

1955

Edition 22



STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

Every organ of communication that evolves from any social group has a clearly defined purpose. It is the intention of the editors of EDITION 22 to offer a literary magazine written in the modern idiom, for consumption by readers who enjoy the highest level of contemporary journalism. EDITION 22 is to be published with you, the reader, in mind. In order to fulfill the demands of reader interest, articles in the fields of fiction, thoughtful analyses of current cinematic entertainment, observances of foreign situations, editorial opinions on up-to-date problems, and other interesting feature articles will be offered.

To assure our purpose, the staff of this unusual magazine has been selected from the top writers on campus, writers who are combining their talents for your edification and enjoyment. Mr. John F. Jaques, publisher of EDITION 22, has set the stage for the publication with his statement that the style of composition for the journal will be carefully studied to provide readers with "clear, apt, vigorous, and interesting presentation" of all printed matter.

In the minds of the staff of this publication, EDITION 22 is a new experience in journalism that has come to be primarily because of a need for such an adventure in reading and writing. A secondary reason for EDITION 22 is the conviction that if a source of publication is provided for enthusiastic writers, composition will improve and the scope of readers will widen through the enlightening influence of EDITION 22.

MARCIANO VS COCKELL

The International Boxing Club is offering the boxing public another of its stellar presentations Monday night, May 16. The participants in this punch-for-pay racket are none other than Rocky Marciano, the World's Heavyweight Champion, and England's flabby challenger, Don Cockell.

Marciano is a good champion, and undoubtedly would fight anyone, anywhere, anytime, if he received the green light from the I. B. C. Cockell, on the other hand, is nothing to brag about. Two years ago while fighting as a light heavyweight he was knocked out by Jimmy Slade in four rounds and by Randy Turpin in eleven. At that time, Cockell was rated so low he couldn't get himself arrested in a street fight. Yet this same Mr. Cockell is the I. B. C.'s choice as the logical contender for the World Heavyweight Championship. It just doesn't figure.

Is the International Boxing Club trying to ruin boxing altogether? Are they trying to sell the public on another Kid Gavilan- Chuck Davis circus? Certainly Cockell hasn't proved himself as a heavyweight contender. Sure, he can boast victories over the likes of Harry Mathews, Roland La Staza, and Tommy Farr, who incidentally fought his first pro fight before Cockell was born, but these men are all has-beens. This doesn't bother the I. B. C. They have made the mismatch anyway, and by the time they get through with the build up the fans expect another Dempsey-Firpo fight. There is always the possibility of the unexpected happening whenever two fighters square off, regardless of the odds, but Cockell is neither a classy boxer nor a terrific puncher which cuts the possibility down to a minimum. I would like to go out on the limb and pick Marciano to dispose of Cockell within seven rounds.

DICK REDMOND

WHAT A DAY.

Stale smoke filled the all but empty bar room. The bartender was sweeping around the tables, clearing the debris that had accumulated during the evening. The only other person in the bar was a young man who was sitting in a corner booth staring at the glass that had been placed in front of him after he ordered it earlier in the evening. It was untouched. His change lay on the table before him, but the youth was no more aware of its presence than he was of his surroundings.

The sweeper looked at him curiously, and wondered what it was that would make a man sit for hours without moving or speaking. He wondered if he ought to speak to the guy and see if there was anything he could do to cheer him up. Instead, he shrugged his shoulders and continued sweeping. He figured that it was none of his business, and that there was nothing he could do anyway. What the bartender didn't realize was that if he had spoken a few kind words to the youth, he might have been able to prevent fate from taking its grim steps.

The youth was unconscious to everything, but even though he made no motion, his mind was busy racing through the events of the day that had led to his present situation. He remembered everything seemed rosy to him when he woke up that morning. He remembered how nice the sun seemed. Planning a pleasant day in such a promising morning was no problem. As the day began to pass, however, one thing and another began to turn his spirits from good to bad. It began to appear like one of those days when everything went wrong.

WHAT A DAY! (Continued)

It was such a nice day that he decided to walk to the train station. That was the beginning of his downfall. He missed the train. The next train didn't come through until nine forty-three, and he was due at work at nine-thirty. Since there was a whole hour to waste, he figured that he would try to make it to the city by hitch-hiking, so he walked to the highway and began to indicate the direction of travel with an extended thumb.

As the youth thought back, he figured that that was his second mistake of the day. How was he to know that the next car that passed by was going to stop for him. That wasn't so bad in itself, but the young couple that picked him up asked him if he would drive for them, if they would take him to the city. He agreed, but he had no way of knowing that the tires on the car were unsafe, or that he would be the last person to drive that car. Ten minutes after he started to drive for the couple, a rear tire blew and threw the car into the path of an oncoming truck. The young couple, who had moved to the back seat of the car, did not survive the crash. He escaped without injury.

The police couldn't understand how he happened to be driving the couple's car, and they held him until noon because they were suspicious about the accident. Apparently their investigation proved that the youth was not responsible for the accident, so they let him go.

Of course, that didn't make much difference to his boss, who had been looking for excuses to lay off personnel. When he arrived at the plant, his employer, a short, fat, somewhat greasy character, fired him promptly.

WHAT A DAY! (Continued)

At about that time the solitary drinker remembered how he figured that the best thing for him to do would be to go over to his girl's house and tell her everything that had happened that day. He wanted to talk about the accident, hoping that he could get it off his mind. She wouldn't listen. As a matter of fact, she was so disturbed because he lost his job that she threw the engagement out the window and the ring in his face. Her father, with whom he never could get along, threw him out of the apartment so he could drink in peace. That was when he skinned his knee, but it didn't hurt much--the blood was mostly dry, although the heat caused sweat to run into the wound and smart a little, even now. And the heat. Ye Gods! The doctor's diagnosis had been that the heat was one thing that helped to kill his mother. Funny, she died in the hospital at about the same time he crashed on the highway.

Somehow, he got the impression that this was one of those days when everything just went completely crazy. Like when he came into the bar tonight. He was just plain worn out. He passed all the bar-tramps without as much as a glance; the bar maid took a good half hour to get to his table; and of all things, she brought the wrong kind of beer,

Gosh, fella, sometimes it doesn't pay to get up. Imagine, she brought him the wrong kind of beer! That's enough to make a fella want to give up and well, just plain quit.

NORM PIERCE

"AROUND THE FLAGPOLE..."

A day in the life of a commuting college student is as hectic and disjointed as an eel in hot water. To begin with he makes, what is to him, his first mistake—getting out of bed. Then he quickly dresses and is off to school like a herd of turtles. Once at school he remembers that as yet he has had no morning nourishment. However, this is no problem for he simply dashes into the cafeteria for a do-nut and cup of coffee. After devouring these like a hungry boa constrictor, he is only ten minutes late for his eight o'clock class. Now he has two alternatives. He chooses to sleep on some secluded desk if the instructor doesn't give attendance credit for late-comers. But of course he could just walk into class late and hope for leniency. With this first class disposed of in one way or another he can sail through the rest of the morning with relative ease.

At lunch time he discusses the finer points of psychology or some girl he met the other day. Again our struggling student finds little time for food.

Now then, he is off to sleepology (the term used affectionately to describe any lecture course after eleven in the morning). Finally he is awake and ready for an afternoon of academic pursuits.

However, he finds that his only resource for needed books, the library, is closed. He now decides that the only thing to do is to wrench a friend from his books and play some tennis. But alas, another stone is pitched into the wheels of progress—there's not a free court in the whole city.

"AROUND THE FLAGPOLE..." (Continued)

Now that everything else has been exhausted, he goes home. He eats a hurried supper, rushes up town to pick up his, or some buddy's, best girl. He views television for a while, then goes home again to read his assignment book to find out that there is a history test the next day. He crams till three in the morning, then sleeps till about seven-fifty. Now he is ready for another day at college.

TOM MERRILL

He was just an ordinary guy. The same as you or I. This morning was like any other. He got up at six, ate his breakfast and left the house for work after kissing his wife and kids goodbye. He walked down the street saying "Good morning" to various people as he passed them.

As he turned the corner, something happened that changed the day from something usual to something unusual. There in front of him was a large crowd of people staring at a house from which smoke was pouring and flames were licking their way hungrily through the roof. From somewhere in the distance came the scream of fast-approaching fire engines.

He looked around him. On the sidewalk next to him stood a little girl with tears rolling down her face. He crouched down next to her and asked gently, "What's the matter, dear?" The girl answered haltingly between sobs, "My three little kittens are still in the house and I don't want them to burn up." His mind raced back quickly to his own kids and their pets. He could understand how she felt. Without giving it a second thought and managing to elude the pursuing policeman, he entered the flaming building.

" AROUND THE FLAGPOLE..." (Continued)

Once inside, he had a moment's feeling of regret and then he started up the stairs. The heat was intense enough to cause metal to flow. Smouldering embers were falling all around him. Step by step he went up the stairs. He reached the second floor and his clothes were smoking. Suddenly there was a crash. He looked around. The crash was the stairs that he had just come up. He began to sweat more freely. What a fool I am, he thought. He found the next flight of stairs. Luckily only the first two steps were burning so far. Blinded by smoke, he continued up. Step after torturous step. Would he ever get out? What was that? As he reached the top step, he heard the kittens crying pitifully. He located them but the room they were in was smoke-filled. He crawled in, keeping close to the floor so as to avoid the smoke as much as possible. The three little kittens were in a basket. He grabbed the basket and headed back to the door. As he reached the threshold, a sheet of flame filled the doorway. What now? he thought. "Back to the window, I guess." He turned back to the room and crawled to the window. He was all but unconscious now. "Gotta make it," he mumbled, "can't let that little girl down."

He raised the window and being too weak to shout, waved. The firemen immediately put a ladder up to the window and sent a man up to bring him down. The fireman threw him over his shoulder still clutching the basket of kittens in his cramped fingers. When they reached the ground, the little girl rushed over and took the kittens and said to him, "You are the bestest man in the whole world." With that she placed a kiss on his smoke-stained face, and he passed out.

"Damn fool," muttered the cop as he started the ambulance.

GEORGE LINSOTT

FOREIGN REPORT

Wiescarten-Am-Rhein

This morning dawned bright and clear. It's now about 9:30, and I'm enjoying a late breakfast here in the village wirtshaus, typical of thousands one can see in any part of Germany. I'm sitting here looking along the surprisingly narrow, muddy, rather swollen Rhein River and enjoying the delicious smell of fried sausages that floats out the kitchen door. Today is Wednesday. Certainly there is nothing unusual about today. Frau Schmidt and Frau Fries were arguing with Fritz, the man grinding those lovely sausages, over the price of same. Hans Oelze, I hear tell, has the flu. A few of the men were talking about the possibility of a raise over in the factory across the valley. Normal topics on a normal day.

But today isn't a normal day! No day in Germany is a normal day any more. By coming to Germany on any day and living in any town, one can see what is undoubtedly the greatest come-back any country has ever made. Even here in the little town of Wiescarten-Am-Rhein one can feel the tremendous spirit of the German people. Down there on the Rhein I can see no fewer than 20 barges carrying goods of all types. Off in the distance I can see the Munich-Koln auto-bahn clogged with rows of trucks. The railroads are equally flooded. Nearly every factory is going on a 24 hour basis, trying desperately to keep up with orders. No Germany is not normal.

Fast recovery is no novelty to Americans. But merely 10 years ago, almost to the day, Germany surrendered as a completely pulverized, disorganized, and defeated nation. Today she has grown into a rich, prosperous country taking world markets away from everyone.

FOREIGN REPORT (Continued)

Germany's recovery is well worth noticing. There is a formula which has made this possible: one penny of American aid plus one drop of sweat equals success. This new economic spirit is looked upon by all people, east and west alike, with suspicion. "What will it lead to?" Now that Germany is independent once again to really run her own affairs, which course will she take?

It was right here (near Wiescarton) that National Socialism first started: National Socialism, known to everyone as Nazism, can start again. It's up to the German people. As shocking as it may seem, these German people will go to Nazism again as soon as some Hitler Junior comes along. They will, that is, unless they are given a lot of understanding by Western people. We should study German History, German Language, and German Culture. We should try to understand these people. We should treat the Germans as mistaken people who have been justly punished. If we do, Germany can be of infinite value. Her scientific research will be an asset, and her music will lighten the hearts of all. It's up to Germans, yes, but it's also up to us, her former enemies.

Meanwhile, life in Wiescarton moves on. Her factory is steadily manufacturing box cartons for the Kolnisch Wasser Fabric up the Rhein a few miles. Her people work 9 hours a day, and Herr Vosshaga gets drunk every Saturday night. Yet, it was here, 30 years ago, that the disease of Nazism started. It's up to the Germans, yes, but don't forget: it's up to us as well.

EARL HYLER

STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN

"Movies are better than ever!" Who says so? Why, the major studios, of course. Let's take a look at that statement. Are the studios saying that the plots are better, or are they truthfully saying that the technical end is better, and they want the public to take their cute little motto the other way--as the stupid public usually does.

Actually movies are better technically, but the story content lacks much. Color has improved tremendously, and the wide screen has improved the viewing. But the plots are so poor that they don't merely telegraph scene after scene (as well as the outcome); they send it by jet plane. Why? the answer is obvious; the men who make the pictures know that the public will go to see any movie, good or bad, so why bother to reject poor plots? The signs in front of the theaters say, "Wonderful! Colossal!" and all the rest of that tripe. The gullible public reads the signs and thinks, "Why, if they say it's good, it must be good." As long as that attitude exists, movies will stay as inferior as usual.

Once in a while there is a good movie, however, and the BLACKBOARD JUNGLE comes in that category. We guarantee that you won't fall asleep in this one. It wasn't one of the run-of-the-mill sexy stories that are so common today; this one told a story. To put it briefly, it was the story describing the sadistic actions of high school boys who got out of hand and the teacher who finally got through to them and proceeded to straighten them out. It points out the weaknesses of our present-day school system.

STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN (Continued)

Movie actors and actresses are notoriously overpaid. Salaries of \$2,500 per week are not uncommon and you, the public, continue to subsidize their husband and wife swapping activities by attending their poor movies while a man like Dr. Jonas Salk gets a nice little gold medal for his efforts. Who has contributed more to a better way of life? Dr. Salk or some trash like Marilyn Monroe? Instead of going to any old movie, take the money you would have spent and contribute it to some organization like the March of Dimes. Subsidize a doctor doing research instead of the "stars'" way of life.

TV OR NOT TV

If you are undecided whether to buy or not to buy a TV set, the answer is easy. Don't buy one. You won't get your money's worth. There are so few good shows that it is cheaper to let your neighbor buy the set and you drop in on him.

One of these worthwhile shows is THE LIFE OF RILEY. You can see this show Friday nights at 8:30. Riley and his pal get involved in many amusing situations from which he, of course, extricates himself. The show presents good down-to-earth humor without the usual emphasis on sex. The whole family will enjoy this one, so take them all over to the neighbor's with you. If he is stupid enough to buy a set, he won't mind if you bring the kids.

THE LORETTA YOUNG SHOW is a dramatic half-hour on Sunday nights at 10:00. This is another family type show and the stories will keep you guessing right down to the last fade-out.

STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN (Continued)

For the best in a TV news program, we'll take the CAMEL NEWS CARAVAN. This program appears every Monday night at 8:45. Artfully narrated by John Cameron Swayze, the show makes great use of the latest news on film. A news-packed program that no one should miss.

And of course we have one for the kids. They might as well go over to the neighbor's too. PINKY LEE is our selection for the children's telecast. Watch him Monday through Friday at 5:00 p. m.

RADIO?

Ah, yes, we still have radio with us, thank goodness. For relaxation, radio can't be beat. Just find a top-notch disc jockey, turn the set low, lie down and close your eyes. Then just take it easy. Try it again, and we'll bet you'll never go back to that monster-- TV.

GEORGE LINSOOTT

PARITY, PLEASE!

IN Washington the Elephant and the Donkey have taken up farming. They are now trying to grow votes that will be harvested in 1956. Each is trying to develop methods of making the man with the hoe richer. The sweat that once stood on his brow is now being replaced with sun tan lotion.

The farmer today can grow all the crops he desires and still make a profit. If his crops aren't consumed, they are stored to keep the market from being flooded.

Here in Maine potatoes have been buried and paid for by our federal government in the farm parity program. It is a disease that has spread like the mumps in a crowded tenement building.

If the farmer, whether efficient or inefficient, will be taken care of, what about the fishing industry in Maine? The fisherman tastes salt spray before dawn and knits nets by lamp light. When Mother Nature awakens out of her summer slumber and paces the ocean floor with anxiety, does the federal government pay the man in oil skin parity? When our neighbor, Canada, ships fish into the country duty free, how does the weather-beaten face express the nausea of starving children and the worries of starting again?

If we are all equal under a democracy, let us give the fisherman a few of the dollars that are being passed to the elite of the soil.

Frankly, I like fish with my potatoes!

KEN LEONARD