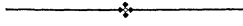


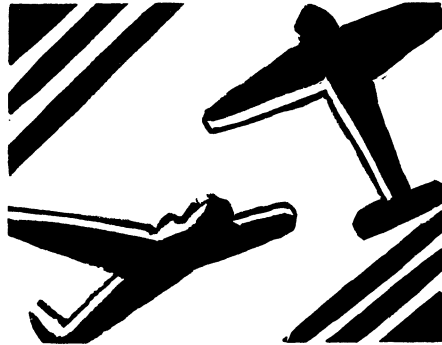
Oh, that the world could always know  
The goodness of striped calico,  
Of shadows from Venetian blinds,  
And cornfields planted in straight lines,  
Instead of crosses  
Row on row . . .



## Battles on Blueprint

*Robert E. Lee*

Arch. E. So.



Is it so strange to study stress and strain and heat and steel?  
Strange while others shoulder guns and stare into the night?  
Fight flames and fears . . . ?  
Is it so different—this thing we do?  
Our papers are but ghosts that soon will live  
And heat will change to flame.  
We'll *see* shell curves and stress on steel.  
We'll make the bombs and bore the guns.  
No theory, then, but death so close  
We'll have to fight it with our hands.  
But now, for just a little while  
We sit in rooms at night and figure heat on steel.  
Ours is but paper—  
Theirs is real.