

Brick By Brick . . .

By ANNE WATTS

Three bricks this way . . . three bricks that way . . . three bricks this way . . . three bricks . . .

Ordinary bricks. An ordinary man in dusty white overalls. In front of an ordinary library.

BUT AT RICE, where people don't get out much, it was a big thing. Bigger than watching the planes come in at the airport. Bigger than a trip to the zoo. Bigger than Saturday night at the Jeff Davis emergency room.

The bricklayers laid to a crowd. And not just once—every day for a week. The crowd was usually silent. Newcomers were acknowledged with a nod or, in the case of professors, with a relinquishing of the best spot and a cheery wave of the workman's cement-covered hand.

WHAT DID THEY think as they watched? It's hard to say. Gawking is a personal thing. But mostly, thoughts went something like this:

"Maybe I could get out of here and learn a trade . . ."

"Bookcases are made from bricks like these . . ."

"Bricks are for throwing . . ."

"If I just had my sliderule, I could calculate the second the walk would connect with Rayzor Hall . . ."

It's all over anyway. The walk is almost finished. The workman is still there. So are the bricks. But no one looks anymore.
