

# Grace Notes

## *Unprepared*

There is nothing more distracting than trying to think of an original essay for English the next day, unless it is when you are trying to think of two of them. In the first place when you get the assignment it begins to bother you, and by the time half of the afternoon has passed and no idea has entered that thoughtless dome, one becomes very much worried indeed.

After supper is over and the rest of your studies are out of the way you start concentrating on an essay, but just when a bright idea has almost seeped into that perfectly hollow ivory think-tank, the lights flash and it is bed time. I can think of one in the morning easily enough, I

think, so I forget my worries till the next morning and then when I arise I really begin to turn grey haired for it won't be long now before Miss Smith will say, "Hand in your essays, please."

Ten forty five and my head is swimming in deep water, with nothing but blanks and more blanks coming to the surface for air. The time is a matter of seconds now, but there's the bell. Ah, I made it! There is nothing more sensational than the chills, which play up and down your spinal column when you come to class unprepared for your humorous essay. If you don't believe it, try it once.

*Morris Dahl*

## *Youth's Answer*

So often during these days when our world seems to be on the verge of a crisis, when nations are preparing to carry on war against each other, and our political and domestic life seems to be somewhat of a turmoil, we hear this statement made by older men and women, "I feel sorry for the youth of today. We have made such a mess of things. They will have such a hard time." To that statement, to you, our parents and elders, we make this answer:

We ask not for your sympathy, but rather for your faith in us. If the obstacles which lie ahead of us are greater than those which you had to face, so are the weapons with which we are better provided. You have fitted us for our task. The lantern which showed you your way has been made brighter for us by your experience. As your true sons and daughters, we have inherited your determination and self-reliance. You faced your problems with chins up, determined never to say, "uncle," and our pride in you will force us to tackle ours with the same spirit. The education with which you have provided us is a weapon which many of our forefathers did not have. You have built a country and a civilization

of which we are proud, and we pledge ourselves to protect and advance them.

We realize that the road will not always be a broad, straight highway. There will be places where it will be a narrow and dim trail. Many of us will stumble and fall, and some will lose the way. Nor will we all have high-powered motor cars to ride in. Most of us will have to walk, and in places it will be necessary to go slowly, testing each step before advancing. But we will carry on, keeping our flag high, and at last reach whatever we set up as our goal. With the weapons, lights, and roadmaps with which you have provided us, we will find our way successfully, and carry civilization triumphantly onward.

We are waiting perhaps a little impatiently, for an opportunity to show our worth. When the time comes when you find it necessary to shift the burdens and responsibilities of civilization from your shoulders, which have been bent with the weight of many a heavy load, to ours, which are young and straight, we shall step forward unhesitatingly—yes, eagerly, and say, "We are ready."

*James Weckwerth*