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*NOTHING*

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So slowly, yet so quickly the silvery orb rose above the trees, flodding the pasture and the distant shoreline with an errie lightness. In the distance, painted against the rising moon, a lone fir tree with limbs uplifted to the vaulted sky, limbs deep-scarred by lightning bolts of storms now past, stands motionless in the summer air.

From my lawn chair I can hear the breakers slap the shore and recede like a thousand watery fingers, grating and scraping as they slide over the pebbles back into their watery home before spending their fury once more upon the innocent beach. Blending almost perfectly with this constant rhythm, I hear the effortless issue of my radio as it sits upon the jewel-like dew studded grass giving forth strains of sentimental music from the strings of an orchestra playing on the terrace of a large urban hotel.

On the highway some fifty yards from where I sit enjoying this evening vigil, a car speeds past heading no doubt for one of the well-known tourist resorts several miles distant which cater to every whim of the city dweller on vacation.

As I sit filling my lungs with the refreshing salt tanged, blossom scented air, I cannot help but think of the many thousands who would give up everything to do exactly what I am doing, *NOTHING*. Is it wrong for a person to desire nothing? To be so satisfied with what he has as to wish for nothing more, except perhaps that the robins will sing on the morrow, and that the sun once more will flood the earth with its heavenly brightness, or . . . . The neigh of a horse in a nearby pactice breaks my train of thought, and almost simultaneously the baby begins to cry, and I hear my wife's scurring footsteps heading upstairs to comfort our first-born gift of God, who it at present crying his wee eyes out.

My vigil is over for this evening, my foolish reminiscing ended. Tomorrow I must once again shoulder the yoke and slave for a living so that someday my child may take up this vigil in my place, and desire nothing.

R. P.

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*QUO USQUE TANDEM?*

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On looking over the short biographical sketches of this year's graduating class as they were published in the Guardian, I couldn't help but notice the large number of them that terminated with a "Future plans—indefinite" clause, and indeed, it struck me as rather odd that there should be so many. Perhaps there were some who

had decided upon some career or profession and for one reason or another they just wanted to keep it to themselves; well, that might be understandable. However, I just don't think that this applied in the majority of cases, I think that they just don't know what they want, so naturally they don't know where to look for it. I remember being told when I was just a green little fellow in high school that it was pretty near time I made up my mind what I wanted to do in life, granted that I might change my mind a thousand times before I was to die, but at least throw out an anchor somewhere. To find such indecision, then, at the end of college years strikes me as appalling. This state of indecision seems to be rather like that of a fellow getting on a train and not having the slightest idea where he wants to go. To make matters worse, it's as though he didn't even know where the train is going. And to twist the sword a bit in following the parallel to the present situation, it's as though the traveler suddenly decided to get off the train, not knowing where it was that he was getting off. If a person were to pull such a stunt in real life, he would be presently hustled off to the booby-hatch for a little cooling off — but this is real life, and this is just what is happening even though we had to trace it in metaphor. It sounds pretty ridiculous, doesn't it? Well then, don't let it happen in your case. Whatever your stage now in your training, even if you are supposed to have finished the college phase of it, stop and get out your map. At least trace out the course you have followed to this point; find out where you are; find out if you are a better or worse person than when you last took stock; see what your present qualifications are now that you have added some new experiences to your log; and then for goodness sake plan at least the next step in advance. To go back to our metaphor, find out where you can go on the fare you have, and make sure that it's a place that you want to go, a place that you might like for awhile — you might be there for the rest of your life.

### EDITORIAL

#### M-A-N-T-L-E

You, no doubt, can think of a great number of words in the English language which have more than one meaning, and whose meanings are sometimes quite different from one another. For example, the word "vice" means something terribly bad, but some of the great idols of our modern youth are called "vice-presidents."

But the word with two meanings which I have in mind is the combination of the seven letters M-A-N-T-L-E. I knew that that title would attract 99 2/3% of RED AND WHITE readers who are sports-minded, to read this much of this article. But, sorry to disappoint you, my subject is not the Yankee centerfielder. When