



[Ken and Barbara Jo Davis papers](#)

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# Titles, Quotations, Sentences - Essay Suggestions

- \* 1. Look to This Day
2. I Like to Travel
3. What a Mystery!
4. Prejudices in Chicago
- \* 5. Down and Out
6. The Most Popular Sport
7. How Does Literature Affect Our Lives?
8. What Should I Do Now?
9. Lilies of the Valley
- \* 10. "Death, Be Not Proud"
11. The Growing Forces of Society
12. Are Atomic Bombs Polluting the Air?
13. Our Third Automobile Revolution
14. If I Had Three Wishes
15. Do We Put Too Much Emphasis on I.Q.?
16. All the Little Things
17. Population Problems of the Next 100 Years
- \* 18. Out of the Shadows of Night
19. When in Doubt, Don't
20. The Neglected Art of Being Different.

21. "The ink of the scholar is more sacred than the blood of the martyr."
22. I have not loved the world, nor the world me.
23. The dust rushed aimlessly about the deserted house.
24. Music and architecture blossom from the same stem - mathematics.
25. Hate needs no instruction, but only waits to be provoked.
26. The U. S. is headed for a rude awakening.
27. These buildings will disappear, the creation of art and industry will perish from sight, but their influence will remain to make it live beyond its too short living with praise and thanksgiving.
28. When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock
29. Prejudice is the child of ignorance.
30. If only I could have one more chance.

31. Reading maketh a full man; conference  
a ready man; and writing an exact man.
32. God will not look you over for medals,  
degrees or diplomas, but for scars.
33. Man's success or failure, happiness  
or misery depend on what he seeks  
and what he chooses.
34. High school students do not get  
enough education in many important  
fields.
35. Families used to be considered shiftless  
if they lived from day to day; now they  
wish they could.
36. All men cannot be masters, but none  
needs to be a slave.
37. Youth is like spring, an overpriced  
season.
38. - a fool or a tool -
39. What is not fully understood is  
not possessed.
40. The world may be your oyster, but  
you've got to crack the shell yourself.
41. This is the valued gift forever.
- \* 42 - until the dawn breaks and the  
shadows flee away -



43. The past is just a memory, the future we can mold.
44. The race is now on for world markets in cars.
45. Serve with honor, not for honor.
46. Don't let your parents down; they brought you up!
47. A strong society of free men must be kept fully informed.
48. — a nation's sagging moral standards.
49. There are some things in the area of "no practice" things once tried that cannot be ~~reversed~~ like suicide or change in the culture of a whole people.
50. The price of popularity is surprisingly low.

51. Children at Play

52. Age

53. Poverty

Expository Categories and a Few Suggested Titles or Ideas

- I. Process
  - 1. Making Enemies
  - 2. Learning to -----
  - 3. Training a Dog
  - 4. How to Prepare for College
  - 5. Choosing a New -----
- II. Individual Character
  - 1. Actual person
  - 2. Book or play character
- III. Typical Character
  - 1. Chronic Invalid
  - 2. Bargain Hunter
  - 3. Diamond in the Rough
  - 4. High Powered Salesman
- IV. Cause and Effect
  - 1. Why One Should Choose a Profession  
before Entering College
  - 2. Changes in American Society
  - 3. Causes of Car Accidents
  - 4. Harmful Effect of Strikes
- V. Comparison
  - 1. Small College vs Large University
  - 2. Bus vs Train Transportation
  - 3. Modern Dancing vs -----
  - 4. Popular Songs Then and Now
  - 5. Architectural Types
- VI. & VII. Logical Classification (formal or informal)
  - 1. Classes of Motion Pictures
  - 2. After Dinner Speeches
  - 3. House Dogs
  - 4. High School Students
  - 5. Teachers
  - 6. Our Adventure Magazines
  - 7. New Vocations
- VIII. Abstract Terms
  - 1. Integrity
  - 2. World Citizenship  
etc.
- IX. Quotation or Proverb
- X. Critical
  - 1. Chain Stores
  - 2. Political Campaigns
  - 3. Books
  - 4. Movies

1. ... and it was night.
2. Mighty dread had seized their troubled minds.
3. deep and dreamless sleep
4. while mortals sleep
5. hopes and fears of all the years
6. Darkness flees.
7. wild and sweet
8. ... and in despair I bowed my head
9. the poor and mean and lowly
10. Sages, leave your contemplations.
11. Earth's darkest shore
12. behind closed doors
13. potent persuaders
14. the shame of sin
15. eyes as hard, cold, and lifeless as the frozen earth
16. A bad habit is a tyrant.
17. the open way
18. We are immersed in a surging sea...
19. Rich-clothed night shall hide away the day.



Quotations from Eng. Lit.

Love is best - Robt. Browning

The wine must taste of its own grapes - Eliz. Barrett

Somehow good will be the final goal of ill - Tennyson

Nothing walks with aimless feet - Tennyson

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield - Tennyson

Our echoes roll from soul to soul, and grow forever - Tennyson

Beauty is truth, truth beauty - Keats

Wail, for the world's wrong - Shelley

If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind - Shelley

We look before and after, and pine for what is not - Shelley

The child is father of the man - Wordsworth

We lay waste our powers - Wordsworth

We are selfish men - Wordsworth

Trade's unfeeling train usurps the land - Goldsmith

They also serve who only stand and wait - Milton

The mind is its own place - Milton

We have wits to read and praise to give - Jonson

In short measures life may perfect be - Jonson

Life's but a walking shadow - Shakespeare

Things that begun make strong themselves by ill - S.

Nothing is but what is not - Shakespeare



"Do you expect love to be understood?"

You cannot venture along the road of lives.

All the people in the world are grotesques.

We all want to be loved and the world has no plan for  
creating our lovers.

Seeds planted by dead men - spring up in my soul and  
choke me.

— From "Seeds" by  
Sherwood Anderson

Love is a cold Dalmatian nose.

Lang Miyama

Dressy Dress  
Swimsuit

Ron Alexander

Pink  
Scarlet  
Cherry  
Rose

Bill 5a

Roger Collins - Play boy

Peter Nero - Artist 2b

Rick Prince - Pianist 2a

Tony Brown - singer 1b

Dick Seidman - Detective

Evelyn Shephard - Actress 3a

Cindy Allen - Secretary 3b

Steve Sayfield Designer ~~4a~~

Ron Alexander - 2a

Jeannette + Ted Lander - Artist 3b



Ross Pendleton - Life Ins.

Starr O'Brien - 1a


+ Charles Stevens 1a  
Howard Miyama

Dave Purcell

Alan Thompson



I whisper his name  
And there is no more winter <sup>cold</sup> ~~and~~  
Warmth engulfs my spirit  
As his arms engulf my body

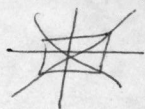


I whisper his name  
And a million sorrows disappear  
For me there are no more tears  
But ~~only~~ a heart full of loving joy.

I whisper his name  
And all loneliness is gone.  
I know only the companionship  
Of his smile

I whisper his name  
And I am sick no more  
Symptoms flee  
To be replaced by overwhelming energy.

I whisper his name  
Again and again  
And I know <sup>his</sup> love  
Everlasting



Wild blows the wind!  
She drives, tears, beats, pounds  
Her whims are as varied as a woman's

Wild blows the wind!  
Her fury is like that of a  
wild beast;  
Roaring, destructive



## THE FURY OF THE STORM

By Barbara Taylor

Wild blows the wind, lusty, furious.  
The storm clouds gather, black, threatening.  
And suddenly, there is a calm like that of  
death;  
Stillness, unbreakable; darkness, unshakable.

The birds have stopped their singing;  
The lowly ant, his labor.  
And all is still, dark, bleak, ominous.

A fleck or two of white (no more), and  
The hailstorm is upon us  
With all the fury of a beast,  
Roaring, bearing at the flesh of mortals.

We wait, breathless, as the storm races on,  
Pounding, beating, stripping the trees,  
Crucelly incessant.

But now, the face of the storm changes.  
A clap of thunder, a flash of lightning,  
And the rain comes.  
Earthy-smelling rain, soggy lawns, dripping  
Housetops, ruined spring hats.

Still we wait, yet we watch; but the storm  
Rages on and on.  
Tapping on the windows, trickling down the walks,  
Filling the streams with God-given moisture.

A sudden calm, and the storm is over;  
The sun appears, warm, drying, encouraging.  
The earth rejoices.

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## DEMOCRACY

By Barbara Taylor

His mother was Independence, his father was Freedom, and his name was Democracy. The new baby was tiny, helpless, and very weak. Worried, Independence asked the physician for advice.

The doctor was candid with his reply, "It won't be an easy task, but with continued vigilance we may be able to save him. Watch over him closely; protect him from pollution. Keep him away from greed and dishonesty. Feed him education, knowledge, and plenty of free will. Always keep him warm, for if he grows cold, he will surely die."

All through his infancy and boyhood, Democracy was diligently cared for. Many hardships confronted them, but his parents took every blow to heart, and worked all the more carefully to preserve the life of their child.

One day, having come of age, the lean, not-too-strong Democracy confronted his mother with the announcement, "I'm going to travel."

"But why?" his mother asked. "Are you no longer happy here with us?"

"Well, I'm a man now, and I want to see the world. Why don't you and Father come with me?"

So, the family set off on a long journey. Independence, Freedom, and Democracy visited country after country--Switzerland, Great Britain, the United States, and many other European and American countries. All the time the young man



was growing stronger through the many obstacles which he found it necessary to overcome.

It was a dreary day during the course of his travels when he met a slovenly young man wearing a slouch hat, ragged clothes, and no shoes.

"Where d'ye think we're goin' and who d'ye think y're?"

"Why, my name is Democracy, and I'd like to visit your country. What is your name?"

"Ah'm Ignorance, an' you'n me don't b'long in the same place. One or t'other is got t'go."

Democracy, being strong-willed, had no intention of leaving. He patiently set about buyin' books and educating the people. Ignorance had no weapon with which to combat this action, so he packed his belongings and left.

"Ain't nothin' else ah kin do but leave. Course there's other places what ain't got no means o' eddication."

Having overcome Ignorance, Democracy was confronted by Aristocracy, War, Dictatorship, Tyranny, and Greed, and one by one he overcame them.

Today people everywhere look up to him. He walks hand in hand with his parents through many lands. Though he is still struggling to surmount his greatest enemy, Communism, he is tall, he is strong, and he cannot easily be killed.



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## THE FALL

- A: Eve...E-ee-eve, where ar-r-r-re you?  
D: Like hi.  
A: Oh! I don't believe I recall your name.  
D: I'M a serpent, man.  
A: Wait a minute. Now I remember. I thought I named you "snake". Yeah, snake! What is this insubordination?  
D: Sna-a-a-ke. Ugh! I don't like it. Serpent is more Frenchy.  
A: More what?  
D: Like sex, man. You dig?  
A: You seen Eve?  
D: Yeah, she's drinking her supper.  
A: Drinking?  
D: Metrecal. It's a liquid diet plan--900 calories per day--all measured out--no fuss, no worry--three flavors, chocolate, vanilla, butterscotch. She's getting fat.  
A: I don't understand.  
D: You know--thickening waist, spare tire around the midriff. Like large, man.  
A: I hadn't noticed.  
D: What are you, man, platonic or something?  
A: He hasn't been born yet. I'm a God fan myself.  
D: God? Good lord, man, you aren't with it.  
A: Why? I like him.  
D: Look, since when did that have anything to do with the price of eggs? The question is: Is he a Kennedy?  
A: God? I don't think he has a last name.  
D: It's a dinch he's not a Kennedy. Wise up, man. You gotta consider the image. You gotta be like learned. You gotta read the right books, know the right people.  
A: I don't know any people.  
D: See what I mean? Leave it to me. Now, next thing is, you must look the part... uphold the image. All right, let's see one of your suits.  
A: I don't need any.  
D: I don't need any, he says! Like man, do you want to stay here forever? You know, it's not warm everywhere in the world.  
A: It's not?  
D: Wouldn't you kike to go on a skiing week end in Switzerland?  
A: I guess so. If God thinks its okay.  
D: Why keep dragging him along? I don't like him.  
A: He's a nice fellow.. You should get to know him.  
D: Look, buster, we are on like speaking terms. So don't bug me. Now, do you shave?  
A: Well...  
D: Use deodorant? Talc? Vitalis? Man, and you're asking why Eve's not around. Now, do you like Eve? Does she send you? Fire you up?  
A: Eve is my companion and I love her.  
D: But are you compatible? What sex problems do you have?  
A: We never thought about it.  
D: We?! Well, maybe you should do a little thinking on your own. You don't talk about it together, do you?  
A: No, we don't have time to talk about...  
D: Look, man, this is an important phase of life. It is life. Maybe it's about time you started trying to work a few things out. It's not always money that breaks up a marriage.  
A: What's money?  
D: That's what you can buy things with. Anything.







Dialogue between  
Adam + Devil

The army D.D.'s  
The Airforce Blues  
The women in walking shoes.  
The restlessness  
The clamor  
The sailors with their  
back-laced bell-bottomed  
trousers  
The old woman in the  
coat of her childhood  
The smell of mustard  
The cigarettes and newspapers

## MY SKIN IS BLACK

Oh, am I still in this jail?  
Still, still in this hole,  
This dungeon infested with rats,  
This prison of human cruelty, worse than Hegate's den?  
Lord, pity me! Set me free from this agony.  
I suffer because my skin is black.

What is wrong with me?  
Why am I forced to sit alone in the tavern,  
Isolated without friends, without associates?  
Am I covered with hideous leper's scabs?  
No, but my skin is black.

Why must my tiny children cry in pain  
As hunger grips them in its vise?  
Why must I spend my life scrubbing  
The ~~scum~~<sup>scum</sup> and filth that is not mine?  
Is my intelligence that of an imbecile?  
No, but my skin is black.

Why must I go to the back door of the house,  
To the back of the bus?  
Is my dress slovenly, my face dirty?  
Do I smell of the rats that share my abode?  
No, but my skin is black.

Why am I hounded by laymen  
Who think of me only as an interesting biological specimen?  
Why am I stared at, pointed at, screamed at?  
Are the elements composing my body  
In the wrong proportions?  
No, but my skin is black.

Am I less than human?  
Thousands of sneering, insulting voices cry,  
"Yes! Yes!  
You're not human; you're A <sup>nigger</sup> ~~Negro~~!"  
And they bar me from their place of recreation,  
And, worse yet, from their schools.  
They lock the doors to their eating places  
And even more terrible, to their jobs,  
Because my skin is black.

I seek relief in every corner;  
I turn in every direction, without success.  
Even among those who profess to be my friends,  
I find no relief.

Lady Moon, clad in pallid flowing robes,  
Ascends the stairway of the gods;  
But even her virginal light is obscured  
By the vile ignorance of prejudice.  
And still my skin is black.

## Fun With Hamlet and His Friends

See Hamlet run. Run, Hamlet, Run.

He is going to his mother's room.

"I have something to tell you, mother," says Hamlet. "Uncle Claudius is bad. He gave my father poison. Poison is not good. I do not like poison. Do you like poison?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" says his mother. "I do not like poison."

"Oh, there is Uncle Claudius," says Hamlet. "He is hiding behind the curtain. Why is he hiding behind the curtain? Shall I stab him? What fun it would be to stab him through the curtain."

See Hamlet draw his sword. See Hamlet stab. Stab, Hamlet, Stab.

See Uncle Claudius' blood.

See Uncle Claudius' blood gushing.

Gush, Blood, gush.

See Uncle Claudius fall. How funny he looks, stabbed.

Ha, ha, ha.

But it is not Uncle Claudius, It is Polonius. Polonius is Ophelis's father.

"You are naughty, Hamlet," says Hamlet's mother. "You have stabbed Polonius."

But Hamlet's mother is not cross. She is a good mother. Hamlet loves his mother very much. Hamlet loves his mother very, very much. Does Hamlet love his mother a little too much? Perhaps.

See Hamlet run. Run, Hamlet, run.

"I am on my way to find Uncle Claudius," Hamlet says.

On the way he meets a man. "I am Laertes," says the man. "Let us draw our swords. Let us duel."

See Hamlet and Laertes duel. See Laertes stab Hamlet. See Hamlet stab Laertes.

See Hamlet's mother drink poison. See Hamlet stab King Claudius.

See everybody wounded and bleeding and dying and dead.

What fun they are having!

Wouldn't you like to have fun like that?



## The Power to Appreciate

Appreciation, like automobiles, comes in four basic forms: the small, economy size, the convertible, the hard-top, and the built-for-wear type. First, there is the small, economy size, which can be expressed simply with a spoken "Thank you." For holding doors open, picking up spilled purse contents, or complimenting a new dress, ~~the~~ <sup>one</sup> receives ~~this kind of~~ <sup>a bit</sup> appreciation. Since ~~small~~ <sup>slight</sup> favors ~~are easily done~~ <sup>are easily done</sup> ~~this display of gratitude~~, this is by far the most common ~~display~~ <sup>such</sup>. In ~~this~~ <sup>such</sup> cases a little "Thanks" lasts a long time.

A hardtop <sup>car</sup> is built for wear as well as for beauty; thus hardtop appreciation <sup>too</sup> must be ~~both~~ <sup>lasting</sup> and satisfying. Because it is more enduring, this type is definitely more difficult to express. Too often, "thank you" is not enough to express ~~—~~ deep gratitude. When ~~do we~~ <sup>do we</sup> feel that way? When someone has eased ~~our~~ <sup>another's</sup> pain, given him a wonderful gift, elected him to an honorary position, <sup>or</sup> saved him from any embarrassing situation, it is often difficult <sup>for him</sup> to find words with which to say what he feels. Then he must resort to sending cards or gifts; sometimes even crying. Almost everyone comes in contact with hardtop appreciation.



~~in his life~~. <sup>200</sup> at some time in his life.

Besides economy and hardtop forms of appreciation, ~~there is~~ a third <sup>sort of</sup> type, convertible. When one speaks of convertible cars, he means the kind that ~~may be~~ <sup>he can</sup> CONVERTED from ~~canvas topped~~ to topless and back again to canvas ~~topped~~. In speaking of convertible appreciation, however, he refers to the kind that changes to love or to aversion. This type often results from a person's saving another's life. After a while time his intense gratitude <sup>may</sup> become love. In contrast, he <sup>may</sup> believe that his benefactor is receiving too much recognition and <sup>begin</sup> to feel jealous of him. The difference between <sup>300</sup> convertible cars and convertible appreciation is that the cars can be changed back into what they were, the dead appreciation cannot.

The fourth type of appreciation is built for wear. Like a jeep or a truck it is made to withstand the ravages of <sup>the</sup> years. To express one's feelings in such cases is almost entirely impossible. This kind of gratitude is <sup>nearly</sup> synonymous with faith; it is the thanks that goes to God and to parents for shaping and guiding one's life. It is endless, for their love is endless. What words could say what a person's whole life <sup>400</sup> means to him?

Each ~~of these~~ forms of ~~appreciation~~ <sup>gratitude</sup> has its own meaning; each applies to a different situation. In every human life these situations appear, but it is left to the person to have the power to appreciate.

I have not loved the world, nor the world, me  
Love is best



## Home?

Although the college residence halls are home for many students for three-fourths of the year, most rooms more nearly resemble piggens than human dwellings. For instance, Room 1250 in Hogg Hall bears the sign, "Niki's Pool Hall; S. Khrushchev, Proprietor." Upon entering, one is surrounded by twenty-five travel posters from Brazil, China, Portugal, and Canada plastered to walls, doors, ceiling, and radiator. In one corner hangs a spider web made of string. Its resident is an ominous black velvet spider with a bee in its mouth. Beneath the web stands a box covered with leopard print material. A jungle abode for Miss Muffett? Between the unmade beds is a horrible, fuzzy black and white spotted rug. Of course, it doesn't really matter if the beds are unmade because one can't see them beneath the textbooks, sweaters, paintings, slips, pajamas, pillows, and toy tigers. On each desk is a mound of both small and large items ranging from pins to pants. The sink overfloweth with hairs, rollers, toothpaste, and cold cream. If one should find an unoccupied space in the entire room, he will see only dust. Turning to the window to escape the clutter, the visitor runs into a screen of paper streamers hanging from the curtain rod. The entire mess is enough to send one screaming to the nearest psychiatric ward. Home is no longer where the heart is, but where the mess is.



Barbara Taylor  
November 15, 1963

But, Why?

Colorado State College is the only co-educational women's college in the world. Although

"Teacher," the blond three-year-old boy said, "What's that brown thing on your face?" Smiling, <sup>Miss Jones,</sup> the nursery-school supervisor replied, "That's my nose."

Being a Negro has the rather dubious advantage of being <sup>a source of endless</sup> ~~looked upon as a freak of nature~~ <sup>superiority</sup>. Take for example the nursery school supervisor mentioned above. All of the children came from middle-class families in a small town in Colorado. Because Smalltown's Negro population consisted of three families living just inside the city limits, most of the three-year-olds had never had any contact with Negroes. After staring at his teacher for a long moment, the little boy grinned and ran to fill his red and yellow pail with sand. Throughout the remainder of the day he watched the strange woman with the "brown thing on her face." When his mother came to take him home, he warmly approached Miss Jones, took her hand and said, "Goodbye, Brownie."

Several days later, a lively little brunette named Susie <sup>inquired</sup> ~~said~~, "Miss Jones, why don't you ever wash your face? It's so dirty!" Miss Jones knew that her face was not dirty, not even as dirty as Susie's which was smeared with <sup>finger</sup> ~~finger~~ fingerprint.

"Is my face dirty, Susie?" she asked gently.

She could feel no anger or resentment toward Susie, for a child of three had no way of knowing that the darkness of her teacher's skin would not wash off.

Anger came easily

~~It was~~ only when a man of forty years nearly ran his Cadillac into a tree because he was staring so intently; ~~that~~ or when a college co-ed <sup>turned completely</sup> ~~nearly dropped her~~ around in her <sup>chair in the dining hall</sup> ~~seat~~ to watch.

On another occasion, little Randy asked, "Teacher, why ~~are you~~ <sup>are you</sup> so brown? My ~~mother~~ <sup>mommy</sup> sunbathes all the time, but she's not that brown." Miss Jones ~~thought~~ <sup>rejoiced</sup> that she ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> fortunate as she did not have to ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> in the sun for ~~hours~~, suffer unbearably with sunburnes back, or spend half a week's pay on <sup>Coppertone</sup> ~~sunburning oint~~. Her tan was even, permanent, and painless.

"I'm brown because God made me that way," she ~~answered~~ <sup>modded</sup>.

"But, why?" persisted Randy.

"Because He got tired of seeing everyone look alike."



## Calories and Cholesterol

Filled with white uniforms, hair nets, and diet manuals, a therapeutic dietitian's working day is far from routine. The monotony of completing cooks' order sheets is offset by the challenge of meeting each new diet request. As the time clock clatters at 8:30 each morning, Mrs. O'Connor enters her office on ground floor of Memorial Hospital. She has no time to waste, for the telephone is already ringing insistently.

A necessary  
detail?

"Diet Office—Mrs. O'Connor speaking," she answers.

The voice on the telephone is high-pitched and demanding. "This is Patterson in Surgery Ward. We'd like breakfast for Mr. Brown in 203, who is on a first-day gastric surgery diet."

As she turns away, Mrs. O'Connor is already stamping "No Pepper" on the menu for Mr. Brown. Automatically she eliminates the spiced applesauce and the coffee. The actual planning of the diet is no great problem; however, <sup>since</sup> breakfast was served at seven o'clock, and ~~there is~~ very little food remaining on the cook's table. Even the left-over baked eggs are cold by this time. Hating to interrupt preparation of the noon meal, the dietitian asks Max, the chef, to prepare a cereal gruel. By this time, the telephone is ringing again.

"This is Patterson again. The diet that I just called down for — Mr. Brown in 203 — should be a low sodium, first-day gastric surgery diet. Okay?"



Of course, Max has already started to cook the cereal in salted water, when Mrs. O'Connor tells him to make the gruel without salt.

Throughout the day she receives countless calls for everything from a 2200-calorie diabetic diet to <sup>an</sup> order for a cup of coffee. For example, Miss Merrill, the head nurse in Pediatrics Ward, requests a diet instruction for the mother of a thirteen-year-old girl suffering from chlorosis. A hasty check of her medical dictionary tells Mrs. O'Connor that chlorosis is an iron deficiency anemia common to adolescent girls and that it is usually caused by "fad" diets. Taking with her a diet instruction sheet to give to the mother, the dietitian goes to the patient's bedside. There she informs the mother and daughter about the importance in the diet of lean beef, particularly liver, kidney, and other organ meats, since these foods will help to replenish body stores of iron. To help regain the girl's strength and resistance to infection, Mrs. O'Connor prescribes a balanced diet containing protein, carbohydrates, fats, vitamins, and minerals. She realizes that to this young girl, who is discovering boys, figure has become extremely important, but should not be more important than a quart of milk a day. Having completed her instructions, the dietitian is ready to answer questions: May I have pork as well as beef? What if I don't like milk? Why should I rest after eating? Do I have to follow my diet very closely?

At mealtime, Mrs. O'Connor checks the diet orders from the wards against the menus in the office. There is no order for Mr. Stewart in Room 300, even though his name is on the list. By telephoning Mrs. Arnold, the head nurse on third floor, she learns that Mr. Stewart is on a low cholesterol diet for the treatment of gall stones. She plans his diet, places his menu with the others, and continues her check. After dinner has been served, Nurse Arnold calls to ask why Mr. Stewart was given skim milk instead of whole milk. Like too many other nurses, Mrs. Arnold has had very little instruction in diet therapy. As a result, the dietitian must explain to her that whole milk contains animal fat; animal fats are highly saturated; saturated fats contain very much cholesterol. Therefore, Mr. Stewart can have no whole milk. Explaining this fact does not solve the problem. Since he can't have whole milk, Mr. Stewart refuses to drink any kind of milk and insists on black coffee instead. Black coffee means no calcium in his diet. The dietitian's next question is - will he eat non-fat ice cream?

As she leaves the hospital, Mrs. O'Connor thinks of the definition of a therapeutic dietitian - "one who treats disease by the application of diet." For her a typical day is filled with new challenges. No two patients have exactly the same diet; no two telephone calls make exactly the same request.

B

Except for problems in coherence, the essay is rather well done. Mrs. O'Connor leads into the "day in the life of a dietitian" the subject from opposition to the question as to why.

Barbara Taylor  
Eng. 210-4  
October 14, 1963



*How skip over  
a significant point -  
why must she be able  
to sew something other than a  
button? Some hint  
at least, is  
necessary at the  
point.*

## THE POWER OF NEEDLE AND THREAD

The ability to sew is one of the most important skills that a college woman can possess. To be able merely to stitch a mother of pearl button on a silk blouse is not enough. Even the selection of a pattern for the Chanel suit she wants is minor. Keeping in mind its collarless, slightly fitted jacket and sheath skirt, the semstress must then choose carefully the beige wool tweed from which to make the suit. Having laid the pattern and cut the pieces with her heavy Wiss shears, she is finally ready to make the darts and stitch the seams. The next step is fitting the skirt to the curve of her hips and the long sleeves to the length of her arms. When every inch looks as though it has been made for her (which it has), she can make the piped buttonholes, attach the brown bias binding, and blind hem the skirt. The art of dressmaking includes all of these skills, but how does this help the co-ed?

In the first place, knowing how to sew saves money. *New York City* ~~State~~ College demands over \$1,500 yearly for tuition, room, and board, not to mention miscellaneous small expenses such as textbooks, typing paper, pencils, ink, staples, tape, and glue. As a result, Cathy Co-ed cannot afford to spend <sup>750</sup>~~150~~ for a white satin evening gown by Jacques Saint-Laurent, even though she squeals ecstatically whenever someone mentions the Christmas Ball. However, since she knows the power of needle and thread, she can hurry to Lord and Taylor's on Fifth Avenue where the gown is being displayed and sketch it on a brown paper bag. The six yards of bridal satin will <sup>sew</sup>~~cost~~ her approximately \$15 at the Fabric Mart. Similarly, <sup>she can make</sup> Cardin's green

*Are these  
gowns that  
cheap?*

*In  
dread?*

*she can make*

*IR*

wool chinchilla greatcoat advertised in Vogue magazine for \$265, ~~can be~~  
~~seen~~ from four yards of the same material at ten dollars a yard. ↑

*Ref?* up to the minute style?  
 Secondly, fashionability comes easy for the co-ed who sews. When  
 the Duchess of Windsor condemns the push-up sleeves of *Patthy's* red plaid  
 cardigan jacket, she can cut them off to three-quarter length. If the  
 House of Dior decides that hemlines should end at the knee instead of  
 three inches below it, hemming is no problem for her. In another instance,  
 the 1963 paisley shift dress, having been replaced by the fitted sheath,  
 may be completely and irrevocably outdated in 1964. Under the circum-  
 stances some unimaginative girls would hang the paisley shift in the back  
 of the closet and wait for its reappearance in the Women's Wear Daily.  
 Still others would cast it to Goodwill Industries or to the Salvation  
 Army. For many other girls the change would mean simply buckling a narrow  
 leather belt around the waist; unfortunately, their dresses would lack the  
 smoothness of fit characteristic of "smart" clothes. The seamstress, on  
 the other hand, might add French darts at the waistline in front and in  
 back to make it fit her body contours. *she could wear*  
 Then the dress ~~could be worn~~  
 fashionably belted or unbelted. Another example is a blue felt circle  
 skirt that became obsolete along with crinoline petticoats. Many a girl  
 would have packed it away in the trunk, but the seamstress trims hers  
 down to make a smooth A-line skirt that even Balenciaga would approve.

Thirdly, the woman who can make her own Saint-Laurent gown can select  
 ready-to-wear garments with discretion. She know that side seams should  
 be at least one-half inch deep, that hems should be invisible from the  
 outside, and that facings should lie flat. Say, for example, that she  
 wished to buy an R & K Originals afternoon dress. When she enters the

Paris Shop, a salesclerk approaches with a pink cotton knit shift dress. The V neck and long, cuffed sleeves are the epitome of the "sportive look" featured in the October issue of Harper's Bazaar. As she examines the dress, however, the seamstress finds that it is unlined; and she knows that knit invariably sags unless it is lined. Allowing no margin for alteration, the hem measures only one and three-quarters inches instead of the three inches of a well-constructed garment. The buttonholes are loosely worked, threatening to pull out with the first washing, if not with the first wearing. A wool dress brought forth by the salesclerk is yellow plaid featuring the V neck and A-skirt. In this one, which is fully lined, every stripe matches; the seams are a full five-eighths inch; and the zipper is attractively hidden. Although she likes each dress equally well, she will buy the yellow one because she knows that it is well made. Having constructed garments, she is aware of every detail that makes a dress worth the \$25 she pays for it.

During the college years when a woman's primary concerns are (1) men and (2) her looks, clothes are a source of self-confidence. The co-ed who sews has an advantage because she can be fashionable, yet economic in both making and buying her clothes.

*generally well done, though at  
the point of the essay is  
just a bit confusing.*

*A -*



Barbara Taylor

Eng. 210-4

October 4, 1963

### Fun with Jack and his Friends

Look, look! See the town. See the boy playing with his ball. The boy's name is Jack. Play, Jack, play.

Oh, oh! Jack has no father. Oh, oh! See Jack's mother. Jack and his mother live in a little house. The house is red. The house is by a lake.

See how Jack loves his mother. He is a good boy. Jack talks to his mother. Jack and his mother are happy.

## John, Jr. and the Beanstalk

Once, long before our family came to America, there lived in a Transylvanian village a poor relative endowed with the name John Fitzgivens Snob, Jr. To the peasants he was known as "Jack". Unfortunately, John Fitzgivens Snob, Sr. had taken his life due to some rawther unfortunate financial straits. (Cowardly disgrace to the family name, I'd say.) Anyway, John, Jr. was left to live with his mother, a mousy little laundress. (She wasn't really a laundress, but she might have been for the size of the dowry she brought to the family.) They lived in an abominable little hovel at the very edge of the miserably poverty-stricken village. As if that weren't bad enough, their shack was next to a horrid old swamp. Can't you imagine the stench! This John, Jr. person adored his mother, though I can't conceive why, since she had no money. It was obvious, though, that John, Jr. came from the Snob side of the family because he was always the perfect gentleman toward that woman.



## Coming of Age

The mayor called it "Black Friday." Pandemonium reigned at San Francisco's City Hall, when 200 students violently protested a hearing of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, who were investigating "overt and covert" Communists. Although some newspapers attributed the "riot" to the work of professional Communist agitators, the real instigator was the college student's ~~smelt~~ <sup>disapproval of</sup> ~~disapproval of~~ <sup>regret against</sup> this infamy in the public opinion, his <sup>protection of</sup> ~~former~~ oppression by adults, and his new-found civil liberties. In effect, the student riot of May 13, 1960, was a direct result of seventeen or twenty-one years of accumulated insults. It was a manifestation of the same fever that infects Beatniks, Black Muslims, and rabble-rousers.

In the first place, the <sup>adult</sup> public pictures twenty-year-old Joan as a stringy-haired Beatnik in blue rubber thongs, black tights, and white-framed sunglasses. Since she has an underdeveloped brain, her only intellectual activity is reciting poetry without rhyme, rhythm, or reason. On the other hand, her ~~black-leather-jacketed~~ <sup>Joe</sup> male counterpart has a number of accomplishments. He is adept at picking locks, "roughing up" women, stoning Negroes, and jeering politicians. To some patriarchy, however, Joan and Joe present an entirely different portrait. Joan is a little girl playing in her mother's dresses - a little girl who is incapable of thinking. To ask her about Rockefeller's chance of obtaining the presidential candidacy would be fruitless and absurd. At the same time while Joe has <sup>considerably</sup> increased his

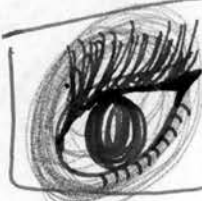
Knowledge ~~considers~~ since he enrolled at San Francisco State College, he is still unqualified to have an opinion about sex education in the schools. To make matters worse, the newspapers emphasize the "horrors of adolescence" by pointing out that a seventeen-year-old boy shot his parents or that a ~~di~~teen-year-old girl eloped with her mother's ~~lover~~ fiancé. Even in the aftermath of the San Francisco riot, the Minneapolis Daily stressed Mayor Christopher's reference to the "unknowing young people, there for... a lark," while the San Francisco Chronicle quoted, "What're you getting excited about? Well, they're just a bunch of Beatniks."

The students that took part in storming the City Hall bastille probably included some who were there for excitement's sake, as well as a few Beatniks. Nevertheless, the important thing is that among them were those who knew why they were there. Tired of bearing the title, "Beat Generation", they had a two-fold purpose: (1) They genuinely hated the un-American activities of the Un-American Activities Committee. (2) They needed to prove their own worth as individuals. ~~There stood~~ Without consciously realizing it, they were crying, "Look at me, World! I know that an American can belong to any organization without appearing before the Grand Inquisitor, and I'm <sup>personally</sup> going to ~~be~~ the guarantee that he can." The Joans and Josea of northern California were proving that they knew more of life than hot rods and dirty jokes, more than beads and bobby sox. Those students were tangible denial of the public's

opinion that they were good for nothing <sup>upbringing</sup> of youngsters. The <sup>cause of the riot was adult</sup> Secondly, the student knows what <sup>subjugation</sup> ~~oppression~~ is. All his life he has been subject to the dictates and whims of his superiors, the adults. When he wanted to go to the theater, he had to <sup>be home by ten o'clock</sup> ask ~~permission~~. If he wanted to buy a new suit, he had to ask <sup>for his parents' approval</sup> ~~for the money~~. His coming home with a different haircut than ~~his~~ usual ~~one~~ gave rise to such comments as, "Why did you go and do that? ~~You've always~~ <sup>like</sup> your hair the other way." Then, of course, there was the intrusion into the private life of the adolescent. "Joe, I think you should take that pretty little Williams girl to the Homecoming dance." Of course, Joe ~~could not~~ <sup>could not</sup> dance and, furthermore, ~~could not~~ stomach the Williams girl, but to say so would ignite Mother's anger. Why any <sup>modern</sup> young man of ~~just~~ <sup>eighteen</sup> years ~~ago~~ <sup>can</sup> not dance ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> beyond the imagination of Joe's mother, a <sup>talented and graceful</sup> ~~professional~~ dancer. Besides, Priscilla Williams <sup>was</sup> such a quiet, shy, ~~introverted~~ <sup>introverted</sup> thing that any man would obtain a sense of ~~power~~ <sup>strength</sup> just by being near her. For that very reason, Joe vehemently avoided her; he despised submissive, retiring girls. In Joan's ~~case~~, the problem was her dating a sailor. <sup>as poor as</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>they mother</sup> parents absolutely forbade her to see him or even to talk to him. "No daughter of mine is going to get mixed up with a Serviceman", her father decreed. Even when they went away to college, Joan and Joe were not free from parental restrictions. Joan's parents refused to sign the <sup>contract</sup> ~~paper~~ that allows co-eds to leave the campus without special permission from home. Although Joe had always wanted to be a designer of women's apparel, Dad declared



W  
C



Big Sister  
is watching you!



Radical  
Socialism  
is a threat

that such work was fit only for "oddballs" who tended toward femininity. As a result, Joe enrolled as an electrical engineering student at San Francisco State.

Seated before an audience that included the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Committee's accused were pointed out with "look at him." Here a fed, a threat to society.

After ~~the riot~~ Having survived those trying years of parental subjugation, college students knew what it is to have no assertion of will. When they piled into City Hall that Friday the thirteenth, they were at war against <sup>such</sup> subjugation. To them, the House Committee represented parental authority, and ~~there~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~defendants~~ <sup>second grader</sup> were ~~school boys~~ <sup>asking for permission</sup> to join the Boy Scouts. \* While the Committee pointed pudgy fingers and ~~sneered~~ <sup>likeness</sup>, parents held their victims before ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ladies' ~~club~~ <sup>audience</sup> and said, "You'll never believe what Tommy did today! He spilled catsup all over his new girl friend's white wool skirt." As if the situation had not been embarrassing enough, ~~his~~ <sup>all of</sup> Mother had to tell ~~the entire~~ <sup>enter</sup> City about it. Also like an adolescent, <sup>coming home from a party</sup> the defendant <sup>intended to answer</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>parent with</sup> questions as, "Who did you go with?" "Where did you go?" "What did you do?" "How long have you known him?" "Is he a member of a similar organization?" Black Friday was, in part, a rebellion against such invasions of privacy.

The ~~third~~ <sup>one</sup> of the riot was a desire to protect the rights he had wanted 2. In ~~the~~ <sup>this</sup> place, the student had waited ~~sixteen~~ <sup>seventeen</sup> years to ~~be able to~~ <sup>get married without parental consent</sup> and ~~his rights as a citizen~~ <sup>and had waited twenty-one years for most of those rights</sup>. Even though she had finished high school and was working as a secretary, the seventeen-year old girl could not rent an apartment. However, at eighteen she was free to move ~~out~~ <sup>or</sup> to stay at home. The <sup>engaged</sup> nineteen-year-old who wanted to buy a "little vine-covered cottage" waited two years before



secure a driver's license

or  
in prison



he could legally put his ~~own~~ name on the dotted lines.  
 ✓ Having (at last) acquired these rights, ~~the students~~ <sup>the students</sup> asserted ~~to protect them~~ <sup>that no Committee, regardless of govern-</sup>  
 OMT. <sup>ment support, was going to usurp them.</sup> [As the Daily Californian pointed out, "To ~~be~~ ... these hearings, the way they will be conducted and their very existence, <sup>are</sup> an affront to the American concepts of due process and political freedom and a violation of the First Amendment to the Constitution. —"] Pilgrims in a land of political liberty, they ~~cannot tolerate~~ <sup>explored</sup> the psychological "witch-hunting" of the Committee with its "portable pillory". All through school they had learned of the old-world travelers who fled to American shores to escape being burned at the stake for practicing Protestantism or being thrown into ~~the~~ dungeons for disagreeing with the king. All their lives they had been taught that there is no crime in anorthodoxy. Yet, here was this committee engaged in a "public confession ritual" aimed at razing the American tradition of tolerance. (Insert "omit" phrase above)

No # Since they had waited so long and so patiently for their own civil liberties, the students were determined to safeguard them.  
 "Since the beginning of time, adults have thought of 'kids' as unknowing because they are inexperienced; ~~they~~ <sup>parents</sup> have reduced them to subservient robots "to be seen and not heard"; ~~they have~~ <sup>society has</sup> denied them the rights of citizens. Today's youth is coming to life, ~~stopping~~ <sup>letting</sup> no one step on its toes. Demonstrations like the one at San Francisco's City Hall are merely one of the "signs of the times".

like his  
Cars drive past.  
And Suddenly there is a void,  
And I hear a voice whisper,  
"You know he shall never, never return."



## Never Never

The sound of tires in the grass,  
The thunder of my heart,  
The green sports car,  
The frustration and anguish

As my heart sinks, ~~to the ground~~  
And the hope ~~that~~ dies again;  
For I know he shall never ~~return~~ never return.

I stare with eyes hidden beneath  
The shadow of gloom  
At God's <sup>golden</sup> beautiful autumn,  
yet I know he shall never, never return

~~And~~ loneliness oppresses my soul,  
And I tremble with despair.  
Hot tears stain my cheeks,  
For there is no pain like  
The pain of longing.  
Yet I know he shall never, never return.

Oh, to be in his arms;  
To taste his lips;  
To hold his hand!

A thousand miles could be  
No more distant than the  
Chasm which separates us.  
Yet I know he shall never, never return.

My love grows stronger  
As days and weeks go by.  
Oh, my love!  
My <sup>very</sup> dearest love!

Heartbreak occupies my doorstep  
As I dream of him  
And of those happy days in the past.  
Yet I know he shall never, never return.

Standing in my window,  
I watch as a hundred hundred

It was April, and the world rejoiced after a winter so cold that even the sparrows had migrated. Chirping wrens in the apple trees outside my window filled me with a certain indescribable ecstasy, a joy I had never before experienced. For the first time in many months there were no tears staining my cheeks. There was no bitter screaming, no excruciating thought. As I lay in the coolness of the white sheets, a deep peace enveloped my being, and a smile crept across my face. I smiled at that ugly iron railing surrounding my bed, at the windows barred on the inside, at the nakedness of the room. I smiled, knowing that that horror had fled from me at last.

With acute vividness beloved faces focused in my mind, then faded. Each one carried with it a story not unlike mine. There was the lined face of Doctor Porter, framed with the silver of his hair. How often his bittersweet smile had comforted me! More like my father than my psychiatrist ~~to me~~, he had often held my trembling hand in his large strong ones during those lengthy talks. ~~So often~~ <sup>frequently</sup> calmness is contagious, and there had been times when I could find no peace except with him. <sup>to the brink of insanity, here to this place of refuge!</sup> ~~Here was a psychiatrist, a white man, who felt personal involvement with his Negro patient. I wondered why and how.~~

Later I learned that he came from a very wealthy family, one of those in which the parents have no time for the children. When he was not in the care of his patient and understanding Negro nurse, he was on his own. ~~The only mother-love he ever knew, was that nurse.~~ <sup>I gave him the</sup> ~~When~~ <sup>he, a white man, could feel</sup> ~~he was thirteen, the nurse suffered a~~ <sup>mental</sup> ~~breakdown, and it was~~ <sup>When such personal involvement with one, his Negro patient,</sup>

than that he decided to become a psychiatrist, ~~that he might help others like her.~~ <sup>say any one</sup>

~~It was a difficult undertaking, involving years of study; and for Leonard Porter it was even more arduous, since he was not particularly a good student.~~

2

Following Doctor Porter in my mind's kaliedescope was Bill. Who he was I could not recall. All I remembered was his kindness. I remembered that Bill was the man in white who gently, but firmly held my writhing arms while the nurse injected the sedatives. Too, I remembered the misty longing in his eyes and the dad understanding in his voice as he opened the curtains before breakfast or helped me out of bed. Someday I was to know the cause of that great compassion. He had suffered once as I suffered; he had struggled on the threshold of madness.

It had happened while he was in college. With terrific pressures inflicted upon him by his studies, (he was a physics and chemistry major) by the social life, (he was a leader, president of his class), by his romantic interest, (his fiance demanded more of him than he could give) and by his parents, who would accept nothing but report cards reading A in every subject, the presidency of every organization to which he belonged, and the complete leadership of his class,--with all these pressures of collegiaye living, his nerves had snapped. Upon his recovery, which had been a long trying ordeal, he had vowed to devote his life to helping others whose nerves and minds gave way to the burdens placed upon them.

Then there was Kelly Nicolas, a patient like me. Six months ago he had left the home, ready to enter a seminary. His had been a problem more of rebellion than of genuine illness. Once when I had had an unusually good day, he came in, sat on teh edge of my bed, and related a strange and wonderful tale. He had always been a religious lad and had thought often on entering the ministry. Unfortunately for him, he resisted with an iron will. "After all," he said, "I was having too much fun being a laymna." It is not good to resist the will of God. When called, it is best to answer without question...



The minister had delivered a most eloquent and inspirational sermon that morning. Praying fervently, Kelly sat with tear-filled eyes watching, yet not aware of the deacons passing the communion cups. As from a great distance he heard the minister saying, "Commit your life to Him. Come, throw away your iniquities, and take His cross upon you. He carried it once for you. Can you not do as much for Him?" Kelly's heart burned within him. Staring into the ruby depths of the cup, he saw the wine thicken, churning furiously. Its ruby changed to the crimson of blood. Overcome with a violent trembling, yet unable to release the cup or to tear his eyes away, he fell upon his knees. A voice neither of the flesh nor yet of the spirit roared in his ears, "Why have you denied Me? Why cannot you drink of My cup?"

Like the shadow of Death, black fear crept into his being. He dropped the cup, causing its tumultuous contents to spill upon his hands.

"The blood!" he screamed. "The blood of the Lamb! On my hands! My sins are upon me!"

By this time several church members were grasping him firmly, but he tore away from them and stumbled to the altar, sobbing. Suddenly, everything was darkness, and he was aware only of a ringing like that of a cathedral bell.

The next weeks were agony. Like the fires of Hades his body burned with fever, and his mind was obsessed with terrible images. In one delirious moment he was walking in a dark room filled with heavy fragrant mist. At a great distance there was a candle floating just above his reach. With extreme effort he reached the candle and grasped it. Again that inhuman voice spoke to him, saying, "I am the Light of the World. If the Light be so easy to reach, can it be hard to carry?"

Nor was that the only such vision that haunted, or taunted, him. In another he was on a great desert with no water in sight. Thirst had

driven him to the edge of death when rain began to pour from the heavens, not in drops, but in great pailsful. As he gulped ~~the~~ from a puddle, a voice said, "Drink of My water, and you'll never thirst again, for this is the flood of righteousness."

The doctors, of course, diagnosed his case as a nervous breakdown. He was sent here to Eastside Nursing Home. Although his memory had left him, and for a long time he knew not even his own name, he had only to believe to lose his illness.

It had been raining all day. Apathy hung over the earth like a velvet curtain. Wandering, oblivious of the rain, Kelly entered the chapel; he did not know what had brought him there. Inside, the sanctuary was cool, yet warm. Its stained glass windows captured what little light there was from the dreariness outside; and the smell of incense gave the tiny room with its short pews an ethereal air. Behind the altar loomed a cross of alabaster, gleaming in ~~the~~ its ebony magnificence. As Kelly trod down the carpeted aisle, his eyes fixed on the cross, some words he once heard sung in church came to him.

"His yoke is easy; His burdens are light.  
If I walk where He leads me,  
I'll always be right.

Filled with a joy that approached delirium, he resigned himself to God with the words of the ancient prophets, "Here am I, Lord. Take and use me."

It was spring, and the world rejoiced after a cold, hard winter.

Chirping ~~parrots~~ <sup>parrows</sup> in the budding apple trees outside my window filled me with a certain indescribable ecstasy, a joy I had never <sup>before</sup> experienced. For the first time in many months there were no tears staining my cheeks, there was no bitter screaming, no excruciating thoughts. <sup>As I lay in the coolness of the white sheets,</sup> A deep peace enveloped my being, and a smile crept across my face.

"At last," I breathed. "Today I can face ~~those~~ those phantoms of my past, those ghouls that drove me to the brink of insanity."

A long series of almost unbearable incidents had brought me here ~~from~~ <sup>eastern</sup> to this place of refuge, this ~~sanitarium~~ <sup>sanitarium</sup> ~~rest home~~ in a small town. And I remembered them well - not as actual events in my life, but as a horrible dream. Oh, how well I remembered them!

① It ~~was~~ began on a hot, humid day in July. Seeking relief from the infernal heat, I had gone to the beach alone to swim and to ~~rest~~ in the shade of an umbrella. <sup>Suddenly</sup> ~~Eventually, though,~~ I was overcome with ennui and fell asleep. Less than five minutes later I awoke with the sensation that someone was watching me. Peering from under my hat, I saw a young man standing not three feet from me staring at my legs. Absurdly, I was possessed with the feeling that something horrible was crawling on my thigh. I jerked upright, much to the astonishment of the tall, lanky young man.



who grinned sheepishly and turned away. A moment later he ~~came~~ <sup>sauntered</sup> over and sat cross-legged in the sand beside me.  $\Delta$

"Hi, Baby," ~~he blurted~~. "You busy t'night?"

"Not lost," I said calmly.

"Say, what's a matter? You married or somethin'?"

I flashed him a smile ~~and~~ <sup>and showed him</sup> my rings.

After apologizing profusely, ~~he sauntered~~ <sup>strode</sup> away, turning once to wave.

$\Delta$  ~~An Antonio~~ With the kind of good looks we girls dream about, he was a youth of twenty or twenty-one years, ~~bright like a fresh god~~. <sup>which he automatically should back</sup> His wavy black lock of hair fell from time to time onto his forehead. ~~Automatically~~ In the <sup>intense</sup> sunlight his damp skin glistened ~~with primitive~~ bronze, while his <sup>dark</sup> eyes imitated the depth of jungle pools. There was an inherent Southern accent in his speech as he blurted,

Scarcely had the clock in the tower of City Hall struck ~~thirteen~~ <sup>indicating that I had been vegetating for two hours</sup> when I heard my name called from a great distance. <sup>\* Blinded by joyful tears,</sup> I leaped to my feet; and on legs which seemed nearly unable to support me, I raced through the sand towards the sound of my husband's voice. That voice brought an end to over two years of separation <sup>two years of lonely letters, two years of sorrow</sup>. An ensign in the Navy, Ray had been at sea most of ~~those two years~~ <sup>that time</sup>; and now he was home - home to my welcoming arms and lips. I flew ecstatically ~~to him~~ <sup>to him</sup> and smothered him with kisses. Every fibre of my system cried

To you all it means is... is going to bed with  
me ~~to satisfy~~ your carnal hunger and thereby  
fathering a child. Oh, but do you know what it  
means to me? It means nine months of nausea,  
of lethargy, of ~~the~~ formlessness. All I can hope to  
be during that time — almost a year — is <sup>fat</sup> 'blob'!  
When, at last, the hoped-for time arrives, the  
nausea is replaced by pain. That pain is unlike  
any you will ever know; it's sickening, beyond  
alleviation. And then the baby is born. I think  
that relief is here at last; But, no, then comes  
the fever that huddles me into an abyss of  
horrible delirious dreams. No, you'll not get  
me to go through that again!

out, "Welcome! Welcome!" and I trembled with joy.

The next few days together were sheer, indefatigable bliss. ~~But~~ Such rapture, however, is transient. From Adam man has afflicted ~~other~~ <sup>his kind</sup> ~~himself~~ with terrible sorrow, ~~with~~ ~~himself~~. One day I found Ray standing outside the nursery, peering listlessly into its duskiness. A single tear glistened on his cheek. In my heart anguish burst forth like a mighty cataract - the anguish of a mother whose <sup>only</sup> child had lived but a month. Though Ray had never seen his <sup>daughter</sup> ~~son~~, he <sup>loved and</sup> wanted her as much as I did. She had been the symbol of our love, the bond that linked us together during the first awful months of our separation. I glanced at Ray's icy face, and a new agony struck me. Amid my own hysterical sobs I held his strong brown hand to my breast, all my love flowing into that gesture.

Comfortingly he stroked my hair and whispered, "Don't worry, Honey, we'll have another just like her."

Something within me revolted. To suffer as I had suffered, to be sick unto death for weeks after the baby was born only to have it die was beyond my endurance. I felt that I could not live through that pandemonium again.

"No! No!" I shrieked. "I can't, I won't! I don't love you enough to suffer that way!"



Not all of my memories were of men. For instance, there was chubby Mrs. Theodore, who was called "Ma Ted" by ~~both~~ patients and staff, ~~at Eastside~~. Ma Ted was one of those peculiar individuals who is impossible to dislike. Her very robustness was a ~~joy~~ source of joy to everyone. Originally she had been Dr. Porter's personal housekeeper and cook. <sup>Naturally,</sup> ~~and he~~ he had brought her with him when he ~~accepted the~~ became shepherd of the flock of unfortunates at Eastside Nursing Home. It wasn't long before news of her golden brown fried chicken and meringue-peaked pies spread, and she was made head cook.

Any minute now she would come bustling in with a bouquet of the fresh apple blossoms in a vase made from an ~~empty~~ plastic detergent bottle.

"Here, Honey, ah thought you'd 'preciate these flowahs," she would drawl as she placed them on the room's one table.

Today I could smile at her and thank her sincerely. Last Christmas ~~she~~ <sup>had</sup> come bearing a tiny decorated tree. At first I just stared at it blankly; then some painful memory had penetrated the fog that smothered my soul.

"No!" ~~I had screamed~~ "I don't want it! Take it away!" I had screamed through a storm of tears.

Unperturbed by my mad cries, Ma Ted waddled

over to the table and placed the glistening tree upon it. Turning to me with a smile on her broad brown face, <sup>she said,</sup> "Now, now, Honey, don't go gittin' yourself all worked up." <sup>Why, working for Dr. Packer</sup> She had had invaluable experience in handling patients. "Don't you remember how you used to be so happy at Christmastime — specially when you was a little girl. Why, I'll bet your mamma would <sup>bet you</sup> help her decorate the tree, and bake those good ole butter cookies. Now, didn't she?"

Her technique was good, attempting to replace sorrowful thoughts with happy ones. In my case, though, it was an unsuccessful attempt. All I could hear was the sound of a dirge and my sister-in-law's voice saying, "You killed him! You killed him! You killed him! As surely as though you had ~~given~~ given him poison, you killed him! You, you murderer!" Murderer, murderer, murderer! The words droned in my mind like a hung record, louder and louder.

"Murderer, murderer, murderer." And there were accusing faces and pointed fingers. "Murderer," they called me. Painful memories of another Christmas season!

Ma Ted left me in an hysteria of sobs and screams, and returned with Bill and the nurse.

> No, I had not killed my husband, speeding along an icy highway, his heart broken, ~~that~~ he had taken his life. And in a way, I had killed him; I had stopped loving him, I had turned away from his love and devotion that, unlike mine, withstood adversity. ①

② One incident <sup>particularly</sup> ~~especially~~ endeared him to me. When I entered the sanitarium, I was under heavy medication - tranquilizers. I moved in a daze, unaware of the ~~function~~ activities of admission. ~~Gradually the~~ All Although I had lost all contact with the present, memory ~~gradually~~ returned, and <sup>as the narcotic faded</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>mem</sup> was not pleasant. I started to cry. Gradually I became aware of a voice carried on some mist of my mind.

"Beth! Beth!"

It was a voice of <sup>tremendous</sup> ~~great~~ power, strangely penetrating, yet caressingly gentle. I opened my eyes, and beheld a grotesque figure, curved as though ~~built~~ <sup>seem</sup> through serpentine glass and with zigzag lines for arms and legs. Through a mouth that gaped as dark and ominous as a seacliff cave, the specter was calling my name. Certainly I did not recognize that twisted creature as a human being; and fear of the unknown, that strongest of emotions, shoved me back into the tortuous, unreal world of memory.

Without perturbation Doctor Porter moved to the other side of the bed, took my moist hand, and tried again.



"Beth! Beth! Do you hear me?" Again  
and again, "Beth! Can you understand?"

Finally I felt, rather than heard, his plea.  
Upon opening my eyes, I saw a great white light with  
a face suspended in its radiance. Even though the  
lips were moving, no sound came from that mouth.  
Then the light with its entrapped face faded, and  
the evil ghoul of memory took its place

Sparrows in the budding apple trees outside my window filled me with a certain indescribable ecstasy, a joy I had never before experienced. For the first time in many months there were no tears staining my cheeks. There was no bitter screaming, no excruciating thoughts. A deep peace enveloped my being, and a smile crept across my face.

"At last," I breathed. "Today I can

★ I strained my ears to every creak of the boardwalk, to every joyful shout, even to the harsh call of the seagulls; but the sound did not repeat itself. Perplexed, I sank back into the warm sand.

"Psyche, old girl, you're losing your grip," I muttered to myself. "First you're encountering imaginary insects, and now you're hearing things."

Nearer ~~and~~ and in a voice <sup>which</sup> I recognized, my name was again called again.

○ As I stumbled across the beach, I was greeted with curious stares from tanned <sup>sun</sup> or <sup>burned</sup> faces. Then I saw him <sup>in uniform</sup> standing at the edge of the boardwalk, his arms spread to me. He was a striking figure, my tall, dark husband. About him was an air of arrogance and pride. Even his erect posture suggested that he was no <sup>lucky</sup> ~~man~~ to run <sup>obeying</sup> at the snap of a finger. Through my tears

Δ The ocean was besieged by ~~a calm~~ <sup>the stillness</sup> ~~like that of~~ death. Great shimmering waves of heat rose from it like gossamer snakes. In the nearly tangible air, sounds hung with a <sup>deafening</sup> roar. On the sand, as far as I could see in any direction, every inch was occupied by sweating, laughing humanity. Out of my loneliness I searched every face, looking for a friend. My eyes met those of an ~~young~~ <sup>who was neither young nor old</sup> man, and I was struck by their emptiness. In spite of their sparkling depths of color, ~~the~~ his brown, almost black eyes reflected no emotion ~~or~~, no curiosity, no interest, no longing. He turned and ran toward the crystalline water, away from my wondering stare.

"Can man have become an emotionless creature, a hollow thing without soul?" I mused. "I wonder what happened in his life to make him that way."

I dozed, watching the pushing palpitating mob through ~~the~~ gray and yellow haze of my thoughts.

remembered that pride and let escape a muffled laugh.



## A MOST VALUABLE INVENTION

By Barbara Taylor

I have derived many hours of pleasure from "reading" an ordinary dictionary. It's not that I pick up the dictionary for the purpose of reading it, but rather to look up some specific word. However, I invariably discover such interesting new words as Medusa, (a horrible monster in Greek mythology with snakes for hairs) about which I may daydream for many minutes.

An unending source of information, a dictionary does not have to be used entirely as a reference. It can easily be adapted to the tasks of paper weight, door-stop, footstool, or even an adventure story, such as the exciting escapades that I created for Medusa, the monster.

Many words found within the dictionary inspire daydreaming, insignificant words like asparagus. Imagine a sword duel between two stalks of asparagus!

Sometimes I wonder where the idea for a dictionary originated. Some brilliant person must have wanted a new source of entertainment and decided to write down every word he could think of. Thank you, Mister, for a book that a student or a daydreamer cannot do without.

Even if a person isn't a student or a daydreamer, he might be able to find plenty of practical uses for a dictionary. They make especially good leaf and flower pressers. Then, too, they can be used for props on which to sit if one can't reach the dinner table. Since a dictionary is alphabetized, it could be used for filing love letters--other kinds of letters, too.

All this, of course, is rather hard on the dictionary,  
and such a valuable volume should not be mistreated.

### BLOOMING PERSONALITIES

By Barbara Taylor

Did you ever stop to think that flowers have personalities? Well, next time you pass a lone rose, a bouquet of carnations, a corsage of orchids, or even a lawn full of dandelions, think about it.

There is the rose, a lady in every respect--perfumed, slender, graceful, but yet sharp-tongued, as anyone who has been pricked by a rose will tell you. The rose is the very essence of beauty in her gown of fragile pastel.

A carnation, on the other hand, reminds one of the gentleman--strong, hardy, handsome, yet gentle.

The orchid has come to be connected with wealth. This flower is fragile and expensive, just as is a woman wrapped in a lustrous chinchilla coat.

Even the dandelions in the lawn have a distinct personality. They are lively, gay vagabonds without a care in the world.

Look around you. Everywhere, all year, you can see flowers, whether growing in an open field, a green house window, or Tom's flower box. A flower stands for perfection--perfection of character. Can you stand out from the crowd with a personality all your own, even as these flowers do?

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### BLOOMING FLORALITIES

By Barbara Taylor

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## A PLEE TO DEATH

In the depths of my soul  
A knock resounds:  
A knock hurried, but firm.  
Eagerly I await the visitor.  
Could it be the hoped-for Death?

Death, come softly, but soon!  
End my harried existence!  
Open the way to freedom  
For the ones I love.  
Bring relief from their burden.

Death, you are an imposter!  
You join forces with the Devil.  
Because the world would be better  
Without me, you ignore my call.  
O! come, end my suffering...  
And theirs.

Barbara Taylor

Period 1

January 12, 1960

## Imagination

"In the beginning God created the heaven and earth." With the power of His own will and His own hands He created. God must have a wonderful imagination, for He created; He did not invent. From nothing He made things that had never existed before. He formed spheres and scattered them throughout His Universe. Then, on the sphere He called Earth, He placed tiny living things—animals to roam the mountains, forests, and plains; plants to add beauty to the landscape; and, finally, man to dominate the earth. Where did God get the designs, the patterns for His works of art? From His outstanding imagination, from the recesses of His mind, the Creator drew ideas that were both beautiful and practical. The coloring, for example, of the wild animals, is gorgeous, yet protective; for it blends with the vivid colors of the environment. In flowers the color attracts the insects necessary for reproduction. Nature is filled with fantasy.



B- Taylor, Barbara  
English H 4A  
February 9, 1961

### FREE OR FREE?

Many adjectives in our language conjure <sup>up</sup> a number of different pictures. For example, "fat" may refer to an obese woman with her flesh falling in great folds, or to an unctuous pork chop floating in grease. "Red" usually creates an image of the vibrant scarlet of blood, yet it may also suggest the subdued pinks in the sunset. It is still more difficult to be specific with such words as "free", which is an abstract adjective. In many cases, we speak of free meals, those for which it is not necessary to pay. Then, too, there is free oxygen, or that which is not combined with other elements. When a person is capable of making his own decisions, we apply to him the term free will. To be candid is to be free. However, when we come to the basic meaning of the word, as in "man is free", we find it much more difficult to define. The dictionary says, "having liberty." But exactly what does this mean?

In the first place, let us consider the case of Joe, a Negro slave who was emancipated following the Civil War. He is "free" because he has liberty; he is no longer a slave, owned by another man. Although there has been no change in his physical condition, Joe is different; he is free. No more can his cruel master with a whip force him to plow the fields or to pick the cotton.

A second application of the word may be the case of an autonomous young woman like Ann Houston, who has recently "struck out on her own." Instead of being subject to the arbitrary dictation of her powerful father, she governs herself with self-made laws, which still maintain the strict moral principles of her parentage. Thus, she is "free", since she is not subject to arbitrary external authority; she has liberty.

As a third example, Tim Carson has just been released from the State Penitentiary in Rawlins, Wyoming. Because he is no longer confined within the walls of an institution, and because he is no longer compelled to obey the dictates of the custodians, he is "free." Not only does he have liberty, but he also has independence from the authority of his jailkeepers.

Finally, we find that Helen Conner, a high school senior, is exempt from her final examination in chemistry because her qualitative analysis was completely accurate. May we say that she is free? Yes, she has liberty to devote her study time to other subjects, such as English or home economics, or to use that time as she wishes--playing softball, sewing, or just loafing.

Necessarily, "free" is a very human, very personal word; for it ~~adopts~~ the characteristics of the situation in which it is applied. To the slave, "free" is clear of bondage; to the young independent, it is away from parental dictatorship; to the prisoner, it is out of jail; and to the student, it is released from duty.

Barbara Taylor  
Period 1  
February 25, 1960

## On Being an Only Child

Whenever anyone announces that he is an only child, the usual reply is, "No wonder you're so spoiled!" Most people think an only child has an easy life; however, that is not necessarily true.

Among the many disadvantages of being the only offspring are being abused, being lonely, and being over-estimated. In the first place, parents are likely to mistreat the child by blaming him for everything that goes wrong. After all, there is no one else who could have broken three of the "good" cups or spilled paint on the dining-room furniture. Sometimes, though, Dad is the guilty party, and Mom comes to apologize with, "Well, let that be a warning to you."

Secondly, an only child is often lonely. He has no brothers or sisters to play with at home, no means by which to understand others near his age. In his preschool days this is especially hard for him because it may make him shy, afraid of people. As he grows older, he has the problem of having no one to share his household responsibilities. Unlike children



with sisters and brothers, he must wash and dry the dishes every day without assistance. Another problem arising from his being alone is that of having no other youngster to share his experiences. A family picnic, for example, is not nearly as much fun for him as for his friend with other children in the family.

A third disadvantage of being an only child is that parents tend to over-estimate the ability of their child. When report cards come out, he is expected to bring home all 1's. Nobody can say that his 3's look good compared to his brother's 4's. In addition,

he is expected to have many, many talents. In other families talents are divided; one member may be a musician, another may be a carpenter. The only child, however, is expected to be seamstress, carpenter, musician, cook, artist, writer—everything. Contrary to general opinion, the life of an only child is not all velvet pillows, but equally as many hard rocks.

Barb Taylor  
Period 9  
April 7, 1960  
Make-up for 4/4

There is no better place in which to study people than in a city. On every street, in every store, near every home are people of all ages, races, nationalities, religions. Here is the breath of human emotion. From small children playing come shrieks of excitement. In the lined face of an old man is pathos and joy, hardship and happiness. Along the shaded avenues of the residential district stroll couples in love. Fear shines in the eyes of a young hoodlum. In the city there is pain, loneliness, and heartache; there is happiness, love, and excitement.



April 22

## Reminiscences

Old shoes seem to never quite wear out. Though they are battered and beaten, tattered and torn, each pair ~~brings~~<sup>has</sup> its own associations. For example, those misshapen blue cloth "flats" remind me of Girls' State, where it was so hot that I could not wear any other shoes. Sometimes the shoes were almost too casual for the occasion; nevertheless, they were the only ones that didn't hurt my feet. They bring back pleasant memories, too: memories of the fun, the excitement, and the friends at Girls' State.

Here is a <sup>pair of</sup> scuffed red pump with high heels. With their rounded toes and fat heels, they are no longer in style. When I wore them though, they were the latest fashion. These were my first high heels, a <sup>milestone</sup> in the path to growing up. At the time I was a freshman, thrilled at the prospect of stepping out in them. How much I suffered that day! As if learning to <sup>stand upright</sup> ~~walk~~ in them was not hard enough, I also had to conquer the art of walking with them on my feet. By the end of the day, my feet were "killing" me.

These beige and tan offords suggest the summer I worked at a recreation camp in the mountains. I spent those days cooking, washing dishes, and enjoying the scenery; <sup>the nights,</sup> dancing, playing, and working puzzles.

Probable  
1901/2



During that summer I sang more than ever did before or since. On evenings when there was nothing <sup>else</sup> to do, I stepped into these very shoes and took many a long walk. I don't know how I could have managed without so comfortable a pair of offords.

The dull, cracked patent leathers remind me of the Big Sister tea. When I was in ninth grade, one of the most exciting events of the year was going to the high school to the tea. I remember climbing with great fear to the tops of the bleachers in the gymnasium. I remember, too, how hot it was and how impressed I was by the sophisticated high school girls. After the seemingly endless program, I ~~had to~~ walked aching feet and all, on a tour of the building. Such a big building and such steep stairs I had never before experienced. To make the day complete I had to walk home. No wonder I don't like those shoes!

Barbara Taylor  
Period 1  
April 5, 1960

## Nuclear Testing

1 good

Nuclear testing cannot be entirely good nor entirely evil. In the first place, nuclear explosions cause concentrated radioactive fallout. With so much radiation in the air we breathe, in the water we drink, and in the food we eat, there must be some amount of damage to our generation and especially to the generations to come. On the other hand, that same radiation might possibly be helpful in small amounts in the prevention of certain diseases, such as leukemia and bone cancer.

In the second place, nuclear testing has caused a full-scale race between nations to develop the most powerful, most destructive weapons. This race is bad because it makes enemies of the nations involved; it is good because it keeps every country militarily strong, prepared to fight aggression. In every way nuclear testing endangers our lives, yet it protects our lives. We cannot live without it; we cannot hope without it.

Taylor, Barbara  
English Composition  
January 17, 1961

Whenever I stand on the steps of the post office, <sup>in Smalltown, U.S.A.,</sup> I witness ~~every~~ <sup>many</sup> human emotion. Little Tommy, who is only five years old, shrieks with excitement at discovering a shiny new penny on the sidewalk. In the lined face of old Mr. Murphy, the butcher, is the pathos of senility with its cruel rheumatic diseases. Along the sunlit avenue in front of the post office stroll the newly-wed Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. Their happy faces reflect the love in their hearts. In contrast, there are only guilt and remorse in the heavy footsteps of Jerry Linden as he trudges along with downcast eyes. Ever since he stole a red Ford convertible last year, he's been penitent. Fear shines in the eyes of pretty Helene Parkson as she reads the letter telling of her brother's automobile accident, while her baby sister Sally laughs for joy at seeing a robin perched on the bannister. Gazing longingly at the girls playing "jacks" on the steps, a ragged little boy known only as Billy is the image of loneliness. Mayor Peterson, who is naturally pompous, displays only one emotion as he enters the building; that emotion is pride, egoism. Yes, they are all here--the pathos and the joy, the guilt and the love, the fear and the excitement, the loneliness and the pride of human existence.



Taylor, Barbara  
English 4A  
February 6, 1961

A-  
Imaginations  
alone.

TERRAIN, HILL AND MILESTONE

February 6, 1862. Astride his giant palomino, the great General Terrain "Tiger" Tomas surveys the surrounding land, noting its purple mountains, its towering forests, its winding rivers. During this time of civil strife in the United States, Terrain is one of the youngest military geniuses of the War between the States. He was born in 1766, nearly a century before the war. Although his Latin parents, Mr. and Mrs. Terra Tomas, were very poor, they had a large family. Among his sisters and brothers were Terrace, the girl who lives on the side of the mountain; Terrier, the hunter; Terrestrial, the farmer; Territory, the explorer; and Subterranean, the secret agent. The first reference made to Terrain was in a letter to a Mr. Selwyn from W. Digby on April 12, 1766, in which we learn that he is already interested in the military as he reaches for his father's sword or brass buttons. After reconnoitering the land so skillfully in the War of 1812, he received national recognition when, at the age of fifty, his picture appeared in James's MILITARY DICTIONARY with the following caption: ". . . generally, any space or extent of ground." During the next half century he earned public favor with his adaptability (he is as much at home in a dark oak forest as in a sage-covered plain.) Today, he is General in Charge of Maneuvering and Tactics.

Also on the battlefield is the old master, Colonel Hill Hanson. Just as Terrain is the youngest officer, Hill is the oldest. He was born in the year 1000 in Anglo-Saxon England, and his parents named him Hylle because he was so round and brown that he reminded them of a mound of earth. His parents, by the way, were Hallus "Rock" Hanson, a powerful Goth, and Holmr, his Old Norse wife. All through her life Holmr was a very shy, retiring woman; and, eventually, she came to be known as "The Island." Hill had one brother, Holm, a deep-sea fisherman, but he was killed when he fell overboard during the time of King Arthur. For many years Hill traveled throughout the world as Head Geographer of the King of England. Although he sometimes dwelt in cities, such as Rome, he preferred the wilderness. For this reason, he soon earned the title "Mountain Man." So great was his fame that he was known to be between five and ten thousand feet tall in India, but only a few hundred feet tall in his native Britain. Gradually, his name spread to all the English-speaking peoples and appeared on the tongue of each historian and poet. As a matter of fact, his greatest honor came when Lord Tennyson in 1842 used his name in DAYDREAM, DEPARTURE 1: "O'er the hill and far away..." When he came to America, he enlisted in the cavalry and rose to the irreplaceable position of Colonel of Camouflage.

A third leader rides forth on a gray gelding. This is Colonel Hanson's aide, Lieutenant Milestone McCarthy. Like

General Tomas, Milestone was born in the eighteenth century--1746, to be exact. His father, Mille, was a Latin who was so wealthy that he was believed to have a thousand of everything. On the other hand, his Anglo-Saxon mother, Stān, came from a poor family. Besides Milestone, Stān bore two daughters. Militate always keeps busy working against or in favor of some social injustice. Since her marriage, Million has become still richer than her father; she has a thousand times as much as Mille. In his VIRGIL, Holdsworth is the first to mention Milestone: "The first milestone on the Via Appia..." In 1774 Milestone tried his luck in the theater, when he appeared in Act II of BEVERLEY AND HESSLE ROAD. Now, in the Civil War, he calculates distances on the long military campaigns.



Taylor, Barbara  
English H4A  
February 17, 1961

### GOOD OR . . . ?

In today's tumultuous world the basic aim of man is to achieve happiness. This happiness, to the egocentric individual, may be in the form of public recognition for his inheriting a million-dollar estate. Or he may revel in the envious glances of his classmates when he strolls, dressed in a handknit cashmere sweater, into a room. Mounting the speaker's platform before a huge audience, the politician reflects a kind of happiness because of his power. On the other hand, the unselfish person finds in the sunset a serene kind of joy that makes him bow in reverence to God. Then there is the happiness that comes from reciprocating love. We can see this in the three-year-old who exchanges embraces with her mother; and, in turn, in the mother, as she kisses her husband at the door. Yes, everyone finds joy in something; and it is this search for happiness that we may define as the "good life" only, of course, if it involves the happiness of others as well as our own.

Although it is true that today there exists a great conflict between conformity and individualism, both of these forces are struggling to achieve the same end--the "good life", human happiness. On the campus, for example, conformity and individualism grapple for the hearts and minds of students just as Beelzebub and Gabriel fight for the souls. While John Jones, one of the "rut-ists", is telling us to

Barbara Taylor  
Good or...?  
Februray 17, 1961  
Page 2

follow the crowd and study no more than is necessary to pass in our classes; Hamlet Hergathy, a strict nonconformist, is saying, "Rise above the crowd; excel in your studies." On the one hand, we are told to wear our skirts above the knee; and on the other hand, we are told to wear them at the most becoming length. Yes, John Jones is happy. He belongs; but he is just one of the many, a blur in the photograph of the masses. And we are happy, for our skirts reveal our knees; yet we have knobby knees that we'd rather not show. Hergathy, too, is happy, for he satiates his desire to learn, to accomplish. Still, he may be discontent, for he does not fit into the picture of the crowd; he stands head and shoulders above them. And we are happy because our skirts cover our knobby knees, and unhappy because everyone else is wearing skirts that reveal the knees. How, then, can we say that either conventionality or originality is entirely good or entirely bad?

John Jones has been taught conformity. "Be like everyone else," he's been told. "Follow in your father's ~~footsteps~~ steps. Go to college and study business administration, become vice-president of Roundabout Company, wear gray flannel suits. In this way, you will be happy, for you will someday be rich and secure. At the same time, you will make your parents happy, for you'll be fulfilling their will." While Jones was being pointed in this direction to Blissville, Hamlet Hergathy tacks up his poster saying, "Conform and die;

leave the beaten path and live! Instead of being a tycoon because your father was a tycoon, follow your own wishes--be an artist, wear tattered blue suits. Achieve happiness by enjoying your work; delight others with your rhythms and color schemes." While Jones may obtain a degree of happiness with his philosophy, he does not consider the human element. It is possible for a person to be content with his fame and wealth, and, at the same time, be uninterested in his work. For example, suppose that Jones genuinely wants to become an artist, but, in conforming, studies business administration. After a short time, he finds his study dull, monotonous, and goes about his tasks mechanically. To him the life of a J. B. Morgan is bleak; whereas, the life of a Picasso holds beauty and inspiration. However, we cannot say that the life of an individualist like Hergathy is entirely satisfactory, either. Assume that, following the guidance of his own wishes, he becomes a student of fine arts. True, he will someday be a successful artist with wealth, fame, and enjoyment. On the other hand, he will have the disapproval of his parents. Can we truthfully say that his is the "good life"?

The common mistake of both conformity and individualism is the belief that one can exist separately, without the other. Following the crowd is fine in some cases, such as basic trends and clothing, but it is well to be individual in such things as choosing interests. What modern society really needs is the man who is a CONFORMED INDIVIDUALIST. Like John Jones, he wears the gray flannel suit of business;



yet he is like Hamlet Hergathy, for he is an artist. He has combined his father's dream of a tycoon with his own dream of an artist in one career, commercial art. So we must find a compromise between conformity and individualism; we must find the medium to human happiness and the "good life!"

Barbara Taylor

Barbara Taylor  
English H 4a  
February 24, 1961

THE SEARCH

*This became something,  
don't you think?*

Lola pats her French twist into place as she saunters into Life's Dress Shop, just off campus on the corner of Sixteenth and Main. A strict conformer, she is the epitome of Fifth Avenue fashion. Her red felt hat resembles a clothes basket. From beneath the white cable-knit coat peeks a red skirt that stops just short of the knee. To complete the costume, she wears a gold circle pin, short white kid gloves, a gaudy tapestry carpetbag, and red pigskin pumps with needle toes and pin heels. This tall blonde approaches the salesclerk and asks, "May I try on some Bobbie Brooks dresses? I've searched in at least a dozen shops, but I can't find anything I want." After a short wait, she is presented with a number of garments; among them, a bare scarlet dress, a simple gray dress, and a green shirtwaist dress. Lola soon eliminates the gray dress, for she is a "party girl", and it is too subdued for her way of life. When she tries on the green dress, she discovers that it is too large. She finds the red dress to be a perfect fit, but it is princess style instead of the sheath that she wanted. After debating whether or not she can afford it, she buys the dress, even though it does not exactly fill her requirements.

As Lola pushes her way out of the store, Lillian slips in. She is as individualistic as Lola is conformable. No



hat covers her fly-away hairdo, and her drab olive coat is one of the very different barrel-shaped styles. Instead of above the knee, she wears the matching skirt touching the middle of the calf. (She believes it is more becoming that way.) Also matching her coat and skirt are long gloves, a bag that might be a Viking ship with a handle, and high-heeled boots with fur collars. When the salesclerk brings her the same three dresses that she showed to Lola, Lillian discards the scarlet as too ostentatious. The shirtwaist dress, too, is cast aside; for, she says, "Too many people own them." Upon trying the gray dress, she finds that it fits perfectly, both her size and her character. It is so severely plain that few people would buy it; its color is subdued and retiring. For her, it would seem to be the ideal garment; however, she complains that she has nothing in her wardrobe to match it. Nevertheless, she pays the \$30 for the dress and leaves, feeling a little less than satisfied.

Just entering Life's is Linda, who is a composite of the conformer and the individual. She has reached a "happy medium", for she is neither exactly like, nor entirely unlike everybody else. For example, her brown velvet cloche is fashionable, yet conservative. Practicality is reflected in her brown tweed greatcoat, in her beige skirt that just covers the knee, in her short beige gloves, in her small brown clutch purse, and in her brown lizard shoes with mid-high heels. Again, the salesclerk brings out the red, gray,

and green dresses. To Linda, the bare scarlet dress is too bold, while the austere gray is too reserved. Selecting the green shirtwaist dress as the one she wants, Linda says, "Really, I'd rather have a yellow or beige dress, but since I can't find one anywhere, I'll have to take the green one. The shirtwaist style is what everyone is wearing, yet it can be expressive of my own personality if I use the proper accessories."

Today's college is a giant clothing store, where young people search for a way of life that fits them. Just as the scarlet party dress affected each girl differently, one way of life cannot affect any two people in the same way. In addition, no matter how good his life may be, no one is ever completely satisfied with it, but seeks higher goals. Take, for example, Lola, Lillian, and Linda. For Lola, the "good life" means going to Vance Packard's lecture, not to learn, but to be with her friend Jerry. It means wearing vests because Schiaparelli says they're fashionable; and it means drinking for the sake of belonging. Yet, she may feel that something is missing from her life--the joy of personalization. She is a carbon copy of millions of other American college women. On the other hand, Lillian would define the "good life" as wearing no hat when Lilly Daché says, "Never be without at least a small hat." To her, it means studying sadism in Fromm's Escape From Freedom, or devising a recipe for shrimp pizza. However, she may question her way of life, because she has no place in a society of conformers, such as we find in America

today. Believing that neither conformity nor individualism can exist separately, without the other, Linda became a conformed individualist. Her definition of the "good life" might be, "Wear your skirts short, as Bonnie Cashin advises; wear blouses that are you." She might agree, however, that she does not declare herself as either a Lola or a Lillian, but vacillates between the two. For each girl her own way of life is best, even with its faults. Who are we, then, to say arbitrarily that Lola's is the "good life", or that Lillian's or Linda's is the "good life"? Only one definition fits--THE GOOD LIFE IS A SEARCH FOR THE GOOD LIFE.



Barbara Taylor

GOD, GODMOTHER, AND THE WINE

Hello? Oh, hello, Carole; is Betsy there? . . . Hi,  
Betsy. Oh, I feel awful. You'll never guess what! Today  
my English professor--yes, Dr. Gates--assigned an essay. What?  
Oh, probably at least a million words long. Anyway, it has  
to be on the subject of (of all things) a belief, value, or  
concept that is important in my life. No, I haven't de-  
cided yet, maybe something like, "God is Love." Do you  
remember that time in Sunday School when we were about four  
years old? No, when we learned "God is Love". You do? Yes,  
Miss Nelson explained to us that our mother's goodnight kiss  
as she tucked us into bed was an expression of love and,  
therefore, God. When we broke our peppermint sticks in  
half and shared them with the other kids in the class, that  
was God. If we ran crying to Daddy after falling off our  
tricycles, and he dried our tears with his great blue hand-  
kerchief, that was God. I'll never forget that, because you  
asked her if getting a spanking was God. Now, what was it  
she said? Oh, yes.

"Your parents spank you because they love you and want  
you to obey them when they ask you, for example, to pick up  
your toys. And that's just how God is; he wants us to be  
good, so he punishes us when we are not."

After a while, we came to see God in everything that was an act of love. Even if my little cocker spaniel--you remember Taffy, don't you?--even when he licked my hand, we'd look at each other and say, "God is Love; Taffy loves us; Taffy's love is God." Really, though, that's the way things should be. After all, everyone who loves possesses gold more valuable than that in Fort Knox, for he has God. Pretty good philosophizing, don't you think? You don't! Well, anyway, I tried. Maybe I could develop that idea in my theme. No. That "God is Love", Silly.

Now you sound just like my godmother, "Do the best you can in everything you undertake." Hey! Do you suppose I could use that for my belief? Yeah, after all, it's something that's been with me most of my life. All I'd have to do to make it mine is to add "even if it is not materially rewarding". Of course, it really didn't mean anything to me until my junior-high days. No, that's when I started getting assignments for which I didn't have the skill, like making that apron. Never having done any sewing before, I didn't know basting from tucking. Oh, I worked and slaved on that thing, even though I wanted to quit a thousand times. So what did I get on it? A lousy C. Besides that, I couldn't stand my geography teacher. What was her name? Yes, that's it, Miss Crisler. Why, I worked so hard in her class that I even did two, TWO, extra-credit notebooks--one on India, the other on tropical birds. What? Oh, I got a C in there,



too. And math! I loathed math, but I managed to pull through with a lot of outside help. You have to give me credit, though; I did the best I could. That's right; I did learn more in those classes than in the ones where I didn't have to put forth so much effort.

Anyway, to get back to my assignment. I really don't know what to write about. Say! I have a brainstorm! Do you remember that poem we were reading? No, the one by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in which she said, "The wine must taste of its own grapes." Maybe I could use that; it's sort of like, "We must reap what we sow." Oh. You have to go now? Well, okay; I'll see you later. 'Bye. Hmm, I wonder when I first became aware of the fact that we must somehow pay for everything we do...No, Charleszine, I'm not talking to anyone... I don't think I ever really thought about it until my senior year in high school, when my English literature class was reading the works of the Brownings, and I came across that bit about the wine. If the wine is made from sour grapes, then the winemaker cannot expect it to be sweet. Mrs. Robinson told us that the writer was actually making an implied metaphor of the wine and the grapes; the wine is human life and the grapes are incidents in that life. Applying it to my own life, I could say that during the year I was given countless opportunities to apply for scholarships. Some of them I passed by; and, needless to say, I didn't receive them. On the other hand, I did apply for the Mason's Scholarship, and won it...Maybe I'd better start writing all

this stuff down before I forget it...Charleszine, how does this sound? "When I came to college last fall, I decided that there was no need for me to sow seeds of dislike by not returning friendly smiles. Therefore, I made an extra effort to get acquainted by going from room to room on Wiebking Hall's ground floor, introducing myself and getting to know Ann from California, Margo from Illinois, Ruth from Hawaii, Sandy from South Dakota, and countless girls from Colorado. As a result of my extra effort, I now know nearly everyone on the floor. If, on the other hand, I had walked around with my "nose in the air", I could expect only upturned noses in return." Is that all right? Perhaps I could tell, too, about the misgivings I had when I first entered classes. Since junior high school, people <sup>have</sup> has been telling me how hard college work is; and I believed them. Then, when I got here, I decided to work as hard as I could. I set to work from the first to learn as much about everything as I could. And I have learned so many things, from Plato's theory of government as expressed in The Republic to Einstein's theory of relativity and its use in the hydrogen bomb.

The phone's ringing; I'll get it. Hello? Oh, hi, Betsy. No, I'm still working on it. Actually, I've got the first part done, but now I have to evaluate it--not the essay, Silly, the belief. Oh, I finally decided to use the one about the wine. You know, "The wine must taste of its own grapes." I'm

glad you agree that it's a good belief. I think it's a good belief because it's applicable to all phases of human life. For example, the success of the farmer's corn crop reflects his careful weeding, his irrigating. The beauty of the architect's rambling ranch-style home depends upon his careful measuring and drawing of the blueprints. There's no getting around it--our lives, the wine, are reflections of the things that we do, the grapes. I mean, no student can spend hours writing an essay and get no reward for it. Whether the reward is an A or a B at the top of the paper, a nod of approval from the girl sitting next to him, or simply the satisfaction of having written it, he receives some sort of reward. That's right, too; rewards aren't always good. Sometimes the student's hard work is repaid with a D or an E, with the doubtful raising of a classmate's eyebrow, with the downcast eyes and the set chin of discouragement. Obviously, though, if the essay is a poorly written one, the writer must expect these results. I guess that's why this concept is so important to me--I'm afraid that if I push Sue into the deep end of the pool, sooner or later I'll be the one to drown. Right? Well, thanks for your time, Betsy. Wish me luck. 'Bye, now.



✓  
A-

Barbara Taylor

Topic Sentence implied, not stated  
Might be "My life has been shaped  
by three forces — God, Godmother, and  
the 'wine'."

*Essay of definition using comparison in extended examples.  
To be defined: vacation = time of work, freedom from rest.*

#### A TIME OF WORK

In May, as summer approaches, so do thoughts of those tedious journeys in Ford station wagons to Yellowstone Park, in Greyhound buses to Quebec, in Union Pacific "Domeliners" to Disneyland, in Pan American airliners to Rio de Janeiro, and in rocking cabins aboard the Queen Mary to London. Yes, it's vacation time again. Now, the dictionary defines a vacation as "a time of rest and freedom from work." If this is the case, then I deny the existence of such a thing as a vacation. A more fitting definition would be "a time of work and freedom from rest." Take, for example, Suzi Secretary, who in January is already daily spending taxi fare in her efforts to collect travel brochures from the Chamber of Commerce, as well as from every bus, train, plane, and steamship ticket agency in the city. At the desk in her blue-walled bedroom, Suzi disappears for hours on end behind stacks of pamphlets, booklets, folders, and price-lists, while she analyzes the expense of a trip to Panama as compared to a trip to Maine. After almost four months of this wavering, she finally decides to go to Cheyenne, Wyoming, in July for Frontier Days. Step two, of course, is spending \$5.60 on phone calls to reserve train tickets on the "City of San Francisco", emptying three ink cartridges writing for reservations at the Plains Hotel, and developing blisters

on her fingers typing letters asking for rodeo tickets. When all the arrangements have been made, she finds that her roommate, Alice, wants to go along; so she must make the phone calls and write the letters again. At last, July comes, and Suzi still must go through the ordeal of stuffing starched white blouses and pleated multicolor skirts into suitcases that seem to shrink to the size of shoe boxes. Once she has arrived in Cheyenne, does she spend her time lying in a hammock stretched between two cottonwood trees and absorbing Vitamin D? No. Instead her days are planned on this order:

7:00	a.m.	Free flapjack breakfast
10:00		Hour-long "Parade of the Old West"
11:00		Shopping for souvenirs
12:00	p.m.	Luncheon at the Plains Hotel
2:00		Championship Rodeo
4:00		"Gunslingers" contest
5:00		Campfire picnic-dinner
6:00		Street square dancing
7:00		Sioux Indian dances
8:00		Carnival
10:00		Dancing to Western music

After a week of days as filled as that one, she returns to transcribing letters as tired and as penniless as a hobo.

Even for those like Suzi's friend Nora Nurse, whose budgets force them to stay at home, a vacation is "a time of work and freedom from rest." Nora begins her planning in June by studying the Daily Gazette, visiting the Chamber of Commerce, and calling all her friends looking for the dates of Jackie Wilson's personal appearance at the Owl's Club,



the American Business Women's style show at City Auditorium, Dottie Anderson's birthday party, the Little Theater's production of Streetcar Called Desire, and the "Tigers'" big baseball game against the "Bears". Then, <sup>?</sup> she must buy tickets and obtain reservations by driving all over town and making two or three dozen phone calls. When her "two weeks with pay" finally arrive, Nora paints her room "Pink Splendor" and rearranges the furniture. This way, until she adjusts to it, she'll think she's in a hotel room. She wants to fill every minute of every day with things she's never done before. For example, although she usually eats her ham and poached eggs at home, she goes to the eastside Pancake House and has waffles. After breakfast, she drives to Town and Country Shopping Center, instead of downtown, to buy a pair of beige high heels. At noon she meets Betty and Larry, her best friends, and Roy, a blind date for Nora. They have ravioli at an Italian restaurant called "L'Allegro", then go to the historical museum. After ~~that~~<sup>that day</sup>, they all go to Betty's split-level home, and the girls broil steaks for dinner. Eight o'clock finds the girls, without the fellows, in the front row of City Auditorium watching the slender models style backless black gowns and silver fox jackets. They meet Maggie Mackenzie, who usually ignores them, in the lobby, and she invites them over for an impromptu cocktail party. By the time Nora returns to her thermometer-shaking, she is just as exhausted, happy, and penniless as Suzi.

Barbara Taylor

English H 4a

I wanted to know what a  
"real" vacation is.

May, 1961

## The Stranger

Who is the tall, dark stranger across the way?  
Out of the gloom he stares at me,  
And his eyes are cold and hard  
Like the ground in dead of winter.  
He smiles,  
And his smile makes him  
A ghoul grinning from Perdition.

Who is the tall, dark stranger across the way?  
I struggle to free myself from his gaze.  
I tremble with fear;  
Yet I cannot turn away,  
I cannot reject the invitation in those cruel eyes.

As he approaches, I shudder at the sight  
Of the twin-forked beard,  
The ugly green scar on his cheek.  
I try to go, but his stare holds me still.  
A bony hand with fingers like snakes  
Reaches for my arm,  
And I shiver in the cold  
Of a thousand, thousand chill winds.

What is your name, dark Stranger?  
What is your name, horrid visitation?  
With the voice of thunder he speaks  
The title abhorred by the blest:  
"My name is SIN."

His slimy fingers hold me in a vise-like grip,  
And I long to escape.  
O, Merciful God, help me!  
Lead me from the stench of this man's breath  
Into the pure air of righteousness!

As silently as he came,  
The tall, dark stranger  
Retreats to his place across the way  
And watches with cold, hard eyes;  
And waits--waits for tomorrow--  
For he knows the weaknesses of mankind.  
O, Lord, let me not yield to his compelling gaze!

And I walk away into the light.



Sept. 22, 1961

My body writhes in an abyss of pain.  
My soul is plunged into the nethermost reaches,  
The darkest, deepest, damned dungeons  
Of Tattarus.

And I moan pitiously;  
And I scream without realization;  
And I stare without seeing.

O, the pain!  
The fire that consumes my being!  
The death in life;  
The living Hell of my existence!

Whence comes this beating, burning blasphemy?

Psyche whispers from within:

"Thou has done the unpardonable sin;  
Thou has murdered thy <sup>own</sup> true love.

And the vengeance of God is terrible.

Its magnitude o'er comes me.

And I pray for death.

As disease dulls my mind and seizes my body.

Ah, well do I remember the agony

As he stood facing me,

And I denied the love

That burned and bothered me.

As time passed

As I watched the light die in his eyes;

And the flame within him faded;

And the lovesong left his lips;

And his soul was dead,

Yet, did his body live on.

Without soul, there is no hope.

Without hope, there is no life.

And so he expired

June, 1961

Where seeks my soul the Answer?

Love... life... sleep... death.

Love is life.

Sleep is death.

O, soul! Is there no answer?

Philosophers and tramps,

Kings and beggars,

Ponder the question:

What is life?

How does it differ from death?

And, soul, thou, too, darrest

To tread the waters of thought.

Love is life.

Life is sleep.

Sleep is death.

Love is sleep.

Life is death?

And the Earth revolves

From night to day

Following a plan.

And, soul, there IS a plan,

There IS an answer;

But where canst thou seek?

June 11, 1961

## On Shakespeare's Hamlet

He is a man desperately unhappy,  
Incessantly ruthless, deeply pensive.  
He has enclosed himself in a shell of misery.  
He cannot overcome his grief, yet  
His soul rebels against a mother  
Who has forsaken all the good and the decent.

Through bitter experience he has learned  
The agony of severe loneliness.  
His uncle, his mother, his sweetheart  
Have turned against him;  
He longs for someone to love.

In moments of despair  
He tortures himself with accusations:  
"O, thou infirm of purpose!  
Thou cowardly weakling!"

Still, he is horrible in vengeance.  
Driven by heart-breaking affliction, blind with fury,  
He directs every thought, every word, every deed  
Toward the destruction of the enemies of his father.

His thoughts linger on the goodness  
Of his murdered father;  
And this kindly light dies  
As the smoke of vile hatred  
Obscures his mind.

Yielding to the strain of his tensions,  
He speaks in rude, wildly hysterical phrases.  
And he suffers under the pressure of impending madness  
Even unto death.



Oh, am I still in this jail?  
 Still, still in this hole,  
 This dungeon infested with rats,  
 This prison of human cruelty, worst than Hegate's den?  
 Lord, pity me!  
 Set me free from this agony!

I seek relief in every corner;  
 In every corner I seek.  
 Without success.

Lady  
~~the~~ moon, clad in pallid flowing robes,  
 Ascends the stairway of the gods;  
 But even her virginal light is obscured  
 By the vile ignorance of prejudice.

What is wrong with me?  
 Why am I forced to sit alone in the tavern,  
 Isolated without friends, without associates?  
 Am I covered with hideous leper's scabs?  
 No, but my skin is black.

Why must my tiny children  
 Cry in pain as hunger grips them  
 In its vise?  
 Why must I spend my life cleaning up  
 The scum and filth that is not mine?  
 Is my intelligence that of an imbecile?  
 No, but my skin is black.

Why must I go to the back door of the house  
 Of the house to the back of the bus?  
 Is my dress slovenly, my face dirty?  
 Do I smell of the rats that  
 Share my abode?  
 No, but my skin is black.

September 26, 1961

NEMESIS

My body writhes in an abyss of pain.  
My soul is plunged into the nethermost reaches,  
Into the darkest, deepest, damned dungeons  
Of Tartarus.

And I moan piteously;  
And I scream without ceasing;  
And I stare without seeing.

O, the pain!  
The fire that consumes my being!  
The death in life;  
The living Hell of my existence!

Whence comes this beating, burning blasphemy?  
Psyche whispers from within,  
"Thou has done the unpardonable sin;  
Thou hast murdered thine only true love."

Ah, well do I remember the agony  
As he stood facing me,  
And I denied the love  
That burned and bothered me.  
I denied the love that  
Caressed and cheered me.

I watched, and as time passed,  
The light died in his eyes;  
And the flame within him faded;  
And the lovesong left his lips;  
And his soul was dead,  
Yet, did his body live on.

Without soul, there is no hope.  
Without hope, there is no life.  
And so he expired  
Without soul, without hope.  
In the drab and dreary month of November  
He expired.

Through the mire and mud,  
Through the dark, funereal forest  
I followed the vile procession  
Into his black, dank crypt.

There I kissed his lips of stone  
And caressed the fingertips  
That once held mine.  
And there began my nemesis.

And the vengeance of God is terrible.  
Its magnitude o'ercomes me.  
And I pray for death  
As disease dulls my mind and sears my body.

October 2, 1961

### THE TYRANT

A vice is a tyrant.  
Cloaked in black, he comes in the night,  
And scratches, claws, his way  
Into the life of a man.

He is without feeling.  
No guilt mars his evil, evil dynasty.  
Cruelly abusing his subjects,  
He rules with a tri-bladed sword.

The first blade is Curiosity.  
It conquers by trial.  
O, trial of trials when  
Man experiments with vice!

The second is Desire,  
Which slowly consumes, digests the being.  
And the third, Shame,  
The shame of a virtue long gone.

The body regurgitates all attempts  
Of the mind to overcome the tyrant;  
And his reign continues day and night  
With the tri-bladed sword as his guard.

Curiosity, Desire, Shame.  
Together they make the  
Destruction of Man.



March 1, 1963

THE STUDENT

He sits, file in hand,  
Chewing his fingernails.  
Soon the rhythmic click-click-click-click-click  
Of his nail clippers fills the room.

He yawns:  
He stretches;  
He rubs his eyes with paint-stained fingers.  
He whispers to his neighbor;  
He shifts in his chair;  
He doodles in his notebook.

He scratches his head;  
He dreams of the girl he loves.  
In his mind's eye he visits  
Distant peoples and places.  
And he fights bloody battles.

Dragging himself back to reality,  
He tears a sheet from his book  
And begins a letter to Mary.  
While writing, he chews;  
And his writing and chewing are one motion.

He rubs his beard;  
He swings his leg;  
He naps.  
And through it all the professor's voice  
Is heard droning on,  
Blending into the walls.

Sept. 27, 1963

## 2 Major Faults of first writing

① Too general

② Lack of Focus -

    a) Select a small area of the whole in order to be specific.  
    b) Develop in detail

    c) Give evidences to show how you came to the conclusion. Concrete support of general statement. Use definitions, examples, illustrations, etc. Avoid clichés.

Try to select some subject that something new can be said about. When using abstractions, be sure to define them; but avoid if possible

Three steps: statement; explanation; illustration. These steps best for paragraph writing. In theme writing, begin topic sentence. Put entire idea into this sentence.

Let the reader know immediately what it is you're trying to say.

Be sure that your conclusions can be successfully drawn from the evidence given.

Don't strain after effect; simplify diction, sentence structure.

R } Could be better rephrased  
K }  
Awk }

CS Comma Splice  
# Need new paragraph

? Illegible

Sp Spelling

D Diction

^ Insert ^ Insert comma

Ap Apostrophe

October 2

Thesis statement: idea developed by theme.  
① Better written than implied. ② Must be demonstrated or proved.

③ A simple sentence makes it clearer. Make your thesis sentence simple and direct.

Ex ④ Statement should include: Subject + thing to be illustrated. In regard to the subject.

Makes reading easier. Aid to organization.

Write in 3<sup>rd</sup> person whenever possible because first person draws attention away from the subject and to the writer.

For Friday: Devise a thesis statement. Develop from it a good ~~paragraph~~ essay of at least 3 paragraphs

Point of View: Relation of writer to subject

A. Grammatical: 1. If begin in 3<sup>rd</sup> person, keep to 3<sup>rd</sup> person unless there is a good reason for changing.

Avoid awkwardness. Avoid second person entirely as this causes you to become too familiar.

2. Voice: (Active or Passive) Usually better to use active. Subject is doer. Passive voice is dull, uninteresting, without movement

3. Mood of Verb: In simple exposition most should be indicative, not imperative, as this is too familiar again. Subjunctive A.K.

4. Time: Indicated by tense of verb, by adverbs



B. Attitude - Reader should know how the writer feels toward his subject. Is it ironic, sarcastic, or matter-of-fact?

Coherence: one thing flows smoothly into another.  
Use helpful devices: moreover, however, first, second, etc.  
Also use pronouns, repetition  
Better to demonstrate than to state.

For Friday, Longer essay - Strong ending - thesis statement

Avoid giving the impression that you are in a hurry - sustain the points. Avoid abrupt endings!

October 9

## Horrors of Exposition

### I. Bad Writing

1. Bad, bad writing is due to ignorance
2. Good bad writing - peculiar grammar that obscures meaning
  - a. Wordiness ("Diarrhea of the mind")
  - b. Overuse of verb "to be"; Also "used"
  - c. Overuse of "of"
  - d. Long words in place of short words
  - e. Nouns as modifiers
  - f. Lists should be in same grammatic form

### II. Tendencies of Modern Exposition

- \* 1. Use of passive voice, with many prepositional phrases
- \* 2. Use of noun as adjective (Use with discretion)
3. Wordiness
4. Lengthy separation of subject and verb
5. Use of pronoun "this" without specific reference
6. Preponderance of nouns
7. Verbs that indicate relationship
8. Overuse of words from Latin, Greek sources
9. Abstractions
10. Grates on the eardrum. Does not sound good.

\* Especially important to avoid

Passive voice

- a. Changes subject
- b. Adds too many words
- c. Too many prepositional phrases

Nouns should not be made into verbs by adding "ize", "ify",  
"ization", etc.



October 11

1. Focus attention with good thesis statement
2. Good concrete details
3. Knowledge of use of language : Avoid good, bad prose.

Read good prose. Not textbooks!

When texts arrive, write a summary of one of the items.  
Novel, short story, poem, etc. related to subject of  
text. Begin reading for this assignment.

Good bad prose in professional journals.

October 14

## Writing a summary:

Use:

- A. Direct quotations + paraphrase
- B. Point of view: summary should not be mere enumeration of fact
- C. Select some phase of the work: Gives purpose to summary
  - ① Theme
  - ② Character
  - ③ Style
  - ④ Plot or action usually without direction

Don't be content with a mere recounting of the story.  
Should be slanted; should be interpretative.

Illustrate the thesis by the summary.

## Assignment:

Choose an event, novel, poem, short story, etc.

Select a point of view and summarize.

At least three pages

Due Wednesday, October 23.

Better in almost all cases to state rather than to ask.  
Usually question technique is overused. Forces reader to make statements which author should provide.

October 16

## Being concrete:

Illustrations — narrative example

a. anecdote

b. mention several

Effective because involve people and action; therefore, liveliness

1. My first cigarette or My first . . .
2. My home town: a hot bed of —
3. Kinds of students on CSC campus
4. Techniques to avoid — (studying, etc.)
5. America: the Land of the Wasteful



October 23

Analysis:

Breaking the whole into 4 / 2, 9, 6

illustrations, examples of  
→ ( → 9 → 4 ) →

Opening of an essay (purposes)

1. Subject
2. Point of view
3. Indirect indication of importance of /
4. Reason of / discussed →

announce 2 & 3 ( 4 )  
→ 1 & 2 ( 3 ) establish  
concentrate on

Analysis 2 aspects of summary & interpret.

1. Commercials & TV / Advertising
2. American humor & jokes
3. Women's fashions

Develop in order listed. ) → → →

) → ① - ② - ③ : for ④ analytic  
essay ( ⑤ ) of ⑥ text

November 4

## Definition:

I. May be dictionary type - lexical definition (scientific)

A. Term to be defined: genus + species

B. Example: Term = Ice; genus = water; species = in a frozen state

C. Best for physical things, not abstractions

II. Stipulative (most frequently used in exposition)

A. Stipulate our meaning of word, omit all other meanings

B. Good for abstractions like democracy

III. Evaluative - persuasive definition

A. Purpose to persuade someone to accept a certain point of view (Argument, rather than exposition)

B. Slanted to create favorable climate of opinion

Lexical definition proceeds through: TECHNIQUES OF DEFINITION:

A. Comparison or analogy (specialized comparison of obscure with common)

B. Listing of details

(When defining negatively, be sure to also define positively)

C. Allusions useful if reader familiar with them

Any definition will be incomplete; but should be made as complete as possible.

## Comparison:

Used in 3 ways:

Most important ① Rhetorical - organization and development

Clarify idea A by comparison with idea B

Avoid → ② Logical or pseudo-logical - arguing from analogy <sup>proof temporary + tenuous</sup>

③ Evaluative - arrive at conclusion about worth



CJ

1 / 1

C.B. Jr.

"Charlie"

Ways to compare:

1. All of one then all of other
2. One point of each



November 6

May set up or imply an ideal; compare to it

Useful in analysis: Definition  
Comparison

Techniques of style:

- I. Prefer the familiar word to the less familiar
- II. Prefer concrete to abstract
- III. Prefer single word to round-about way
- IV. Prefer short to long word

Words should not call attention to themselves.

Simplify: Organization, sentence style, etc. (diction, word style)

abstruse

November 8

## Concreteness

### Connotation + Denotation

#### I. Concreteness in diction:

Ex. a. He went to town:

*meandered, shuffled, crept, sauntered, etc.*

A. Tells what occurred and in what manner

B. Find most specific verb or noun

Ex. b. The man went to town:

*bum, scholar, drunkard, farmer, Englishman,  
or by name, occupation, etc.*

#### II. Concreteness in details

Answer questions: who, when, where, why, how?

#### III. Connotation + Denotation

Ex: a. Gerty's skin was white:

*pale, pallid, alabaster complexion*

A. May express attitude toward subject

B. Connotation = emotional meaning of word

Ex: b. I am firm.

L You are stubborn.

Gerty is bull-headed.

Ex. c. I am svelte.

You are slim.

Gerty is skinny.

#### IV. Word choice influences style

Style = how you say what you say

A. Communicates idea

B. Reveals attitude

C. Rearranges language

For Monday : First paragraph in ~~the~~ style of writer

I. Slang and hipster style

II. Poetic or literary style (mostly connotative)

III. Scientific or sociologic style (mostly dennotative)

IV. Sympathetic, simple but lovable

V. Unsympathetic, churlish

① boy, who was an ~~adherent~~ <sup>②</sup> farmer

③ expired

④ dwelling

⑤ body of water

③ <sup>④</sup> <sup>⑤</sup> <sup>⑥</sup> <sup>⑦</sup> <sup>⑧</sup> <sup>⑨</sup> <sup>⑩</sup> <sup>⑪</sup> <sup>⑫</sup> <sup>⑬</sup> <sup>⑭</sup> <sup>⑮</sup> <sup>⑯</sup> <sup>⑰</sup> <sup>⑱</sup> <sup>⑲</sup> <sup>⑳</sup> <sup>㉑</sup> <sup>㉒</sup> <sup>㉓</sup> <sup>㉔</sup> <sup>㉕</sup> <sup>㉖</sup> <sup>㉗</sup> <sup>㉘</sup> <sup>㉙</sup> <sup>㉚</sup> <sup>㉛</sup> <sup>㉜</sup> <sup>㉝</sup> <sup>㉞</sup> <sup>㉟</sup> <sup>㊱</sup> <sup>㊲</sup> <sup>㊳</sup> <sup>㊴</sup> <sup>㊵</sup> <sup>㊶</sup> <sup>㊷</sup> <sup>㊸</sup> <sup>㊹</sup> <sup>㊺</sup> <sup>㊻</sup> <sup>㊼</sup> <sup>㊽</sup> <sup>㊾</sup> <sup>㊿</sup> <sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup> <sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup> <sup>5</sup> <sup>6</sup> <sup>7</sup> <sup>8</sup> <sup>9</sup> <sup>10</sup> <sup>11</sup> <sup>12</sup> <sup>13</sup> <sup>14</sup> <sup>15</sup> <sup>16</sup> <sup>17</sup> <sup>18</sup> <sup>19</sup> <sup>20</sup> <sup>21</sup> <sup>22</sup> <sup>23</sup> <sup>24</sup> <sup>25</sup> <sup>26</sup> <sup>27</sup> <sup>28</sup> 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Juanito  
John, Jr.

November 11

Being consistent in use of subjects + voice of verb:

Passive voice <sup>①</sup> lazy; just lies there; <sup>②</sup> things seem to just happen <sup>③</sup> Changes subject

1. Shakespeare wrote lyric + narrative poetry, as well as drama.

2. Venus and Adonis and The Rape of Lucrece were written by him, though they were written early in his career.

3. His age at the time was about 30 years.

4. They say he wrote the second of these in order to avoid the notion that ~~poet~~ was merely a facile writer of erotic trilogia.

5. Therefore, The Rape of Lucrece was made a highly moral thing.

6. ~~The~~ sonnets by Shakespeare were composed about this same time.

7. They are also on love, but not the kind of love that is shown in the two narratives.

8. Here, the love is petrichian, a kind of delicious torment.

Make Shakespeare subject

Rid of passive + vague pronoun reference

Constant changes in subject cloud the issue, but change when there is a reason to do so,  
Avoid forms of verb "to be"; use more active ones.

Begin deciding on final essay subject.

Should be investigative (footnote, bibliography)

Might use text as starting point

November 20

A. Final = composition of a paragraph

B. Final essay due last day of class (3-4 pages)

1. Some research (text); At least three references

2. Method

Both Analytical { a. Report - Factual; survey; summary, process, etc.  
b. Thesis - Interpretive, evaluative, or both

(A) Meaning, rather than fact

(B) Idea investigated

(1) Assertion or statement

(2) Rest of paper proves statement

(C) Must have direction

3. Footnotes for quotations and paraphrases

a. Turabian, Themes and Term Papers

b. MLA "Style Sheet"

4. Quotations and quoted passages:

a. Should always introduce quotation.

b. Tie it into the essay. Don't make reader search for points you wish to emphasize. Conclusion. Summary. Tagline.

c. Introduction may be simple, as "Shakespeare said, " — — — — —"

d. Quotes of 1, 2 or 3 lines should be worked into body of text.

e. Longer passages

(1) Single spaced

(2) Indented on either side

(3) No quotation marks

f. Poetry

(1) Short passage within text:

— — — — — : "Capital letter — — — — —" / indicates  
Capital letter — — — — — " end of line



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5. Use as few footnotes as possible. Tell in text if possible. Always footnote first entry.

6. Directions:

a. Good thesis statement

b. Limit subject in order to be specific

c. All footnotes may be put all together on one page at end of essay before bibliography, or on each page

d. Title page

7. Friday : subject + topic sentence

## Grammar Review

December 2

1. The sponsors say <sup>that (understood)</sup> this marvelous new device can be improved.  
*N. Sub-comp. D.p.*
2. It will be a machine <sup>Modified</sup> with thick eyeglasses <sup>Adj.</sup> that generates its own energy by pacing the floor and lubricates itself by biting its fingernails.
3. The first inkling of <sup>N. Obj. prep.</sup> what impended was an earthquake.
4. As the motorist <sup>Adv.</sup> emerges from the Holland Tunnel, Jersey City proudly puts its worst foot forward.

1 = main

2 = subordinate + classify (adj, adv. or noun)

Noun = indicate how used

Adj. = indicate word modified

### Subordinate clauses:

1. Noun - <sup>a.</sup> subject, complement, object

b. Introduced by relative pronoun:

Who, which, what, that, whom, whichever, etc.

c. Examples:

The repairman said that he would have to take the radio into shop.

What it needed most of all was to be junked.

d. Noun clauses cannot be removed from sentence

e. Have subject + verb, but incomplete

2. Adjective

a. Tells which one, what kind, etc.

b. Introduced by relative pronouns

c. Modifies noun

d. Example:

He is a man whom I have always admired.

### 3. Adverb

a. Subordinate ~~pronouns~~ conjunctions introduce

b. How, why, where, when (Answers)

c. How, if, as, whenever, although, because,  
as soon as, after

d. Example:

Adjective: William was not at the corner where he usually took the bus.

While Mr. Baker was shaving, he thought of the day ahead.

Since he had been made head accountant, he never took the books home.

e. Modifies verb

1. Sentence with ~~noun~~ noun clause as subject

That she was happy was ~~at subject~~ <sup>a subject</sup> to be debated.

2. Adject. clause modifying subject of main clause.

She is the girl +

She who speaks first is soon quiet.

3. Restrictive adj. clause

The ~~boy~~ <sup>very well</sup> who cannot read ~~very well~~ told me a story.

His playing the violin was the last straw.

4. Proper pronoun case & gerund (Use possessive)

She addressed her letter to whomever may be concerned

5. Proper case of pron. as subj. comp. (nominative or subjective)

Bill is who answered the phone

It was she.



December 4

Footnotes:

1. John Jones, The White Ghost, p. 72.
2. Ibid., p. 74.
3. John Smith, The Purple Ghost, p. 101.
4. Jones, op. cit., p. 88.
5. Smith, op. cit., p. 102.
6. Ibid., p. 103.

Mag:

John Jones, "Beyond the Absolute," Atlantic Monthly,  
June, 1955 (XIX, 88).  
vol Page

Bibliography:

Jones, John, The White Ghost, New York: E. P.  
Dutton, 1962.

Alphabetized

Last thing to appear in essay

Verbs

1. Tenses (Simple and Perfect)

a. Present

b. Past

c. Future

d. Present Perfect

e. Past Perfect

f. Future Perfect

Action Completed

Helping verb

To Go

They go

went

will go

have gone

had gone

will have gone

1. To gulp 3<sup>rd</sup> person singular, neuter, future per.  
It will have gulped.  
Passive It will have been gulped.
2. To sink 1<sup>st</sup> p. plural Past perfect  
We had sinked.
3. To metamorphose 2<sup>nd</sup> Sing. Simple future  
You will metamorphose.
4. To ride 3 plural present perfect.  
They have ridden.

### Progressive tenses (-ing)

Present prog.	I am going
Past	was going
Future	will be going (I shall be going)
Present per	have been going
Past per	had been going
Future	will have been going

Shall used with 1<sup>st</sup> person; will with 2<sup>nd</sup> + 3<sup>rd</sup>

### Examples:

1. To dream 2<sup>nd</sup> plural, pr. p. prog.  
You ~~will~~ have been dreaming
2. To hop 3 sing fem f.p. p.  
She will have been hopping
3. To run 1 sing pp.  
I had run.

Perfect tenses = action began in past

Indicates 2 actions, one ~~be~~ completed first gets perfect  
She had been asleep when I woke her up.

COLORADO STATE COLLEGE

Greeley, Colorado

*A well done*

REBEL WITH A CAUSE

English 210

*Barbara Taylor*

Instructor: Mr. Zimmerman

Evaluation \_\_\_\_\_

Fall Quarter, 1963



REBEL WITH A CAUSE

Whether he is at Yale or Colorado State or Howard, a student is a rebel with a cause--the cause of human decency. While he does not ascend into the pulpit and preach about fire and brimstone, he writes letters to Senator McGee or pickets Woolworth's. At the same time, he does not break windows or refuse to bathe as symbols of his rebellion. The once "gloriously contented...unabashedly self-centered"<sup>1</sup> student who was willing to accept society as it is, now crusades for racial equality and intellectual freedom. Instead of being content with his own lack of prejudice, he is insisting that the entire country exhibit the same willingness to go to integrated schools, to work in interracial offices, and to eat in non-segregated restaurants. Besides, he is demanding that college become a valuable learning experience instead of an endless merry-go-round of worthless required courses and professors who talk without meaning.

For example, before the tidal wave of apathy subsided, Northern students looked upon "Jim Crow" as a distant problem prominent in the South, but entirely unrelated to life in Littleburg, Pennsylvania, or Tie Siding, Wyoming. However, when the sit-in demonstrations began in North Carolina, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Mississippi, the students opened Northern closets and found the skeletons of discrimination, and they were indignant. White students began to stare at their Negro classmates with new interest, while Negro students began to stare back with new distrust. Then after seeing

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1. Philip E. Jacob, "Does Higher Education Influence Student Values?" Journal of the National Education Association 47:1, January, 1958, p. 35.

their Negro "suite-mates" being turned away from a house on the college-approved off-campus housing list because of their race, white students wrote to the Anti-Discrimination League. Having been refused a job because, "I don't object, you understand, but some of the employees might", Negro students organized picket lines. Hundreds of student organizations concerned with race relations sprang up at San Francisco State College and Colorado University and Northern Illinois University. There were student NAACP and CORE and FOR and COST and Friends of SNCC. Kenneth Rexroth described the movement in his article in The Nation magazine:

The police hosed and clubbed the sit-inners...colleges expelled them in droves, white students came South and insisted on being arrested along with the Negroes, sympathy picket lines were thrown in front of almost every chain variety store in almost every college town in the North...<sup>2</sup>

Having viewed the skeletons, college students felt sickened, revolted by the violation of all the principles and ideals with which they grew up. They recalled the words of Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg address, maintaining that the United States is "dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal"--not white men, but all men--and they dedicated themselves to the same proposition.

While some students were joining the civil rights march on the Capitol, others were mounting soap boxes in an effort to secure their college careers. They insisted that they came to college to prepare for vocations which they had personally chosen and to become intellectually sophisticated. Yet, when they arrived, they were forced to take ROTC and to listen to professors who used the World Almanac for a textbook. In some classes

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2. Kenneth Rexroth, "The Students Take Over", The Nation 191:1, July 2, 1960, p.7.

the professors were so uninspiring that students read Playboy magazines or studied for chemistry tests during the lectures. Surprisingly, the students did not accept this lack of intellectual stimulation as David Riesman expected them to when he wrote:

...the relation of students to the curriculum has a certain alienated quality, in the sense that the students do not believe they have any control over their own education...Why is it that students, often so precocious about many things...are comparatively inattentive to what concerns them as closely as does their curriculum?...<sup>3</sup>

Instead, they reacted vigorously. The student body at the University of California at Berkeley sent letters of protest to the University of Illinois when its administration fired Professor Leo Koch "for suggesting that a minimum of s-e-x is preferable to all the time-consuming necking that goes on."<sup>4</sup> The students insisted on the right to a liberal education, academic freedom.

In addition, they fought compulsory ROTC by sitting across the parade grounds and by parading through the ranks of the marching ROTC.<sup>5</sup> At one college the freshman son of a colonel went so far as to stage a one-man hunger strike against compulsory ROTC. The results was a petition signed by 7,000 supporters.<sup>6</sup> Even though most of the male students would eventually end up in the Army or Navy or Air Force, they saw no need to waste valuable college time in ROTC when they had no interest in becoming officers or even in remaining a part of the armed forces longer than they had to.

3. David Riesman, "Where is the College Generation Headed?" Atlantic Monthly 207:4, April, 1961, p. 42.

4. Arthur Caylor, "Kids Today", San Francisco News-Call Bulletin, May 23, 1960.

5. Rexroth, op. cit., p. 8.

6. Jessica Mitford Treuhaft, "The Indignant Generation", The Nation 192:21 May 27, 1961, p. 453.



In other colleges students picketed the president's home urging that the World Almanac be abolished as a textbook or that the professor using it be fired. Elsewhere they protested tuition increases and championed the right of professors to say what they pleased. At the University of Wisconsin students petitioned for "more challenge and stimulation" in the curriculum.<sup>7</sup> Everywhere the demand to get the most possible benefit out of college filled the air as students shouldered their crosses in the form of picket signs.

Of course, not all students are activists; some still drift along in the cumulus cloud of apathy and indifference, but the college generation as a whole has thrown off the cloak of contentment. By showing real concern for humanity, they are beginning to become contributing, dynamic citizens of the world. Not only can they understand and accept new ideas, but they can also add a few of their own. After years of meekness, they can now dispute the "powers that be" and assert some influence. The rebelliousness that once produced beatniks and juvenile delinquents has found a cause.

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7. Riesman, op. cit., p. 44.

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[Oct. 23, 1963]

### THE GENIUS OF HUMANITY

"Oh, no!...not superior. Equal, partners, complementary, different, but not superior..." These are the opening words of Ashley Montagu's The Natural Superiority of Women. However, the noted anthropologist does not set out to prove that Sally can throw a discus twice as far as Sam can throw it or that Penny can solve a problem in calculus more accurately than Paul. Instead, <sup>he</sup> ~~his~~ contention <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ that women are superior to men in the extent to which they contribute to the survival of the species. Besides woman's obvious superiority in child bearing and care, he points out, she is both emotionally and physically healthier than a male of the same chronological age. First of all, female inferiority is a myth, a lie perpetuated by both men and women. It is the "social consequence of the biologically determined reproductive differences between the sexes". The greatest contribution to the perpetuation of mankind is the birth of a living being. Bill is naturally jealous of Betty's ability to do what he can never hope to do--to give birth to a child. Not only can he not bring little Billy into the world, but he also cannot be certain that he is the father of the child. On the other hand, no one ever heard of a case of doubtful motherhood. Of course, Bill disguises his unconscious jealousy as ridicule of woman's "handicap". He and his predecessors have built such a high wall of myths and taboos around pregnancy that even women look upon it as anathema. "The more complex a society becomes, the more it tends to complicate the process of birth." Among Australian



aborigines, for instance, a woman will lie down to give birth to her child, then she will return to her regular work with scarcely an interruption in routine. At the same time, a European woman may have to spend from ten days to three weeks in "confinement" to cleanse herself from bringing joy to the family.

Closely related to the child-bearing function of the woman is that of milk-production. Every male, like every female, has the potential for lactation--mammary glands, breasts. However, in most normal men these do not develop, but in most normal women they do. If a man is to feed his offspring, he must use a bottle and cow's milk or goat's milk or soybean milk or some other substitute. The human female's milk is made to order for human babies; therefore, breast-fed babies are usually healthier than formula-fed babies. In spite of masculine claims to the contrary, no one can accurately deny woman's creative superiority. True, man supplies the sperms, but woman supplies the place of gestation, and the nourishment, elimination, warmth, protection, and final entrance into the outside world, as well as milk for growth after birth.

According to the author, the second area of feminine superiority is that of emotions. Instantly, countless male spring to their feet crying, "Women are more emotional than men. Everybody knows that." The very defense offered by men is proof of woman's superiority. Because they are not "crippled by inability to express their feelings when they should", women have fewer mental disturbances, fewer suicides, fewer ulcers, and even fewer accidents than men. Unlike the stoical man, a woman can scream when she is frightened, cry when she is sad or ecstatic and throw

the rolling pin when she is angry. Montague quotes Schenfeld in comparing emotions of the sexes with two cars, one equipped with soft, resilient springs and the other with harder, firm springs.

The resilient springs (like the female's emotional make-up) would be more sensitive to all the bumps in the road, would give and vibrate more, but at the same time would take the bumps with less strain, prolonging the life of the car; the harder, more rigid springs (like the male's emotional mechanism) would not feel and respond to the minor bumps as readily but would cause more serious jolts over rough places and be more likely to result in an earlier crack-up of the car.

Citing results of psychological research, the author points out that under conditions of seige and bombardment, men break down more frequently than women; women recover under treatment quicker than men; and women bear pain more stoically than men. "Their protective instinct for those they love...shields against nerve-shattering effects." Not only must woman withstand her own emotional strains, but she must also be to her husband and to the children "the firm rod upon which to lean for support" and comfort.

Whether they admit or deny it, most people who drink do so because of emotional reasons. There is less alcoholism among women than among men.

Although women are more "emotional" than men, they use their emotions efficiently for the preservation of the species. For instance, since women are more fearful, they seldom rush in where "the unafraid do not fear to tread." They cry or become hysterical to attract attention to themselves and away from some rash action about to be performed by their mates. ~~In this way they can often prevent~~ male violence. When angry, a woman may shout or cry or stamp her foot, but she seldom fights, curses,

or commits acts of violence against others. She is more likely to find more rational means to solve problems. Most important, when a woman loves, she loves with her total being. There is no separation for her of home and family from outside activities. Home and family are her life. As a result, she is often more concerned about Johnny's flu shots than her husband could ever be. Because she screams or bites her fingernails, woman is emotionally more stable than man.

Mr. Montagu goes on to point out a third factor in which women are superior to men--physical survival of the rigors of life. Although men are theoretically bigger and stronger than women, they have misused their greater strength in violence. Wars and conflicts are of masculine nature. Throughout the ages men have subjected other men to slavery and women to the will of the "stronger sex". Females have served males as slaves, housekeepers, economic advantages, and sexual conveniences. Even in the act of suicide, men are more violent. A woman will choose an overdose of sleeping pills, while her mate would prefer to take a running jump from the top of the Empire State Building.

In the long run, the author states, larger size and greater muscular power are not really advantages. "The dinosaurs had a long run for their money, but eventually size and muscular power proved their undoing..." Today machines do about ninety per cent of the work once done by sheer muscle power. Therefore, man has no need to be strong.

Even genetically woman is superior to man. In sex-determination the female receives two X-chromosomes loaded with genes, while the male receives only one X-chromosome and a rather pathetic little Y-chromosome that is almost devoid of genes. Mr. Montagu contends that this Y-chromosome evolved from an X-chromosome and is really a portion of an X-chromosome.



Since he has only one X-chromosome, the male has no dominant gene to overcome the action of such sex-linked recessive traits as albinism of the eye, day blindness, bleeder's disease, scale-like skin and color-blindness. Although almost six percent more boys than girls are born, the death rate among males of all ages is higher than that for females. In nearly every culture girls at birth have a longer life expectancy than boys. Because she has more genes, the woman endures starvation, exposure, fatigue, shock, illness, and pain better than a man. Even though women are subject to more illnesses than their male counterparts, they invariably recover faster and more thoroughly. As Mr. Montagu so thoughtfully points out, "To commence life as a male is to start off with a disadvantage".

That woman is superior to man cannot be denied. True, she is not a winner of races or an inventor of gadgets, but she is "the genius of humanity". Her role as mother and wife and homemaker, her emotional strength, and her longevity all contribute to the well-being of mankind.

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