

Inward Fear

—Hewey Clodfelter

Joe Brody walked slowly along the water front, thoughts running through his mind. He walked erect, head high, and his suit could not hide the strength that lay in his powerful body. To the onlooker he feared nothing, but within himself he knew he feared one thing. He was afraid to dive. He had been afraid since his last diving experience during the war.

He and a buddy had been ordered by the Navy to salvage gold bullion from a small boat that had gone down in Hudson Bay. They were in two hundred feet of water examining the jagged hole in the ship's side, a result of a collision with a larger ship. Then his buddy's air hose had been caught by the jagged metal causing the hose to double and shut off the supply of air. Then slowly before his eyes he had seen the terrific pressure squeeze the life from the body of his buddy. He didn't remember getting to the surface again, but he got there by some means. He had explained to his commanding officer that he couldn't dive again and had been discharged.

Then he had met Jane and had fallen in love with her. They had gone together until she found out about his fear of diving. She had tried to get him to dive to conquer his fear, but he had refused and she had said that she couldn't go with a man who was afraid. Since then he had not seen Jane, and his thoughts were of her tonight.

His walking had brought him to the little house where he stayed and he entered his little room and went to bed.

The next morning he was awakened by the landlady. "Mr. Brody, that Miss Jane said for you to come down to pier fifteen right away; seems like something happened."

He dressed quickly and went down to pier fifteen. Jane ran to him with words pouring from her lips. "Joe, there's a man down there, and his air hose has been caught," she said. "You've got to dive and save him."

"But, Jane, there are other divers who can go down," Joe replied.

"I know, but we can't find any other divers," Jane answered. "You've got to dive."

Joe blurted out, "I can't dive, Jane. You know I can't dive!"

"Are you going to let the man die?" she insisted.

Suddenly Joe was getting into the diving suit lying on the pier. Jane was right; he couldn't let the man die. "Put on the helmet, one of you guys," he said. The helmet was fastened, and Joe swung to the edge of the pier. "Keep the air steady," Joe said; "don't let too much air pressure into my suit."

Then he was falling slowly through green water toward the bottom. In a minute he was there, and he looked about for the diver. He thought to himself, "Funny, I'm not afraid." Then he saw the stricken diver and he walked slowly toward him. In a few seconds he was at the diver, but he couldn't find anything holding the air hose. Then the other diver pulled the signal rope and both were pulled slowly to the surface.

Minutes later both were back on the pier. As Joe was getting out of the diving suit, Jane ran to him. "It was a bad trick to play on you, Joe," she said, "but it was the only way I could think of to get you to dive. Please don't be angry."

The anger that had started to arise in Joe's face subsided, and his arms went about Jane. "I'm not angry darling," he said, "and I'm not afraid to dive, either."

Then Joe kissed her, long and hungrily, as a woman would want to be kissed by the man she loved.

The Uselessness of Essays

—Tommy Young

An essay is one's own opinion on a subject. For this reason, if for no other, I consider the essay a useless parasite of English literature.

Since it is one's own opinion, you can hardly expect anyone else to exactly agree with your writing, for no two persons are ever of exactly the same opinion, except, of course, possibly in the case of a question, answerable by a simple "yes" or "no."

While one is wracking his brain, trying to compose an essay, he could just as easily be writing a short story, enjoyable to all. This would require no thought on the part of the reader, and so would permit him to enjoy it more.

On the other hand, imagine a person, happy—contented, who sits down before an open fire in midwinter to read a book of essays. Imagine his warm, comfortable feeling as he opens the book, anticipating short hours of enjoyment, therein. But what sight assails his vision? "The Butterfly is a Wonderful Creature." What if he doesn't like butterflies? What if he thinks they are obnoxious creatures which eat beautiful flowers? He becomes angry with the book, its author, the publishers, and the local bookstore, where he bought it. He hurls it into the fire. He becomes more angry as he thinks about it. He develops an awful disposition, fusses at his wife, kicks the baby, talks back to his boss and is fired, and finally, a failure in life, commits suicide.

Now is that an awful mess? And just because one man likes butterflies and another does not. I hate essays.

Is Everybody Happy?

—Isabel Essick

"No," would be the answer of many people to the question: Is everybody happy? How many stop to think what real happiness is? They drift along in life, not knowing just what is lacking, when happiness alone could change everything.

But alas! Happiness cannot be asked for and obtained; neither can it be bought. In the course of his sermon, a minister once said, "Happiness is the by-product of other things." How true that is. Thus it is evident that our happiness results from what we do, how we do it, and our relationship with our family, friends, and others.

Happiness is more valuable than wealth. Many people who have all the luxuries imaginable are unhappy, and those who are kings or great leaders are not content. They have too much responsibility to enjoy life to the fullest. We who are average Americans should realize that life is what we make it, and the degree of our happiness depends on just that.

So let us all strive to attain the highest goals in life and do the things from which we know we can derive happiness. Robert Greene was right: "The quiet mind is richer than a crown."

HOME COMING

(Continued from page one (1))

Council. "We'll Put Their Hems Down Tonight" was the slogan used, and the float featured a fashion review, showing girls modeling new long skirts.

Included in the parade were the sponsors of the various clubs in the school. The football queen, Mary Anne Hartzog, was chosen by the football team and was presented with two orchids which she wore in the parade.

The hard work put forth on the homecoming was well rewarded when the victory of 7-0 was won by the local football team over High Point.

1947 Community Book Week Project To Aid Children In U. S. And Overseas



The 28th National Observance of Children's Book Week is being celebrated this week, November 16-22. The slogan around which libraries, schools and civic organizations are planning their annual programs is "Books for the World of Tomorrow".

The poster, shown above, has been designed by the noted illustrators of children's books, Ingri and Edgar Parin D'Aulaire. It depicts the many generations of American children who have been privileged to inherit an ever-increasing wealth of books written, designed and published solely for their delight and entertainment. Books like these can prepare them to be intelligent, tolerant and cooperative citizens in the world of tomorrow.

To activate this slogan, the Children's Book Council, 62 West 45th Street, New York City, which is also national Headquarters for Book Week information and aids, has initiated a special Book Week project for 1947. The Council tells us that at least eleven million American boys and girls are without access to library service or reading of any kind other than text books. This is a shocking fact, coupled with the knowledge that the United States is also the home of the greatest children's book industry in the world. The Council has, therefore enlisted the help of

two of its twenty-nine cooperating organizations, The Save the Children Federation and the Treasure Chest Campaign to put on the Treasure Chests U.S.A. program. This program was opened on October first to encourage more fortunate communities to donate Treasure Chests of children's books to rural schools in the United States (25,000 Treasure Chest books have already been donated and shipped to children overseas).

In its free manual which outlines this project, the Council says "State Extension services, book-mobiles and individual teachers have done much with limited funds to correct these conditions. It is hoped that Federal aid will soon release more help to these young citizens in our disadvantaged areas, but until that time comes we can all help to share the great wealth of American children's books with our own brothers and sisters in this new and easy way."

Among the many countries who have received chests to date are the Philippines, China, France, Belgium, Greece, Poland, Russia and Siam. Chests can now be shipped to former enemy countries and have been received already in Japan, Germany and Austria. The Treasure Chest Campaign, though still an independent unit, is now working in cooperation with UNESCO.

Apartment Life

—Jane Strelitz

There is something about living in an apartment that is very different from any other kind of home. There are some incidents that happen that could not be forgotten in a lifetime. Let me give an example of this. One night the family downstairs decided to give a party consisting of about four couples. By at least 2:00 A.M. the party was in full swing and practically everyone in the building was wide-awake because of the singing, laughing and slamming of doors. When morning came the host was evidently resting peacefully while the other families who had been kept awake most of the night had to get up wearily and drag through the day. After summing up the families as a whole, though, I think you'll find that almost everyone is a fine person—even the old maid who lives on the first floor.

A Chain is No Stronger Than Its Weakest Link

—Kenneth McCrary

Our world today is a very confusing place. No one seems to be able to think straight any more. Many times we place great value on the things that are of no real worth. The character and integrity of the individual, makes the Nation stronger or weaker. Many of our leaders in the government and the great industries of the land have left the standard of truth and honesty to seek only material wealth and power by any means possible. Our Nation, as well as the other nations of the world, had failed to hold to the moral and spiritual development of its people. Therefore, we have worldwide chaos, misery and confusion, because our weakest link is in the character of the people who make the Nation.