

Could This Be Reality?

It was a dark rainy night and as Eve trudged along the dimly lit street, she began to think about the weird circumstances that had necessitated her hasty departure from Briarwood School that morning.

"The day began like any other day. I was awakened by the jangling of my alarm clock at the usual time, and got out of bed in my usual sluggish way and automatically went through the motions of preparing to go to school.

I was still half-asleep as I walked down the stairs with my eyes glazed and my eye lids drooping. Then, suddenly, I got dizzy, and I wasn't walking anymore, I was floating; floating down, down, down into a deep dark abyss. I grabbed the banister and held on until I regained my equilibrium. And then I was again descending the stairs. I was becoming more wide awake as I sniffed the morning smells in the air; steaming coffee and other breakfast smells mingled with the fresh sweet air of early morning.

As I reached the bottom of the stairs, I glanced at the stately old grandfather's clock which stood in the hall of the boarding house in which I lived. It's almost eight-fifteen and I'm due at school in fifteen minutes. I have just enough time to gulp a cup of coffee and then I'll have to run. Principal Hill permits no tardiness at Briarwood.

I was just in time to catch the eight-twenty bus which contained its usual quota of assorted passengers; little boys and girls who made the same faces and screeched at each other as they did on other mornings, the small quiet looking man who was hiding behind his paper as he did every day at this time, and the fashionable (but gossip) secretaries and stenographers who were also regular passengers. As I stood (all seats were taken) looking at this ill-sorted bunch, I became aware of the fact that though this is the same bus I ride every morning and these are the same people, there is something about them that is both strange and frightening. I can't quite figure it out. Well, no matter, I really don't have time to because I get off at this corner.

I entered the room quietly, and expected to be greeted in the usual way, with good morning and a few half-hearted inquiries as to the state of my health. But in-

FOCUSING TOMU

The Tomu Club was organized to give individual instruction to girls interested in learning the operating techniques of audio-visual aid equipment. The name of this club was derived from the first letter of each of the last four words of Tomu's motto: "That Others Might Understand."

The club's sphere encircles a wider territory than that of class room procedure. Its members are called upon daily to various classes, and on many occasions, the entire Bennett family receives the educational and leisurely benefits of this group. At present, the girls are planning to visit a downtown theatre in order to observe the operation of more powerful movie projectors.

On January 26, Tomu sponsored the Mid-Week Vesper program featuring the Ten Commandments for 1955.

The executive cabinet comprises Margaret McCormick, president; Ruby Thomas, vice-president; Charlotte Brown, secretary; and Juliette Walker, treasurer.

stead, I was given icy and almost hostile stares by the students in the room.

As I sat down at my desk and looked around the classroom, I got the same feeling that I had gotten on the bus: the feeling that there was something strange and incomprehensible near me. Suddenly, I realized what it was! An electric current of fear coursed through my body as I became aware of the fact that the children in the room with me are not children at all, but alien creatures who have assumed the identity of my students. It was as though a veil had been lifted enabling me to see these aliens as they really were, horrible creatures in human guise. My first impulse was to run and to keep running until I was out of the reach of these strange and terrible beings. But my nobler instinct told me that it was my duty to rid mankind of them. With much effort, I composed myself and in a pseudo-normal manner, pretended to be cold and closed all the windows in the room, and while closing the one nearest the gas heater, I turned the gas on with the toe of my shoe, hoping that I would be seen doing so. After a reasonable length of time, five minutes at the most. I again said that I was cold and left the room to get my coat which was hanging in the hall. As soon as I left the room, (closing the door carefully behind me), I raced down the hall to the principal's office and breathlessly told him of my bizarre experience. He said "there, there, Miss Russell, you just sit there and rest, you have had a harrowing ordeal. I'll get you a glass of water," and with this, he left the room. I sat down weakly, relieved to know that the inhuman beings I had just left were being swiftly asphyxiated in the now gas-filled room.

After a few minutes had elapsed, Mr. Hill returned with the water, and behind him came Dr. Wilson the school physician. But they

The Greeks Had a Word For It

So many Greek words and roots appear in English words that one should recognize a few of them.

For each Greek word below, several English descendants are given. Use a good dictionary. Try to find English cousins for each family.

1. gamos, marriage: bigamy, monogamy, polygamy
2. genos, race: gene, genesis, genealogy, endogenous
3. derma, skin: epidermis, pachyderm, dermatology
4. grapho, write: autograph, graphic, telegram, anagram, diagram
5. logos, a saying: analogue, dialogue, catalogue, logic, monologue, zoology, theology

If For a Child

If I could grow and not be old,
If I could wald and not be cold,
If I could sing for a length of time
Or write poems that would always rhyme
If everyone I could please
Then I'm sure I'd be at ease.

If I could study and never tire,
If I could knit by the fire,
And take exams without a fear
Instead of always shedding a tear,
If everyone I could please
Then I'm sure I would always be at ease.

Muriel W. Darrell

weren't Mr. Hill and Dr. Wilson at all, they were aliens too! Could this be reality? Is the earth being taken over by invaders from another world? These frightening thoughts and the shock of this new discovery were too much for my overwrought nerves and I felt myself sinking slowly into the oblivion of unconsciousness.

When I awoke, I was lying on the bed in the school clinic. I could hear the sound of voices, distant and yet, near. I couldn't understand all that they were saying but I caught the words "done away with." I didn't wait to hear more but bolted from the bed and jumped through the open window and on to the ground two or three feet below. Then I ran until, completely exhausted, I collapsed near a deserted building at the edge of the city.

I was awakened by the falling of rain on my face. And now, as I trudge along the dark streets of this god-forsaken town, I wonder what has brought me to this wretched state. The crumpled newspaper at my feet bears the headline "Mad Woman Sought for the Murder of Twenty Students." How dare they accuse me of murder. I was only doing my duty as I saw it, just as I did last year in Springfield. I swore then that I would kill everyone of those horrible creatures whenever I found them.

What's that I hear? A car, and men dressed in white. And they're coming this way. I'll run. I'll escape from them again. I've got to get away. I've got to get away!

Worn-Out Words

To some people, everything they like is either good or swell; everything they dislike is either bad or awful. Though such words are good, they can get awful tired and tiring!

Make a list of at least fifteen adjectives that express approval. Then make a similar list to express disapproval. (Examples: aromatic, colorful, mellifluous, noisome, cacophonous, bitter, delicious, murky)

Choose one word from each of your lists to describe accurately each of the following:

1. a baseball game
2. a book
3. an acquaintance
4. a dancing party
5. a singer's voice
6. a lecture
7. an apple
8. the weather
9. a necktie
10. a child

A Tree Has the Will To Live

Vera Kernodle

The courage of a mighty lion,
The faith of a hundred bees;
The hope of a high and strong mountain,

A prayer to ask of thee.
Blest be the tree of these
Who hath the will to live.

When the mighty storms are raging,
When the snows and rains are strong;

When the ice has clothed it deeply,
When everything has gone wrong.
Blest be the tree for standing
And keeping the will to live.

It never gives up to hard battles,
It never gives way until the end;
It does not grieve because of trials,
It has hard times from end to end.
Blest be the tree of determination
For having the will to live,
And may it forever stand and give
To man a sense of the four!

Only The Styles Change

As I pulled the trigger the noise sounded like an atom bomb, instead of a miniature presentation of it. It was just a small bullet though, smaller even than those in kid's holster sets. It had done its duty easily—more easily than I had even thought it would. Almost too easily, as if the devil had had a hand in the swiftness of its charge. It was all over so quickly. Tony sprawled out and blood running into the gutter that fast! Glad I didn't have to clean it up though. I felt kind of funny walking off and leaving him, with his eyes staring up into the sky, looking up at God, so to speak. Well, that was one place he'd never be found. That was one place I'd never be found either, come to think of it. Still, Heaven should open its gates to me for getting rid of Tony. And I had a right to do it, the way he had treated me.

I had to get out of that alley though. It seemed as if I could smell blood and death already. I could feel the sweat drops hitting my ribs one by one, like ice water; I began to get panicky then and started to run. I couldn't see and the dark was choking the life out of me. Everywhere I looked I could see red. Suddenly, I stopped, my entire body a throbbing heart that I couldn't control. I saw the faint glow of a light coming from somewhere. I jumped back into the shadows and stood tautly there until I realized that it was only the light from the street playing hide and seek with the alley. In my relief, I remembered I still carried the gun in my hand. I slipped it into my pants pocket and felt it slither into place. Then I tried to swallow and stop my heart, and went out into the street. It was empty, except for one man leaning against the lamppost, his hat on the back of his head, enjoying a cigarette. He looked like a cross between an undertaker and a hangman except that he was too suave, too much of a nonchalant.

He didn't even look around when I came out, so I started on down the street the other way.

"So you killed him, huh." I whipped around and stared at him. The cold sweat was making its course again. He was still staring straight ahead and it was beginning to think my conscience had come on the scene.

"Didn't think you'd have the nerve to do it, old chap, but I see you made it. Tony was rather terrible, I'll admit, even worse than you."

"What," jumped out of my mouth as I gaped at him. Who was he? I had never seen him before. And besides, how could he know I had killed Tony. He hadn't been there. I couldn't think of anything but killing him too and I began to draw out my gun. He was still looking straight in front of him and I could shoot him in the back of the head easily.

"Don't bother," he said indifferently, "you can make it with one dead man. And besides I won't die anyway so don't waste good bullets."

"Who in God's name are you," I whispered in panic.

"Well," he laughed dryly. "In God's name I'm Lucifer. But I couldn't stand it, so when I became my own boss I changed it to Satan. I rather think it has more class. You know, more zip."

Then he turned and looked at me. I was trembling so violently that I was swaying. I wanted to leave! walk! run! just get away somehow! but I couldn't move.

"Sit down fellow," he said, "you don't seem to be feeling so well." He took me by the arm, over to the curb where I sat down and tried to think. He had sounded like he was crazy. Yet he talked about me and Tony as if he knew us. Who

the devil was he anyway? He talked English, but it was a cross between British and American English with some French, German, Russian, and Chinese accents all mixed up together. He was sitting beside me and it made me shiver all over to think of his touching me.

"Who the devil are you" I said again.

"That's it!" He laughed jovially. "That's it, I'm the devil."

His face crinkled in mirth and his little black moustache seemed to bristle with glee. I didn't know what he was talking about, but all I could say was:

"But the devil wears a red suit." "I say old chap," he replied. "Who do you think I am anyway. Little Orphan Annie or somebody. Styles have changed. I don't wear red anymore. I wear whatever man wears." Then he added: "But, how do you feel now. It's time for us to be getting back you know."

"Back, back where. I don't have anywhere to go. I'm a free man now. I choose my own hours."

"Well, yes. In a way you're free. Free of Tony anyway. At least temporarily. But do you think you're not beholden to anybody? After all you're just a man, old chap."

I began to get angry then. "Well see here, whoever you are . . ."

"The devil, thank you."

"All right but anyway see here! You're only a man yourself. You can't tell me what to do. What do you think I got rid of Tony for, just to have you treat me in the same way. I've had enough of your crazy talk, devil, and I'm going home. You can go to the police if you wish to, but they'll never believe you as crazy as you're talking now."

"Why my, good fellow," he said in his hearty way. "I don't deal with the police, I deal with God. I'll go to him if you wish. But I hardly thin he'll take you now, unless he's charged considerably." And he chuckled to himself.

I didn't know what to do. I felt like I was burning up, but I could still feel the cold sweat all over me. I looked up and down the street for help, but not a soul was in sight. I could hear the stillness broken only by the devil, or whoever he was, whistling! "There's no hiding place down here." I heard someone panting and realized it was me. Then I bounded to my feet and tried to run. I had to get away from him. He was staring at me—staring through me, with all his cool indifference. My insides were busy tying Boy Scout knots and my head was beating in 4/4 time.

"To hell with you!" I tore from my throat.

"To Hell with both of us," he said calmly, and caught me by the wrist. As we turned to go I saw a red tail slash out from under his black coat.

Barbara R. Brown

Winter Leadership Conference Convenes

The Mid-Winter Student Leadership Conference will convene on February 20 and continue through February 22. All meetings will be held in the Student Lounge, Student Union Building from 7-8 p. m.

The theme, "Continued Growth Through Responsible Participation," will be divided into the following sub-topics: "Emphasis on the Problems and Techniques of Leadership," "Emphasis on Participation," and "Emphasis on Finance and Budgeting."

A city house is unlikely to be struck by lightning more than once in one thousand years.