because he can't possibly detach himself from them. In addition, the "reality" of free will is directly contradictory to the whole idea of causality. Dr. Max Planck, a brilliant German theoretical physicist, further observes that it is impossible for a person to predict his own actions completely, because whenever he analyzes the situation from which to predict, he has changed the situation he was analyzing.

If causality is the central idea of my thought, then I must add that the reality of choice in the human situation is equally important. It is not a refutation of the causal assumption. It is a very necessary practical admission, that is, for a certain frame of reference, we must consider illusion a reality. The importance of this idea is so often lost by determinists that it seems like a new idea. Too often, the determinist is carried away by the primary implications of causality into a mechanistic system that completely ignores choice and the whole realm of human relations. Such oversights are the origin of many ill effects that science and determinism have had upon our society.

A concluding premise can be taken from this analysis. Though we are constantly drawn to the human frame of reference, and often feel far removed from what we consider the "cold, hard and inanimate" nature of things, our conclusions gain validity from causality. If we do not recognize this, and do not continually seek to keep in contact with true reality, our conclusions are liable to harm both ourselves and our society. This is true not only of such things as touching a hot stove, but is true of basic human "rights," religious beliefs, and philosophies.

Sally Falch, junior from Cleveland, in her first published poem, catches the music of the . . .

Carousel

By Sally Falch

Plaster pirouettes parade On girating ground, Heirs of Eohippus break Toward blue grass sound.

Riders sway, suspended, And time taps on. Patient, the ponies pause, Then resume their marathon.

Anna Dietrich

By Jane Erb

Red brick flashed past the train windows. Black pyramids of coal lay simmering in the white August sun. Anna Dietrich reached into a paper sack and pulled out another peach. On the seat next to her she had carefully arranged seven peach pits in a pile on a newspaper. The pits were not as lovely as the peach skins, she thought, but still they were satisfying to look at because one could never get such peaches in Vienna. In fact, she had had no peaches like these in all of Europe! But of course, there had been other, more important things to do in Paris or London.

The train slid around a curve and several of the pits slipped to the floor. Anna kicked them under the seat and wriggled her feet into a more comfortable position, leaving her shoes in a half-on, half-off position. Few travelers could do this on a strange trip, she thought; they would be bothered with anxieties as to where to get off and when to get their bags down. But when one has gone to Rome alone and has lived in Vienna without knowing a soul—well, one can enjoy the worldly luxury of relaxing with shoes off.

The train was going to Chicago, but Anna was going on to Colorado. She had succumbed to the red and yellow travel folders which lured one "to the West, to the land of enchantment, where the skies are not cloudy . . . vacation on a dude ranch . . ." It would be different at least.

Her teeth cut the skin of another peach. The juice ran down her pudgy fingers covered with rings. Some of the juice had stained her rumpled rayon navy suit. It was much too practical; the frivolous dresses she had worn to the operas in Vienna were much more to her liking. Oh, there was no place in the world like Vienna: the music, the gay people, the beer gardens. And Paris was almost as much fun.

Anna could remember traveling through the Alps as a child, taking skiing lessons while her parents were away. How many places she had been—her blue eyes closed, her hand relaxed and a peach rolled from the sack. It fell from her lap to the floor of the car. A sudden lurch of the train caused the peach to roll against her suitcase. Because it was so heavy and awkward, Anna had not bothered to lift it up to a rack. The bag was peculiarly shaped; it was twice as long as it was
wide. Stickers were smeared on all sides and a rope had been tied around it.

She had collected stickers from everywhere and some of the older ones were beginning to peel off. There would be a new sticker, though, to replace the old one; it would be red and yellow with a cowboy and horse on it.

Brown brick of industrial buildings passed by the windows now and the train rumbled to a stop. Anna sat up and looked about. The outskirts of Chicago. She gathered up her coat and the bag of peaches and moved the suitcase a little closer to her legs. She sat very still in her seat, trying at the same time to wake up and to think how she would get from one train station to another in twenty minutes. She had been so confident in Europe. Why shouldn't she have been, for she had gambled at Monte Carlo, gone to the Riviera. She had met royalty; she was a world voyager and she could do anything.

By the time the train finally stood in the dark terminal, Anna was standing in the aisle of the car, bent at the waist so she could slide her bag along with her. The person behind her kept kicking the suitcase so she would move up the passageway. Somehow she struggled up the ramp, ignoring two of the peaches that fell from the sack and rolled away from her feet. Breathing heavily she reached the huge rotunda of the station.

Which way should she go? Pulling out her ticket she read slowly, her lips forming the sounds, Parm-a-lee.

What was that? The loudspeaker: "Trainloading on track two for Garymichigan-city-bentonbarbor and Detroit!" Was that her train? All these strange names of cities . . . Parmalee; Where did a person get one? A woman carrying a baby jostled Anna and the paper sack began to tear. She shifted her coat, dropped the suitcase and grasped the peaches more firmly. Her hands, still sticky from peach juice, annoyed her.

"Trainloading on tracktwo . . . Kansascity-stlouis." Parmalee . . . Perhaps she should just stop anyone and ask them, or was there a Traveler's Aid? The loudspeaker blared again; was that her train they were calling? She had better hurry. Parmalee . . . "and points west" . . . the sack was tearing again and she had already lost two lovely peaches and Vienna never had peaches like . . . another person bumped her. She gazed about. She felt rather sick and bewildered . . . maybe she had better . . . find a seat and . . . sit down.

Keith Opdahl presents his first short story, a different portrayal of the proverbial successful businessman.

“Ground Level Appointment”

BY KEITH OPDAHL

The cocktail lounge was cool compared to the heat outside, and the tinkle of glasses and quiet laughter was soothing. It smelled of bourbon and scotch and women's perfume, all cool and easy. No blaring juke box, just soft lilting music coming from nowhere in particular. Harry liked it. He settled his rotund figure on the weathered covered cushion of a bar stool.

"Your order sir? May I have your order?"

The practiced smile of the little bartender flickered below a thin mustache.

"Ummm, give me a . . . scotch and water—better make that a double."

Harry could really use the drink. Better get some gum though. Can't be too careful when you're dealing with a man like JC. You never know. He could have a prejudice against drinking. Harry folded his hands, his elbows resting on the bar. It wasn't like dealing with Thomas and Co. He had been in six times without a tumble. But they were nothing compared to JC's outfit. Something like this comes along once in a lifetime. It was now or never.

He could see his head and shoulders over the shelf of oddly shaped bottles before the mirror. A fluorescent light above the bar made his round face seem pale. The darkness behind him reflected as an empty void, accentuating and contrasting his image. He took off his panama hat and laid it on the bar. Millie had thought the plaid hat band very poor taste, but he liked it. It made him feel young. He checked his image for any signs of untidiness. It had been years since he had had any dandruff, but he still liked to check. One of the advantages of growing old, he always said. It was one of their standing jokes.

Funny how it happened. Millie hadn't told him much about JC. Just that they had gone to school together and that JC had once had a crush on her. From the expressions on her face he guessed that JC must have been quite a boy. But something had happened between them, and JC had gone on to build his dad's business into one of the biggest and best in the country. He was even made trustee of his school. Millie had married Harry.