

Speedway.

When Pat was three, my mother was brave enough to take her to church. What a fatal day that was! It was during the Christmas season and the church choir was presenting "The Messiah." The audience was tense as the strains of "Halleluiah" swelled out over them, and over the floating melody I heard an emphatic, demanding statement that only a three-year-old could make. "Mother, I want a biscuit."

Thus far I have painted a very loathsome picture of Pat but in reality we realize that she is a person — a human being with a character that is developing every day. We know that she will be generous in nature, for she always insists upon sharing what she has with others. We think that she will be loving, because she is so free with her love toward us.

Yes, that's our Pat. She has the animation of Jerry Lewis, the vivacity of a circus clown, and the imagination of Lewis Carroll all rolled into a chubby, little baby. She is our angel with a dirty face.

"I Remember Sgt. Poole"

MAX CALLAHAN

The first impression any green, scared recruit gets from a snarling, self-centered looking ape of a man they call a platoon Sgt., usually isn't one of beaming affection. In fact, for me it took a great deal of intestinal fortitude to face those two big armfuls of stripes and squinting black eyes. Those stripes, I came to know later, were to mean complete domination over me. Never shall I forget the first time he talked to his brand new acquisition of lowly subjects. He related to us in no uncertain terms, not what he wished of us, but what he would have out of us.

Sgt. Poole was a fierce man, bursting with energy all day and far into the night. No matter what military problem one had he was always right there advising and instructing. He was a spark of fire to his men. He had a way of commanding respect, although we all claimed to hate him with a passion. No one would have dared to admit he might be an "alright guy." My ears still ring with the impact of his effusive commands.

Finally the long hard days of basic training were over and we were ready to shed our hated title of "recruits." We looked outside our barracks and saw a new group of men for the Sgt. to worry with and guide down the first path of military life. We felt a kind of respect and admiration for the tough guy who had to be tough.

During the recent renovation program, being successfully conducted in the Dover Memorial Library by Mrs. Plybon, our new librarian, discovery of an incompleteness in the last year Pilot file was made. It is, indeed, a flagrant deficiency to have this limitation in such an important part of our library. We are making a special appeal to the students to correct this defect with the donation of the first two issues of last year's Pilot. Mrs. Plybon is sincerely hoping that someone will come to aid in rectifying this situation.

J. E.

The following three essays are from the files of the Department of English for last year. Their merits of composition qualified them for presentation in our initial production for this year, as well as for retention in the permanent files of the Department of English. We invite you to "Muddy Water," presented anonymously, "He Was A Killer" by Margaret Edwards, and "The Most Unforgettable Person I Have Met" by Faye Estes.

J. E.

Muddy Water

Ward Malone was angry that October afternoon when he took his gun from its pegs and started after Old Whistle Britches, the biggest and smartest buck that ever walked the trails of Brown Bottom. He became angrier when he stepped into the yard and saw the edge of the muddy water which was slowly crawling up the valley from the newly finished dam a few miles down-stream. He was angry with the government and wished he could take congressmen and give them a bath in that yellow flood.

He had felt that way since they had first begun to make plans for the dam across the river. He had talked to his neighbors and he had taken the case to the Federal Court

where he had waged a fruitless lawsuit against the government.

He couldn't understand why some of his neighbors sold so willingly. It might mean flood control for some, but for others it meant death and destruction to thousands of their good acres.

All Ward had left was the house on the hill and a few hundred acres behind it. Sometimes he wished he could go away and never see the waters of the Brown again. It was a pretty come-off when the government could take a man's land out from under him.

When Ward started after the buck that afternoon, he knew it would be the last hunt along the river trails. By the next day, the water would be over the ground where Old Whistle Britches had roamed for so long. The buck would move out, and there would be no telling where he would go.

It was past mid-afternoon by the time Ward reached the usual haunts of the buck. He had a wild desire to hurry before it was forever too late; but that would not help, and he began to look for fresh tracks.

He finally found them among some young canes and like a well-trained hound he followed the trail down the bottom. With his rifle in front of him ready for instant use, he started on the trail. It was easy to follow in the soft, rich soil of the bottom. He started and held his breath as a bluejay lit in a nearby tree, then moved on when the bird flew away without seeing him.

Again he stopped, and this time he muttered angrily when he saw a redness through the trees and knew that it was the glint of the sun on the rising water. He glared at it for a few seconds, and then his eyes went back to the trail. He followed it until there was only a foot-wide strip of water-bogged land stretching away into the water.

Ward whistled under his breath when he saw that the buck's tracks went out on that strip. Suddenly, he heard the well-known whistle straight ahead. He quickened his pace so that he could be near if the buck started swimming.

Then he saw Whistle Britches and raised his gun. After a moment, he lowered it in surprise. The big buck hadn't seen him at all. He was at the water's edge, bouncing up and down on stiff legs and shaking his head angrily as he pawed at the yellow flood. Occasionally he would throw back his head and give his shrill whistle.

Ward watched him for a moment, then grinned proudly. "He's not scared," he said aloud. "He's just plain mad—mad at the government. Me and him could sure buck some congressmen."

Ward shouldered his gun. "We can't win, Big Boy, so let's get out," he said as he turned away.

The sun was edging the treetops as he climbed the hill toward the house. Looking back toward the bottom, he saw the buck come out of the timber near the water. The big fellow stopped on the hillside and turned toward the water. His antlers gleamed as the sun touched their well-polished tips. He pawed the ground and gave one more whistle before he moved on.

"Let the upstarts have it," shouted Ward. "Let them have their muddy water. We'll take to the hills and dare 'em to come after us."

"He Was A Killer"

MARGARET EDWARDS

He didn't look like a killer. But that first time Rod Luder entered our apartment, an uneasy feeling crept over me. He was too good-looking; his big black eyes and shiny hair looked too glossy and his manners seemed too polite, if that is at all possible.

My husband, Bob Fuller, who was a deep sea-diver, had not returned home from a job yet, and although I tried my best to persuade Rod against staying to wait on him, he would pay no attention to me. Instead, he forced his way into the hall and on into the living room. He said that his business was very important and for me to continue with my work while he waited.

Nervous as I felt, knowing that this stranger was sitting in my living room, I sighed with relief when I heard the familiar sound of Bob's key in the front door. I breathed a prayer of thanks for his arrival as I hurried to the hall and whispered to him what had happened. Bob seemed annoyed and said that he had never heard of Rod Luder and didn't like strangers coming without an appointment. As soon as we entered the living