said he would just have to

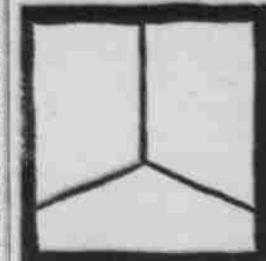
resign himself to it. I didn't really like to see him suffer, but what else could I do? It seemed quite sensible to me.  
 I think he actually did resign himself to it after a while. He even began to talk to Mr. Wright himself, though his conversation was limited to such things as, "Don't you think it's about time how you wen home?"  
 We lived that way for almost a year until George failed to get up for breakfast one morning. When I went into the bedroom, I couldn't arouse him. I called the neighbor, who called the doctor, who said his death was due to an old heart condition.  
 I was naturally shocked, but I must confess, I felt no deep sense of loss. My communication had been mainly with Mr. Wright; George had become almost a household fixture.  
 For a while, Mr. Wright visited me more frequently and filled any emptiness that might have been left by George's death.  
 One day it dawned on me that now I could go out and do the things I had wanted to do all my life, but I knew I couldn't desert Mr. Wright.  
 A week later he began to complain about his health; his stomach wasn't behaving the way it should have. It must have been a cancer, and I'm glad he didn't have to suffer long.  
 A couple of weeks after his first pain, he told me he was going to a hospital and wouldn't be back. The next morning when I awoke, I knew he was dead.  
 I was more upset by his death than I had been by George's. I stayed home for a few days and mourned him; then I began to go out and do the things I knew Mr. Wright would like to see me do. I began to write again, and the things that I had discussed with the old man were a good source of articles and stories.  
 There is only one thing that still puzzles me. You see, in the week before George's death, Mr. Wright had had insomnia, and had asked me to buy him some sleeping pills. I had put them in the bathroom cupboard, and the morning after George's death, the box was empty.  
 I somehow felt reluctant to ask Mr. Wright what he had done with them.

**A SECRET**  
 No longer need for rain to hide the sun  
 And groove small wrinkles on the earth,  
 Which hides its age with vegetation,  
 As I have done.  
 No longer need for dusk to help me mourn  
 In quiet trees, in grayness and despair,  
 And try to keep the bright moon pale  
 Because I have no lover.  
 Nancy Rodgers

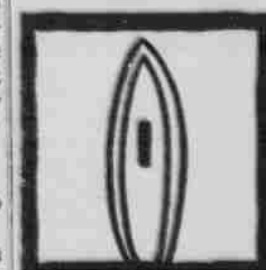
to be his outlet, and left Conrad to be the lye for her mother's emotional sink.  
 It was, of course, impossible for was not old enough to understand that Mr. Stuart hated all children and not just him in particular.  
 But it was also impossible for him to respect his mother whose judgments were obviously unsound; for a ten-year-old boy, he had done much speculating.  
 On this night, as he crawled into his bed and pulled the covers over his head, because his bedroom was unheated, he concentrated upon the day's fight.  
 He had not liked the other boy's exploring touch and had struck him instinctively. Trying to reason out instinct was difficult, much too hard.  
 The soft wonderworld came sliding in over his thought. He pushed it back, delighting in his knowledge that he could enter whenever he wished, and pulled the



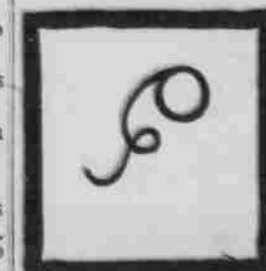
**AUTO ON GREASE BACK**  
 Daniel Au  
 U. of Hawaii



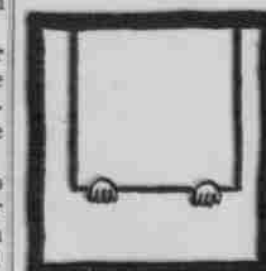
**NAUGHTY GHOST STANDING IN CORNER**  
 Robin Meier  
 Penn State



**NEEDLE WITH SOMETHING IN EYE**  
 Richard Silbert  
 Columbia



**CORSET WITH PETAUL**  
 Amir Kachigian  
 Washington U.



**CABLESS WINDOW WASHER**  
 Melvin Anderson  
 Colorado State Teachers

**IT'S RAINING LUCKY DROODLES!**

WHAT'S THIS? For solution see paragraph below

**SOMEBODY'S OFF HER ROCKER** in the Droodle above—and for a darned good reason. The Droodle's titled: Whistler's Mother out shopping for Luckies. From where she sits, Luckies always taste better. That's because they're made of fine tobacco—mild, good-tasting tobacco that's **TOASTED** to taste even better. Rise to the occasion yourself—light up a Lucky. You'll say it's the **best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!**

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