

For those who recognize this lack of truly "sociable" life in country communities, and who have the desire and the energy to do something about it, the formation of a drama club is suggested as a practical solution. It appears quite possible that drama clubs could be formed which would arouse and maintain the interest of young people; and which would establish an attractive and stimulating environment for all in the locality.

Until people take the initiative and establish some form of group entertainment in their own communities, there will be no revival of sociability.

—CLIFFORD MURPHY '50.

MOLAR TROUBLE

I would take thirty minutes over enemy territory in a decrepit airplane of 1918 and face five million rounds of slack hurled at me, along with a blown out percussion valve in the port cylinder, in preference to five minutes in a dentist's waiting room.

You may think that this is silly: but reconsider; the fact is, my knees begin to buckle and I tremble all over whenever I see even a mild facsimile of either a needle or a pair of pliers.

My yearly check-up eventually arrives. I enter the dentist's waiting room with a dirge on my lips. Once inside, I feel that I shall never see the world again, nor shall ever care to, for that matter.

Hardly have I time to get settled among my waiting companions-in-fear when the dentist appears from his "Inner Sanctum" with a pleasant smile (I often wonder how such a fine man can operate such a terrible business). Seeing five of us waiting, he announces that one of us will have to come back tomorrow as he is very busy at the present. There is a savage stampede for the door. After picking myself up off the floor and bending my nose back into its original shape, I find that the large man (Joe, they called him) near the door, got out first. I take the resolution to sit much nearer to the door next time. Presently our friend Joe returns to claim his scarf, which he has lost in the tussle. No sooner has he stepped into the room than another fellow goes out the door like a jet-propelled airplane. The dentist, at this point, re-appears and nabs poor Joe as his next victim. My sympathies are very sincere for the unfortunate man who had made such a brave but unsuccessful attempt at escaping the pains that only a needle can administer, until I learn that Joe has only come to pay his bill. No wonder that he was in such a hurry to leave.

My glance, shifting from the boring pictures on the wall, turns to the people walking on the street below. How lucky they are; and they do not even know it.

At this stage of the game one usually begins to feel a little self conscious; far be it for me to be different. Noticing that the girl alongside of me is in a deep sweat (no wonder, she is chewing gum, smoking cigarettes, reading a book and talking all at the same time), I venture to open the window for her. "Thank Heavens," I say to myself, "I am not nervous like the rest of the people here." But woe and behold! Coming back from the window, I knock over an ashtray and spill the entire contents on the strange girl's fur coat. After mumbling some kind of an apology, I return to my seat to await developments. From now on I decided to stay in my chair.

Suddenly I get the hiccups. According to an old belief, the hiccups are always cured by a sudden fright. In my case, not only did this formula work, but I had first class material administered to me. Out of a blue sky, a sudden, piercing, death-like scream echoed through-out the room and shook the whole building. The dentist's work room?—well, just one guess.

That settled it; I could not take any more. I was leaving (even though I had gotten clear of my hiccups). Blind with rage, I walked across the room, reached for the knob on the door, and pulled the door open . . .

Today my teeth are in perfect condition. Now tell me—how would I have found out that it is not near as painful in the dentist's chair as in the waiting room, if I had not opened the wrong door?

—ALEX MCINNIS '50.

HOMeward BOUND

The mist like a pall o'er the mountains
Lowers to meet the red rays of the sun;
And the shiny blue waves of the harbor
Reflect the great work God has done.
It leaves in us feelings of sadness
(Though our hearts are o'erwhelmed with joy)
To be leaving this country behind us—
Going back where each lived as a boy.