

ty As she took her place, she glanced over the congregation. Surely those smiles on their faces were ones of approval

## Miss Luzene

MARGARET HAY

If you could personify Miss Luzene into an inanimate object, I think the most apt description would be a slowed down tidal wave. It's a rather amazing procedure when she once decides upon some action because a small bolt seems to slip into place somewhere in her head, and then it's too late for a mere human to divert the conclusion. She expresses no ill will toward the people who gently try to change her mind, nor does she ever raise her voice in contention when her friends try reasoning with her. She just calmly and persistently does what she sets out to do.

A paradox enters into the scene where her appearance is concerned. Most people imagine stubborn people to have tight little faces with small eyes and thin lips and a chin protruding out like chiseled granite. This individual blasts to bits that mental picture, because she looks like the epitome of gentleness. Soft white hair is waved around a face which tells of nothing if not good will toward all her fellow beings. Her smile endears her to all onlookers because it crinkles up her face and causes her eyes to shut. Everyone agrees that she looks to be the most kind-hearted person in the world. Her greatest enjoyment is inviting people over to have chicken and hot biscuits.

But in order to make a well-rounded individual out of her, I think it's only fitting to illustrate her willful side by some concrete examples.

Just pretend you're riding with Miss Luzene in a big city—say, Chicago. Well, she decides she wants to look at Lake Michigan, so she picks the outer drive where all cars are supposed to go at least 40 miles an hour. This fact doesn't appeal to her, because she can't enjoy the view at that rate of speed. What does she do?

She does the very thing ten thousand Chicago drivers don't want her to do. She drives at 15 miles an hour so she can see the lake. Now all this time, you don't say anything, because you realize what a sweet lady she is. But in another five minutes you're also realizing that there's a line of 150 honking cars behind you that want to get home to supper. You meekly suggest that a car is trying to pass, but are told that it's silly for people to go fast, and that what's wrong with the world today is that people are in too much of a mad rush. This sounds logical, but you're still cringing at those dirty looks people are throwing in your direction. Then you timidly venture, "Gosh, these cars sure go fast, maybe we'd better step on it a bit." In a minute you get your answer, which is a flourish of the hand in the direction of the lake and a remark concerning the sheen on the water. You finally gain a little composure by pushing the dashboard with your knees.

It gives her rather a thrill to have people do small things for her. For instance, she decides to take a friend some fruit. The lady lives a hundred miles away and it seemed rather doubtful what condition the fruit would be in at the destination. Arguments are useless since Miss Luzene has made up her mind. You can succeed in discouraging her from stopping at the first six fruit stands by telling her how wilted the fruit looks. In fact, you're feeling pretty confident that you've won the decision. She doesn't talk much during this time, but just looks rather sad and hurt. The first ominous sign comes at the next intersection. Whenever she's planning a campaign she waits in the middle of the street to see if any car is coming. The more the streets, the longer she waits. She really slips up on you this time. She waits until two or three cars are creeping behind her, and then all of a sudden she stops and starts talking real fast. The general idea is for you to run over to that very clean fruit stand and buy four pears, six oranges, eight peaches and a dozen plums. You are caught

and you don't even have time to talk back. You solemnly promise yourself never to go with her again, but her sweet innocence wins over and you find yourself doing her precarious biddings time and time again.

## Prelude to Manhood

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College '43

It was a regular fall day. A frisky breeze was blowing and a deceptively warm-looking sun was shining brilliantly. The whole world was refreshing and alive, but Jeffery reflected rather cynically that this clear weather couldn't last, things that he enjoyed never did. Jeff Whelan was morose, sullen and highly dissatisfied with life. His mind was on other topics when suddenly the motor of the so-called automobile he was driving coughed consumptively and, with a small apologetic sigh, settled down into a disgusting silence. Swearing softly, Jeff extracted his gangling bulk from between the steering wheel and the seat, and fished ungracefully beneath the floor for a wrench.

With an unnecessary flourish he lifted the hood and stuck his tousled blond head into the intricacies of the motor. The fact that he had to close his eyes to keep from having them jabbed out did not seem to hinder his optical powers, for he deduced wisely, with a sage nod of his head, that the fault lay in the carburetor. "Well," he muttered, "that's that. I'm now convinced that I am the most unlucky guy on earth. The fates are against me!" He had heard this line in some movie and now as he said it, the sound pleased him immensely. "That's what it is," he continued. "The fates are against me."

Pushing the chariot of his dreams to the side of the road, he took his stand beside it, eagerly raising his thumb and grinning idiotically at every passing motorist. There is one Good Samaritan in every rural district, and Josiah C. Brown happened to be just that. When he saw this fine, upstanding, seventeen year old youth waving

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