

CHIMES
VOL. 1 - 3
DEC. 1936 - MAY 1939

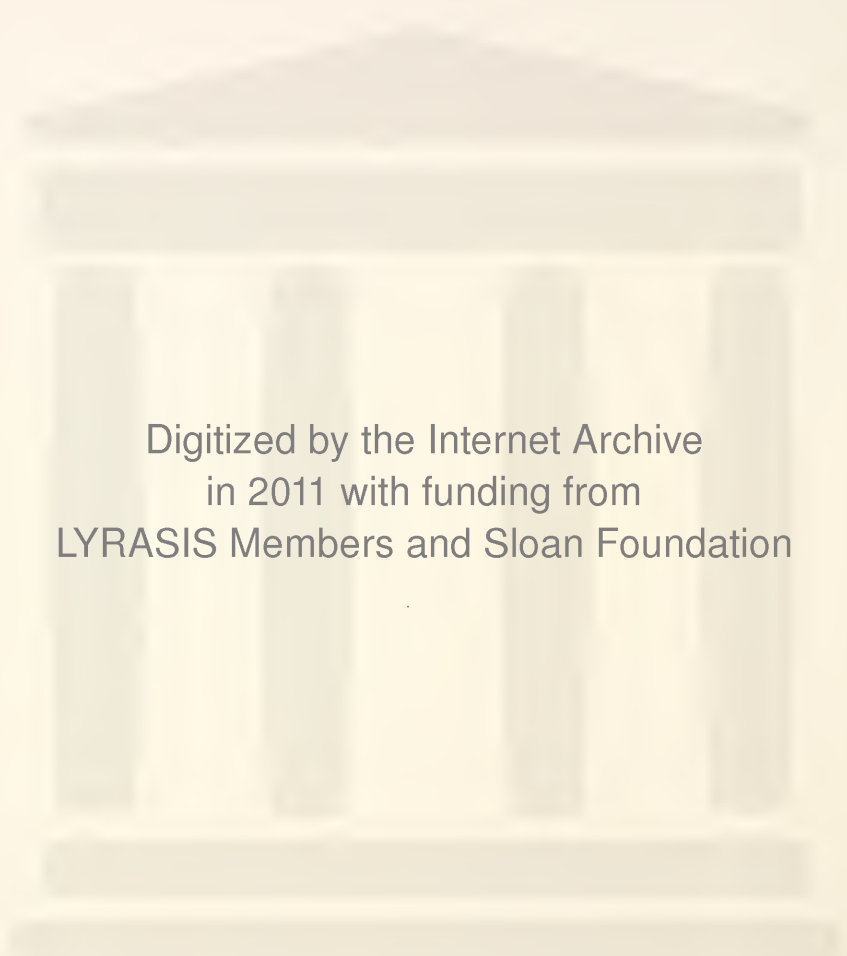
WARD-BELMONT LIBRARY

CHIMES



December

1936



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

THE CHIMES

WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL

Nashville, Tennessee



DECEMBER, 1936

Foreword

The staff of the first issue of THE CHIMES wishes to thank the entire student body for their whole-hearted cooperation in establishing a second literary publication on the campus.

The staff feels that the exact purpose of the magazine has not clearly been brought before the students. THE CHIMES is not published "just to get another seventy-five cents," or to give you something to stick in a scrapbook and become sentimental over. Our purpose is clearly one of developing an interest in and enthusiasm for the literary efforts of the students. The magazine is one of a creative nature, and as creativeness is one of the five points so emphatically stressed in citizenship at Ward-Belmont, we are striving to maintain and encourage the high ideals of the school.

Another of the points which seems a bit hazy in the minds of the students is one concerning contributions. We are naturally eager to accept the helping hand of the already established literary clubs, the Penstaff and the Wordsmiths; but we are also desirous of manuscripts which may be submitted by others. By the time of the spring issue, we want to have received contributions from everyone on the campus; so contribute to your magazine!

As the material for this first issue was being gathered, the staff received an exchange copy from Shorter College in Rome, Georgia. The Shorter College quarterly magazine has the same title as our publication; it also is called *The Chimes*. We want to make the fact known that we have unconsciously taken their title, and our choice was made independently of the other title. We feel that neither Shorter College nor Ward-Belmont will feel that the staff has committed an act of plagiarism.

We want to thank you again for your help; the staff feels that this initial number of THE CHIMES will be the beginning of a long-lived publication, if the magazine is given the continued cooperation which it has thus far received.

Dedication

In appreciation of their whole-hearted cooperation and interest, this first edition of THE CHIMES is dedicated to Louise Baxter, Catherine Crossan, Margaret Keyes Clark, Gene Gill, Mary Griswold, Carolyn McKenzie, Sally Paine, Ann Pasternacki, Mary Pollard, Joan Schrader, Walton Shanklin, Mattie Palmer, Virginia White, and Lois Whiteman.

THE CHIMES

VOL. I

DECEMBER, 1936

NO. 1

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

RACHAEL BRAUER

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

JANE EDGERLY

MARION LATTA

JEAN BURK

DOTTY BELL

ART EDITOR

CHARLOTTE LEWIS

BUSINESS MANAGER

MARY AUBYN TOWNSEND

SPONSOR

MISS LINDA RHEA

TABLE OF CONTENTS

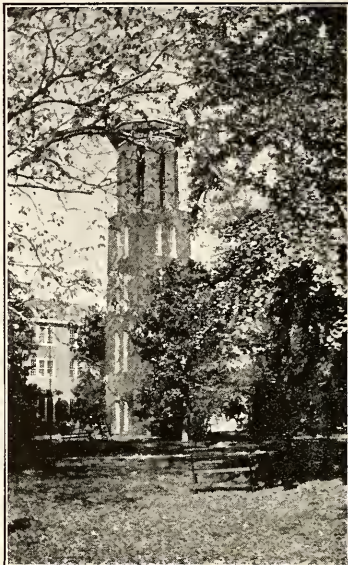
	PAGE
The Chimes	4
The First Day	4
To Peter—With Love	5
Things I Love	5
Dead Leaf	5
Gullible's Travels	6
A Girl to Remember	6
Little Boy Blue	7
A Walk	7
Three Southern Impressions	8
Salvation?	9
This Way	10
Tramps	10
Grandmother	11
Age	11
O'er Waves of Sound	12
The Cliffs by the Sea	12
Ecclesiastical Horses	13
I Have a Rendezvous with Death	13
The Rise and Fall of Minnehaha	14
Fads	14
Gallant Girl	15
The Castle on the Cliff	16

The Chimes

GENE GILL

To the heart of a Ward-Belmont girl, the sound of chimes will always bring a pang of nostalgia for her school; the chimes, in some way, seem to be the symbol of all that Ward-Belmont school days mean.

Never to be easily forgotten, are the December nights pierced by the sound of chime-played Christmas carols. The vibrations of these holiday songs come so clearly through the cold, clear night, that not a note is lost. The heart of every girl seems to cry out that this is the most beautiful season of the year, enhanced in beauty by the message of the bells. But soon this beautiful memory is dimmed by one which seems even more appealingly lovely. As white-clad figures stand on the steps of "Big Ac" on a June evening, the group is hushed by the sound of chimes which floats softly through the warm air, contribut-



ing to the mood of the still group below. The sound of the chimes becomes more clearly heard, and every waiting girl knows she is hearing "The Bells of Ward-Belmont" being played for the last time during the school year. Consequently, unconsciously perhaps, the sound of chimes symbolizes to each girl that which is best in her life at Ward-Belmont.

For this very reason, this magazine has been named, *THE CHIMES*, its purpose being to put into print, as well as we are able, that which is best of the written expressions of Ward-Belmont girls. It is hoped that it will be expressive of the group, as the chimes are expressive; that the material found here will ring clear, as do the chimes, and that the magazine will, above all, give students tangible reminders of Ward-Belmont life.

The First Day

HARRIET ORR

There is always a first day, and I suppose mine was no worse than the usual run, but that first day in an English school was a novel experience. Names—I've never been very good on names—in introductions I mean. When there are a number of people being introduced I rarely come out with more than three or four names remembered. But when I met the first Junior Form en masse, my score was—well, none. The names were long, studded with nicknames, and to me the most unpronounceable. My name seemed to give them some trouble too; I had to spell it out for each teacher in the different classes. The teachers came to our room for classes, and we didn't have to move; so that was very nice. Then at Break, which was at 11:15, when we ate, my companion wanted to know where in America I lived. "Tennessee," I proudly said, and I've never seen blanker looks. "In the southern part," I hopefully added. "O, near Brazil?" one

bright thing ventured. However a map was produced, and I immediately pointed out the small dot that was Nashville, and my schoolmates were satisfied.

After a series of classes, lunch time came. The school allowed an hour for lunch, and those who lived near the school could go home if they liked. That lunch was a real meal. We sat at long tables with a teacher at each table, and rosy-cheeked maids quickly brought us steaming potatoes and cabbage. I was told to sit at the Head's table, and following the others there, was strictly on my P's and Q's. She, of course, led the conversation, and talked about the election of which I knew nothing, but vaguely recalled something about Liberals, Conservatives, and Labor. By this time I had laid out my course by which

to answer questions. I was never to appear too dumb, but never to admit that I was sure of anything about school life; for now my experience had just about convinced me that I knew nothing about a school, and that the schools in Tennessee were frightfully queer.

After lunch there were more classes. Now I was catching on. You stood up when a teacher came in the room, when you recited, and when she went out. The faculty were mistresses, not teachers, and they didn't like being called teachers. Things moved quickly—many classes, many subjects; my head was in a whirl; and then the day was over. Had it been a month since I came in that door? It felt like it anyway. We were supposed to wait in the big hall until the maid told us that someone had come for us, and we could go. I was waiting for my mother to come, when a girl asked me, "Are you being fetched or do you find the way alone?" That was the last of the first day.

To Peter—With Love

VIRGINIA WHITE

Peter Van Dyck swaggered down the street with his stomach leading. "Swaggered" is exactly the word, for he considered himself extremely important like all men regardless of age. Peter happened to be eight years old, and he had just accomplished his first successful shopping expedition. If you don't believe that is something to swagger about, you have never been eight years old. What's more, Peter had gone alone. Not, you understand, that he wasn't used to going out alone. He had his own money—or should we say pennies—that had bought Mary Jane candy bars many times. This was different, however. He had been Christmas shopping and had just bought the most beautiful presents for his mother and father. To say the gifts would surprise them is putting it mildly!

That morning Peter had gotten the idea. All the boys and girls he played with were planning their gifts. Most of them had decided on the ten-cent store as their source for perfume and handkerchiefs and other such unoriginal presents. Now, Peter didn't have to be told that he was one of the richest boys in town. His clothes, his toys, his home all shouted the truth. Therefore, why should he not give his parents gifts worthy of them? The thought grew and fostered in his mind.

When the time came to put his idea into reality, he decided it would be better if he went alone. He was going on a delicate mission, and there were few enough people he could trust to be discreet. He strolled nonchalantly down the street and was so absorbed in the problem hanging over him, that he completely snubbed poor little Mary Jane who probably didn't get over it for fully an hour. Finally he reached the business section of town where the best shops were. By that time, he had made up his mind; so he didn't hesitate, but he went immediately to one of the largest jewelry stores. Inside, his head hardly topped the counter, and it was some time before anyone saw him and waited on him. He asked to see the "biggest, shimmering diamond pin for ladies" that the store had. The clerk, being a

social worker and kind to children and dumb animals, humored him. It didn't take him long to pick out a one thousand dollar brooch. Then he picked out for his father a large diamond stick pin which would have knocked that worthy man's eyes out if he could have seen it. The clerk by this time was becoming a trifle suspicious. She did so hate to see youth going astray at that tender age. So she said, tactfully taking the

to be as gullible as that, but one had to humor one's parents. If they thought it was cunning to believe in the impossible, then one pretended to believe. Kindness was the keynote of Christmas. Peter wanted more than anything an electric fire engine that squirted real water. He had seen it in a shop window some time ago and had never forgotten it. It was small but perfectly made. He could hardly wait until Christmas, for he knew that as usual his hints had not gone unheeded.

Christmas morning came just in time to save Peter from dying of curiosity and enthusiasm. Like all children of his age, he made the living-room downstairs in two seconds flat. There was the huge tree lighted up, and with stacks of mysterious looking bundles underneath it just as it had been every year since he could remember. But what was most important was the large package in the front. He could hardly wait to get his hands on that fire engine! He didn't even stop to read the tag on the outside of the package. Ruthlessly he tore the wrapping off and opened the box. He was puzzled to see another box inside of that one, but he quickly opened that too. His heart gave a jerk when he saw a still smaller box inside of that one. If it got any smaller, it couldn't be. . . . We won't describe in detail the horror of the next box openings. It is enough to say that Peter's heart was down to his big toe by the time he himself was down to the last box. That last box was a small jeweler's box and in it were two bills marked—"PAID"—

"To Peter—with love
Mother and Father"

Dead Leaf

*As a child, it died;
Its rustic air
Had faded, fled;
Its body, bare,
So shriveled, cold,
Had once blown
Red
And gold.*

—JUDITH DAVIS.

Things I Love

*The scent of the earth after rain,
The wind as it waves fields of grain,
Twilight and the first evening star,
The new moon as it shines from afar.*

*The curly softness of a young lamb's
coat,
The muffled foghorn of a river boat,
The lazy river as it floats to meet the
sea—*

All these things are very dear to me.

—JEAN EWING.

jewels out of his hands, "Now, dear, why don't you wait until your mother comes with you to get these?"

But Peter was equal to that. "Oh, I want to buy them," he said. "Just charge 'em to Mr. James Van Dyck."

The clerk swallowed that without batting an eyelash. She had been working long enough to know that queerer things than Peter were Van Dycks. There wasn't any reason to doubt him. Now that she took a better look at him, his nose did look "kinda patrician." So she wrote down his name and address and promised to send the things on Christmas Eve. Peter then proceeded on his way, and it was here that we picked him up at the beginning of this tale.

Peter's mother and father always had their gifts on Christmas Eve. He himself received his the next morning because he was still supposed to believe in Santa Claus. Naturally, he was too old

Gullible's Travels

JEAN EWING

In the land of the Wahoos there exist people who are very, very near-sighted. However, they consider themselves inferior to none, and superior to most other nations where the people are under the influence of Naziism, Fascism, or Communism. These Wahoos are living under an "ism" themselves, but they do not realize it. People outside of the country call it "Rooseveltism."

The Wahoos wear rosy-colored glasses with felt-covered nose pieces, which make it possible for them to take large doses of taxes without seeing them. These taxes are passed to the Wahoos in the form of poisonous powders, that are put into their bread by the processor. Tax powders are also mixed in the gasoline, which the people use to propel their rocket cars, called "Dictators."

The rulers of these people wear rosier-colored and larger spectacles because they are more near-sighted than their subjects. The chief Wahoo has great confidence in a certain oculist, a Doctor Frankfurter, and sends all his assistants to this doctor to get their glasses. Dr. Frankfurter wears large rosy-colored glasses himself. His patients pass their examination if they can ar-

range large letters of the alphabet into groups of three. It makes no difference what combination of letters they select.

However, in this land, there are nine wise old prophets, who sit on a bench. These men have gained their second sight and show no need of spectacles. They direct the near-sighted citizens down a narrow road which is clearly shown on a map called the "Constitution." This map is held in their secret society; it has been handed down to them by their forefathers. The "Constitution" shows the hard road to the land of green pastures and security, where the Wahoos can lift up their eyes and see afar the hills from whence cometh their strength.

The Wahoos are blindly following two strange animals. A large group follows a "Jackass," and a smaller group follows an "Elephant." Wherever these beasts go, the groups will follow because they can see no farther than the tails of the animals that are leading them. The animals are carefully attended by keepers called Congressmen and Senators, who take the greatest care to see that these beasts are kept in the

best of health, for they worship them as having greater intelligence than themselves;—which as a matter of fact, they have.

Just now they have come to the forks of the road, where sit the nine wise old men, who are pointing out the way from their map. The "Jackass" with a loud bray is leading his group down the broad-paved road to the left; while the "Elephant" is trying to lead his group down the narrow way to the right, pointed out by the nine wise old men. Though lean as he is, after four years of scant rations, the "Elephant" can hardly squeeze through the narrow pass that leads to the green pastures.

The "Jackass" and his followers find the broad road the easier, and while they cannot see before them, they are led on by the sweet aromas from the steaming kettles of catastrophe,—the caldrons of inflation, bonuses, and old-age pensions. It is a ghastly procession, as they shuffle along, mumbling a chant of peace and international good will, while their foreign enemies line the highways on both sides begging of them arms which they will later use to destroy them.

A Girl to Remember

SUE BAYLOR TRULOCK

A freckled nose, a quick step, a friendly air, and a vivacious laugh; this was the girl from Texas. She wasn't like the usual run of boarding-school sub-debs. She surpassed us in everything, from hockey to English. We couldn't keep up with her and we knew it, but we loved her just the same.

She was the manager of her team in basketball, though she had never played before, and she was admitted into Penstaff on the first theme she wrote. "That theme," the teacher read it aloud in class, and we listened with opened mouths. The girl was positively brazen. She had actually written a short story entitled "I Stole." The skeleton that the rest of us would have

carefully locked in our closets, she flaunted in our faces. After that when she didn't bother to get her lesson, which was often, the teacher only lightly scolded her. How could she do otherwise, for when the girl did break down she was so far ahead of us, that we were completely overcome!

Sometimes, she seemed childishly naive; other times, she was strangely mature.

She had a most thrilling history. She had been both rich and poor, had known what it was to wear black shoes to graduation when everyone else wore white. She didn't seem to mind all this though, but appeared to grow because of it.

She had an elfin face that wrinkled up

when she grinned, and her voice was coarse, but when she read poetry we all sat in quiet awe.

She was always "smart" in school. She worked for the honor roll, although she defied all tradition by her flagrant yet subtle impudence. She usually enjoyed her work, but when she did not, she did not hesitate to let it be known. While we were struggling through Walt Whitman, she was enjoying Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Now, that it is another year, and the rest of us are back in our places again, we have forgotten the lost sub-debs and pretty faces, but we have remembered the girl from Texas. We miss her and wonder where she is.

Little Boy Blue

JUDITH DAVIS

*"Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep are in the meadow,
The cows are in the corn."*

Just the words to a simple nursery rhyme and yet they had meant a great deal to "Little Boy Blue" a long time ago.

A small, brown, scuffed shoe rubbed itself awkwardly against another of identically the same kind. A pair of timid, dark grey eyes gazed dreamily past the bars of an iron gate over which hung the sign "Protestant Orphans' Home." The owner of these was a boy, about eleven years old. He was a frail child, rather shabbily dressed, too small for his age, with a thin, wan looking face. If one glanced into his quiet eyes one saw that laughter was almost unknown to them. They cried out with a pathetic appeal for something they knew could not be theirs—something that would heal the ache in the tired, little soul.

As he stood there, staring wistfully out the gate into a sea of endless space, thoughts and memories twisted themselves in his mind. Who was he? he asked himself; and the answer came back as it always had.

He was nobody, just an orphan—an orphan that *nobody* wanted.

Two big tears splashed down on the toes of the brown, scuffed shoes. Once he had been out there in that blur of land. He had been somebody then. He had belonged to a beautiful lady who had called him her "Little Boy Blue"; a lady who had loved him and had sung him to sleep with nursery rhymes. That was so long ago. Then one day she had gone away, far away to a place where she could never come back. He would have liked to have gone too, just to be with her, for when she left she had forgotten to leave his heart. Funny he could remember her so clearly when everything else had become vague dreams. Her face, the way she had kissed him goodnight, and the lovely melodies she often sang; they were all there in his heart. She had been the one who had taught him to love, almost worship music. If only—

Suddenly he turned, breaking off his dreams abruptly. His eyes opened wide. From the open door of the big red gymnasium came soft strains of music. A violin! Almost as if compelled to, he ran forward. Reaching the door, he stepped timidly inside. At the far end of the room stood a tall young man who held a violin under his chin. He was playing purely for practice but he played well, and as one could see by the expression on his face he loved to

The man glanced up oddly, and laying down his instrument, he walked toward him. This boy was different from those other children he had played for this morning. There was something about him which the others did not have. He looked down into the thin little up-turned face, and seeing the sadness and ache back of the grey eyes, he knew what it was—a longing, a passionate desire to be understood and loved. A queer feeling tugged at the man's heart and he stretched out his hand impulsively.

"Come here, boy." Quietly the little figure stepped forward.

"Are—are you the man who played this morning?" he asked, eyeing the violin.

"Why yes—weren't you there?"

"No. I—I was too young to appreciate it, they said," his lips trembled.

"I see!" Gently. "But you do like music, don't you?" The boy's face brightened.

"Oh, yes sir! I love it. It is so beautiful," he replied, fingering the young man's instrument reverently.

"Have you ever played the violin?"

The boy's eyes dropped. He spoke softly.

"Yes, my mother taught me; ever since then, I've just played in my dreams."

The man nodded. He remembered how much music had always meant to him. Perhaps this boy was the same. Perhaps he could really play.

"How long have you been here, lad?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't remember your father or mother then?"

"My father went on a long journey before I was born. My mother—she waited with me for a few years and then one day, she—she went too. I wish they'd come back. I've waited such a long time."

Again that something tugged at the man's heart. This boy didn't belong here. He belonged with people who

A Walk

I took a walk tonight

And felt the strong wind of the oncoming storm

*In my face—felt it blow in my hair,
And sweep my forehead and cross my cheeks.*

I saw the silver-pink clouds

Above the dark lake,

As though the angry waves had tossed them

Into the heavens, forgotten.

The white daisies

Bent at my feet, a contrast

To the rich color about me.

God, with nature in his hands;

*A sweet, cruel tool that, at that moment,
Was so beautiful—I could only look.*

—MARTHANNE SEELEY.

play. He had failed to see the silent little figure standing in the shadow of the door, and as he continued the boy's eyes followed his every move, tenderly, longingly. Why this—this must be the artist who had played for the older groups this morning—the one he had longed so much to hear.

Feeling suddenly as if someone were watching him, the young man turned and met the gaze of his small listener.

"Hello there, sonny." His voice was friendly. "Who are you?"

"My name is Philip. I'm just an orphan," replied the boy simply.

could dream, ones who could see more than just the surface of life.

"Would you like to play my violin, Philip?" asked the young man suddenly. The boy's eyes grew large. He stared unbelievably at his tall companion.

"You—you—mean you'd let me play your—your violin?" he asked in amazement.

"Yes," replied the man. "I want you to."

Slowly the boy picked up the instrument as one would in a dream. His fingers caressed it tenderly as he placed it under his chin. Gently he raised the bow and played. Notes leaped forth, sobbing, tender, throbbing, eager notes, and the boy was lost in a world of dreams. All the heart-break, all the loneliness, sorrow and passionate yearning were poured forth in those notes.

The man stood transfixed. It had been a long time since he'd heard a child play like this. The lad was a genius. The violinist's eyes grew misty as he listened, for it seemed as though he were looking into the depths of a tired, lost, little soul.

On and on the boy played. He had forgotten himself, and once again he was standing where he always had—before "his lady"—watching the tears fill her eyes as he played for her the music that was forever being born within him. There was no tune, no melody to this music, and yet it was beautiful; beautiful because he lived each note that was born.

Suddenly it died. The boy had stopped. How long he had played he did not know. The man had gone. Quietly he laid down the violin and stumbled out of the room. He suddenly felt tired, very tired. His mind seemed to be in a whirl of confusion and his head felt as if it were on fire. He had played a violin! he had filled his soul with music! All that ache and longing were gone. If only his head—

He walked blindly past the large red brick buildings, buildings that had taken the place of that little cottage he had once loved. They were laughing at him now—mocking him. He must get away from them. Oh, if only his head—!

As he ran past the last hall, the kindly voice of old Jake, the gardener, called after him.

"Master Philip! Thet there new wheat wuz done threshed dis marnin'

Three Southern Impressions

I. RETURN

*Along the highway now I feel
Elusive shadows of surprise
As Southern scenes unfold themselves
Unto my eager Northern eyes.*

*Where is the dusky stevedore,
The fabled eucalyptus tree,
Plantation and blanched cotton field
I hoped to find in Tennessee?*

*Imagination, fed with tales
Imperfectly, discriminates
Between the fancied scenes and the
Remembered, it anticipates.*

'an deres a big fresh haystack right behin' de barn."

Haystack—that was what he wanted. Boy Blue—haystack—barn! Oh, why couldn't he think! On he stumbled until all at once he felt the cool, clean straw under his feet. Slowly he crumpled into its freshness. The burning was gone! His mind felt clear! There was only that tiredness left. Strange, why—why someone was calling him—

"Little Boy Blue—"

That voice, so gentle, it was his mother's, the beautiful lady who had left him so long ago. Again he heard it. This time it seemed nearer.

"Fare thee well, my child forever

In this world I lost my joy,

But in the next we ne'er shall sever;

There I'll find my angel boy."

That was what she had said when she had gone. Why should he hear it again, now? He raised his head and a smile broke over the drawn little features. His lady! He could see her clearly as she stood there before him, holding out her hand. She had come back—he knew she would. Closing his weary eyes, he laid his head back in the fresh straw and slipped his hot, little hand into her cool one.

No one heard those last mumbled words that fell from his lips, words that locked behind him forever the gates of earthly pains and sorrows.

"Where is the—little boy—

That looks after—the sheep?

He's under—the haystack—fast—
a—sle—ep."

*Behind me now the shrivelled fields
Recoil, dry, seared by August's
drought;
And shortly now my birthplace will
Re-introduce me to the South.*

*Tradition-laden town, while I am
Here, I beg you to reveal
That pulsing, mellowed heart which you,
From all but lovers, would conceal.*

II. INTERLUDE

*Sultry Sunday afternoon,
Crickets rasping dusty tune;
Southern saint and Southern sinner
Stuffed quite full of Sunday dinner.*

*Fat fried chicken, sweet baked yams,
Pecan pie and country hams,
Beaten biscuit, charlotte russe,
Angel cake and cafe mousse.*

*Grizzled bird dog, lazy, eyes
Two or three elusive flies,
Thumps a tail, then, dreaming, moans
Of marrow-ridden chicken bones.*

*Gaunt old man, with sun-touched hair,
Settles in his rocking chair:
Fat wife beams her approbation:—
Desultory conversation.*

III. OUTCOME

*I stand upon a jagged cliff
And miles below, eternal trees
Extend far up the wild, wide gorge,
And sway, ecstatic, in the breeze.*

*All native beauty rests enshrined
Beneath my rocky precipice:
Land-locked loveliness; a view
That fills an inland soul with bliss.*

*How strange is my constricted throat!
I brush away an exile's tear.
I am oppressed by land, and feel
Inquietude, akin to fear.*

*This alien beauty fills my heart
With strange, vague longings for the
sea,
Whose fierce, clear blue I learned to
love;
Whose vastness stretched my soul for
me.*

*My heart is crying for the coast,
For flapping gulls, horizons free;
For lashing gales, and surf-swept rocks,
And dunes, not found in Tennessee.*
—LOUISE BAXTER.

Salvation?

JANE EDGERLY

The fog was damply cold against Philip's cheek as he walked along the lonely beach road. It was August in Maine, and summer was almost over. It would not be long, therefore, before he would have to give up his nightly walks. Once the tourists, who kept the natives too busy to be sick often, were gone, his days and nights would be filled with visits to the ailing village and country folk. He was about to set foot upon the bridge which crossed the river, rushing with the roar of outgoing tide twenty feet below, when an almost imperceptible movement a few steps ahead halted him. There was someone there. A light flashed on the upper road, and in that second, he saw a woman standing on the outside of the railing—holding it with one hand. There could be no doubt as to what she intended. With two cat-like steps he was on the bridge and had caught her arm. She strained away from him for a moment, then suddenly relaxed. Her voice came out of the darkness.

"All right, you can let go. I've lost my nerve now." She swung under the rail and turned as if to walk away. The utter hopelessness of her words caught at the man's heart. Would it have been better to let her take her life? He could not believe it.

"Wait. Where are you going?"

"Back to town."

"You have had a bad shock. It would be better to wait with me, and I'll drive you there."

"What have I got to lose?" she answered and joined him.

It was evident that the walk was a longer one than the woman had expected. Philip's house was really on the outskirts of the town, and as they turned at the gate, she paused as though trying to see his face. It was too dark, and with a deep sigh and a shrug, she accompanied him up the walk. He opened the door and allowed her to pass in front of him into a long, low-ceilinged room lighted by a slowly burning fire in a huge fireplace at one end. He switched on the light, and she looked from him to the crossed swords above the mantel, to the gold

plates on the top of the bookshelf, to the dagger with the jewelled hilt hanging above the davenport, to the elaborately carved silver serving dish set on a nearby table.

"Sea captain ancestors, no doubt."

"Yes, down to my Grandfather. Come to the fire and get warm. Let me take your slicker." She shrugged out of the coat and walked across the room to stand before the fireplace. Reaching up, she removed the scarf which had been tied around her head and revealed a mop of unkempt reddish hair. He saw her for the first time then, a gaunt haggard-faced woman of near fifty. Little scars around her eyes stood out plainly against her paleness, and the skin was drawn tightly across her cheek bones showing that youth had not been given up without a struggle. She wore no make-up, although there were traces of lip-stick on her mouth. An unbecoming red crept into her cheeks at his stare.

"I'm with the carnival over at the beach," she said. "At least I was until tonight. They fired me too. I'm too old for even their cheap show!" She shrugged and sank into a chair, "You see what you have saved from death. I'll never get the nerve again. Even I; I want to live."

In the face of her despair, Philip suddenly felt young and surpassingly foolish. He knew there were words by which to comfort her, but they would not come. He rumbled his hair, and her eyes suddenly softened. He was so young and somehow boyish in his anxiety that she roused herself from her lethargy of despair. "That silver thing; it is very pretty. Is it old?"

"Yes," he answered, relieved at the turn of the conversation. "My great-grandfather used to insist fondly that it was a Cellini—" he glanced at her. Perhaps Cellini was a unfamiliar name.

"I saw a movie about him once. He was quite a man. And those gold plates, what are they?"

"They are old too. Someone in the family brought them from France. But all this is getting you no place." He was his practical self now, the efficient Dr.

Allen. "You have no job, no place to go. I am a doctor here, the only one for miles around in the winter. I have a housekeeper, but I need a woman to help me, to act as a nurse. She need not be trained. I could use you. There would not be much pay besides a comfortable home and three sure meals a day in return for hard work.

She closed her eyes wearily. "Work. I hate work. There is one kind of life I like, but it is gone forever now. . . ." She leaned back. "It is very cold here in winter, is it not? Very cold and lots of snow. I used to go to Florida in the winter. I never liked the cold weather. And you have to go out in blizzards any time they call you. And people moan and suffer and die because there are some whom none can save. . . ."

"I say, you are making a very exaggerated picture," protested Philip.

"I don't believe you think that. You know what I said was true. I'm not used to work. I could never stand it."

"But you could. I know you could. If you find it too hard there is nothing to make you stay. At least it would be better than nothing."

Bitterness and amusement intermingled in her glance. "You should have been a minister and saved souls," she told him, "but, then, bodies are easier to save. I'm afraid that I don't have the courage even to try your way."

"You might surprise yourself. You can begin all over again, a new life entirely. There are many things to enjoy in a small town. It would not be all work."

"I lived in a small town once when I was a little girl," she said dreamily. "My home. It was in Ohio. I'd almost forgotten. It would be nice to be there. It would be nice to start over again, but sometimes it's too late to start again. . . ."

"No, it's never too late," he cried with all the enthusiasm and idealism of his youth.

She rose suddenly and paced the floor in front of him. Then facing him, she looked into his eyes. "Do you really

(Continued on page 14)

This Way

ANNA MAY MOUL

The sun shone brightly on the tropics, particularly on the small island, Rimirtara. It was one of the tiny volcanic islands of the East Indies. Inhabited solely by the smooth, brown-skinned Polynesians, it had adopted few Western characteristics. Yearly traders came to sell whatever they could in return for the few products of the islanders. The only white inhabitant was Father Bonnot. He had come there as a young man. Now, at the age of sixty-three he had created a small group of Christians and had helped them in many ways. He had lived almost as one of them, had shared their troubles, and knew each of them. He knew their habits, their general beliefs, and their ways of living. He loved them all and was greatly revered and loved in turn.

Today Father Bonnot and his youthful companion, Naku, adroitly brought their canoe through the surf and beached it high on the sand. Naku was a boy of about fifteen years. He lived with Father Bonnot and assisted him in his various tasks and duties. Naku's parents had been drowned while they were fishing when Naku was only a few years old. The priest had taken the boy and reared him. He had taught Naku to read and write. He had taught him several languages and had prepared him to leave the island to go to France to learn all that the Father could not teach him. Then Naku should return to the island with the learning he had gained and should help and better his people. Thus were the plans for Naku; and Naku, loving the priest as he did, was willing to go to any ends to please him. He learned the Bible from beginning to end. He assimilated all that Father Bonnot taught him. He was fifteen now; in a few years he would go away on the trader's ship to France. There friends of the old priest would help him. Then he would come back to his people, enriched, enlightened, ready to help them and to take the Father's place among them.

Today the two of them were returning from a neighboring island where

they had visited a few families of the same group as they who lived there during the fishing season. After beaching the canoe, they walked slowly towards the village which was about a quarter of a mile inland from the beach that they had used. The Father was talking to Naku about little incidents of the day and about the families on the other island.

Tramps

*When the woodbine rockets high
And the bittersweet swings low,
When the day is born bright blue
And passes a rosy glow.
When the red-green-golden hills
Hang like a tapestry
Between tomorrow's snow
And summer's fading sun,
It is October then—
No need to tell me this,
Who has taken a gypsy's love
And given a gypsy kiss.*

—CATHERINE CROSSAN.

As they approached the village, Father Bonnot saw the chief of the natives, Tamaro, walking slowly to meet them. It was unusual for the chief to come out of the village to meet anyone; so the priest walked along faster so that he could discover sooner what was troubling Tamaro.

When they met, the two spoke together in the soft, musical language of the island; first, of the day, and then, of each other's health. Finally when the priest felt that he must find the reason for the chief's uneasiness, he said,

"The village appears to be very quiet today. Apparently nothing of any importance has happened since I left two days ago." The chief, although usually averse to speaking to the point, thought the news he brought of sufficient impor-

tance to state it plainly. Nevertheless, he maintained the same unconcerned attitude.

"Father Bonnot, I came to meet you to tell you that there is a strange white man waiting at your house. He wants to see you. I do not like him. He is insane, I believe, as his eyes are wild and his manner is hostile and foreign. Beware of him, Father."

"Where did he come from, Tamaro? How did he get here?"

"We do not know where he came from, Father. He came in a crude boat. He could not have come a long distance."

The idea of a strange man on the island, particularly a strange, white man, did not please the priest; but, it was his duty to see and minister to all who asked it of him. He left the chief then, after thanking him and saying good-bye in the polite, native manner. Naku, as soon as he had heard the news, had hurried ahead in order to see the white man.

Father Bonnot approached his house and found the man sitting on the steps. Naku was standing at a distance watching the man, as he would have watched some strange, new animal. The man's head was in his hands, his arms resting on his knees. He did not stir as the old priest approached him. Father Bonnot could see, even as the man huddled there, that he had once been large and strong; but years in the tropics and evil living had shriveled him and had probably helped to make him insane. He raised his head. The Father saw his eyes, inflamed and sunken into his head, with a look in them as if he had been chased and chased for years and had finally been caught.

As soon as the man recognized the priest, he threw himself on his knees and caught the priest's robe and clung to it miserably, talking and crying madly. The priest had difficulty understanding him, as he spoke in a native dialect with added words of other languages. The priest understood enough, however. (Continued on page 11)

Grandmother

CORINNE HOWELL

As I sit day-dreaming, contemplating the past instead of the future, as is my usual custom, a vague shadow of a memory grows brighter, until all at once, a scene, like the first rays of dawn, bursts upon my inward eye blinding all immediate sights from me. A little old lady in a rocking chair on the wide porch of a log cabin. She is my grandmother in her summer home. I used to sit on a stool at her feet as this tiny, frail figure rocked back and forth. Her nimble fingers were always making some dainty piece of embroidery for

her grandchildren, or knitting a sweater for Christmas. In either case, each stitch was made with a measure of love that you could realize only if you looked in that face, now old and wrinkled, still lovely. When she smiled a radiance of light gleamed from her face reaching out to your soul and making you feel happy too. Her delicate features with beautifully curved mouth now drooped with age, showed that she had been beautiful in her youth. In my

childhood fancy, when I used to look up wonderingly to the heights of age, I used to imagine an aura of light around her snow-white head. When her lovely, blue-veined hands were not busy in the art of sewing, they would lie tranquilly in her lap as if her soul were at peace. On these occasions she would tell me gay stories about her youth, or about my father when he was a boy.

Now that she is dead, in times of inward strife, I like to think about her glow and loveliness of soul, for it comforts me.

This Way

(Continued from page 10)

The man wished the priest to help him to right himself in the sight of God. He had sinned greatly during his life. Death had been chasing him for years and had caught him at last. Death was playing with him, waiting from day to day, torturing him, undecided when to take him. Death was the plague. It had been with him for over a month. It was lingering, but he knew it would soon leave and take him with it. He wanted Father Bonnot to be a medium between God and him. He wanted to make his peace with God so that Death would not be too hard for him. He did not realize that he was bringing a plague-ridden body among natives who had never known the meaning of it.

Father Bonnot assisted the man to rise, and with Naku's help, took him into the house to care for him. The kindly priest ministered to his body as well as to his soul. In less than a week the strange, white man was able to walk. The plague treats the white man differently from the way it treats the brown. The white man will live in misery for months with it and will finally die suddenly and when least expected. The brown man will die within a week of contracting the disease.

It was a beautiful, tropical evening. The moon and the stars made heaven and earth close.

Father Bonnot was sitting on his doorstep. Naku usually sat with him on such evenings. They would talk of the

future and their plans; and the priest would impart much of his learning to the boy. This evening, however, Naku was not with him; so the old priest went to look for him. He found him in the house, lying pitifully on the floor. Death for him—the plague.

The white man had left the house that day to walk over the island. His returning health and spirits had made him want to leave. Coming from nowhere, as an evil spirit, he wanted to go back into nowhere, to travel on.

Father Bonnot bent over Naku and lifted him from the floor to his low bed. He sat looking at the child. In his heart he knew there was no hope. Naku must die. God had willed it. No native had outlived the plague. The old priest saw his life oozing away with

that of the child. Life would be very lonely without Naku.

At first Naku lay still; now pain was showing in the turning of his body, in his groans. He cried out loudly and opened his eyes. He saw Father Bonnot sitting there. His eyes found peace in those of the old man's and the pain receded. Both were silent; one waiting for death that would take him from the earth; the other waiting for death that would leave him on the earth, alone.

As he sat, Father Bonnot heard a runner approaching. A few seconds later a native came through the doorway.

"Come! Come quickly. The white man is dying. He wants you. He needs you. Father, he is dying." He stepped out again into the night. "This way, Father, this way."

"This way?" Must he leave Naku dying alone to go to the man who had brought Naku's death? Which needed him most at this moment? Naku was a child. He had never sinned. God would be merciful and kind with him. The white man had sinned. He needed someone to help him as he died.

The Father arose. He bowed his head and bent over the child.

"Don't leave me, Father, please don't leave me."

He must leave. He must leave this one he loved to go to the one he hated. No, no, he must not hate anyone. He could not hate any man.

He turned and ran from the house.

The voice called, "This way."

Age

*O Time, where do you go so fast?
How do you slip away?
They say I've lived a lifetime,
And it seems the briefest day.*

*Only yesterday I cried
When all my toys were stored away,
And now they tell me, ruthless Time,
I have not long to stay.*

*The autumn leaves too swiftly fall,
My life has faded fast away.
I hear a strange, bewildering call,
And know I have not long to stay.*

—MABEL ROLLINS.

O'er Waves of Sound

MARY MCCONKEY

Today fairy magic has become a normal part of every person's life. With a twist of the wrist, we can cause music to ride on invisible ether waves from distant places to our very rooms. The famous speak to us personally about their favorite cigarettes and toothpastes. This miracle has been called the radio. Through the years, radio entertainments have come to fall into different classifications. Thus, the radio day can be divided into several very definite stages.

The first "era" is approximately from six to nine o'clock in the morning. It may be tabulated as the "rise and shine" period of the day. Our announcer is very much concerned with getting us out of bed on the right side and away to a good start. The program starts with a peppy little version of "Sing Before Breakfast" finished off with a hearty "good morning, folks!" Then there is a cheery transition such as "Well, well, well, and how are we all this fine, sunny morning?" The whole thing rapidly becomes more horrible; some programs actually going so far as to supervise setting-up exercises. These cheery, sunshine programs, briefly outlined above, are guaranteed to drive the normal grumpy person, not yet recovered from a sound night's sleep, into a frenzy, threatening murder. Some desperate fellows actually do go so far as to turn the radio off, but unfortunately, this is only in very extreme cases. Most of us suffer from a sense of duty.

Then comes the morning session devoted to the housewife and her problems. Diets, child care, luscious recipes, much planning—all are solemnly discussed. Some of the recipes are quite peculiar, such as orange juice soup, peanut pot-pie, banana maple-sugar, lemon parfait, and other fantastic combinations. This division can be listed briefly as the "Take One Egg" portion of the day.

Luncheon music gives the radio audience a timely break. They are now permitted to enjoy their food while being peacefully lulled by the gentle squeak of some famed string quartet.

This restful pause is followed by an unsettled period. Some stations give short plays; others present solo singers. Mellow Irish tenors, Don Pedros, who

gargle Spanish lyrics, and handsome college-boy crooners flourish during this time. These sirupy singers supposedly excite the maiden aunts, who are probably the only people at home in the afternoon anyhow. If they don't have a romantic singer, stations listlessly play phonograph records, except on Saturdays and summer afternoons when one hears

The Cliffs by the Sea

The last rays of brilliant coloring were fading away. The water was getting deeper, bluer, and as it plunged against the cliffs below, the spray fled through the air, landing lightly, silently, on the rugged shore. Moistening your lips, you taste the cold, dewey salt. The only noise is the continuous roar of the waves as they hit and roll back, only to come again and again. The fresh wind blows against your face and sweeps your hair back, making you feel free, adventurous, and thoughtful. A dim, black shadow moves slowly along the horizon—a ship going to China, Japan, or India. It seems so insignificant, helpless in all that vastness. A mass of sea gulls flies overhead, goes out, out, out, and fades away in the flowing clouds. The gulls are going home for the night, out into the mysterious sea. You understand how they find peace and rest there.

—ELIZABETH HOWELL.

the inevitable football or baseball broadcasts.

Between the dark and the daylight comes that famous pause in the day's occupation known as the "Kiddies' Hour." For you see, the radio has taken upon itself the gigantic task of keeping the children entertained until supper time. The idea is to keep them off the street and, at the same time, out from under mother's feet. So from four to six o'clock, the youngsters listen breathlessly to the marvelous adventures of Tarzan, Dan Dunn, Buck Rogers, Orphan Annie, the Lone Ranger, and other mythical heroes and heroines.

Finally, "ah blessed relief," as this section might be called, relieves the

strain. It consists of dinner music sweetly sighed from six 'til seven.

But how rudely this calm is shattered! With horse-laughes, fire-sirens, and nasal greetings, the comedians are upon us! Punsters pun, and slapsticks sling weary, worn-out jokes. Hilarity reigns o'er the ether waves and his boisterous jesters make "whoopie." To sketch briefly a few common varieties of comedians: (1) the situation stooge who depends on weird settings and circumstances to produce laugh lines (2) the funny-man with his stock phrases and ridiculous giggles; and (3) the whimsical character with his witty comments. The latter is by far the most amusing and the funny-man is absolutely the deadliest. "America Laughs, Roars, Snickers, and is Properly Slayed" is what this time is dubbed.

Drama comes to the radio in the next stage. Glittering stars emerge for once without close-ups or indirect lighting effects. And sinister villains stalk while huge gangs shudder. Sherlock Holmes explains to Watson in a tired voice; the Shadow shadows. Nerve-racking shrieks, bubbling expirations and maniacal snarls send the chilled listener into hysterics. This is the "Period of Euphemism" also referred to as the "Bedtime Story Hour" portion of the evening.

And so we swing into that part of the night called simply "Dance Time." Our genial radio host becomes a man about town who leads us, in a worldly though somewhat bored fashion, from one ultra-stylish dance floor to another. Waves upon waves of lazily syncopated love lyrics overwhelm us. Rather insane little ditties are quite respectfully "swung." Some of these dance orchestras are truly wonderful, however. Who can listen unmoved to Hal Kemp's saxophones, Eddy Duchin's rhythmic piano interludes, or Shep Field's ripples?

But music fades finally. The orchestras get sleeper and sleeper; stations sign off one by one, and, at last, even Mexico deserts us. Black silence lies on the radio until the lusty crowing of the milkman's serenade starts the cycle anew.

That is the modern day as defined by the radio-man's greatest luxury invention. It is with us for good and for bad.

Ecclesiastical Horses

JEAN EWING

She stands on the street corner selling newspapers, crying out the news of a busy world, to make a living. This old woman does not belong to the modern world, but who she really is or where she came from, I do not know.

She wears clothes from another generation, large velvet hats with plumes curling over the now dusty brims. Her dresses are old, yet they look as if they came from the wardrobe of some Southern lady, tight bodice and full skirts that are too short for her. Perhaps they were handed down from a lady of daintier stature. Yet these things might have been hers; maybe she lived in luxury and enjoyed life as ladies do, but now she stands selling her papers, regardless of the weather, her skin parched by the sun and hardened by the cold winter's winds; dirty, unkempt, hair hanging down her back—a woman hardened by circumstances.

I am a stenographer in a lawyer's office—secretary to you. My desk is in front of a window which overlooks the corner, where she stands crying to a listless world a recent tragedy—if she would only tell me hers! I hear her above the din of traffic, "all about the war" "—all about the wreck," "—all about the suicide." Though I buy a

paper each night on my way home, never a word has she said that might lift the curtain on her past.

One morning I noticed a sporty but shabbily dressed old man stop at her stand. I thought he was just another customer, but he did not buy a paper. Instead she reached down in her pocket and handed him some money. This struck me as being odd; so I began to watch for him, to see if he came back.

Each morning he came by; she would reach down in her pocket and hand him the money. Then I noticed she turned to a page in the paper and marked something. This continued for several weeks; then one day he came by and I saw her pick up her stool and go away with him.

She left her papers lying on the pavement. When I went out to lunch I picked up one of the papers, and put three cents on top of the stack. As I sat waiting for my lunch I opened the paper. Several newspaper clippings fell in my lap. Most of them were yellow with age, but each told of some horse, breaking a harness racing record. One was from the "Buffalo Courier," June 26, 1887; the rest had no dates but some name was underlined on each of them. Grey Priest 2.16, The Vicar of Wakefield 2.12, The Black Friar 2.09, The Monk 2.08, The

Abbot 2.03-1/4. I glanced at the racing news in my paper, one of the horses' names was underlined, "The Jesuit." Their system was clear: they played horses with ecclesiastical names. The racing news stated that the races would close at Lexington this week.

She did not come back the next day or the next month; a little news boy took her place. One day I was looking at the "News Pictorial," and there they both were,—the news woman and the old man dressed in resplendent finery. They had played a long shot and won, bought the horse and "The Jesuit" had trotted a mile in one minute fifty-six and a half seconds. He had broken the world's harness record at Saratoga.

* * * * *

About a year later I looked out the window and saw the old woman back at her news stand dressed as formerly calling her extras.

That evening I stopped to buy my paper and handed her the little bundle of treasured clippings, with the new ones from "News Pictorial." She stuffed them in her pocket with a detached air as if making change, looked straight ahead and called:

"EXTRA, EXTRA, all about the Big Game."

I Have a Rendezvous With Death

CATHERINE CROSSAN

Ten ghastly days had passed since Roger Warren had been told that he was a doomed man. Six others, who had worked near him with the treacherous radium, must also share his fate. The staff doctor who made the examination had meant to be kind when he handed to each victim, in a sealed envelope, a small yellow slip on which was written the anticipated date of his demise.

Ten days, and Roger carried his envelope, still unopened, to a secluded spot in the park. It was spring; the air was heavy with the scent of lilacs. Alyssum outlined the cobblestone blocks, and robins perched saucily on

the edge of a fountain occasionally spanking the water with their brown-flecked wings. Sunbeams scooted down a misty slide and danced gayly across the new grass into almost every corner of the big park. Only a few dared risk the chilling shade of the tall maple grove and here, where he could share in the calmness of the blue river, for a moment, Roger found a soothing stillness for his tortured mind.

Partly because of fear, he supposed, partly because,—oh, he didn't know why he had slipped the envelope unopened into his pocket, but he did know that he couldn't face this haunting uncertainty another hour, another moment.

With a prayer on his lips that his release might come swiftly, he took the envelope from his pocket. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and his body trembled convulsively. With unsteady fingers he found the fatal slip and drew it slowly out to the light.

A sudden chilly wind caught the ribbon of paper and carried it out of his reach. He started forward quickly in a desperate attempt to recover it. A wandering alyssum hid the protruding edge of a jagged cobblestone, and he stumbled, fell in the rocky path and lay still, still with death.

The yellow paper settled slowly to the blue water of the river.

The Rise and Fall of Minnehaha

LAURA MAE CARPENTER

"The lovely daughter of the old arrow-maker of the Dacotahs and wife of Hiawatha, she died of famine. Two guests came uninvited to Hiawatha's wigwam, and the foremost said, 'Behold me! I am Famine;' and the other said, 'Behold me, I am Fever,' and Minnehaha shuddered to look on them, and hid her face, and lay trembling, freezing, burning, at the looks they cast upon her. 'Ah!' cried Laughing Water, 'the eyes of Pauguk (death) glare upon me, I can feel his icy fingers clasp mine amidst the darkness,' and she died crying, 'Hiawatha! Hiawatha!'" (Longfellow: *Hiawatha*)

The stand of virgin timber was a silent sentinel. The roar of the falls drowned the laughter of the maiden as many times her mighty brave carried her across the gurgling stream, long before the white man's coming.

A few ancient oak trees murmur of the past. The dry bed of the stream is oozing with the muck. And many laughing maidens flirt and talk with mighty braves. Picnic lunches are spread on park bench, and the children climb the falls, long after the coming of the white man.

Thus the lovely stream of Minnehaha, daughter of the North, she died of Drouth. Two guests came uninvited to Minnesota's land, and the foremost said, "Behold me! I am Drouth, "and the other said, "Behold me, I am Famine!" And Minnehaha shivered to look on them, and hid her fear in gurgling, murmuring, churning, at the looks they cast upon her. "Oh," cried Laughing Water, "the eyes of Pauguk glare upon me, I can feel my life tide ebb away, and she died crying, "Minneapolis! Minneapolis!"

So the heap big Minneapolis, power of the North, rode to Laughing Water's rescue. It was long since Minnehaha leapt and curled. Long, long since she had lain silent on the cold, creek bed.

Came a much known celebrity to view the fair land's fame, a man intrigued by Laughing Water's fame, a man worshipping Longfellow's name. The tribe could not be vanquished, the medicine man City Council must act without delay. The great chiefs met and smoked the peace pipe. They talked in voices low and tense. They must import the one god who could restore to Minnehaha the shimmer once her pride.

To the tributaries of Minnehaha,

came the great god City Water, with a splash of chlorine on his breath. He slashed and curled for the much admiring visitor. He restored the fame of Laughing Water. The high chief Mayor smiled benignly on the stranger's innocent delight. Mighty visitor was blind to the City Water's magic.

And the statue just above the falls of the handsome Hiawatha carrying tiny Laughing Water, marks the spot where yet these lovers stand. And on a still, calm night she whispers, "Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

NOTE: *Several years ago, the city of Minneapolis pumped water into the dry bed of Minnehaha Creek to carry on the traditional illusion of the once beautiful falls for a distinguished, world-famous visitor.*

Fads

ANN CAROLINE GILLESPIE

Isn't it supposed to show a weakness in character to be susceptible to every fad that comes along? It is, according to Emily Post but certainly not to the newspaper ads. I read the advertisements more often than the etiquette column, as I usually indulge hastily in the latest craze and repent at leisure for my weak character.

When I was about eleven, I remember the yo-yo, the flat, spool like object with a string wound in the middle (Later models were supposed to sing). All the children in the neighborhood had one; the *Banner* sponsored a contest, and one was simply "out" if he couldn't perform "the-loop-the-loop" or "double-twist" or some such yo-yo technicality.

Another necessity for the duration of about two months was an Imp. Don't you remember the little steel three inches square which had sixteen spaces and fifteen little squares which were numbered one to fifteen, and had to be slipped into seemingly impossible combinations? It was really a brain teaser, because I once played with it when I was sick, and my fever rose so alarmingly that Mother took the thing away from me.

For the past six months the Lucky Strike Sweepstakes has been all the rage. You guess the first three top songs in the nation one week and wait patiently for the next to be sure you

lost. At the start of the summer my luck came in cartons, one carton to be exact, one whole carton of cigarettes. The managers of the contest later cut the winnings down to fifty of which I have accumulated two. None of my family smoke, but I am thinking of telegraphing them to take advantage of my useless prizes.

Last summer the height of fashion among the nut-brown debs was "kerchiefs" tied around the head, and shoes without stockings. Well, I could do it too, and did I look queer! I succeeded in looking "peasantish" enough, but my white legs were even whiter below the anklet line and appeared as though I had been hidden away since last winter. On top of that, I wore culottes, another very ultra style. The way dumpy little me looked in that baggy pants affair was something you had to see to realize. In all senses of the word, fad meant freak that day. That was really the worst one I ever acquired, but if there's a fad in town, sooner or later I'll follow suit. My slogan should be, "As the trend goes, so go I."

Salvation?

(Continued from page 9)

think it is possible to do this thing? Do you think I could?"

He returned her gaze steadily. "Yes."

She sunk into the chair and covered her face with her hands. In a moment she looked up. "I'll try."

"Fine!" Then he was once more the casual New Englander. "You must be hungry. Let's have something to eat. I'll see what I can dig up."

Philip whistled cheerily as he stirred the fire under the coffee pot, placed cold meat upon a platter, and sliced bread. He spent several minutes searching for the napkins and a tray, thinking meanwhile how he could make his people accept the new "nurse." He would have to be tactful and go slowly, but he must not hurt her. Somehow it could be worked out. The tray found, he poured the coffee and started back to the living-room. "Coming up," he called, kicking the door open. Silence greeted him. He looked quickly around. The room was empty! Her coat and scarf were gone from the chair. There was something strange about the room too. For a moment, he couldn't quite understand. Then realization came. The silver dish and the gold plates were gone.

Gallant Girl

JANE EDGERLY

Norman Rider was very much pleased with himself. He had finally realized one of his lifelong ambitions in obtaining beautiful "Wheatley Acres." He had always wanted such a home, and at last his dream had come true. The last of the owners, a young girl, had been forced to sell. The transaction had been made through her lawyer, and he would sign the papers and take possession in the morning. He had not been able to resist the temptation of coming over this afternoon; from his vantage point in the "tree house," in a gigantic elm, he could survey the whole countryside. Suddenly he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs, and he whirled around to see from whence the sound had come. A horse and rider flashed into view. He caught his breath at the sheer beauty of the animal, and the ease with which its rider swayed with the steed's motion. His interest quickened when he saw that the rider was a girl. She drew rein almost beneath him, and he was always to remember her as he saw her then.

Both the girl and the horse were panting. Her dark hair, swept back from her forehead and coiled at the nape of her neck, curled damply about her lovely face, which was flushed with exertion. She sat erect in her saddle and looked out over the country-side with wistful, loving eyes. On her face was the expression of undefeated courage mingled with that of great sorrow.

"It's all going, Rex," he heard her say, "the fields, the woods, the house that we loved so well, and even you, Rex, even you." She choked a bit over those last words. "They've been ours for years, but they aren't ours anymore. I've done all that I could, but I failed, failed completely." Her voice trembled slightly, and her hands dropped despairingly to her sides, but her lips were firm, her tears unshed, her head held high. "But they can't beat us, Rex!" she assured him. "We—I'll win yet!" She paused at the strangeness of "I." It had always been "we." "Dawsons always win." She swung one leg over the saddle and leaned her chin in her hand. "Wheatley Acres belongs to us, and it always will! Money can't buy what it meant to us. Money can't buy ancestors or traditions

or honor. That's ours forever, Rex; and Rex, some day I'll come back."

"Good afternoon, Miss Dawson," said Norman, not wishing to overhear any more of the girl's thoughts. He was embarrassed at having heard so much.

Meredith turned sharply, her manner frigid.

"How do you do, sir," she answered.

"Please be a little more cordial," he begged. "Although I cannot love Wheatley in the way you do, Miss Dawson, already I am fond of the place. I'll do my best for it."

"Yes," said Meredith hotly. "You'll modernize it. You'll have the trees cut and the fields cultivated. You'll have the hedges trimmed; you'll have formal gardens and a cement drive—. I know; I've seen the old places around here go."

Rider longed to tell her about his hopes and ambitions and plans for the estate, but she rushed on.

"Don't speak. Don't tell me your plans. I know what to expect. I ask nothing from you but the price. You wanted the house and land. We each have what we desired. I must be going, sir." She replaced her foot in the stirrup.

Rider smiled and then asked gently. "Are there a great many debts?"

"That, sir, is my affair," Meredith replied haughtily, her eyes flashing. She knew that the whole amount that she had received for the property would be lost in clearing up the deed and in paying the huge debts contracted by her father, but she would not tell him for the world.

Flushing under the rebuke, the man said, "I thought I might be able to help you."

"I have received enough help from you already," answered Meredith. Then, relenting: "Thank you for your kind offer. I cannot accept. Good-day." She turned the horse's head toward the stable. "Goodbye, Wheatley, goodbye dear Wheatley Acres!" At the touch of the whip, the horse leaped away.

Watching them, Norman Rider said slowly to himself. "She's a *gallant girl*. She'll succeed." He smiled his slow smile, pleased with the appropriate name he had found for Meredith Dawson.

Twenty years later, Meredith Dawson was a wealthy and successful business woman. Her brokerage firm was widely known and especially esteemed for its honor and integrity. One could trust the Dawson firm implicitly. Not until now, when she possessed a personal fortune, had she returned to her native state. Her heart beat swiftly with high hope and eagerness. She tried to calm herself by saying over and over again, "It won't be the same; it won't be the same, but—," she vowed, "I'll buy it back if it takes all my money." When Meredith Dawson said a thing, she meant it.

She walked out from the station, breathing deeply the clean country air of Connecticut. Within sight of the gate, she began to tremble, and her steps faltered. Finally at the gate, she closed her eyes for a second, then opened them. Delight flooded her soul. It was the same, only more perfect than ever. Forgetting her age and dignity, she flung her arms about the gatepost and kissed it, shedding the first tears since her father's death those many years ago.

Regaining her composure, she powdered her nose, and walked bravely up the drive toward the old house. Her knock was answered by Norman Rider himself. Recognition was instant.

"Why—ah—how do you do?" he stammered.

"How do you do—I've come home."

"Yes,—won't you come in?"

"Thank you, I will. I want to buy back my home, Mr. Rider." Her heart was in her throat at the dear familiarity of the old hall.

He led her into the drawing room on the left. "I'd like to have you meet my children. My wife is away at present." He called them. In came two youths in their early teens and three bubbling little girls in riding togs.

"Excuse our appearance," Louise, the eldest, apologized quickly; "We have been riding. Do you like horses, Miss Dawson?"

"I love them," answered Meredith; "I used to be very fond of riding myself."

"Would you like to see my horse, Starlight? His grandsire was Rex. Daddy said that he was a very famous

horse. Starlight is a thoroughbred and wins blue ribbons, you know."

"I know. I would love to be shown around," replied Miss Dawson.

Silently, the woman allowed herself to be led about the familiar haunts. With aching heart, she heard them explain the well-known facts about the house, the stables, the horses and their trophies. Starlight resembled Rex so much that she almost cried aloud.

"Isn't Wheatley Acres beautiful?" asked Ellen. "Daddy says it's the most beautiful place in the world, and we have such fun here."

"Yes, it is beautiful," Meredith agreed quickly. "You are truly fortunate."

"Once," confided Nancy, as they were showing her the "tree house," built for Meredith herself, "when Daddy lost a lot of money, I found him up there with tears in his eyes. He kissed the tree trunk like it was me or Mommy. I've never seen a man really cry though."

"Our Daddy says," persisted Ellen, "that we ought to thank God in our prayers every night, because we live here and can ride every day and everything. He tells us stories about the traditions."

The children, joyfully recounting their pleasures, led her back to the house. Within her soul Meredith felt with growing fear that she had lost Wheatley forever. Upon entering the drawing room, they were met by Rider. He sent the children away and ordered tea.

"About that matter," he began hesitantly.

Meredith shook her head slowly and paused to compose herself. Her whole world had slipped away from her. She was like a ship without a port. Her work, unceasing and relentless, was for naught. Rider could see that her hands were trembling, but her face remained impassive.

"A new regime has begun for Wheatley Acres," she said rising, "I'm over forty, Mr. Rider, and unmarried. After my death, there would be no one to carry on. It was the whim of a selfish woman. You have a fine family; may they carry on the tra—traditions. Good-bye." Her voice was strained and faltering, but her lips were firm, her chin up. Norman Rider watched her walk slowly down the drive and saw her wave to the children as she paused a moment at the gate. He remembered another parting, years ago, when a beautiful girl had refused his offer to help her and had turned her horse away.

"Gallant girl," he said.

The Castle on the Cliff

LAWRECE BUTLER

Along the rugged seacoast of northern Scotland, where life is yet simple and the people few, there rises from rocky bases high cliffs of solid granite. These stare grimly all day at the blue sea, which rolls in and beats upon their black walls, and crashes and swirls in foamy currents among their jagged toes. For ages they have stood, silent, mighty sentinels before the always troubled Atlantic, and the slight indentations along their foot tell of the lapping eternal tides, which murmur twice each day what has happened far out at sea. They bring to the creviced ears of the cliffs the tales of sea monsters, lonely isles, and distant countries where people live far differently from the simple fishermen who inhabit the shore, and occasionally they wash upon the eager, rocky, pointed toes the battered mass of broken timbers which once was the slender hull of a sailing ship.

Once, it was a late afternoon when all the coast lay in a grey gloom. The skies were low and dismal, and the sun had lost its power behind great puffs of storm clouds which hung black and threatening about the silent sea. A white fog had rolled quietly inland and was settled above the black cliffs.

Then suddenly the waves crashed upon the rocks and cried their fearful tidings, and afraid that the ears would not hear all their alarming story, they threw themselves high upon the walls, fell back, and tried again to scream their songs of storm.

It was then that one saw the castle. It loomed a ghostly form upon the crest of the cliff. The rain beat upon its grey walls, and they gleamed in the lightening, and the rounded towers were silhouetted against the dark sky like pictured fortresses in books. The silver mist curled among its tiny windows, and the gale tore at the thick vines which clung to the crumbling stones. There was something haunting, weird about the old place. Perhaps it was just the solitude, for no one was near for scores of miles, save fishermen who lived along the coast below; or perhaps it was the ghostly flocks of sea gulls which flew about one tower window, but I believe it was the legend which the winds sang to the rock towers and the waves

cried to the cliffs during nights of storm.

The legend is of the mad king who lived in the days almost forgotten. He loved a beautiful maiden so much that when he was refused her hand in marriage, he kidnapped her and took her to a distant castle by the sea. There he treated her cruelly and locked her in a stone tower where she had no one except the gulls with which to talk. She learned to amuse herself with them, and they loved her; but all day she stared out of her little window at the sea below. She often thought of her lover whom she had left behind, and she knew if she could get word to him, he would come to her rescue. There was only one thing to do to let him know where she was; so she plucked a quill from one of the birds which stayed with her all day, and with the drops of her blood, she wrote a message on a piece of her silk-en gown. Then she tied the strip of cloth to the foot of a gull and told him to take it to her lover. Within a few days he came, but the wicked king, insanely jealous of his beautiful bride, led the visitor along the cliff, and with a sudden movement, pushed him over the edge. The imprisoned maiden saw what happened, and without a moment's hesitation, she leaped from her tower window, over the cliff and joined her lover who lay among the sea-washed rocks below. The next day, after searching for his wife, the king chanced to look over the cliff, and saw the glimmer of the maiden's blue gown as it floated in a current of water. Overcome with grief, the king himself leaped into the sea and three people were united among the rocks at the base of the cliff.

A streak of light gleamed between the parted storm clouds. The lightning had ceased striking with its fiery fingers, and the thunder rumbled softly, weakly in the distance. The rain no longer fell from the heavens; the fog had rolled away as quietly as it had come in, and the first light of dawn spread across the skies. The castle stood in silence with a flock of sea gulls fluttering about the tower windows. The waves kissed the rocky base of the cliffs goodbye for a few hours as the ebb tides slowly drew them out to sea. There was calm.

THE CHIMES

WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL

Nashville, Tennessee



APRIL, 1937

Foreword

In the following pages will be found the "Cream of the crop" of THE CHIMES contest and material submitted after the close of the contest. Although the winners have been given recognition, we would like to add these few words of congratulation, and would also like to encourage all those who submitted material but were unsuccessful. Try again next year and be successful!

In an exchange copy of *The Chimes* of Shorter College, the Exchange page revealed this:

"Imagine our surprise when we received one from Ward-Belmont School, and saw that it, too, was named THE CHIMES. We felt as if we were looking at ourselves in a mirror. This was their first issue of the magazine, and in the foreword it was explained that the name had already been decided upon and material for this No. I, Vol. I, issue was being gathered when they received an exchange copy from us and saw that our long-established magazine had the same name.

"Since they had decided on the title independently, they decided to keep it, and didn't believe anyone would feel they'd committed an act of plagiarism.

"These publications being as they are, we don't feel that any confusion will result from the names, and *The Chimes* staff of Shorter College wishes to take this opportunity to congratulate THE CHIMES staff of Ward-Belmont on their new magazine, and to wish them all the luck in the world with future issues."

Thanks, Shorter College; we hope our magazine will be as enduring and successful as yours.

It has been proposed that next year THE CHIMES should come out more frequently. Making this magazine a quarterly would double the amount of material to be submitted. The question is, can and will Ward-Belmont support such an attempt? Another alternative is the publishing of Autumn, Winter, and Spring editions, making only three copies a year. The staff feels that this is the better plan as two copies are too few, and four copies too many for such a new project. What do *you* think?

If it hasn't been noticed, close this magazine and look at the new cover. It's the same cut, but a new type of paper. The staff is pleased with the new selection and hopes the readers are.

As a final word, the editor, staff, and sponsor wish to thank the entire student body for its support and enthusiastic reception of the magazine, and hope that the readers have enjoyed reading it as much as we have publishing it.

THE CHIMES

VOL. I

APRIL, 1937

NO. 2

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF RACHAEL BRAUER

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

JANE EDGERLY

MARION LATTA

JEAN BURK

DOTTY BELL

ART EDITOR CHARLOTTE LEWIS

BUSINESS MANAGER MARY AUBYN TOWNSEND

SPONSOR MISS LINDA RHEA

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Dear Sister Jennie	Llewellyna Granbery 4
Always—Forever	Virginia White 5
Not By Flood!	Margaret Keyes Clark 6
Lost Heritage	Catherine Crossan 6
Poem	Ann Ganier 7
I Learn About Life in the Third Grade	Emmie Leake 8
Spring Morning	Marthanne Seeley 8
Three Moods	Louise Baxter 8
Buckingham Barnyard	Louise Baxter 9
Not Without Honor	Jane Edgerly 10
Poem	Marjorie Lou Ashcroft 10
Paradox	Ann Ganier 11
Cawn Likker	Mattie Palmer 12
Revelation	Margaret Noland 12
"This England", Book Review	Mary Aubyn Townsend 13
Villa D'Este	Grace Benedict 13
Nothing Ever Happens Here	Catherine Crossan 14
Dusk	Carroll Cole 14
Bridge	Louise Baxter 15
Brett—An Informal Portrait	Mary Pollard 16
To a Tree	Catherine Crossan 16

FIRST PLACE ESSAY

Dear Sister Jennie

LLEWELLYNA GRANBERY

High School '37

AUTHOR'S NOTE

It was from Ward Seminary and Belmont College that the present Ward-Belmont was formed. Ward Seminary was a preparatory school for young ladies. It was located on Spruce Street which is now Eighth Avenue; Belmont College was on the present site of Ward-Belmont. I received my information from my grandmother and her sister who both attended Ward's. From the beginning of the school until its union with Belmont College, a member of our family was enrolled there.

L. G.

Ward Seminary,
Spruce Street,
Nashville, Tennessee
October 25, 1886.

Dearest Sister Jennie,

I think you must be very anxious to hear all about this new school. As you know, you will probably be enrolled here year after next. But since you are familiar with nothing of the Seminary save the name and outward appearance, I shall relate to you as well as I am able my opinions concerning it.

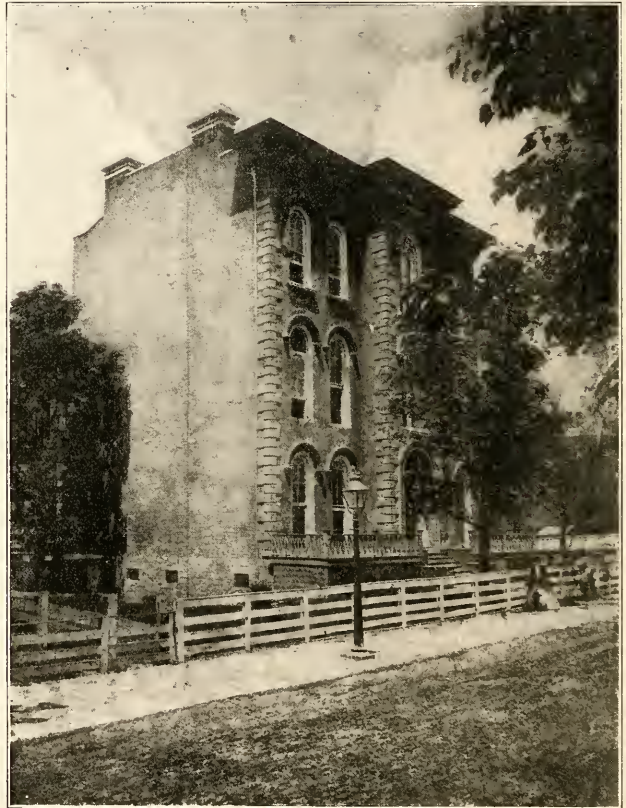
It is near enough to the city to be convenient, but not too far into the business section.

Ward's is so different from the school near Tulip Grove that I can think of no better way to describe the life here than to relate to you a day and what we do in it.

We rise at seven o'clock and dress in whatever we wish for the day. It is only when we go out and to church that we wear our maroon uniforms. After breakfast, classes begin. I am studying art, piano, English, appreciation of music, and art history. There is emphasis put on these subjects, and I am studying them by Dr. Ward's advice. He said that a young lady should be beautiful both in mind and in spirit.

To be so, the mind should be cultivated with beautiful literature, thoughts, and habits, and the soul uplifted by true, pious religion. Tell Mother that I was

that later on we shall give an exhibition on the chapel stage. Miss Nellie, our teacher, is very sweet and patient with us when we are slow to grasp an



The above picture of Ward Seminary was taken in 1867 at its location on Spruce Street, now Eighth Avenue.

elated and joyful to find myself already so well informed by her on this subject.

During the day we sometimes have a class in calisthenics. It is very exhausting drilling around the room. I am told

exercise or if we become weary easily. This happens very often. Also in my class there is a very stout girl who has quite a keen wit. She amuses us all the time with her ridiculous attempts to do

things correctly. Day before yesterday we had to stop class, because we were all laughing so heartily that nobody could continue.

I know you will be amused to learn that there is only one girl here at school who doesn't wear her hair in plaits down her back. What brought it to my mind was the hint you gave me of wanting to put your beautiful locks up. Eileen, the girl here, always puts her hair up at night on curl papers and takes up so much time that she never has prepared her lessons. Just the other day Mrs. Nixon reprimanded her by saying that if she spent as much time on the inside of her head as she did on the outside, she might be able to recite. From this example, I hope you will decide in favor of the plaits.

Also, Jennie, please refrain from telling Mother the following because she would think me very ungrateful. I never want her to consider me that, because I truly am grateful for all she and Father have done for me. But when I went out to dinner last week I borrowed one of Leila's silks. It was such a temptation when she offered me one, since she is the only girl who has any silks. She is quite a bit taller than I, but we managed with many pins and basting. I felt ever so proud of myself at dinner, and maybe it wasn't such a dreadful thing after all.

I mentioned the calisthenics in chapel, but that is not all. Mayna and I haven't yet decided whether to dread or look forward to chapel time. Every day we are forced to go to chapel and be addressed by a speaker after Dr. Ward has led us in prayer. Some days are really very interesting and enlightening. Others are very boring and mean little or nothing to me. I have found that the only possible way to combat these boring chapel programs is to sink down in the seat and use that time for my various odd thoughts that I have no other time for. Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Ward's sister, is in charge of the chapel. If she weren't such a perfect dear I know we should all rebel and never attend.

After dinner at noon, classes continue until about two o'clock. This is the most important time of the day, because we can leave our too-familiar surroundings and see the outside world. With the teachers leading, we all go walking every day. Two by two we trudge along the streets of Nashville. Our usual walk

FIRST PLACE SHORT STORY

Always—Forever

VIRGINIA WHITE

College '37

A very little girl with goldy-red hair trudged slowly up the hill. From the bottom of the hill she would have looked like a flower growing on the mountain in her blue dress. It was a long climb for her, but she wasn't noticing it that day. There should have been a lovely gay rainbow in the sky, for the sun was shining brightly; yet tears rained down from her wide brown eyes and dripped gently along her nose. Her shoes scuffed up dirt and pebbles as she plodded resolutely onward. A Spring breeze cavorted through her curls and slapped them teasingly across her cheek. The path on which she walked wound lazily through mossy grass and pert April flowers.

For the first time in her life Pat, the very-little girl, had faced tragedy. That very walk up the hill was torturing her with its heartbreaking memories. Every now and then she turned to see if a sleek red form was following her, and then her heart would thump harder—remembering that King, her beautiful red setter, her best and constant companion, was dead. She hadn't, at five, much conception of the word *Death*, but she knew now what it could mean to her. She hadn't cried wildly when her aunt had said, "King was shot by some silly hunter, and he's gone away for good." Somehow she wanted to hide how much

he really meant to her. Probably he had saved her life at one time or another—she neither knew nor cared about that. She only knew that he was the gayest and nicest playmate she had ever had. People seeing them always together said, "I *do* believe her hair is actually the same color as that dog's from their just being together."

He had romped and played so deliciously. . . . She felt a surge within her as if her heart had leaped upward and then dropped sickeningly back to its proper place. Then she was pressed tightly against the understanding earth—crying, crying, crying—there was nothing left. There would be no one to roam the hills with—no one to run races with—no one to have mock fights with. Who would slip cautiously from the house with her to go swimming when she was supposed to be sleeping? If only she hadn't *seen* him—her aunt saying soberly to someone, "She must believe he is dead!"—that poor broken body on the ground—the friendly tail ominously still—the long silky hair stained with a different red. Oh! To blot out that vision! Yes. She knew he was dead.

* * *

It was shortly after dusk that someone—thereafter considered quite a hero—found the very-small girl asleep. He carried her down the hill and back to her own room and everyone said placidly, "She's all safe and sound again." But they didn't notice that the sparkle was gone—her laughter was like champagne too long opened. She didn't fade away like a flower out of water, but she had changed somehow—subtly.

Her aunt, who was a woman of great perception—in other words a child psychologist—decided that a surprise was the necessary stimulant. Consequently, one day Pat was led downstairs with someone's hand placed capriciously over her eyes. There she was confronted with the surprise—a new red setter—a peace offering—a "she'll-forget-all-about-it-now reward." . . . Was there a look of joy in her eyes? . . . Or was it disillusion? . . .

is up Spruce Street and over to the Capitol building. 'Tis quite a jaunt, but you seldom hear a complaint, because, even if it is a long distance, it is all the longer until we return. Some of the girls who have been here before are so brave as to wave and nod to young men they know in town. I expect we shall all meet them at some party Christmastime, if not before. These chance glimpses of young men have become one reason the walks are so much in favor with us.

We usually rest after our walk and appear freshly groomed at supper again. After supper we all gather and dance for perhaps half an hour or so.

(Continued on page 7)

Not By Flood!

MARGARET KEYES CLARK

College '37

We trudged sloppily to meals and classes through puddles deeper than ever before; we stewed over donning raincoats and galoshes and wondered if "this incessant rain will ever cease;" we listened to occasional radio reports of weather conditions in Indiana, Kentucky, and Tennessee, but we were not particularly disturbed by them. Then, all of a sudden, a sharp awareness of something new, something ghastly; a flood was raging through the whole Ohio valley.

At first, I heard bits of conversation on campus—"They say people are using boats on the main streets of Louisville. . . . The power is going to be cut off . . . water is in the Brown Hotel. . . ." My heart felt leaden; my head whirled with horror and disbelief. "Louisville could not be destroyed by flood," I kept saying to myself. "What about my family?" They were in the Highlands, one of the highest points in the city, but I knew that they would suffer, too, if the flood reached its climax.

Saturday, January twenty-third, I received my last Louisville paper with headlines saying, "City Virtually Paralyzed By Record Flood; 125,000 Homeless, 13 Dead In 10 States." That night I called my mother by long distance at the same time that she was calling me. Her call came through first, and Mother, in a voice hardly understandable from laryngitis, told me over and over again not to worry. I was to remember that our house could not possibly be reached by the water, and that food and drinking water were easily accessible. "My car has a tank full of gasoline, and is locked in the garage safely, in case we should have to evacuate because of the city's condition. *Don't worry about us, Dear!*" Saturday night the power was cut off from the entire city.

The week of January twenty-fifth meant examinations to us here in college. I sat on my bed with open book and troubled mind not able to resist tuning my radio to WHAS, Louisville, Kentucky, for flood bulletins. Foster Brooks, Pete Monroe, and Joe

Pearson, announcers for that station, men whom I have seen time and again in the city, worked night and day at the "mike." I got to the place where I instantly knew who was talking when I switched on my radio. Gallantly persevering, they kept to their station tasks, bundled in overcoats and mufflers to keep warm, and reading their bulletins by lamplight. Endlessly the tired voices droned on—"boat to . . . Mother and child marooned for three days. Desperately in need of milk—Truck to . . .

motor which was necessary for flood rescue work—such episodes were common ones during the broadcast of an hour or so.

Somehow I couldn't picture the horror of the tragedy. When I heard reports that boats were serving as the only means of transportation on Fourth Street, I couldn't help recalling New Year's Eve. Fourth Street had seen the New Year come in with confetti, exhilaration, car loads of young people driving from Broadway to the river and back again, honking madly, and gayly with high spirits; now twelve P.M. meant only the splashing of oars or the whirring of a motorboat as occasional gleams of pale moonlight served for the only light on a darkened, depressed city. Airplanes overhead meant new quantities of typhoid serum, and new assurances of the loyalty and cooperation of other sections of the country.

Wednesday night, January twenty-seventh, as I sat with my English Literature book before me, I heard the announcer come out suddenly with, "Boat to Jones' Apothecary to pick up drugs." How strange to hear my father's shop mentioned and know that that announcement was being broadcast all over the United States, and even across the ocean to other continents. I felt proud to know that my family was helping in the relief work.

When I read the following letter over and realize that my family were in what was so commonly referred to in the news as "the rich Highland district," and think of the thousands and thousands who were cold and wet and miserable, it makes me thank God again for caring for my loved ones.

"While we are not really under martial law, the soldiers patrol the streets and walking or driving is discouraged, unless you have business. Gasoline is to be had only on government order, and I'm hoarding my full tank with the hopes of getting away.

"The Apothecary is practically established here for dispensing vaccine. The Francis Shop (my father's apothecary established on the second floor of the

FIRST PLACE POETRY

Lost Heritage

*I loved a cottage on a hill,
The way it rambled
Carefree and unspoiled at will,
The brown-thatched roof,
And rocky path
That wandered through the warm green
grass;
The hazy, lazy, blue-gray smoke,
The fragrance of a blushing rose,
And deep green of the pool.*

*I put a keeper in my house
To tend its loveliness;
He paid no heed,
But slowly let it die. And yet,
I love that cottage on the hill,
I always will.*

—CATHERINE CROSSAN, *High School*
'37.

to pick up bread and take to Barrett Junior High School . . . Attention! Police motorboat! Attention! Two boys and girl have taken doctor's boat. Apparently joy-riding. Urgent need for doctor. Stop them, stop them."

On and on the voices monotonously repeated tragedy after tragedy. An old man who had seen seventy-five winters refused to leave his homestead, although water was slowly creeping in; an expectant mother was marooned on a house-top; a man high and dry in the Highlands refused to part with an outboard

Francis Building) is still operating; but there is over a foot of water in the Broadway shop.

"Mr. Cal Harding was marooned with his wife and six-months-old baby in the West End and had to move five times. They finally landed in a tobacco warehouse and *slept on tobacco* without bedding of any kind. Katie and little Willie are marooned at 4th and St. Catherine in a second floor apartment, and their milk and supplies are delivered by boat.

"One just can't conceive of this happening to a city like Louisville. Man prates of his wonderful accomplishments and his self-sufficiency and God removes His Hand for twenty-four hours, and it is all wiped out.

"As for us—we have everything we need except grace to bear it.

"We have four lamps and every night after supper I read *Gone with the Wind* aloud 'til eleven or twelve P.M. . . .

"We have water turned on an hour A.M. and P.M. We rush and fill everything we have and then wash ourselves. Then we boil all drinking water, and use it sparingly till the next 'on' period."

The first week of February, I received "flood editions" which were published in Lexington, Kentucky. Picture after picture showing streets with ragged holes from buckling; sections of town marked, "Danger—Ground Sinking!"; children playing on hopelessly ruined pianos; a River Road boat club with hundreds of tennis rackets, golf clubs, and basketballs thoroughly water-soaked. But, the encouraging note was the continuous fall of the river. Debris of all sorts relentlessly tossed by "Ole Man River" on a defenseless city was gathered together and joyfully thrown back to the river from whence it came. Workmen with energy renewed after the week of deluge shoveled mud off the main streets, and water and power came back on.

Of course, with the recession of the waters came gruesome stories, of individuals drowned in their homes, and belongings completely washed away. My aunt and uncle, who farm for a living, returned from their Florida home to find all their livestock dead, their best mule up in a tree, and their living-room suite that they were so proud of strewn indelicately on fences and stumps in the yard.

Through the whole catastrophe, one thing was always foremost. Man had

completely forgotten himself as an individual and was only one of a great machine, the sole effort of which was to save lives, and check the lashing, swirling, destructive river. Red Cross, C.C.C., air lines, radio and telegraph were concentrating on flood communications and relief. Almost every state in the Union was sending serum, cots, blankets, outboard motors, and any other available supplies to the rescue work.

Benefit entertainments were given in many states with the total profits sent immediately to the flood relief campaigns. Offers poured into WHAS to adopt children left orphans by the flood, such children as the little girl refugee in the armory who weepingly refused to undress because of the men around her. She didn't realize that she had nothing to put on if she did undress. As soon as the *Courier-Journal* was operating in Louisville again, every department store, life insurance company, and paint factory published a notice saying, "Any employee in need of help get in touch with us immediately."

All through the seige school friends have been most solicitous for all Kentucky girls and girls of other states affected by the flood. We've all suffered for the little Paducah, Kentucky, girl who ran away from school with a boy from home, even though both their homes were flooded; and everyone pitied the voice student whose piano was floating around her living-room. I felt hypocritical to shed even a tear for the city I love so well when I knew that my family were safe and dry.

Now, I'm planning to go home for the first time since the flood. Will I find a broken city, a city whose most gruesome flood stories have been grimly kept secret? People are wondering if Louisville has been destroyed by this flood, if it will ever come back to its former grandeur. People are wondering if the Derby will run this year, in spite of the fact that Churchill Downs was flooded. I think I can answer their queries—the Derby crowd will undoubtedly aid in reimbursing a financially broken city. Ten years from now the flood of '37 will be clearly remembered by the little girl in the armory, by the little boys playing on the piano, by the boy and girl "joy-riding," and by the many students and others away from their families while a flood lashed at the doorsteps of their homes; but Louisville will still be a great city, "the gay city of the South."

Dear Sister Jennie

(Continued from page 5)

This is very much fun, and we can practice the fancy polkas and mazurkas. Once a week Dr. Ward meets with us after supper. He then talks to us on such subjects as: manners, self-application, health, procrastination, and taking advantages. These talks are very useful and greatly appreciated by the larger percentage of the girls. There are just no words kind enough to describe Dr. Ward. You will have to wait until you know him yourself before you will understand what I mean.

Oh, Jennie, did you know? We do not have any examinations as was rumored by Cousin Jim. I suspect he was teasing us. They mark us, though, on our daily recitations. We have two hours to study at night and prepare lessons.

Sometimes we don't have time for preparations, because we attend the theater. Dr. Ward is very lenient about giving us his consent. Always a teacher chaperones us on these occasions. This season we have already seen *Romeo and Juliet*. It was so lovely, but so sad.

Would you be so kind as to tell Father that all I shall need to spend the week-end in town with Aunt Jane is his permission?

It is five minutes till ten when the lights will be out; so I must close.

Be sure to tell Mammy I miss her no end, and that here I have to wait on myself and make my own bed. I shall be more than glad to get back home to her nursing and spoiling of us.

I hope Mother's cold is relieved, and she always has my fondest love.

Tell all of my friends that I miss them and constantly think of being at home for our four days' vacation at Christmas.

Be good yourself, Jennie, and I shall write again soon.

Always, your sister,

MALISSA ANDREWS.

*How happy was the little mouse
That haunted a corner of our house,
Until one night we did prepare,
And all the pantry shelves were bare,
Save one small cheese in one small trap.
Our story ends with one sad snap.*

—ANN GANIER, *High School*, '38.

I Learn About Life in the Third Grade

EMMIE LEAKE

High School '38

In the beginning after God, and Mama and Daddy, created me, I'm afraid they, and all the rest of the world, just forgot me. Certainly I can't recall a single memory until the advent of the "littlpinkrapedesheen." The "littlpinkrapedesheen" was my party dress, and since I despised parties, naturally, I despised the "littlpinkrapedesheen." When I saw it spread out on the bed after my noonday bath, I knew just what to expect—Shirley and I would go to Mary Jo's fifth birthday party. We'd both enter Mary Jo's house and Shirley would say "happy birthday" to Mary Jo and "how do you do" to Mary Jo's mother. Then Shirley would go right in with the other girls and boys and immediately pin the donkey's tail nearest the place it should be. So, she'd win the prize; she always won the prize. I never did; I never stirred from the chair in the darkest corner of the room, until the ice cream and cake came. I always cheered up a bit when that was served because I knew that right after the ice cream and cake we'd all go home. But Shirley had had a grand time, and she told Mary Jo so, with me as the echo, just for politeness. You see, Shirley is my older sister, and Shirley had acquired poise even at the age of four; so it didn't upset her in the least to mix with those strange children, but for me it was a nightmare.

After the "littlpinkrapedesheen" came my first year at school, and the finding of my best friend, Betty. I remember we both wore our hair in pig tails, and played hopscotch on the pavement, and told each other our deepest secrets and giggled at the little boy who sat in front of us, because his ears were so tremendous that when the sun shone through the window it also shone right through his ears! They were almost transparent, but all red with the blue veins running through them.

Betty and I giggled together through the third grade, but the third grade changed me—I was a year older and more than a year wiser when it was through. This change started in class when we read a poem. I can't even re-

member the name or the author, but it was about a dandelion. That summer I had read some poems by the same author and also the author's life. During the class discussion, I got up and told them that the author had at the age of six, written several poems in blank verse. This remark astounded everybody, in view of the fact that I wasn't past eight years old myself. There wasn't a sound in the room; not even the teacher said a word. What was the matter? Was there something wrong with my dress? Then suddenly I real-

dropped off. I knew then that I was on the same level with the rest of the kids. I was just as smart as they were, if not smarter.

Well, everything happened at once. In about a week, I was chosen to be queen of the fairies in our annual school play. I practiced my lines every day and everything came out very well; in fact, better than I had expected. The next day Emory Wallace kissed me behind the rain barrel at recess. The next day I told Betty about it. Then the next day he kissed Betty, and the next day she told me about it. Neither one of us spoke to Emory again.

So you see how the third grade changed me. I knew a lot more about life after it was through. I learned never to trust a man behind a rain barrel and never to let the rest of the world browbeat me. Oh, I don't know how many other things happened that year, but it will always stand out as the beginning of a new era in my life.

Of course, many years have passed since then, and each year I become that much older and that much wiser. But fundamentally I haven't changed—there hasn't been another definite revolution inside me—I'm just waiting for the next one to come along. It's sure to be here soon; so I'm told.

Three Moods

I. RAGE

Quick rage flew off, its strength unleashed

And made me tremble; stung my eyes,

*And snarling gripped my aching throat
Then left me, panting with surprise.*

II. PEACE

*No need to struggle, plan, explain,
Concern seeps out, and spite, and gall;
Well might I join the peaceful dead
With calm, quiescent, as my pall.*

III. EXULTATION

*My songs demand a thousand tongues,
Brave trumpets clamor in my ears;
I must give vent to surging joy,
Express my fiercely silent cheers.*

—LOUISE BAXTER, College '37.

Spring Morning

*This morning I awoke to see the sun
And hear the birds all singing in the trees—*

*My heart was singing, too,
Love songs to you.*

The fresh, cool wind felt soft against my face

My feet were light with carefree, skipping steps—

*My heart was carefree, too,
Skipping to you, you.*

A merry multitude of thoughts and dreams

Attuned my spirits to the happy spring—

*My heart was happy, too,
In love with you.*

—MARTHANNE SEELEY, College '38.

ized that maybe nobody knew what blank verse was; so I blushed and sat down. After class, the teacher called me to her desk and questioned me about my statement. It seemed that she, too, was a little hazy as to what blank verse really was. I explained it to her, not trying to conceal the contempt in my voice,—even Miss Travis didn't know anything about poetry. It all seemed very strange then, but I realize now that that day the inferiority cloak which had shrouded me since Mary Jo's fifth birthday party, possibly since God, Mama and Daddy created me, had suddenly

Buckingham Barnyard

LOUISE BAXTER

College '37

At rise, groups of fowls are seen
pecking at large pieces of grain. They
cluck amongst themselves. Some are on
a perch, flapping their wings. At rise
all sing:

Chorus—

Hail to King Chanticleer,
Our leader has no peer,
He's simply grand!
He is our ruler brave,
He will our country save
From every danger grave
In this great land.

(Tune: God Save the King)

Baldwin (frowning, and pacing, with
wings clasped behind)—
Forebodings vague are making me
fear
For the matrimonial future of Chanti-
cleer.

Chorus—

Why so? Why so?
Our gallant beau?

Baldwin—

The time has come for him to mate,
And yet he won't accept a date
With any fowl, designed by fate
To help him run affairs of state;
But still protests a morbid hate
For royal birds who really rate—
Says he prefers the single state!

Chorus—

Alas! Alack!
Is that a fact.

Mother Hen (lining up her chicks)—

Now biddies, you see how pe-cu-li-ah
Are the effects of excessive avoirdupois;
For with slimness and beauty, the
great Chanticleer
Will undoubtedly mate, ere the end
of the year.
So gather around me, and flutter your
wings,
And reduce yourselves all into slim
little things.

(As they exercise, *Mrs. Simpleton the
Fox*, slinks in and laughs.)

Mrs. Simpleton—

Ho, ho, Mother Hen!
From the depths of my den
Your cluckings have called me—
Your antics enthrall me!

Do you think that performance of dull
exercises

Will win for you chicks that rarest of
prizes,

The hand of His Highness, most fair
and most dear,

The peerless, incomparably brave
Chanticleer?

Chick (saucily)—

I say, Mrs. Simpleton, nobody wants
To endure your insufferable, ill-man-
nered taunts.

Mrs. Simpleton (with malice)—

Oh swallow your wrath, and lend me
an ear—

I'm going to elope with the bold
Chanticleer!

(*Mrs. Simpleton* lopes off, leering over
one shoulder. *Mother Hen* runs
up to *Baldwin*.)

Mother Hen—

Is it true what was said by that vixen?

Baldwin—

What she said was most certainly
mixin'.

Chick (peering off into space)—

From out the left, hear, hear! Hear,
hear!

Approaches the quieu of Chanticleer!

(Two chesty birds take places on
either side of door, and crow.

Chanticleer enters, resplendent,
with a bodyguard of fowls in kilts.
Ministers gather round.)

Baldwin—

Oh Royal Protector! Oh Soul of the
Realm!

Oh Captain of State, Thou the Lord
of the Helm—

Stand up and assert that false is this
rumor,

That the boast of the fox is but Mis-
plac-ed humor.

(Much clucking.)

Chanticleer—

Enough, I abhor this ridiculous clat-
ter.

My mind's made up in this meticulous
matter.

I deem it my duty to announce to my
minister

That, though it may seem a predica-
ment sinister,

I find myself thoroughly, subtly en-
amoured

Of the woman whose tongue for years
has clamored

Merited praises—love's sweet assur-
ance—

And oaths and vows of eternal endur-
ance.

Baldwin—

But Chanticleer, Highness, the woman
you mention,

Who throws your heart into such
heavenly tension,

Is not of your order; the people will
howl

If you marry a woman who's not even
fowl!

Chanticleer—

I'll give you a reason you cannot re-
fute:

Positions and rank are of little im-
pute!

And the woman I spoke of—you know
whom I mean—

Though not strictly pretty, is luscious-
ly lean.

Her sleekness delights me, her atti-
tude thrills me,

I'll marry my love, though the after-
math kills me!

(Clucking.)

Silence, ye multitudes, stifle your
sighs,

Don't you know that by Winchell, I'll
be canonized?

Be brave, and exalt the new "Cock of
the Walk"—

The capable Duck, and his Duckess
of Yawk!

(Groaning.)

Cease mourning, I pray you, and
cheer as I go.

Throttle your ravings, and banish
your woe.

Kings are created in heaven above,
But temporal glory is nothing to love.

(*Chanticleer* struts off. *Minister* flaps
for silence.)

Baldwin—

Ah now, let us loathe that most crafty
of foxes!

Chorus—

It's women like her who put kings on
the rocks!

Not Without Honor

JANE EDGERLY

College '37

The house was so quiet that the reporter who had come there on the strength of a rumor that the Fields had heard again from the kidnapers of their son felt disinclined to believe the report. Surely, there would be more excitement if it were true. Standing in front of the door, he hesitated to ring the bell. The silence was ominous, and the thought struck him that it could mean only one thing—Jimmy was dead.

A wave of grief for plucky little Cynthia Field, who four years ago had faced a broken life with more than courage, passed over him. From financial wreckage, she had rescued a part of her husband's fortune and had kept his firm going although somewhat shakily; but she had not been able to rescue her husband, who ever since the day he had found life too tangled to endure, had lain paralyzed and semi-conscious.

The reporter did not have to ring the bell. The watchful butler opened the door and motioned him into the library. A look of surprise crossed his face, as he saw the group assembled there. The stillness had presaged no such gathering. Something must be about to break. The Police Inspector, several detectives, the Field's lawyer, and two rival reporters were assembled in the paneled room.

He glanced questioningly at the Inspector. "This came this morning," the officer said. It was a note printed in dark ink on a piece of wrapping paper.

"WE HAVE JIMMY READY AND ARE READY TO GET OUT OF THE COUNTY SAFE. IF YOU DON'T CALL OFF THE POLICE AND HAND OVER THE CASH, YOU WON'T EVER SEE YOUR SON. CALL OFF THE POLICE!"

He handed the paper back and glanced around the room. No one spoke; no one moved. The spell fell upon him. They were waiting for something.

Above them, a woman was pacing the floor. A plump, agitated woman, wringing her hands. "Cynthia, for heaven's sake, call off the police. Tell them to leave, to quit. You'll never see him

again. Think of Jimmy. Think of John. Cynthia, you are no normal mother—"

She faced the woman who was standing at a window, standing with her slender back held unnaturally rigid, with one hand grasping the drape tightly.

"I am thinking," she said quietly, "of Jimmy. Is he alive? Will they give him back to me or will he be found dead like almost all the others have always been found?"

*The clear, bright moon approaches
A dark and covering cloud bank.
Its lovely glow will soon no more
Be visible.*

*Sweet youth must meet its drift of clouds
And smilingly look back
On darkening, cloudless sky
Where once she reigned,
Unknowing of the swiftness of her journey,
And startled, by the quick ascension
Enter age heights.*

—MARJORIE LOU ASHCROFT,
College '37.

"But that is the chance you must take—"

"I am thinking of John. He will never know one way or the other. I am thinking, thinking of all those mothers in the world who may suffer as I am suffering unless this is stopped: unless men like that are stopped; unless others are made to fear what they are doing."

"But they will be caught. The money will be recorded."

"They can cash enough in some out-of-the-way place to get away on and keep the rest until it blows over. It will blow over, you know, and others will take its place. If they aren't caught and Jimmy is alive, he will live with a terrible debt hanging over him all the rest of his life, and kidnaping will go on and on—"

"Cynthia, how can you think like that? I don't see how you can think with your own son—"

Cynthia looked out over the roofs of the city and thought of the man lying in the next room; he had come to the place where he could not think nor care about those to whom he was responsible. She thought of a day when she had believed that she could not think, when only courage which she had never realized she possessed, had saved her and hundreds of others whose livelihood depended upon Field's. Now, she faced something which touched not only people's livelihood but their hearts.

"You exaggerate the importance of kidnappings. There are not so many that you should sacrifice yourself, your own son for others. Cynthia, I know you are strong and brave—" her sister regarded the slim, black-clad figure, the face with the broad forehead below smooth yellow hair, the wide-apart eyes, darkly shadowed now, the firm mouth and determined chin. "You have been wonderful in the firm, but you mustn't let that responsibility make you feel responsible for the world."

"The firm," said Cynthia, "What will happen to it? My debt cannot go forever unpaid. It would be attached and be lost. We employ six hundred people—"

"People! Let them take care of themselves. They wouldn't worry about you. Think of your child, his life; the kidnapers may torture him, and you stand there thinking about people. Oh, darling, I know you're brave and noble, but don't be in this case."

"Alice, can't you realize that our personal grief matters little; that somehow we can go on; that we owe the world something in our small way. What is my sorrow to that of hundreds of others? This crime must stop."

"But you don't have to stop it!" cried Alice frantically. "The government will. Think of your baby. They may kill him or they may turn him free and he'll live, God only knows how, and never be found."

"Stop!" Cynthia exclaimed abruptly, "I can't stand any more of this. If only I could be sure, if only I knew that he isn't already dead, that they would do as they say, but Alice, all the others, all the others have been found—dead."

"You must try. No other woman in the world would worry about what's right if her child's life were at stake. I wish he were mine. I'd have him back safely."

"Alice, if only you could," a light blazed in Cynthia's eyes. "But no, he's mine, and it's my responsibility," her lips curved in a wry smile at the word. How many times she had seen it written in burning letters in her dreams! "We have no proof that these men have Jimmy now. There can be only one answer, and I am ready to give it," she crossed the room quickly.

"Cynthia," screamed Alice and rushed after her, "No, no, no," she sobbed, "come back, please come back."

Cynthia stood at the door to the library. Every man rose to face her. She closed her eyes for a moment and steadied herself against the side of the door. "Gentlemen, I have decided not to call off the police," she said clearly and left them.

A sigh went around the room. The inspector took his cigar from his mouth and ground it out in an ash tray with a vicious twist of his fingers. "God help me if I don't find that kid," he breathed.

"Of all the hard-hearted—" began one reporter.

"Shut up," growled he, who had been the last to enter. "You wouldn't know a great soul if it was labeled." There was a scramble for hats, and then, as he rushed down the steps with the others, he thought, "A great story to be written on the heart of a woman," and for a moment, his profession seemed demeaned.

One man alone was left in the library—the lawyer, Brent Hargood. Grim-mouthed, he stood by the mantle. What would happen to Cynthia now? What would happen to Jimmy? He left the room quickly as though he could not bear the place and saw Cynthia starting up the stairs. She turned to face him with all her soul in her gray eyes.

"Brent," her voice broke, "You understand, don't you?"

"Yes, I understand," he said quietly.

"If just one person understands," she began but could not go on. She left him standing there, watching after her with

eyes that were wet with grief for her and rage for his own impotence.

Cynthia Field rang for her secretary and sat, pen in hand waiting, and wondering how human beings bore what was given them to bear. Three days had passed since she had made her decision, a decision she had wildly regretted, passionately wanted to recall, yet had felt that was right. She had spent the nights at her window, wondering if she had been wrong, praying for her son, and hating herself for not wanting to stand by a decision she had thought to be the only one. Her sister refused to speak to her, remained closed in her room; her husband was as always remote; people tip-toed in her presence and glanced at her out of the corners of their eyes until she wanted to shriek.

Paradox

*How simply does Miss Ordway say
"We will have a theme today,"
How simply does Mrs. Fountain play
With "Prenes un morceau de papier,"
How simply does Miss Annie call
And make my spirits downward fall.
How simply does my homework sound
Until my studying comes around.
For in this world I've found, you see
No key to earth's simplicity.*

—ANN GANIER, *High School*, '38.

Scorching letters of criticism poured in; some newspaper had called her the "iron woman," another, the "Spartan mother," and even her friends stared at her with more curiosity than sympathy in their gaze.

All this time, there had been no one to talk to, no one to talk to her. She was utterly alone, alone save for Brent; and she and Brent must always be cool and formal with each other. Long ago, she had ceased to wonder why Brent came to see her only on business occasions; why she must always be formal and slightly remote on these occasions. "Oh, Jimmy," she whispered.

When the secretary came in, she strove with all her rigid New England pride to calm her voice. "I am going now. Just finish those letters before you leave."

The secretary nodded, thinking, "She looks awful. I guess anybody would after sending her own child to his

doom." Aloud, she said, "Mr. Hargood is waiting to see you."

Brent met her at the door. "Cynthia, I'll take you home, but first will you do me a favor. Can you do something I am going to ask you? There is so little time to go out to your house, and it might mean a great deal."

There was a leaping light in the woman's eyes. "Jimmy."

"They have found something; sent it by plane. Darling, you mustn't hope too much. They think maybe they have the men. The inspector called me just as I got here. I'd rather take anyone but you . . ." his eyes were tortured.

"Take me there right away," she cried, "I'll do anything!"

It was a small piece of wool that they showed her, a fragment of scorched blue wool. There was little hope in her when she said quietly, "Jimmy had a robe made of that." He had looked like a miniature man in it with the belt tied snugly around his waist and the scarlet ascot looped under his round chin.

Brent tucked the lap-robe about her gently and headed the car toward the country. They drove long and silently, and the hum of the engine and the clear air lulled her. "Bless you, Brent," she murmured and lay back with closed eyes. That was why she did not see the crowd in front of her house and opened her eyes suddenly to say, "Why Brent, you took the wrong turn. Weren't we home?" She looked out at the familiar street.

"I've an errand," he lied, "Want to pick up something at Lee's."

"But we've passed Lee's, Brent," sharply, "what is it?"

"Cynthia, please."

"You can tell me."

"There was a crowd in front of the house. I wanted to find out—"

"Take me there, right away."

As they approached, he saw that it was a noisy crowd, definitely not a grieving one. It was either a demonstration against Cynthia or— He glanced at the white-faced woman beside him. She had apparently sensed this too. She sat erect, tense with brightened eyes. They turned through the gate swiftly.

"Brent, what is it?" she cried as photographers leaped at them. He lifted her out of the car and shielding her with his body, half carried her up the steps. The door banged behind them.

"Cynthia," her sister screamed run-

(Continued on page 12)

Cawn Likker

MATTIE PALMER

College, '37

Clemmie wuz a pow'ful good-lookin' cuhled gal; jes' as brown as a beeh bottle, an' a lot mo' plump. An' wuhk! Say, could dat gal evah wuhk—why she could do mo' 'n one day dan mos' cuhled gals c'n do in a week. Fer des hyah reasons, an' a lot mo' which I ain't got to yit, I wuz mighty stuck on Clemmie once't; but I got ovah it as soon as I seen dat she had one mo' gosh-awful tempah. Honey, dat niggah wuz sho' a *wildcat*—till she met de man dat tamed her down. Dat man wuz A. D. Jennin's, de blackest an' de high-falutin'est black man I evah did see. He came ovah to Mistah Renfro's place to wuhk, an' stahted right off payin' cote to Clemmie. At fust, she wouldn't hev no dealin's wif him, but you could tell dat she wuz jes' a-vampin' him an' jes' a-showin' off to dem othah cuhled fellers uv hers dat she could manage any niggah dat come her way.

Well, fo' to make a long story short, Mr. Jennin's, he bought him a new thu'd or fo'th hand Model T wif his fust week's wages an' him an' Clemmie hit it off fine from den on.

De day dey wuz married wuz a sho' fine day fer all de cuhled folks aroun' home. Ole Man Johnston, Clemmie's paw, allus did do things up right. Dar wuz 'possum an' sweet pertaters, sorghum, an' plenty uv dat cawn likker dat Ole Man Haggahd makes which is de best dat you evah po'hed down yo' throat. But de bride wuz de thing dat made all de pickaninnies' eyes pop out, an' de ole uns wish dey wuz young again. She had on de pertiest dress dat evah wuz seen in dese pahts. It wuz one dat Miss Nell had done gib her fer her weddin' an' it wuz so sparklin' dat de sun a-shinin' on it neahly put yo' eyes out. Dat A. D. wuz really a sight to behold, he wuz dat proud uv Clemmie. We all wuz, too, 'cause warn't she kin to most uv us an' bes' friends wif de rest?

After de weddin', A. D. an' Clemmie rode off in de new car an' dat wuz de last we see'd uv dem fer quite a spell. You see, A. D., he went by de place

whar he come from an' dey wanted him to stay so he did. I think dey liked Clemmie's cookin' too.

De next I see'd uv A. D. an' Clemmie wuz when I went to a shindig ovah close to ole Uncle Jim's house. Dey had druv ovah fer de pahty becuz Clemmie's sister wuz dar an' Clemmie hadn't see'd her in a real long time. Dat Clemmie wuz still de pertiest gal in de county, an' as proud as punch uv dat little black boy in her ahms. I talked to her a lot when we fust got dar, an' she said

Revelation

I saw

*Sun on a plane 'gainst a sea-blue sky—
Laughing exultance on silver wings;
Trees on a hilltop, bright yellow and red—*

Splashed color that Autumn careless by flings;

The breath-taking loveliness of Christmas snow

Like crystal grain the angels must sow—

Bending down to hear joy the season brings.

I heard

Laughter caught in a silver net,

Ripples of sunlight dancing;

The wail of a train in the silent night—

Mournful, like Sorrow glancing;

A cow-bell tinkling through peaceful dark—

Bell-like, clear; and like a spark,

Ecstasy sets my young heart prancing.

I knew

That these were things that I

Might wrap like a patterned cape

About my soul—and meditate.

—MARGARET NOLAND, *High School*, '38.

she sho' wuz happy an' dat A. D. wuz de finest husband dat wuz evah made, an' a lot mo' things dat sho' made me sorry fer not a-marryin' Clemmie a long time ago. Jes' think, I coulda been "de finest husband dat wuz evah made" an' de one to make her happy.

Dat cawn likker dey had at dat pahty wuz sho' good, an' it wuz mighty pow'ful too. I sho' felt good fo' a while, till I got to thinking about Clemmie again, an' den I jes' got fiery mad. It wuz all wrong! There wuz A. D. ovah there by her gettin' all her lovin' smiles an' bein' de one to take her de victuals dat Uncle Jim wuz handin' out. Sittin' thar watchin' 'em, I knew dat she didn't love dat sissy-lookin' niggah beside her, 'cause she loved *me*! Look at de time she bandaged me up when de niggah from ovah near Camey Switch had cut me in a fight. An' den dar wuz de time dat she'd argued fo' me so hard when de Big Boss wuz goin' to fiah me fer stealin' dem pullets. She hed jes' married A. D. to make me jealous! Well, now I wuz jealous, an' I'd show her how it felt! I'd hurt *her*!"

De feelin' uv de knife stickin' in his chest an' quiverin' wif de last beats uv his heart, an' her w'igglin' while my fingers punched her Adam's Apple back harder an' harder wuz mighty good. But when she didn't w'iggle no mo', an' I heard de baby cryin' on de bloody groun' where it'd fallen, I wuz scared an' sorry. I felt then jes' like I'll feel at sunup tomorrow when I walk up dem thuhteen steps an' has de knot tied aroun' my neck.

Yep, it's jes' like de jedge said in de cote de othah day, "Cawn likker revenge is sweet, while it lasts; but it don't last no longer'n de burn."

Not Without Honor

(Continued from page 11)

ning toward her, "Jimmy, they found him alive, alive in a Los Angeles hospital where he's been for a week. They're bringing him here on the next plane!"

"Hmph," said Mrs. Watson, whose husband was a minor employee at Field's, as she read her evening paper. "That Cynthia Field was out joyriding with Brent Hargood when they found her baby. I feel sorry for John Field. If only he knew what goes on behind his back. . . ."

"This England," by Mary Ellen Chase

The Macmillan Company, New York, 1936

MARY AUBYN TOWNSEND

College, '38

No other book has ever revealed as clearly the customs and habits of the English people as does *This England* by Mary Ellen Chase. It was written as a result of the author's two years' residence in England and is meant also to present a picture of the unequaled countryside of England. Thirteen sketches comprise the book and, like all impressions, they are personal. Miss Chase has written these in thanks for the friendliness accorded her by the English people and in appreciation of their beautiful country. Each is indeed an accurate representation of the various phases of life and customs in England.

The first sketch is titled "The Weather" and in it she recounts in an amusing manner the attitude of the English inhabitants toward this most publicized characteristic of their native land.

"English Sources of American Irritation," the name of the second sketch,

fulfills the suggestion its title carries by explaining the most common sources of irritation for Americans visiting in England.

Miss Chase clarifies many previous beliefs pertaining to the customs of the English people in her third sketch, "English Manners, Urban and Rural."

In the next three sketches, title respectively, "English Trees," "The West Country" and "The North," she devotes most of her space to pure description and because of this, one is enabled to visualize many enchanting scenes.

By use of comparison the writer secures the desired effect in the next description, "English Foods." Her well-developed sense of humor is quite apparent throughout this sketch.

Many authors would find it somewhat difficult to describe effectively twelve ricks of hay but not so Miss Chase. She succeeds admirably.

No book on England would be complete without some definite reference to the exalted position the king holds in the eyes and in the hearts of the people. In the ninth sketch Miss Chase discusses this in a manner so sincere as to inspire a feeling very near to awe in the reader.

The next two sketches, "An English Sunday" and "English Railway Travel" explain two phases of English life that few people are well acquainted with. Again Miss Chase makes use of her extraordinary sense of humor.

The final sketches, "Spring in England" and "On a Bus in Somerset," are excellent examples of her descriptive powers.

These thirteen sketches have been bound together under one cover to make a book that is not only well written and informative but humorous and thoroughly enjoyable.

Villa D'Este

GRACE BENEDICT

College, '38

Villa D'Este, recognized as the most fashionable hotel in Europe, was our introduction to Italy. It is situated on Lake Como which belongs as much to Switzerland as to Italy. The extremely brunette complexion of the manager of the hotel who greeted us on the white marble portico was rather startling. With unbounded courtesy he endeavored in a mixture of Italian and English to make us feel at home and insisted on our touring the attractive grounds before even going to our rooms.

The lawn was certainly lovely. On either side of the front entrance of the massive, white hotel was a neatly trimmed giant boxbush surrounded by a meticulously designed bed of tiny rows of red, blue and green plants. The building was shaded by a grove of magnolia trees whose velvety white blossoms

generously sprayed us with perfume.

On the terrace back of the hotel, the glossy grass was as immaculately smooth as a bowling green. Truly the matchless blue of Lake Como which lay before us was exquisite! On each bank steep mounds of clay, spotted here and there with stubby bushes, indented by nature into seeming rows of seats gave the effect of an open theater. The spectators were the pointed mountains in the background; the white clouds in the sky gazing at the various rays of the sun reminded one of a spotlight flickering upon the rippling lake, causing splotches of navy blue and pastel blue to be mingled in the greater portion of the royal blue water.

In front of a crème stucco villa diagonally across the shore from us, the

day's washing waved limply in the cool breezes. The untidy appearance of this villa lent a subliminary touch to the celestial view.

We reluctantly turned away from the lake and followed a path to the foot of an incline. Up through two straight rows of tall, slender poplar trees extended a wide stairway of stone slabs over which clear, refreshing water trickled lazily. Tiny pools gathered momentarily on the convex surfaces of the slabs before continuing to drop down, down, down into the great gulf below.

At the summit of this hill, a little boy was struggling frantically to free himself from the powerful arms of Hercules. The youth's legs were waving

(Continued on page 15)

Nothing Ever Happens Here

CATHERINE CROSSAN

High School, '37

The night was superlatively June, a night of diamond stars and velvet sky. As if the heavens in themselves were not sufficiently beautiful, the moon in an abandoned mood sailed lightly over the tree tops, sprinkling the earth below with symmetries of leaf and limb.

Rich Conner was not immune to the witchery of his surroundings. He was altogether too young, too Irish, and consequently, too restless for the calm acceptance of such a night. There was something provocative in the soft, glistening stillness. Nights like this should be lived to the tempo of bright lights, music, and the laughter of perfumed, exciting company. Out here in the quiet of Salisbury, he felt a definite sense of frustration, and pitied himself for being a hostage to the dullness of duty. With Bill Brian, the companion so sublimely asleep in the seat at his side, Officer Conner was patrolling Zone No. 7, a sleepy suburban district of uniform houses, uniform streets, and uniform goodness. It would be hard to imagine a scene less likely to be invaded by violence. Conner was not suggesting to himself that this marginal village should change its staid virtue for habits of viciousness, but the passive atmosphere was a perfect detail for older men, a team with less brawn and energy. In another city, this more logical assignment of vigorous, young officers to highly keyed, congested centers, might have been the order, but the municipal police system, which he served, called for a regular and unfailing shift from Zone No. 1, in the heart of the city, to Zone 8, the Darcy Pike. Next week when these changes were made, Conner thought in disgust, he would be lost in the oblivion of this country lane, a stretch of lonesome miles continuing out state from Salisbury Road.

In the midst of aimless cruising, Conner was suddenly aware of the service radio. It had become alive with the message—"Calling Car No. 2. Car No. 2. Drive at once to Makan Theater. Box office robbery. Calling Car No. 2. . . ." Everything was happening downtown, he groaned, while he spent the hours,

impotent, duty bound, here doing nothing, and that systematically. There was not even the luxury of a regular radio with which to dial a dance band or a ball game. "Dead end, eh, Bill?" No reply came from the sleeping Bill; only loud, lingering snores implied affirmation.

It was almost ten by the electric clock on the dash, when Conner pulled alongside the curb, and stopped his car at a broad intersection. He lighted a

Dusk

Dusk, the magic hour of day, when the brilliant colors of the sky gradually soften and cast a mellow glow on all earth, and shadows leap up and change the every-day things to romantic figures. The willow tree I climbed as a child becomes a tall, limp figure bending, weeping; a breeze brings a sob. The gnarled oak with limbs outstretched is a gaunt man raising his arms in prayer. As the twilight deepens, shadows lengthen in my heart, and a feeling of loneliness steals through me. The mysterious figures are gone, and I am alone. I am almost a part of the cool stillness, but something in me longs for companionship. I feel as remote as the evening star twinkling in the pale blue west, coldly distant, inwardly afire. I'm torn between a love of the dusky peace, and the desire to get away from the loneliness. A train, rumbling, whistling, breaks the evening stillness, rushing as if hurrying to get into the city before night. The last wall fades away, leaving me in darkness, alone.

—CARROLL COLE, High School, '37.

cigarette, achieved a comfortable position, and resolved to give himself over completely to the business of self-commissioner.

But the ashes were beginning to gather on his cigarette, when a long, low Packard passed slowly by and came to a full stop halfway up the slight grade just ahead. The driver set the

brakes, stepped to the pavement, and observing the parked car, called out to the recumbent occupants, "Hey, there, can you lend me a hand?"

"Sure enough," obliged Conner, bringing Bill to life with a heavy punch. "Come on, sleeping beauty, we've business."

"It's a matter of gas," offered the stranger, a young man who both spoke and moved quickly. "A shoulder to the wheel, and we'll do these few yards to the corner station."

"No trick at all," agreed Bill, who took his position at the rear of the car and found himself all officer, instinctively regarding the license number, 711-117. He repeated the numbers mentally. Seven eleven, eleven seven, regular crap game doggerel. Conner, up front, was pushing with little force and less direction, all his attention on the radio which was giving out the stirring details of the ninth inning Sox rally.

They were soon at the red crowned pump, where an attendant waited, hose in hand and the question, "How many?" on his lips.

"Fill her up," ordered the driver.

"Thanks a lot, you fellows," and apparently Conner's interest in the ball game prompted him to add, "Stick around for the finish; I've an errand across the street."

The station operator's name was Murray. Phillip R. Murray, according to the printed information on his snappy uniform. He serviced the car, joined the others, and the three listened without comment, while the Sox were making it 6-5 in the first of the ninth.

At this moment the Packard driver returned. He settled the bill, repeated his thanks, took his place in the car, and moved off swiftly into the darkness toward Darcy Pike. "And there," lamented Bill, "goes the old ball game."

"Not at all," protested Mr. Murray. "Come on inside for the finish."

Both officers hesitated. Both were thinking it would be a violation of duty. It was Conner who suggested, "Might as well. It won't take long. Three men

to fan, and anyway, nothing's going to happen around here."

They were soon lost in exciting concern. But the speed Conner had promised was not forthcoming. The pitcher was in trouble from the first. There were innumerable fouls. The play dragged. The catcher stalled. The infield conferred. The outfield joined the infield. It was a spot for cautious playing. When the umpire finally barked the final, "You're out," Mr. Murray's clock on the wall said exactly ten thirty-five. The truant officers took on a coke, said their goodnights, and moved down the hill to Car No. 7.

"Back to the grind. Know what, Bill? Last night I dreamed a cat fell in a cistern, and we had a case."

Bill's snappy comeback was never uttered. They had come within radio range and could hear insistent messages pouring in quick and excited succession.

"Calling all cars. Stand by all cars. Car No. 8 reports recovery of stolen car, license number 711-117, five miles out on Darcy Pike. Returning thief with box-office loot. Claiming reward of \$1,000 offered by Makan Theater."

"Where have you been Car No. 7? No answers to orders. Where have you been Car No. 7? No answers to orders. Calling. . ."

Slowly and sickeningly, the unkind truth dawned on officers Conner and Brian. It was Bill who finally pulled himself together and put their chagrin in words. "A pretty bedtime story for the grandchildren, pal.

"Once upon a time when your granddad was a young and altogether smart young police officer, he and another equally wise guy named Conner, paid a thousand dollars to hear just one inning of baseball. This is how it all happened. It was a swell June night—"

Villa D'Este

(Continued from page 13)

violently in his great effort, but he was helpless in Hercules' clutch.

This imposing statue enclosed in a semi-circular marble shelter was the embodiment of Italian beauty. It made us feel the spirit of the great Florentine genius, Michelangelo, who created breathing forms out of his blocks of marble. Michelangelo, who, over five centuries ago, drew all the world to Italy.

Bridge

LOUISE BAXTER

College, '37

There is something insidious about the game of bridge. It sneaks up upon the most unsuspecting persons who, once contaminated, never quite recover. My associations with bridge have always been most unpleasant. From early childhood, I can remember being awakened by the return of my parents from the current bridge session, treating me to a play-by-play review of the entire evening. As the door slammed below I would hear Daddy contending, "But, darling, what I want to know is why you didn't mention spades in the first rubber when I bid a diamond." Then a higher voice—Mother's, "But Lewis, you just don't understand—" and so on till I jammed a pillow over my head and prayed for silence.

These evening echoes were nothing to the active annoyance of frequent bridge parties in our very house. Every fourth Tuesday I would be shunted off to the kitchen where I could not disturb the All-Day Foursome which possessed the living-room from ten thirty A.M. till six thirty P.M. Malissa, the cook, would feed and "shush" me, muttering ominously about "dem ladies whut has to fin' ways t' kill time." She, too, resented the All-Day Foursome which meant a thorough cleaning of the downstairs, both before, and after the onslaught, and the preparation of a mid-morning snack, a company-luncheon, and a revivifying tea which would give the bridge-fiends strength to meet their husbands at the six-ten Commuters' Special.

The Saturday Night Bridge Club was slightly less irksome because of its infrequency, but the six nights a year on which it met at our house, filled me with dread. Mother would cajole me into passing hors d'oeuvres, and each of the jolly Saturday nighters would feel called upon to make a clever remark to me such as "My, but you're getting to be a big girl," or "Well, young lady, you won't tell on me if I take three, will you?" Then there was

always the hideous possibility that some merry gentleman would ask me to play the piano, and Mother and Daddy would accept (for me) with alacrity.

For a short time during the depression, I lost my antipathy for bridge, because the members of the All-Day Foursome had begun to do their own house work and had less time to spare, and I had begun to have plans of my own on Saturday nights. But when I had learned the barest rudiments of the game—just enough to make me a most unpopular fourth—my hatred returned. I was always placed, protesting violently, at a table with three adolescent sharks, where my partner would hate me; our opponents would hate both of us, and I would hate myself, with an overpowering passion. Mother and Daddy saw no excuse for "boob" bridge playing, and gave me up as a social failure. I began to develop an inferiority complex which inhibited me from asking questions about my mistakes, even after the game was over. Again and again I resolved to master my constantly recurring mortification, but Culbertson's book was too complex, Daddy too impatient, and lessons too expensive to do me any good.

Thus, I worried along for several years, evading and suggesting poker or rummy—or even Old Maid—whenever the critical question arose, and thus I might have muddled on the rest of my life, hiding my secret shame. But the crisis came during the Christmas holidays. We had a most attractive cadet as a house guest, and I had been trying desperately for several days to make a good impression without attracting my parents' attention. He and I were playing with Mother and Daddy one evil night, and I hadn't made a break for at least fifteen minutes. But I made up for lost time by overtrumping my partner, who threw me a look of unmistakable loathing. And Mother, malicious for the first time in her life, announced, "Well, Sis, if you think you're going into the army, you'll certainly have to learn to play bridge."

Nothing more need be said. I sent for the Blue Book today.

Brett—An Informal Portrait

MARY POLLARD

College '37

To D. H. Lawrence, a man whom I never knew personally, I am indebted for some of the pleasantest of my summer hours. Why? Because, had he never come to New Mexico seeking health, I would never have met his wife, nor his secretary, the Honorable Dorothy Brett.

Brett, that colorful, fascinating personality!

When I look at her as she is today, dressed in her faded corduroy breeches, her leather leggings, with the hilt of a vicious hunting knife protruding at her knee; when I see that velveteen blouse, and Indian concha belt, that straw hat with the turkey feather hoisted from its crown, how difficult I find it to visualize her as a feminine little girl, maid in waiting to Queen Victoria at the age of fourteen, wearing frilly organdy dresses and a big picture hat! Brett would never tell us these things herself. She said she came to America because she hated being dressed up, but from a review in the *New York Times*, we learned of her past in the court of the queen. The newspapers had obtained some letters written by her and addressed to the queen, informing her majesty of the illness of Brett's mother, Queen Victoria! But that made Brett ageless to us. What has happened before our arrival in this world seems long ago, whether it be the reign of Queen Victoria or the World War. When we saw her next, however, she was the same Brett, and appeared not a day older for all our careful observation. Soon again we were shouting into her ear trumpet, "Toby," and listening to her remarks on everything from the cows in the road to the next Indian dance. All topics are of supreme importance to us when discussed by her with her fascinating British accent.

Living away from the world, high up on the side of "Lawrence's mountain", Brett keeps open house for those who wish to come see her. The cabin she built is an odd structure, seeming to be taller than it is wide; but that is because there are two rooms on top of two rooms, and log houses are not frequently built that way. In the usual Indian style,

she has a ladder leading from the first to the second floor, and on the second, a sleeping porch looks off down the mountainside to Taos Valley eighteen miles away.

Taos holds unfathomed depths of material for those who want it. Brett found the magic of the brown adobe houses with blue window panels, of understanding mountains, tall and friendly. She felt their welcome and grew to love them. They brought out her latent artistic ability. She found in the white-sheeted Indians something she

are the lasting qualities of friendship and hospitality. Our invitation to visit her lasts from the time she puts out her sign, "TO BRETT", until the time when she takes it down. There are few more pleasant memories than those which follow the announcement of, "We'll pack the lunch and spend the day at Brett's."

We leave our ranch in time to reach her house around noon, allowing extra time for frequent stops on the steep and twisting road, to let the car cool. Upon our arrival we find Brett busy painting or reading. Always seemingly eager to see us, she gives us our choice of eating either indoors or out. After our unanimous decision for the latter, she goes out to drive the horses away so that we can eat under the pine trees by the stream.

Loyalty is a large part of Brett's nature. Sometimes, in an argumentative mood, she makes us doubt whether it is loyal to argue such points as those concerning the government of the United States and of Mexico, or the way affairs are run in England and the way they are run in America. She is hard to convince or argue with, because when she doesn't want to hear, or when she becomes wrathful, all she has to do is remove her ear trumpet and leave the speaker expostulating to the four corners of the room. She does that sometimes, she says, to keep from losing her temper. She made excellent use of this habit when there was so much controversy over Edward and Mrs. Simpson. Although a newly naturalized citizen of America, she was loyal to Edward, and would have none of the harsh criticisms some people made.

Until last fall, when my brother and I had to leave Taos to go to school, we would talk solemnly of whether or not Brett would be in Taos when we came back the next year. Now that worry is over, for last summer she took her oath to become a citizen of "These United States of America." We know now, when we see her looking at our beloved Taos mountain and hear her say, "That is my mountain, too," that she has been enchanted by the spell of our Taos, and will never, we hope, go away again.

To a Tree

*Snow maiden,
Delicately fragile,
Sparkling
In crystal loveliness;
Aloof—
Beautiful.*

*Summer lass,
Charmingly eager,
Refreshing
In newest green;
Friendly—
Beautiful.*

—Catherine Crossan, *High School '37*

wanted to put on canvas. She developed this talent so well that "to own a Brett" is to have something of distinction. Her unique style is made even more attractive by tin frames which the Indian and Mexican boys make for pictures.

Her wrath, because it is so closely connected within her with her independent spirit, is sometimes loosed on well-meaning parents. Knowing only too well what they think of her interfering with the way they bring up their children, Brett has dubbed herself the "Parent's Peril". She cannot understand why any children of today put up with things they don't like. Her favorite expression is, "Why don't you rebel? Rebel! Do as you please." She rebelled when she left home. She has done exactly as she pleased ever since.

Interwoven in her independent nature

CHIMES

N O V E M B E R , 1 9 3 7

2-1

The Chimes

WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL

Nashville, Tennessee



November, 1937

Foreword

THE CHIMES starts on its second year of experience. There is an entire new staff to take up the torch from those who so successfully gave it the first flicker of light.

The staff is going to do everything in its power to make this publication a success; however we can accomplish nothing without the cooperation and interest of the student body. We are dependent on your contributions for the contents and on your desire to read it. We want each of you to have the joy of your creative efforts blossom out in printed form; it will give you the feeling that you have really accomplished something.

THE CHIMES is going to be compared with the literary magazines of other schools, and our pride makes us want our publication to rank among the first. There is no reason why this cannot be, for many of our Ward-Belmont girls have been so capable in the literary field that they have received literary awards. Only lately, Mary Pollard, a senior last year, received honorable mention from the *Atlantic Monthly* on an essay called "Brett." Probably the title of that article sounds familiar to you, because it was printed in the April edition of THE CHIMES last year. Perhaps some of your contributions will attain the same recognition.

We hope that this issue will be worthy of the chimes from which its name is derived, the chimes which are the embodiment of the high ideals of Ward-Belmont. Do not the peals from the chimes of "The Bells of Ward-Belmont" stir the very depths of our hearts? May THE CHIMES live up to this profound feeling in the written expressions of Ward-Belmont girls, and may it be an album of pleasant and realistic reminders of your days here.

The staff needs the support of the student body in making THE CHIMES expressive of the high ideals of the school, and in making the torch lighted by our predecessors glow to its fullest extent.

The Chimes

VOL. II

NOVEMBER, 1937

NO. 1

EDITOR GRACE BENEDICT

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

ANN GANIER

ELSIE JANE KNAPP

CHARLOTTE KINNEY

BETTY REDMOND

ART EDITOR BELLE VANDERBILT

BUSINESS MANAGER NANCY CHANEY

FACULTY ADVISER LINDA RHEA

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
With the Ringing Bell	4
Forgery	5
Sustenance	5
Modern Chivalry	5
The Return	6
Time Is Ours	6
"American Dream," Book Review	7
Kostelec Nad Orlici	8
Escape	8
The Challengers	9
On Choosing a Movie Hero	9
To Be Remembered	10
Autumn	10
Parallel	11
Fashions?	11
Sketches of Memory	12
Autumn Return	12
Why Robert Taylor?	13
River	13
Stars	13
Market Day in Old Mexico	14
A Trip in Prospect	14
War	14
My Life on Wheels	15
Nature	15
Lord Randal—Modern Version	15
A Modern Prologue	16
A Song	16
Friends	16
Dream at Dawn	16

With the Ringing Bell

BLANCHE BROOKS

College '38

"She rises with the ringing bell
And combs her tresses fair,
Then throws her window open wide
To let in morning air."

Turn back your calendars to 1904, and set back your clocks to six-thirty, and you can get a glimpse of the Belle of Belmont College more than thirty years ago. The same traditional bell is summoning her to slip from her feather bed, to don her calico robe, and to brush the tangles from her hair. In those days, students had a design for living, and the routine pattern of college life, colored with the oils of midnight feasts, welcomed week-ends in the country, and occasional visits to the theater is sketched in the school annual.

Those of you who frequent the *Hyphen* office will have noticed on the bookshelf the long rows of yearbooks, dating from the early 1900's to the latest copy of the *Milestones*. According to *The Aitrop*, a suede-bound yearbook of 1904, we find the news of our Miss Belmont rising promptly to the ringing bell at six-thirty. This book, published in the days of long skirts and mutton sleeves, is a focal point from which we can look down the lengthening shadows of Ward-Belmont to the present styles in education.

The frontispiece, to give the reader a hint on what the modern young college girl wore in those days, pictures a coquettish young woman handsomely dressed in a heavy red street gown with a high buttoned bodice, and several lengths of fur dangling from her shoulders. A stitched black taffeta hat emphasized her pompadour. Opposite this is a four-stanza poem, written in flowery phrases and printed in old English type, that announces that the yearbook is

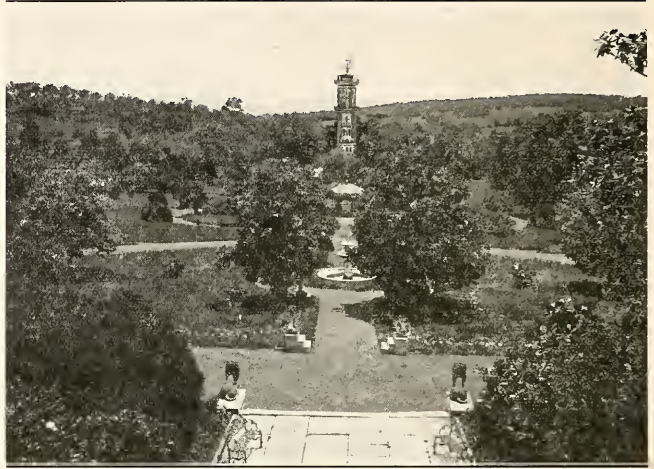
dedicated to Miss Hood and Miss Heron, "the kind principals of our school."

Turning the page of *The Aitrop*, we find an appreciation titled "Belmont," and by reading this we see the changing attitudes toward education. Very few of us feel so sharply the beauty surrounding our campus that we feel prompted to exclaim at seven o'clock, "What is more inspiring than to awaken on a bright spring morning in this earthly 'Garden of Eden' and listen through open windows to the tones of the thrush?"

Now comes the pictures of the Senior Class, a study in dimity, wide-eyed looks, and impressive pompadours; the class colors of gold and white; and the suggestive class motto of "row, not float." Each senior picture is accompanied by a complimentary verse, and one graduate of 1904 is described as a "violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye."

Contrary to the present-day arrangement of yearbooks, the advertising follows the senior pictures. After the advertisements is the literary endeavors of the class, published under such titles as "Daphne," "Lines to a Crush," and "Love Defined."

Holding a place of its own is the section outlining the athletics of the campus, and on investigation we find Miss Belmont not only mastering the art of fudge-making while at boarding school, but she also was outstanding in golf, tennis, basketball, and hockey. Her basketball costume consisted of a heavy turtle neck sweater, voluminous black bloomers, and black patent leather slippers trimmed with black bows. Utterly different, but equally as concealing, was her hockey suit, made up of a full length serge skirt, a high buttoned waist, and a black cap. Truly handicapped, the athletes of the early 1900's proved themselves varsity stars if so dressed they were able to participate in a game.



Looking South on the campus in Belmont days

There were besides the sororities, various campus clubs, one of which was the "Nifty Seven Roman Club," whose password was "Great Caesar." Another, the Spinster's Club, had as its motto, "Be good and live alone," and its flower was the marigold.

On the record we find church at 12:00 o'clock, and at 2:30 in the afternoon the girls assembled at Mrs. Burrus' table for dinner, and there the best rules of etiquette were observed despite the ravishing school girl appetites. Another sketch of *The Aitrop* shows the girls gathered around an open fire for Sunday night supper at six-thirty, and the closing chapter pictures Miss Belmont tucked beneath her downy comfort when the lights out bell rings at nine-thirty. Another day; and another chapter is closed with the ringing bell.

Forgery

NANCY STONE

High School '40

It would probably never have happened if it hadn't been for the watch.

I had been rummaging around in mother's bureau one day (having nothing better to do), when I came across it. It was old and battered, and lacked a hand; but that didn't bother me a bit. It was a watch, and that was enough.

Proudly I displayed it to Billy and Virginia Allen who were my next door neighbors; all gazed with envy and admiration at the treasure which I had pushed up to my elbow to keep it from slipping off.

However, it was uncommon among us for even an hour to elapse in a friendly manner. Soon, prompted by that low emotion, *jealousy*, a quarrel was begun by Billy; blows came eventually. In the ensuing battle, unknown to me, the remaining hand of my timepiece was lost. Outnumbered by my adversaries two to one, I retreated from the battlefield, and had to content myself with scornful and insulting remarks delivered from my back porch. I was sadly lack-

ing in vocabulary, however. Words could not express my feelings; so I soon wandered inside.

Here I noticed the damage done to my watch. Hatred burned in my heart, and still humiliated from my suffering defeat, I determined to get revenge. Long hours I plotted, and at last I hit upon a plan.

Sustenance

(With Apologies to Millay)

*Seeking love on moon-blanch'd hills;
Hearing songs of whippoorwills
Sipping life's last bitter drop
Never knowing when to stop.*

*Striving bravely for the right;
Sitting sleepless all the night;
Clinging vainly to a star;
Mind! the earth is very far.*

*Blooming peachtrees in the spring;
Then snowdrifts covering everything;
The poetry lover dreams of these
While gulping down his bread and cheese.*

—CORNELIA GAMBILL, *College '38.*

Armed with a tablet and pencil one evening, I sat in the car where I might have complete privacy. Here I composed an epistle which ran as follows:

My Dear Mrs. Allen:

Will you please keep your children at home? My children can't play on account of yours. Besides, Billy broak Nancy's watch.

Love,

MRS. STONE.

I considered the whole thing as a masterpiece, and never doubted that b-r-o-a-k spelled *broke*.

I gave the letter to Virginia to deliver to her mother, and then went home to dinner. Later that evening, when I had forgotten about the whole episode, I was sitting on the porch with my mother, when suddenly Mrs. Allen came into

view. My heart dropped down to my shoes, and then jumped back into my throat. I was too frightened to move; so I just sat there.

After exchanging greetings, Mrs. Allen came down to business. "I got your note, Mrs. Stone," she said, "and Mr. Allen thought I ought to come to see you about it."

"What note?" asked my mother, greatly mystified.

For answer, Mrs. Allen handed my mother the note. She took one look at it.

"I didn't write this," she said.

Then, with a light dawning in her eyes, she turned in my direction. Very sternly she asked, "Nancy, did you write this?"

Struck dumb, all I could do was nod.

In a few minutes my mother and Mrs. Allen had straightened out their difficulties; Mrs. Allen went home, but I was left to my difficulties. I didn't know *what* would happen.

Later mother gave me a lengthy lecture on the evils of signing other people's names to letters. *Forgery* she called it. That word had a terrible sound to me. I promised never to do it again; and I have not.

Modern Chivalry

Just where's the Knight in Armor

Who'd come "if I'd just wait?"

I'd like a night of armor

But the Knight in Armor's late!

*Just where's the young Prince Charm-
ing*

Who would ride abroad well versed?

There was a charming prince abroad,

But Wally saw him first!

Just where's the dashing Romeo

For my balcony scene?

Are ALL the Romeos on earth

Confined to stage and screen?

—SUE CRAIG, *High School '38.*

The Return

ELIZABETH CRAWFORD

High School '38

A little clapboard farmhouse, almost hidden from the country road behind a screen of old elms and lilac bushes, dozed blissfully in the noon sunshine. To the east and west, to the north and south, the fields of corn and green meadows stretched out serenely in the golden sunshine. The countryside seemed beautiful and calm. A few chickens wandering about, pecking here and there, and clucking softly to themselves, were the only inhabitants of the front yard.

Within the little farmhouse an atmosphere of retirement prevailed, except for the kitchen which was the setting for all the action which took place within those walls. Here an older woman and two girls worked amid a mass of jars, pots, and pans, sealing and pouring, and stirring, canning bushels of home-grown peaches. The work was hard, and the day warm. The older woman straightened from the boiling pot and put her hand to her back. Her face was white and tired.

The buzzer in the servant's hall rang twice, and Theresa, the lady's maid, threw down the movie magazine, arose from her chair and taking a swift look in the mirror to adjust the crisp, laced cap and apron, pushed out through the swinging doors and tapped lightly on the door at the end of the long hall.

The rich, musical voice of Carol La Varr, the celebrated actress, took on a new tone, an inward enthusiasm, as it informed the girl that Miss La Varr was leaving immediately on a trip. The maid must pack her mistress' things for the country. "Miss La Varr, will it be Long Island or Newport?" "Neither," was the reply, and the full beautiful mouth curved into a strange little smile.

"I'm going to Nicholson, Michigan." "Y-Yes, Miss La Varr," gasped the girl.

For an hour and a half the ivory telephone in the La Varr bedroom rang incessantly. The lady's maid brought

At length Miss La Varr herself emerged from the elevator, behind a full veil and six Russian sables arranged becomingly around her lovely shoulders. She stepped into her waiting car, and was borne silently away, leaving Watkins and the maid to discuss in bewilderment the strange and solitary flight of their illustrious mistress.

The big car purred softly as it made its way down the uneven country road, where it presented an incongruous spectacle against the rural setting of the surrounding countryside. At last Miss La Varr spoke to the chauffeur. "This is it, Howard—here on the left." Howard concealed his amazement upon beholding the exterior of the house with the chickens in the front yard; he swept the car smartly before the sagging porch and shabby door.

The instant the car stopped, four or five faces appeared at the kitchen window. There were expressions of blank wonder at this paragon which had suddenly appeared from nowhere. They watched with fascinated eyes as the man in uniform opened the car door with a flourish, and touched his cap to the unbelievable creature who descended. They watched him return to the front seat of the car again. Then their eyes were all for the lady who stood in their own back yard, and who looked so exactly like the pictures of the famous actress, Carol La Varr. As the vision turned her face towards the house, the expression on one of the faces altered completely, though none of the others saw it. It was the face of the older woman that went deadly white, and there was a cold, hard look in her eyes; a look that was cold with reproach and resentment. The older woman was the head of the household, and its absolute ruler. The

Time Is Ours

There have been a thousand ages for which Time has spent its endless hours:

Ever giving bittersweets, ever seeking Fortunes that are ours—

Fortunes that by Time's courageous hand has held. . . .

Held for mortals, who only wish that they be wold

Into a bright and mystic ball Of gold and silver, whereupon some opalescent dust may fall.

Perhaps beside that costly bubble there might rise

A crystal gazer, from the past, who may comprise

Some felicitous thought from deep-blue Hindu skies.

Mortals—ever restless for some future glimpse of life—

Strive to learn, but only live in strife When such knowledge brings them bits of sorrow.

Life for today—tonight—not tomorrow, For there will be a thousand ages for which Time will spend its endless hours

Ever seeking, ever giving. . . .

Time that is ours.

—CLARENE SMITH, College '39.

forth piece after piece of beautifully matched luggage, and expertly packed. Watkins, the crisp English butler, called two dozen numbers, and cancelled Miss La Varr's appointments for the week. In the garage the chauffeur polished the black car.

group of gangling, half-grown boys and girls was her grandchildren, of whom she had taken charge since the recent death of their father and mother, who had been drowned together in a lake accident. This woman was large in build, but her big frame was not filled out. She was as straight as an arrow in her carriage, and her face with its high cheek bones and aqueline nose was strong rather than handsome. Her eyes were bright and piercing beneath the wide brows. Her face bore traces of care and hard work, and a mingling of emotions, the strongest of which was self-denial. Resentment shone like fire in her eyes, and the lips of her strong mouth were firmly compressed as she opened the front door.

For a moment the mother and daughter stared at each other. As they stood there, the two women read each other's faces clearly, and the elder did not like what she read. In the brief moment which elapsed, the younger woman saw the entire picture of her life with the perspective of another person. She saw a gangling girl in a gingham dress lying on her stomach in a field of sweet clover, dreaming dreams—glamorous, fairy-tale dreams of New York skyscrapers, and women dressed always in satin gowns and jewels; of gay cafes where the satin, jeweled women dined and danced to exquisite music; a dream that a throng of people applauded wildly, as she stood, unbelievably beautiful and charming, behind the footlights, bowing and smiling again and again to her enraptured audience. Then she saw the girl, completely carried away by this dream; leaving her farm home and starting out for New York, determined with all the determination of youth, to fulfill her ambitions. She saw her obsessed by a mad craving for success at any price; then gaining it, buying it with her soul. She saw her grow hard and cold. Then the girl's mother came to her dressing room; came to visit her daughter; to be proud of her success. It was this woman who stood before her now, and she was tired and plain and dowdily dressed as she was

now. The girl had refused to recognize her mother; the great actress was ashamed of the country manners, poor clothes, and lack of polish of her poor relative. The girl had cut her mother as an impostor who had forced her way into the more private realm of her dressing room, and turned her charm on the pompous, important director who stood near her.

Here on the old porch the eyes of the

younger woman dropped suddenly from the face of the other; she made a little stricken gesture but never completed it. She turned from the door. The older woman, with frozen face and unyielding eyes, closed it firmly. The face of Carol La Varr was no longer a beautiful, lifeless mask. As she descended the creaking stairs, it was the face of a middle-aged woman, disillusioned and hopeless. Her shoulders drooped perceptibly beneath the sables.

American Dream

By Michael Foster

William Morrow and Co., New York, 1937

REVIEWED BY MARY AUBYN TOWNSEND

College '38

Mr. Foster's novel, *American Dream*, is a dramatic and powerful chronicle of three generations of Thralls. The title is significant of the dream that the Thralls have pursued towards a better life somewhere. Even after reading the book, some will question, "What is this American dream?" Perhaps it is the thing that caused Jean Francis Thrall to open up new islands in the south, or that made John Thrall a pioneer editor who fought for the things in which he believed, or that gave his grandson, Shelby Thrall, something to live for. Actually it is an indefinable, intangible thing that permeated the lives of the Thralls.

At the beginning of the story Shelby Thrall has decided to give up his job as a newspaper reporter because he is tired of the sham and useless babble of the newspaper world. One day as he is clearing out the attic of his house in preparation for leaving San Francisco, he comes across some old letters and

papers which depict very vividly and accurately his ancestors. From then on the reader receives glimpses of these past generations. Mr. Foster presents these episodes in a dynamic and purposeful manner which announces to the literary world that he is a writer of no small ability.

The women in the book are probably the oddest assortment ever found in any novel. All of the Thralls make odd marriages, even Shelby, although his wife is quite normal and not given to moods, and this is more than can be said for most of the others.

Not only has Mr. Foster created a story which has color and interest in its incidents, but one which has meaning and thought that go below the surface of mere words—a thought which might be expressed in the following excerpt from the book: "A peculiar dream, that the angels might laugh at, but that men and women were dying for, out in the West . . ."

Kostelec Nad Orlici

MARION DREDLA

College '39

In the Adler Mountains on the Orlici River is the town of Kostelec. Its population totals five thousand, and it covers an area of two square miles. The country in which this village is found is known for its diversity of landscape. No better example can be found anywhere to illustrate this fact than the land around this village. One sees fertile lowlands, mapped out in checks of grain, and other field products; or in patches of blossoming orchards, flowering gardens, or pleasant woodland, merge gradually in gently rising foothills, which in turn give way to lofty mountains, scarcely inferior to the Alps in wild, romantic beauty. The picturesque farmhouses tucked away in the valley stand out from the colorful patch quilt fields, of greens, of yellows, and of browns. The whitewashed exterior of these houses depict the cleanliness of these people, the Czecho-Slovaks. If one would look closer, he could see the blooming forget-me-nots and geraniums that were growing in the flower boxes on the window sills.

The villages of Czechoslovakia are either built around a square or around a church. Kostelec is of the former with a statue of a saint in the center. The stores and buildings surrounding the square are but two floors high. The first story is used for the shop, and the proprietor dwells on the floor above. Dry goods, hardware, and candy or bonbon stores make up the variety around the square, with a bank and a church at opposite corners. At sunrise the peasants bring to the square their wares: vegetables, dairy products, and livestock to sell at the "trh," meaning an out-door market. The villagers buy and sell; the square is cleared, swept, and cleaned by nine o'clock, in order that the day may continue without a disturbance. This

same spot is used in time of festivals, usually religious celebrations which occur on Saints' days. The "Pout" is the most common of these. In the evenings during the summer the square is given over to the young folk who in a con-

of the peasants are dairy and garden although for extensive selling to large markets, hops, one of the country's leading exports, and sugar are grown. Czechoslovakia raises eighteen per cent of the total world's production of beet sugar.

Escape

It was a sweltering hot day in July. Janice was shopping at that time of day when sticky mill workers were hurriedly going to lunch. The sun beat down on the white cement sidewalks, and it reflected back onto her body.

She thought of nothing but to get away from the melting, withering heat. She walked among the mill hands—their sticky arms brushing against hers. She walked faster and fairly ran to hail a taxi. When she climbed in—the thick mohair clung to her, making her hotter. All day she had been thinking of her swimming pool. The blue-green water would cool her burning body.

She rushed into the bathhouse and put on her bathing suit, still thinking only of the water of the pool. She rushed to the springboard—oh, how cool she would be in just a minute—and dived. On her way down she heard a sound but paid no attention. She only wanted to be cool—cool.

It was the servant calling, but too late—"Miss Janice, we drained the pool this morning."

—MARTHA ROTH, *High School '38.*

tinuous stream walk hand in hand visiting and enjoying each other's company.

The main manufacturing industries in Kostelec are the lumber mill and the shoe factory, both of which give employment to the people. The chief products

Elevated on a hill overlooking Kostelec is the manor house which is still owned by Count Kinsky who in the days before the World War owned most of the land on which Kostelec is now situated. Although he has no power now, he is highly respected and very well liked.

The public school system in Kostelec is the most successful in that section of the country. Aside from the Realka, it has wards almost equal to those in towns in America to accommodate all desiring to obtain an education which to them is a great opportunity and a privilege. The student in Kostelec attends school for ten months. He is far more advanced than the average boy of his own age in America.

No story of Kostelec or Czechoslovakia would be quite complete if the mention of the geese and poppies were omitted. Each village has a community pond for the geese and they are driven there at sunup and fetched home at sundown. There has been many an argument over the possession of a stray goose between the most honorable of housewives. Many owners have markings on their flock such as a ring or band so as to be able to distinguish them. It has been remarked by many people that the geese are to Czechoslovakia what the potatoes are to Ireland.

The poppy fields at sunrise! What a beautiful sight, but if an artist would paint such a picture he would leave out half of its beauty by not being able to put in the fragrance of the dew on the

fresh cut hay mingled with the colorful and lovely red and blue poppies. The wild flowers in the forests are often picked for the center of some peasant's table, but the bouquet is not complete without a poppy or two.

Czechoslovakia is a land of great historical associations. Wherever one goes in this country, from the Bohemian forests to the Carpathian Mountains, he finds some relics of the great past, during the time of the old Austro-Hungarian empire of which Czechoslovakia was a part. Various castles, churches, towns, buildings, and ruins can be found all over this land of natural beauty. Many of these ruins are found near Kostelec especially on and near the mountains where castles could be better defended. Kostelec also has a museum where all collections of any historical value are kept. The people interested in museums and historical articles prize the American Indian arrowhead and are very grateful for any kind that they can obtain.

With the recollection of old ruins, the scent of the red and blue poppies and a picture of the geese floating peacefully on the pond, we bring to a close our thoughts of Kostelec Nad Orlici, Czechoslovakia,

a town that has a future of opportunity and a past of wonderful memories; a country that was created by

the World War, embracing the ancient Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, and Slovakia.

On Choosing a Movie Hero

MARY ANN PROTHRO

College '39

Although there are many decisions and choices a girl has to make in this tricky world, one of the most important, one which has a great effect on her future life, is choosing her favorite movie star.

A movie hero should be chosen with the same care as a husband. Everyone knows the terrible results of marrying a man who doesn't suit your personality; and although the wrong choice of a movie star is not so obvious, it nevertheless has its sad results.

So, as no other genius has yet written on this most important and difficult problem, I submit as my contribution to mankind, this masterpiece of helpful comments on "how to choose a favorite actor." After careful observation and many years of research, I have set ten requirements of a favorite actor.

First, he must be handsome. This is very important, for if you like an actor who has a big nose and a cauliflower ear, people will say, "She isn't very particular. Anything suits her."

Second, he mustn't be the most popular star in America. This shows your individuality. Friends might say you are out of style, but such is the price of originality. This doesn't mean you should wait until the actor is unpopular, but at least he shouldn't be first in favor.

Third, he must be a good actor. If you don't know a good actor from a bad or mediocre one, read critics' opinions, and then make your decision. Nothing can be more embarrassing than having a favorite actor who is a magnet for rotten eggs.

Fourth, he must have been married only once. This proves that you stand

for high morals. If you adore a star who has been married six or seven times, it gives a terrible impression.

Fifth, he must have been acting in Hollywood as a leading man for twelve years. If a man meets this requirement, you can be sure he is a good actor, or he wouldn't have lasted that long.

Sixth, he must be forty-five. If "life begins at forty," then he has had time to get in five years of experience.

Seventh, he must be English, born of Scottish parents (This fact we must accept, as proof is impossible).

Eighth, he must have black hair, brown eyes, and be five feet, eleven inches tall. This type of man is handsomer, as every artist like myself will affirm, and a girl should choose only the handsomest.

Ninth, he must have acted as a main character in a screen version of at least one of Dickens' immortal novels. No actor is a finished product if he hasn't experienced such a part. (The character of Sidney Carton in *A Tale of Two Cities* is preferred.)

Tenth, and most important, his name must be Ronald Colman. As Mr. Colman is the only one who meets all of these requirements, the fact doesn't have to be proved.

Using this as a guide, a girl can be saved the disillusionment of making a terrible mistake in her choice, which probably would ruin her entire life. However, if she gives no heed to this excellent advice, I wash my hands of her and she can take the consequences. Heaven help her!

The Challengers

*Flamboyant banners in the breeze
Are the colorful leaves of autumn trees
Challenging winter's ice and snow
With flaming fire and golden glow.*

*Defiant and bold the iron weed's head;
It bows to no one; won't be led;
Cries, "On to battle! Brave the spell
That winter weaves in a frozen hell."*

*And yet, though flaunting flags may fly,
Though gallantly sounded the battle
cry,
Winter will conquer. There will be
found
Flags furled and sear on cold bare
ground.*

—MARY JEANNETTE BENNETT,
College '39.

To Be Remembered

JUDITH DAVIS

College '39

Isn't it funny how memories will come stealing back—to bring with them lost sobbs or a tear; back to the hearts that had almost forgotten and the heartaches that were almost dead? And such little things, too, will awaken them—a falling leaf, or the sound of laughter caught on the edge of a warm spring breeze, and suddenly there they are, all those dreams of used-to-be, laid in the hollow of one's hand to be remembered. That was the way it was. If only that September—.

Kitsy had been a little girl then, whose real name was Katherine Elizabeth and whose long yellow curls always fell in her soup when she reached too quickly for a cake in the center of the table. And Kitsy had always hated little boys as much as she had snakes—especially the long black ones with yellow stomachs—and she had always been called *Kitty* until that day one summer when the new boy moved across the road. Kitsy had never known anyone quite like that boy. He didn't pull little girls' curls, and he didn't tease them. He never picked a fight, and yet she had seen him "beat up" the toughest boy in the neighborhood because of the hated term *sissy*. She had met him one day in a field picking daisies; he had told her his name was Keith, and immediately decided to call her "Kitsy" (a combination of Kitty and daisy—so he said). But what puzzled Kitsy most was that he was so very much older than she was (she being seven and he eleven) and yet he never, never told her to stop tagging after him. Yes, this had flattered her, but it wasn't until she had listened spell-bound while he played the *Blue Danube* on his violin that she gave him her heart. A very large heart for a seven-year-old it was. Full of the bluebird's songs—the wild larkspurs sparkling with dew, and the two shiny stars that looked in through her window at night.

So summer passed, and September came; and with September that day that Kitsy had put down in her memory as the most gorgeous one in her life.

It had been raining, a drizzly, miserable sort of rain that grownups hated because they couldn't do their shopping, but the kind that Kitsy loved because,

as she expressed it, "it made the weeds and bushes smell so *freshery*." Keith had come over in his raincoat that had been cut down from his father's to ask Kitsy to go with him through the fields up to Ike's to get some eggs. Ike was the hired man that did joint-work for Keith's and Kitsy's mothers. One of his eyes had been knocked out while he worked for the factory. Kitsy loved the way he had of sort of cooing to the

"Kitsy—"

"What?" said Kitsy absently, shoving a drop of water off of a big thistlebud. "You know school starts pretty soon."

"I'm glad—" she replied, thinking how old she would feel in the third grade.

"So'm I—and—and you'll be eight pretty soon, won't you, Kitsy?" Kitsy looked at him and then clapped her hands.

"Ooh! Keith! I had almost forgotten all about it—my birthday—and hardly three weeks off."

They walked on again, and Kitsy wondered why Keith had thought about her birthday. Perhaps he was going to give her a present; but he really shouldn't because Keith didn't get *any* allowance, and his mother worked very hard. She edged closer to the big shoes in order to get a glimpse at the face under the too large hat; but the face gave away no secrets as to Keith's thoughts. It was only slightly red around the ears with a few scattered freckles.

They reached the cross-stile before the big shoes stopped again.

"Let's rest, Kitsy—that is, if you don't mind the rain," he added politely.

"I love rain—"

"So do I," admitted Keith, and then continued somewhat embarrassed; "Kitsy I—aw, heck, I've never liked any girls before—but—well—Kitsy, would you be my sweetheart and wear my class ring?" A large drop of perspiration rolled down his cheek along with the rain. Kitsy had been busy pulling the slick-stemmed weeds, and her head jerked up so quick that the round red hat fell off in the mud.

"Me?" she whispered, shoving the wet curls from her face.

The idea that she might ever be someone's sweetheart had not occurred to her, and the fact that Keith, who was going on twelve years of age should like her was even more astonishing. No words came out of her opened mouth, only a swallow and a nod, but Keith looked at Kitsy's eyes and they had answered from Kitsy's heart.

On the way back they held hands like they'd often done before; but this time

Autumn

Autumn is a lovely time of year. The foliage is beautifully colored and offers a pleasing, ever-changing view for those who take the time to enjoy it. I like to think as I look at a glowing hillside, that a frolicsome painter has been playing among the trees. Here he has splashed the leaves with a bit of red, giving them a deep brown background to accentuate their brilliance. Again he has tinged the foliage with flaming orange, and here is delicate yellow by contrast. Or there he has set the yellow and the red vying with each other in their brilliance. However, they do not surpass in loveliness that rich shade of maroon he has spilled over some near-by trees. As a tribute to the old, our gay artist has left the green to glow bravely through his work. It seems to me that the trees are having a gala time at their farewell party, for they know that soon they must say good-bye to their lovely dresses and settle down for a bleak, cold winter's nap.

—ELIZABETH REDFORD, College '39.

baby chicks. So she put on her red raincoat—the joy of her heart—and her galoshes, and started out through the fields behind Keith. Keith's shoes were so big, and it was fascinating to watch the way the mud would ooze up on them—almost to the top, and then drip back. Then the big shoes stopped and turned around.

it was different and it wasn't long before high up in the big oak behind Keith's house there was carved a small heart with the initials "K" plus "K."

That was the day—a page from the past and belonging to the Keith and Kitsy of yesterday. For there wasn't any wet field, or any big oak, and there wasn't any Kitsy or Keith only a rainy September day, and a slushy lane along which a young girl walked whose stockings were spattered with mud, and whose name was Miss Katherine Elizabeth Williams.

Thank heavens the car station wasn't much farther. Even a rattly old street-car was better than all this sloppy mud. So ran the young girl's thoughts. At this moment she was greatly irritated with everything and everybody, and especially with herself. Being a nurse for two little children was all right. She loved children, and she loved to be out in the country. All in all she enjoyed her job. But when anyone, much less a twenty-two-year-old girl, let a bunch of silk-gold curls and a little boy's wistful brown eyes bring back a memory she had long ago hidden away never again to be remembered—a memory that reminded her of a moss-covered oak tree with the letters "K" plus "K" beneath the moss—well, it was simply a silly case of sentimentality, and she was provoked with herself for being such a fool. Funny though how she had loved that rainy September day, and how she hated this.

The car station came into view, a somewhat shabby structure in which one passenger paced absently back and forth on the platform. The girl sighed with relief. Anybody, even a stranger, was better than being alone. She sat down on a bench across from where the man stood, now smoking. She sighed again. The man turned, looking at her vaguely. Suddenly he smiled. Poor kid! She really seemed pathetic huddled up on that seat. Surely she wouldn't mind if he spoke to her.

"Please excuse me, but you look so miserable that I thought perhaps—"

She looked up, and something in her

eyes stopped him, made him remember—what was it? A rainy September day and a little wet hand that slipped into his.

"I—I'm not really unhappy," she replied with a half-smile. "It's just this awful day."

"Oh, I see, you're not very fond of rainy days then, are you?"

"Heavens no! Who is?" she answered.

"Funny, but I am," he said, leaning carelessly against one of the rather skeptical posts which supported the roof. "I love rainy days."

Parallel

*Can life be like the muddy water
Rushing on to the sea?*

*Restless long, aggressive, struggling
For things that can not be.*

*A rock or tree may change its course,
May lessen its desire*

*For the roaring, tumbling, white-capped
waves*

That once set its heart on fire.

—CORNELIA GAMBILL, *College '39.*

"I used to," the girl replied dreamily "I thought they made everything smell so—so *freshery*."

The cigarette fell from the man's fingers. He turned and looked closely at the girl.

"Yes," he said without thinking, "You did like them—and you liked to walk through wet fields, and to wear a red raincoat with a funny hat—didn't you, Kitsy?"

The girl's eyes opened and looked wide into the man's—into his memory of yesterday.

"Keith!"

He laughed.

"You gave yourself away, Kitsy, when you said *freshery*."

Kitsy smiled. The tiredness melted around her eyes, and the corners of her mouth turned up.

"Keith, somehow—somehow I can't quite believe it's really you. You've

changed, all but your eyes—I should have known them." Then her face twinkled.

"Shall we go over to 'Ike's' to get the eggs?"

They both laughed.

"Golly," he said boyishly, "I've got so much to tell you and so little time. That darn street car's due in about ten minutes. What are you doing way out here?"

"Well, I've got a job as governess with the Monroe family about a mile up the road. That's one reason. This happens to be my one and only day off. But you—you don't live here, do you?"

"How I wish I did. No, I hail from the big city of New York. I'm just down visiting some friends of mine. They live about six miles up the track—place called Hilltop. Gosh, Kitsy," he said impulsively, "I really have missed you. I never will forget that day I asked you to wear my ring. Gee, I was scared."

"I know," said Kitsy slowly, "I—I never *have* forgotten! Well, I—I guess this means goodbye for us again. Here comes your car!"

Keith caught her hands gently.

"No, Kitsy, please, not goodbye. We do so want you to visit us. We'll be here for two weeks at the Vaughn's in Hilltop. Please come to see us or call us. Ever since *my wife* saw that picture I took of you in our oak tree she has wanted to meet you." Quickly he wrote something on a white slip of paper. "That's our New York address. Not goodbye—but 'toodle-loo' as we used to say," and he got on the car, and was gone.

"No, no, Keith—. No, my dear," she whispered to herself. "There will be no 'tomorrow' for us. Your wife must never meet *me*. A woman sees too easily into another woman's heart." Without thinking she had stepped off the platform and stood quietly looking down the tracks at the disappearing car. She had forgotten that the rain was ruining her hair, and the tears were rolling unheeded down her face smearing the powder and the carefully-put-on rouge.

"I—I wish," she said over and over again, "that this day had never happened—then it would never have to be remembered."

And Keith, as he sat down on the car seat, wondered what had caused the heartbreak in Kitsy's brown eyes—eyes that he had always remembered for their bit of a twinkle in them.

Fashions?

NANCY DOHERTY

High School '38

I'm up. I'm down. Well, who knows from one day to another which it will be?

In 1929, just before the depression, I was up with the styles. Then hard times came and down I went with a crash. In these years, people were unhappy and underfed; so I could not be seen with grace. After spending endless days walking the streets with no rising in sight, I felt very much discouraged.

Better times appeared in far-off lengths. The days grew shorter, and I began to pick up a little height myself. Along the latter part of 1933, I regained my normal distance from dragging level where I was getting all the

bumps. My sweet little "dimpled knees" began to show again with dignity and charm.

Our neighbors across the ocean were very particular about us. They didn't want us undignified. So when our styles came out in 1933 and 1934, we were "lowered much too long." There was a stiff fight between Americans and their ancestors in other countries as that weighty matter of length must be settled. Finally the Americans came through and modernized the foreign countries; our fate was decided. Ever since the Paris opening fashions of 1935, we have been gradually working higher and higher.

Now I'm at the highest level point of interest, and that is as far as I can go; so now I must start downward again. Oh! my goodness; what is this younger generation coming to? We skirts—"Knee height!"

Autumn Return

JUNE HALDT

High School '38

It was fall. The birds were singing their last farewells to my wooded land. Soon they would start on their journey southward. The leaves had been slowly turning for the last few days, and now, as I looked toward the crisp blue sky, masses of red and gold fluttered to my feet. Above the crack of the dried leaves and twigs came the cheerful sound of home-going birds, mingled with the far-off barking of dogs and the murmur of my brook close-by.

"My brook," as I was wont to call it, had been a favorite haunt of my childhood days. For hours I used to gather moss to plant by the stream's edge, making little dams and tufted homes for my precious water fairies, not to leave out the numerous plants and flowers I had taken pains to cultivate for my little friends.

But, now as I looked upon my once-cared-for haunt, it seemed deserted and forlorn. To be sure, the vines, plants and moss were still there—but overgrown, and running wild. It was beautiful—just like the beauty of a deserted forest. Yet I had secretly hoped to find "my brook" in a well-cared-for condition.

Upon hearing the fluttering wings and the delightful sound of a near-by covey of quail, I was drawn away from the neglected past. My curiosity rose above restraining point. So I slowly wandered away from one old haunt to another, down a "log-way" with freshly turned moist earth. Over on the other hill a hunter in his red-checked shirt was hurrying after his prize bird dogs. Then a crack of the rifle resounded through the woods, as a fluttering bird fell to the awaiting dogs.

I looked across to my right; in utter astonishment I gasped—there the sun was a ball of red fire seen through a curtain of trees. Such an autumn sunset I had not witnessed for years!

With a half-resigned heart I trudged both wearily and gaily home wondering how in future years "my wooded lands" would appear.

Sketches of Memory

JUDITH DAVIS

College '39

CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

All alone
there in the corner
with his chirring,
whirring,
song.
Carefully
I tried to see
him, but with my footstep
he was gone.

REVERIE

I romped
with the shrieking North Wind;
I loved
with a new green spring;
I laughed
with the warm May Breeze
in my face,
and I thrilled
at a butterfly's wing.
But I know now,
the best of all
is a woodfire's smell
in the fall.

CONTRAST

The smile
of a red-gold day
was on the dahlia's
face,
but the bloom
of the rose
was far away,
dreaming of
organdie and lace.

UNDAUNTED

The Mona Lisa
still is smiling,
watching me
across the room,
never wishing
for the sunlight,
never hating
the gloom.
But me—
I frown
when days are cloudy,
I cry
when I am blue,
I'm sad
whenever lonely;
yet no matter
what I do
still, the Mona Lisa smiles.

Why Robert Taylor?

MARGARET NOLAND

High School '38

"Well, you can say what you like," said Gloria Glamour, "but the masculine sex just ain't what it used to be!"

"How do you figure?" asked Juliet Capulet, as she perched precariously on a bed-post and nibbled a cheese cracker.

"I can give you one good reason," candidly put in Sallie Wimpson, who was combing her long black tresses at the dressing table. Shouts of "Hear! Hear!" thundered down on her until Juliet casually reminded them that after all it was after one, and the family was asleep, and they should know how much families expected these days.

"Why not put it in the form of a Round Robin, and let every little chicken have her say?" sallied Dot Parkes.

"Good idea," said Juliet, "and since it's your brain child, send it on its way."

"To begin with," said Dot, pausing to lick the jam off her fingers, "most boys leave the evening's entertainment entirely up to the girl. They invariably start off a date by saying, 'What do you want to do tonight?'—and what *is* a poor gal to do? I mean, nearly every girl feels like a gold-digger if she suggests something that costs money; or is afraid he'll think she finds his company boring if she suggests the movie. Besides, it's a weight on your thinking apparatus always to have to 'say where'."

"Not only that," broke in Scarlett O'Hannigan, "but most men aren't as interesting as they could be. They expect us to put forth all of the effort to

draw *them* out and sort of coax them to talk. Heck, I haven't the time. The minute Rett ceases to amuse me—or at least try—into the old flame fire he goes!"

"If it's my turn now, Teacher," said Sallie Wimpson, "I'd like to protest about the way most boys wear clothes. Of course, I don't expect Dave always to go around lookin' like Mr. Esquire, but I would appreciate it at the spring formal when I'm shining in white chiffon and orchids. What I am trying to say is, I wish a boy would develop clothes sense and realize that though his best girl likes to see him looking cute and informal at tennis, school, or wiener roasts, she does wish he wouldn't wear the wrinkled trousers and coat that don't blend, the night he takes her to hear Little Jack Little. In my estimation, boys should work to achieve neatness, good taste, and that sort of 'clean, young American' look you notice about Tyrone Power or Robert Taylor."

"What makes me tired is this everlasting talk by boys about the war paint and lines that we innocent femmes affect to 'get our man'," pouted Gloria, as she languidly reached for another chocolate from the box where she lay settled in cushions. "I don't think anything I do can compare with the way the boys I know, slick down their hair with foul smelling oils. I certainly don't think the effect is improved. I like just plain hair with maybe a little water to keep it smooth. As for lines, the boys have the ball half the field away from our pitiful little chatter. What's worse, they haven't achieved the artistry that we wily women just naturally know, but instead, all the time he's telling you what lovely eyes you have; you know he told Sarah last night, and Kit the night before.

As she applied scarlet nail polish to her little toe nail, Cleo Pattra looked

up to complain. "Well, I'm getting darn tired of Antony's acting as if he owned me. What if I am going with him steady? That certainly doesn't mean going out with no other boys, or staying away from dances because he isn't taking me. He needn't act so jealous when I'm getting a rush, either. The poor thing ought to be as glad as I am that he's going with a fairly popular girl. After all, I'm just eighteen, and still have both feet out of the grave. I certainly don't want to get typed as a one-man girl—even if he is adorable as Antony. Egyptian candlesticks! Life's too short!"

"Well," laughed Juliet, "to hear you all talk, the perfect boy has to have at least a few suggestions for the evening; be interesting, and attentive; look as if he stepped out of Esquire on a date; and not get jealous if you have dates with other boys. Then, you left out good manners which I think is most essential, and knowing his way round. He must have a good line, and hold it down, and, if necessary, slick his hair down with water. Of course, you're taking it for granted that he's a good dancer, tennis player, and general sport enthusiast."

"Phooey," said Gloria Glamour, "only Hollywood holds a man like that."

"Or Barbara Stanwyck," sighed Scarlett, thinking of Robert Taylor.

"Oh, yeah?" brightly retorted Juliet, "I'll have to send Romeo around to your balcony sometime."

River

*A virgin river flowing on
Into the setting sun has gone.
In peaceful tranquility, and mur-
muring bliss,
Flows on and on—the sea to kiss.*

—ROSEMARY FOX, *College '39*.

Stars

*Tiny diamonds
Dropped carelessly
On a rug of soft endlessness.
Winking—watching
Over us all
Through the night.*

—VIVIAN HOPTON, *College '39*.

Market Day in Old Mexico

DOTTIE LEHRER

High School '38

Market day in picturesque old Mexico "stings the memory." One day out of every week the peons, or Indians, bring their handcraft, and any other surplus articles that they may have to town to exchange for manufactured articles. Large circus tents are spread over the narrow streets, and each Indian is given a booth, or table, for his wares.

Tourists throng to these places to buy handmade linens which are so reasonable there. The whole day is just one push and shove after the other; one is rubbing elbows with every class of people. The filthy, muddy streets below cannot be seen for all the little ragged cracks of the crowd. A few stray dogs might be found rubbing up against one's legs, or wiggling between them. The little old, drawn-faced women, with their gay colored woven baskets follow you around jabbering at topmost speed in the hopes of making a sale.

As the crowd rotates, you are likely to find yourself in the food market almost stifled by the repulsive odors of fish. Fish, from tiny red ones up to large shining, white ones, are laid out on tables for anyone who might wish to

examine or purchase them. Dried herbs and dried flowers, which are used to flavor soup, give forth a pungent odor. A novel thing here is the row of tables covered with chicken heads, including feathers, eyes, and all. By this time we are all over-laden with packages, none of which contain fish, but we still push on with the crowd.

The scent of the gardenias leads us to the flower market. Flowers—flowers—, and more flowers! Wreaths of waxy white gardenias and deep purple violets hang above our heads. I bought four dozen pink, spicy carnations for only ten cents. Orchids are sold for only fifty cents each. With carnations in one arm, and asters and violets in the other, I walk away drunk with the beauty of it all.

The only thing to do now is to hunt out the car and pile in. Passing up crowded streets, we see many exhibits of brightly designed pottery; on these streets there was no room for us, but we trudge on. Finally, packed in the car with baskets, flowers, and sarapes sticking out on all sides, we make our way back through the filthy streets—so strange a combination of beauty and squalor.

get a compartment, arise with the sun, because there is no advantage in staying in bed when you can't sleep.

Of course everything goes wrong when you want to look your best; and certainly you do want to look your best, even your super best, when you see your family and the "lull in your life" for the first time in three months.

First the ever popular runner appears in your stocking; and since you thought that one pair would last until you could get home, you have to borrow from some kind and understanding soul. Second, your hair looks worse than it has in months; and worst of all you have acquired new blossoms of every kind and description on your face.

Then all of a sudden—"We're here," echoes through the car; and all of your worries and troubles are quickly forgotten in the joy of getting home.

War

Across roads mile after mile
Across hills over and on,
Plodding, tramping, marching,
Marching to war's old song—
Blind shoes,

Blind feet,

Blind hearts.

"And who are we fighting?"

The young man asked,

"Which of us die today?"

The men who helped us plow our fields,
Or our fathers, withered and grey?"

Across the roads behind him

Lie the men he shot—all still.

Across the roads before him

Wait the brothers he soon will kill.

There in the villages, ruin after ruin
Across the streets, one on one,
Waiting, suffering, dying,
Weeping to war's old song—
Blind eyes,

Blind tears,

Blind souls.

"But why are we fighting?"

A little child asked,

"Mama, why must we die?"

"We are fighting to win" . . . What was
there to win?

What indeed, but a deadman's "Why?"

Across the streets behind them

Lie the mothers of yesterday.

Across the streets before them

The mothers of to-morrow lay.

Across and over and on and on—
What end to this useless, fruitless song?

—JUDITH DAVIS, *College '39*.

A Trip in Prospect

JUDY SCOTT

High School '38

"All Aboard!"

"O, girls; here we go."

"Home at last."

"Is all the baggage on?"

"Wonder if Dick will meet me?"

"Gee! I hope we won't be late!"

These are just a few of the remarks made by the W.-B. belles as the train pulls out of the Nashville station when the girls are starting for home and the Christmas vacation.

After every girl has had dinner, she decides that since she wants to look extremely beautiful the next day, she had better go to bed early, and get a good night's sleep. The difficult part of this is that every girl has the same

idea at the same time, and as a result the dressing room slightly resembles a sardine can. Here is a little of the chatter that one hears above the general confusion of sounds.

"Has anyone seen my bobbie pins?"

"Grief! I forgot my cleansing cream, and I'll look like a hag tomorrow."

"Well, if my family want to see me, they will have to see me without my usual rosy hue, because I left my rouge at school."

And all of this talk goes on far into the night.

Sometime early in the morning, long before even a chicken would think of opening an eye, the noise begins again, and we poor souls who weren't able to

My Life On Wheels

JEAN EWING
College '38

As most babies, I began my life on wheels in a baby buggy. However, it wasn't just an ordinary baby buggy; this one had side windows, which for nineteen-eighteen was really something in the line of baby buggies. And it was through these windows that I waved to my public on cold or bad days. Of course every fat and friendly baby with an exceptionally pretty mother like mine has a public, whether it's the two old maids that live down the street and always fuss over the baby or the little dog next door that tagged along on our trips around the block.

Time put me on my feet, and to strengthen fat little legs to hold up a fat little girl, I was given a kiddie car, which was pushed in fast pursuit of my daddy around the house in hopes that he would stop and play or grant me that very special privilege of listening to his "tick tock."

Bumps are not so frequent on a kiddie car, but when one is promoted to a tricycle and begins to range afar, why that's just a different matter; especially when that big airedale which belongs to the Smith boys wants to nip at one's wheels, and one is always such a surprising distance away from mother when anything happens.

Roller skates are something quite different—an entirely new form of locomotion, transportation or what have you. I never knew how hard the ground was until then. It was during this time that I had to wear long white cotton stockings to keep from skinning my knees, but the upkeep became so "darned" heavy or so heavily darned that mother decided to let me take it on the skin. Sonja Heini and I started skating about the same time. Of course Sonja was in Sweden, and I was in Nashville. Sonja cut her figures on ice, but I cut my figure on all kinds of things.

Truly American, I gave up my skating career for the lures of a little red

automobile, principally because it had a regular place for one to sit, and a horn that one could toot when passing the fraternity house.

The toy auto was good for fast peddling, but not fast enough; and so I began to ride bicycles with the neighboring boys and girls, and to beg for and dream of one of my own. Daddy was afraid for me to ride a bicycle until he found out I was riding everyone else's in the neighborhood, and then he decided that I wouldn't get broken up any more quickly on one of my own; and so dawned a new day. This lasted almost until he taught me to drive the family car under close and highly nervous supervision. The first time I tried

Nature

*Nature is on exhibit,
Its art is everywhere,
Upon the trees, within the breeze,
Fixed with the greatest care.
Its paint is mixed in huge paint
pots
Of all the colors bright
And with a brush of crimson red
Thrown out into the night.*

—MABEL ROLLINS, *College '38*.

to drive I managed to strip the gears, and Dad's pocketbook as well with a large repair bill. So, it was some time before I again begged to be permitted to take the wheel. All things come to those who wait, and it is nice to take the wheel now with hardly a comment from the back seat.

Flying—no, this is my life on wheels, not wings, and I have no desire as yet either to take to or sprout them.

Lord Randal—Modern Version

"O where ha you been, Lord Randal,
my son?
And where ha you been, my hand-
some young man?"
"I've been to a dance, Mother; mak my
bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi dancin, and fain
wad lie down."
"And what did you there, Lord Randal,
my son?
And what did you there, my hand-
some young man?"
"I did the Big Apple, Mother, mak my
bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi truckin, and
fain wad lie down."
"But your pockets are empty, Lord Ran-
dal, my son,
Been in a crap game, my handsome
young man?"
"No, Mother, my true love, she ate like
a horse,
I'm weary, so weary, and fain wad
lie down."
"And did you eat, too, Lord Randal,
my son?
And did you eat, too, my handsome
young man?"
"Yes, Mother, I did, just for my man-
ners,
At Toddle House, Connette's and
last at Mousson's."
"O, don't you know, Lord Randal, my
son?
That too much eatin and truckin
don't mix?"
"I know it now, Mother, mak my bed
soon,
For I'm sick, very sick, and fain
wad lie down."
"I'm makin your bed, Lord Randal, my
son,
I'm makin your bed, my handsome
young man."
"Then bring me some paper, ink, and
a pen,
For I'll write my will; and then
must lie down."
"Write your will, nothin, Lord Randal,
my son,
You must drink this, my handsome
young man."
"That vile draught; O no, Mother,
never,
I'll not write my will, and I need not
lie down."
—HARRIET ORR, *High School '38*.

A Modern Prologue

With Apologies to Chaucer

JEANNE FRAZEE

College '38

When fall with its brisk weather comes to stay
Then schools call young folk from their fun and play
And they, in autos, busses or on trains
Go to the schools near mountains or on plains.
They are a friendly lot and they converse
With all. Yet seem they for it none the worse.
In fact they say it broadens them a bit
To know the folks in life as well as "lit."
And as I talked with them and each new friend
I vowed to sketch them all 'fore journey's end.
There was a college boy both young and strong,
And he could play a drum and croon a song.
He wore a dark blue shirt and yellow tie.
And in his berth did never seem to lie
So busy was he planning for his Love,
A worthy maiden, gentle as a dove.
There also was a teacher, young and small.
I doubt if she could keep a study hall.
So gentle, dainty, sweet and full of care,
Lest on her dark brown suit one find a hair.
Her manners were from books of etiquette
But she was simple-hearted even yet.
With marked accent she spoke French full well
But she's from Dixie; she's no Demoiselle.
A hollow-cheeked young man with her I saw.
He wore a threadbare coat. He was pre-law.
He'd gone to college on two scholarships.
He let no trite expressions pass his lips.
He'd made a friend, a wary man and wise.
A scientist with knowledge of the skies.
A scholar in research of great repute
Who any arguments could well refute.
A very busy man indeed was he,
But seemed more busy than he was, to me.
A forester was in this company
He wore a jacket bright as it could be.
His face was deeply tanned from outdoor life;
He knew full well the use of axe and knife.
There was a traveling salesman on the train.
Full flowery he spoke, and never plain.
And with his honeyed words 'tis often said
That he could sell to those who have no bread.
A very self-important man was he,
For well he knew his gift of flattery.
Though many other people have I met,
I've mentioned only those I can't forget.

A Song

*Sing of birds and flowers,
Sing of silver moons,
Sing of gentle showers,
Sing melodies of joy.
Sing of love that's perfect,
Of paradise come true,
Of faith that has no defect,
Of hope that can not fail.
But sing not of the sorrow,
The heartbreak of a day,
That knows no bright tomorrow,
That dares not hope again,
Lest some new disappointments
Bring only greater pain.
Such songs can bring no sparkle
To eyes with worry worn,
But only make them darker still,
The death of dreams to mourn.*

—ELIZABETH CRAWFORD, *High School '38.*

Friends

*They may be books
They may be flowers
They may be birds that sing,
But whatever they are
And whoever they are,
A friend means everything.*

—MABEL ROLLINS, *College '38.*

Dream at Dawn

*O perfect dawn like a perfect dream,
As pure as crystal in the early light,
How like my true love thou dost seem,
After the deep sweet dreams of night.
O lovely moment when life is new,
And slowly and with perfect grace,
Doth drop her veil amid the dew,
To reveal the beauties of her face.*

*So shall my love in this same way
Reveal its deepest thoughts of thee,
Unveiled as clearly as the day
To heaven's eyes, to thee shall be.
O dear God, may this day not dawn
Sunless, without life's one hope,
But, lest this moment soon be gone,
I pray my prayers be in my scope!*

—ELIZABETH CRAWFORD,
High School '38.

The Chimes

WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL

Nashville, Tennessee



February, 1938

Foreword

It is with pride that the *Chimes* presents the literary talent of the Ward-Belmont students in a Winter issue, for it marks a step forward in the progress of the magazine. During the year 1936-37, which saw the birth of the *Chimes*, there were only two issues, the fall and the spring issues.

Many of the older school magazines which are more firmly established, have quarterly issues. The following magazines of longer standing than ours, have been kind enough to send us exchange copies: *The Volunteer*, from Peabody Demonstration School in Nashville; *The Spectator*, from Louise S. McGehee School, Inc., in New Orleans; *The Chimes*, from Shorter College in Rome, Georgia; *Penn Points*, edited by the Stylus Club of Penn Hall School in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania; *The Miscellany*, from Mary Baldwin College in Staunton, Virginia, from whom we have received two issues, an autumn and a spring one. We are grateful for the recognition that these magazines have given us, and from time to time, we have referred to them as guides, for we respect their ideas just as one respects the advice of a more experienced person.

The *Chimes* wishes to thank all those who have contributed to the winter issue. We are happy to say that we have received more material for the current publication than we could use this time. Do not feel that your work was done in vain if you do not find it printed in this issue, for you may have the satisfaction of knowing that you have made the *Chimes* more creditable by giving the staff a larger amount of material from which to choose. We hope that your efforts will materialize in the next issue, for we are eager for you to be represented.

Our three issues are sharply contrasted by seasons. Nature is a fickle person. In the fall she wears bright colored leaves; in the winter, her trees are bared and the ground is covered with a white blanket of snow; in the spring, she brings us the flowers and the singing of birds. Our fall issue attempted to give the spirit of the bright colored leaves. May our winter issue portray the metamorphosis of nature, as well as attain literary esteem in its expression.

The Chimes

VOL. II

FEBRUARY, 1938

NO. 2

EDITOR GRACE BENEDICT

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

ANNE GANIER

ELSIE JANE KNAPP

CHARLOTTE KINNEY

BETTY REDMOND

ART EDITOR BELLE VANDERBILT

BUSINESS MANAGER NANCY CHANEY

FACULTY ADVISER LINDA RHEA

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
I Take My Pen in Hand	4
Seasons	4
My Trinkets	4
Moods	5
Fantasy at Midnight	5
Relief	5
Sky	5
On Christening Cruisers	6
Something in the Air	6
From the Style of the Tearoom Wits	7
The Changing of the Guard	7
Number Four	8
Ritzie Cracker's Debut	9
Reactionary Womanhood	9
School Days in England	10
Writing	11
Moonlight Scene	11
Winter	11
My First Love	12
A Four-fold Thought	12
Rebellion	13
"The Citadel" Book Review	13
Betty's Diary	14
Revelation	14
The Infirmary Room	14
The Old House	14
Forget	14
Freshman's Head	15
Interlude with Wisdom	15
Attic Traitoress	15
Library Reflections	15
A Valentine for Christie	16

I Take My Pen in Hand

BLANCHE BROOKS

College, '38

"In the good old days" has become a byword for history's yesterdays; it is mumbled over and over and over again by bent old soldiers who cling to their memories and to their medals, and it has been whispered with tenderness by graying grandmothers at the candlelight hour of life. Again and again it has been spoken, shouted, and sobbed, and now its meaning has gradually tarnished. Yet, as long as man has memory then as long will he sentimentalize over "good old days," and lacquered triteness will color up many a livid story.

Of the decline of the graces, the art of letter writing is the most pronounced, for it has indeed degenerated into mere nothingness. Days can be remembered when a letter was a scribbled volume, something to be held in esteem, which endeared its author to the reader. Without authority from Webster I give you an everyday definition of a letter. "A letter is a sheet of paper written on both sides, giving a paragraph of detailed explanation of 'why I haven't written,' a following paragraph of small local talk, then a final declaration of why it is imperative to close that very moment." All of this is hurriedly folded, tucked in an envelope, addressed and sealed, and sent along by the delinquent correspondent. And for all this trivial patter the United States government increases the national budget by three cents.

Yet time was when letter writing was a practiced art that stood alongside of the art of blushing, of tatting laces, and of pressing rose leaves in a book of sonnets. The eighteenth century belle, endowed with a love of lapdogs and letters, had a store of vitality for letter writing, and if she had been forced to choose between this gentle art and a meal, the meal, I assure would never have been considered. To such a lady as Miss Isabella Hertsford letter writing was an endless pleasure, and page after page would be dashed off in a literary fever. And only occasionally, to ward off bodily weakness, would she cease long enough to nibble at a tea cake,

and then with added strength return to her pen and vellum, and continue her forty-page note to her dearest Anna over in Essex.

In the same period were the courtly days when genius remained "your humble servant." Only one such as Samuel Johnson could address a note of small explanation to the Right Honorable Earl

Seasons

*There is a clearing in a wood
So many miles away
Where a laughing brooklet runs
And dancing sunbeams play.*

*In spring the little brooklet's banks
Are bright with moss and flowers,
And the friendly oak that stands close
by
Offers refuge from summer showers.*

*But winter finds our little friend
A wonderland in white
Of ice and snow, a studio,
Where Jack Frost paints at night.
—HELEN REUTLINGER, College, '38.*

of Chesterfield, and neoclassically call a spade a spade, and a dictionary his own, then with a closing flourish declare himself to be "your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant, Sam. Johnson."

Even the practice of travel letters has been degraded into the commercial penny postcard. Today a neighbor traveling in the Canadian Rockies will suddenly remember the people back home, hurry in, pick up the pre-historic pen at the hotel desk, and scratch off a "Having a marvelous time. Sleeping under blankets. Wish you were here." Things were different in the old days. In Charles Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth* we find that Gerard, who was vagabonding around in Italy, found time to dash off a little note of thirty-odd closely printed pages to his Margarete back home.

By all of this we can see the decline and fall of letter writing, and that the modernism of our "I take my pen in hand" has forced us into a narrow groove of slipshodness. No longer can we boast of the literary elegance of the eighteenth century, and if ever in generations to come, one of us should gain unexpected fame, and some prying biographer in a search for the historical truth should hunt among the airplane luggage in the attic and find our letters, the laughs would prove long and fertile. Not that I completely favor a revival of the "good old days" when women had a stronger right arm, and fewer votes, but perhaps if the collegiate edge of our literary gems be chisled off, then when that day comes for the first edition of the publication of the letters, the town-folk would still be proud to say, "I knew her when."

My Trinkets

*My little white dog means much to me
He isn't a dog; he's a toy you see.
A little poodle, fluffy and white,
And he catches the big moon's rays each
night.*

*Beside him stand complacently
Pete, the pig, full of glee,
His little blue suit and his jolly red
cap,
He has a handful of flowers in his lap.*

*On the furthest side of the bureau top,
Is the tiny tin elephant named "Old
Jop."
His upturned trunk and his wide flat
ears
Make one recall his circus years.*

*Each one is so different in his funny
way:
Not one of them changes from day to
day.
They have always been with me:
White poodle, fat pig, and Old Jop with
the cars.*

—NANCY DOHERTY, High School, '38.

Moods

SORROW

*Crimson leaves
turning brown,
Crimson tears
sliding down.
The dogwood wept
to no avail.
No leaflets left
to hear her wail.*

ENVY

*The squatly little evergreen
With envy in her heart,
Watched the maple change her gown
from green to red and golden brown,
And sighed the hope that she might
wear,
One crimson petal in her hair.*

CONSOLATION

*In regal green
in dignity
the pine tree watched the fall go by,
and chuckled deep inside.
For though his arms
held Winter's snow,
they would for April—young coquette
a nest of robins hide.*

DEFIANCE

*The oak tree, fifty summers proud
shook her arms
and bared her breast
and laughed in Autumn's face.
She knew Spring's call
lured back her leaves
Why should she fear
The North Wind's cold embrace?*

—JUDITH DAVIS, *College*, '39.

Fantasy at Midnight

*The opalescent radiance
That bathed each whisp'ring tree,
Had turned the leaves of maple
To silver filigree.*

*The silver disc of moon glow
Was caught in the linden tree,
And held by its loving branches,
For all the world to see.*

*Each lily pure and vestal,
Held in its cradling deep,
Jewels of rarest glory;
The diamonds Heaven weeps.*

—ANNE GANIER, *High School*, '38.

Relief

NORVELL COX
High School, '38

The sun sinks behind the hills across the frozen road. A baby cries; and in the far distance is heard the baying of a hound as he bounds through the darkening underbrush. A shaggy man walks around the side of the one-room house; his bare feet are hardened through years of exposure.

As he pushes open the door, held there by leather hinges, one sees a huge fireplace over which a black pot hangs. A ragged girl stoops, poking potatoes into the hot ashes. The cold wind whistles through the cracks, causing the newspaper on the walls to push forward and then to deflate, crinkling against the thin boards.

The girl leaves the fireplace, and goes over to the pink iron bed where she tucks the tattered bundle of quilts more closely around the now sleeping baby. She turns, and one sees in her face the lines put there by drudgery, hunger, and cold, as well as a look of sadness, born not of despair but of resignation. She addresses the man in a slow and hesitant voice, as if she fears the consequences of what she is about to say; but then looking towards the bed upon which the three children lie sleeping, she seems to find there her courage, and continues. He does not raise his head from his hands as he sits on a lone soap box, but remains in an attitude of deep thought, as if he hears nothing of what she says.

He, too, realizes what the morrow will bring when it dawns cold and bleak, and the children tumble out of bed only to find that Santa has forgotten them. Last year it was easy, because they weren't old enough then to take much interest in Christmas; but this year it is different. Mabeline wants a doll, and Rufus wants a jack knife. Those things cost money, and he hasn't even money for food. God, what can he do? He can't face the children and see the tears that will well up in their eyes. He can't. He feels that God has completely forgotten him.

A grim battle goes on in his mind as he sits, head lowered, on the soap

box; a battle in which regardless of the outcome, he is bound to be the loser. For so long now his pride has kept him away from Relief Headquarters in the nearest town, but it seems now that he will have to give in. He has tried so hard, but times have been bad, and the winters for the last couple of years have seemed harder and longer than ever before. The rain ruined the cotton, and the back waters from the Little Coon Creek drowned the corn.

His thoughts trail on in an endless line, thoughts of bitterness over the lot that has befallen him. Suddenly he seems to draw himself up a bit as he thinks of the pleasant things that relief will bring. He and his family will have more food, and then, too, there will be warmer clothes for his wife and the children. Then the light which had so quickly sprung up in his eyes dies down, and a look of defeat and hurt pride takes its place. Once more he buries his head in his hands and heaves a long, slow sigh, as if a great burden were once more settling upon his already heavily laden shoulders.

The back stick breaks, sending a shower of sparks out onto the sunken hearth. The man looks up, and shivers, for the fire is burning low. Slowly he rises, goes to the door, and pauses a moment before disappearing into the darkness.

Sky

*Sky at dusk—
A fluff of silver powder
Spilled across the blue
Of a lady's gown.*

*Sky at night—
A jeweler's window
Sparkling, diamond stars
Shown against black velvet.*

*Sky at dawn—
Slivers of brilliant red
Slash the dull gray cover
Of the sleeping earth.*

—RUTH BENNETT, *College*, '38.

On Christening Cruisers

ANN STAHLMAN

High School, '39

It is quite an honor to be a sponsor of a Navy Cruiser, but to be the first co-sponsor in the history of the U. S. Navy is really a distinction. I think that we—my sister and I—were duly frightened by it. A christening for some might be a very boring affair because of the posing for photographs and so forth, but not for us. The photographs started when we stepped off the train in Philadelphia, and continued as soon as we arrived at the hotel, where we were snapped holding champagne bottles, glorified with red and blue ribbon rosettes and covered with a mesh sack. We were not annoyed with any more posing until the next day.

That night an informal dinner was given for us with only the officials of the Shipbuilding Yards and their wives as guests. Usually when children are in a party of grown-ups, it's not much fun; but we were the show that time, and people really paid some attention to us.

Cocktails were served to the grown-ups before dinner, and we were given ginger-ale. If you ever happen to christen a cruiser, and your hosts serve hors d'œuvres, don't take anchovy paste on toast. If you do, however, you can hide it discreetly in your napkin as I did.

The people at dinner were all very cordial to us. A man who told funny jokes and laughed at them himself, told us one about the woman who was presented with the champagne, and said, "But I don't drink!" A charming woman, his wife, talked about "Cyabter Glass" with a fascinating Virginia accent. A tall man in his forties, who had a hidden twinkle in his eye told about the difficulty of procuring champagne in prohibition days. A stocky, owl-faced little man with glasses presented us with beautiful gold card trays, made from the engraving plates of the invitations.

A very fancy dinner was served, and when the lobster Newberg came on, the gentleman on my left inquired of me which fork to use. There were four or five of them in front of me, and not having read my Emily Post, I replied that

I didn't know, and we both hastened to ask another dinner companion, who kindly informed us to start at the outside and work in. In between courses, I danced with the public relations man, who solemnly informed me that he had been a grand dancer in his youth, but I couldn't say the same for him now. The party lasted until about eleven, and then we went to bed.

The next morning, promptly at nine o'clock, the public relations man called for us and took us to the Shipbuilding

Something in the Air

*There is something in the air
That brings my heart delight,
Could it be the golden flare
Of friendship that's in sight?*

*There is something in the air
That seems to make me sing.
Could it be the friendly pair
With happiness their king?*

—JUNE HALDT, *College, '38.*

Yards in Camden, New Jersey. There we posed for more photographs with the champagne bottle, and the customary American beauty roses. It's not much fun to smile and look pleasant for forty-five minutes when the sun is in your eyes and you've got on your best black pumps, which are very tight, very small, and very uncomfortable. After half an hour the champagne bottles weighed more than a quart, and we were almost ready to chuck the whole affair.

Then we went straight on to the launching platform, where we posed for more pictures and also the newsreels. It's very disconcerting to have flashlight bulbs popping in your face and be told by a dozen camera men at once to look here, then there, and then some other place. I'm sure some peculiar pictures were taken. The President of the Society of Sponsors of the U. S. Navy introduced herself to us; she was a

pompous, self-contained woman with a golf and blue ribbon around her neck; this ribbon was a symbol of her elevated position. Another bouquet of roses was presented to each of us by the Union workers of the shipbuilding yards. We were introduced to numerous admirals in gold braid, commanders, captains, and even two cute ensigns. While this was happening, the band played *Dixie*, *Savannee River* and other Southern songs.

Finally the chairman of the board said, "Eight more minutes," and for the first time, a chill went down my back. Then, "Four more minutes," and finally we heard the bell which was our signal to start. We drew back for the strike, and holding the bottles in both hands, swung them down against the dull red bow and said together, "I christen thee, *Nashville*." From that moment until I felt champagne spray on my face and looked down to see if my bottle was broken, my mind was a blank. We wiped champagne spray from our faces as there were frantic whispers to press the buttons to release the stays under the ship; and we finally remembered to do it. We pressed; we waited, and as a malicious newspaper later said, "Champagne bottles broke, crowds cheered, the band played, the buzzer buzzed, but the ships didn't budge." This wasn't really true because only a few seconds elapsed before the graceful cruiser slid down the ways, and at the moment she touched the water, the band broke into *Anchors Aweigh*. The flags were flying, and it was a thrilling sight to see that gray and dull red cruiser slip easily into the water. Small things imprint themselves on one's memory, and I shall never forget the beauty of the gray mist rising from the water, or the sunlight striking the gray hull.

We were then introduced to the members of the band, and this was very embarrassing as they inquired if we were the sponsors. We immediately went to a buffet luncheon in our honor, but that wasn't much fun. If you've

(Continued on page 13)

From the Style of the Tearoom Wits

With Apologies to Addison and Steele

JANE BYRNE

College, '38

MISS SARAH:

I have just been to the tearoom, where I've spent the best part of my should-be working day; you might say unprofitably, and I might say profitably; whether so or whether not is debatable.

It's distinctly a campus feature, and its popularity is unrivalled, even by Hillsboro, for it simply cannot be downed. Of course its fashion may be due to the fact that it is so convenient to meet our friends there, and of being able to pass our afternoons sociably at a very small price, all considered (the price of a sundae). So much is it the center of discussions that it has acquired almost a political significance, and its history would be that of the manners, morals, and politics of the campus. Indeed here it is that every variation of opinion may be discussed, and when cut off by a shortage of allowance from those outside contacts so important in

her life here, a girl can simply go to the tearoom, be invited to join a group, and there learn of all the latest dances and what Jennie wore, as well as of the campus log-rollers, and the very freshest news from the Vanderbilt fraternity houses, not over three or four days old at the most. And this, judging by the standards of temporary conditions, is a speedy means of obtaining information. In the light of the imperfect knowledge of the roommate of the-girl-who, you can easily understand the weight and importance of the tearoom in the mental, as well as the physical, life of every girl on the campus.

To me it seems like the development of the much studied coffeehouse at its peak; had you thought of that? If you could look in, you could even see a resemblance in the neatly swept floor, the

bare topped tables, and the waiting chairs. Everything is necessarily simple, suggesting comfort (which is conducive to eating) and leisure (which also helps). But this atmosphere is only incidental to the real purpose of the place.

Seated around the tables are high school girls and seniors, day-students and boarders, all eager to listen to the quips and gossip of the others, or perhaps an imitation of some campus personage. Here is Constance, quick-eyed, smiling, and alert; placid-faced Carrie, with her glasses at a precarious perch on her small nose, and a paint brush in her hand; brilliant Martha, listening intently to Peppy as she speaks. Here, too, are small Mary; studious Mabel; and, taking the center of interest, tall Ethel, slender and graceful, in her dark skirt and low heels. Can't you just see

(Continued on page 11)

The Changing of the Guard

MATILDA GIBSON

College, '38

She stood in the rain in front of Buckingham Palace; she did not recall how wet she was, or how miserable she felt. It was ten o'clock in the morning, and she was there to see the changing of the Guard. Half of the London residents, and hundreds of visitors seemed to be crowded around the massive gates of the Palace. They, too, had braved the rain to see the colorful spectacle, and to get a glimpse of King George and Queen Mary.

Suddenly there was a blare of trumpets. The Foot Guard marched into the courtyard. Their scarlet coats shone, in spite of the gloom of the morning. Their shakoes were majestic, and their swords gleamed and clanked as the men marched. The Foot Guard, taking up half of the court, halted in squad formation, and stood at attention. After a breathless moment the Mounted

Guard came out, more splendid and more impressive than the first. Their shakoes, red coats, and highly polished black boots shone against the sleekness of their horses. To the bagpipes, the Scottish Guard, in their native plaid kilts, marched forward, adding more color to the thrilling scene. When the last guardsman stood at attention, officers went from man to man, inspecting each one closely.

In the silence, a voice cried, "Look!" All eyes turned to the right side of the court, and saw, to their great joy, the King's car. It came to a stop. A footman got out, raised an umbrella, and opened the doors. The King stepped out. The roar of the crowd shook the heavens. "The King! The King! God save the King!" The stately man,

George V, bowed and smiled to his people. This was a moment long to be remembered and cherished in their hearts.

The King finished speaking to the officer, returned to his car. They drove through the gate and down the avenue. As the automobile disappeared through Admiralty Arch, the band began to play, and in perfect formation, the Palace Guard marched out of the courtyard and down the beautiful avenue, towards St. James' Palace. With their red coats gleaming, black boots shining, they, in time to the martial music, marched to St. James' to change places with their fellow guardsmen.

The little girl waited until the last shako was out of sight. Cold and wet, she turned and walked away; but her heart was warm and happy, for she had not only seen the changing of the Guard, but she had seen the King.

Number Four

BETTE KENNEDY

College, '39

Thomas N. Thornton (universally known as T. N. T.) whistled buoyantly as he strode up the poplar-lined driveway of Jane Richard's home. With a bound he cleared the four steps of the front porch, and leaned long and hard against the doorbell. When the first joint of his forefinger buckled under the sustained pressure, he removed his finger from the bell. And waited. And waited. . . .

Next he bent a stern and disapproving glare upon the door itself. Sad to say, the door was not one whit disturbed by the angry-eyed young man, shifting his feet impatiently before its portals, maintaining a calm, detached air through the whole affair.

Finding that his first attempt had been so unfruitful, a lesser man than Thomas N. Thornton (N. standing for *Nance*) would have taken the hint and departed, tent and all. But this particular young man was of the breed which demands a cloudburst before he will admit that rain is forthcoming. So—he rang,—and rang,—and rang again. . . .

Inside the house Jane Richards endured the infernal racket as long as her extremely short temper would permit. Then, taking a deep breath and muttering to herself several short, vitriol-tinted sentences, she walked rapidly to the door. She flung it open with a gesture meant to be dramatic, but which sent her staggering against the opposite wall.

Thomas disentwined himself from one of the door pillars and oozed forward saying:

"I always knew that I was simply 'too-too,' but this is the first time that I've had a girl practically collapse at my feet."

"I didn't collapse at your feet!" exploded Jane indignantly, "and if any girl ever does, it'll be because she's had her first glimpse of you on a 'blind date,' and is kicking herself for taking it!"

"I've never yet had to resort to 'blind dates,'" answered the young man, in a

tone warranted to give a polar bear chilblains.

"So that's the reason I never see you around!" replied Jane so sweetly that a few moments were required for this remark to penetrate into the vacant area between the young man's C. G. (Clark Gable) ears. When the dawn finally came, these flapping appendages slowly reddened and warmed, while their owner's hat suddenly became two or three sizes too large. After opening and shutting his mouth several times in the manner of a half-witted pickerel, the pet pledge of Sigma Chi Mu managed to moan weakly,

"May I come in and finish the massacre in seated position?"

"Certainly, if the door is sufficiently large to permit free passage of your head!"

Thomas N. Thornton staggered visibly under this last onslaught.

"*Et, tu, Brutus,*" he moaned, flopping languidly on a couch, "I thought you were my friend."

"Oh, does it think?"

"Yes," snarled Thomas, jarring into temporary defense, "*it* thinks!"

He was further goaded into sitting bolt-upright on the couch, from which position he twined his eyebrows together and glared.

"You look exactly like a gorilla down in a zoo," purred Jane softly, "do you ever braid your eyebrows? They're long enough."

At this point Thomas N. Thornton experienced a queer sensation. It was as if he was being dragged too swiftly through a series of rapids, with no opportunity to set his feet upon solid ground. His menacing scowl directed upon the girl seated opposite him served only to crinkle the corners of her eyelids with amusement.

"Say, what have you got against me anyhow? Am I poison?" he demanded in an injured tone of voice.

"Nothing, except that my chum overheard you bragging to the fellows about how easily you could date me up."

"I didn't say anything like that at all. I said. . . ." His voice trailed off into the silence as her cool, merciless voice finished the sentence for him.

"... that if anyone in your fraternity could get a date with me, it would be you? Isn't that true? 'You didn't mean to brag, but even a man-hater like myself couldn't withstand *you*!' Didn't you say that?"

The young gentleman to whom these questions were addressed shifted his position unhappily.

"Did you have to be so obnoxious about it to the other boys?" she continued.

"Now wait a minute," he burst out; "I admit I'm a crumb, a veritable worm! But honestly, I'm sorry. I really want this date with you on my own hook. Please believe me, and let's be friends. Go with me to the dance and give me a chance to redeem myself."

"Well, I suppose I might go with you as well as with anyone else," she answered, "I'll give you another chance to make good."

A furtive glance at his watch informed Thomas N. Thornton that it was time for him to be on his horse; so he seized his hat and made for the door displacing several pictures and an ash tray on his journey.

"See you Saturday night?"

"Saturday, it is."

Safely outside the door, Thomas Nance Thornton stealthily drew from his pocket a typewritten sheet. His eyes centered on one line:

Requirement No. 4. Get date with Jane Richards for Saturday night. (All pledged must fulfill their specified orders.)

Opposite this line he made a check. Then tucking the sheet away again, he proceeded down the street, whistling gaily.

When she had closed the door behind her explosive caller, Jane went back into the living room. She sought out her purse, opened it in haste. Drawing from it a typewritten paper she carefully drew a line through,

Requirement No. 4. Get date with Sigma Chi Mu for their chapter dance Saturday night. (Get this date without fail, pledge, or else!)

Ritzie Cracker's Debut

NANCY STONE

High School, '40

Bong! bong! bong! chimed the hall clock. Mr. Cracker looked at his Bulova wrist watch. Yes, three o'clock. He yawned and looked around disinterestedly at the general disorder. Canada Dry Ginger Ale bottles lay about on the tables. Chesterfield cigarette stubs littered the ash trays, and ashes were scattered on Mrs. Cracker's Gold Seal Congoleum rug.

The reason for all of this confusion would very likely be widely discussed in the morning papers, for Miss Ritzie Cracker had just made her debut at one of the most fashionable "coming out" parties of the season.

The Cracker family, Mr. and Mrs. Soda Cracker, and their daughter, Ritzie, were really the capital S of society—at least in the advertising world. Their home was a full-page colored "ad" in *Fortune*. In order to give her daughter every advantage possible, Mrs. Cracker had staged such an affair as had never before been given.

Mrs. Cracker realized that she would have quite a job marrying off her daughter, for Ritzie was a sharp, crisp, headstrong girl, with a will of her own. She wouldn't marry just anyone, no matter how good a "catch" he was considered.

And so, while Mr. Cracker viewed the wreckage, Mrs. Cracker and Ritzie were upstairs discussing the party.

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Cracker, "I hope you appreciate what we have done for you to-night. Not every girl has a debut like that."

"Oh, yes, Mother; it was wonderful," sighed Ritzie, as she stifled a yawn.

"Yes, it was quite an occasion," said Mrs. Cracker modestly, "Everyone worth mentioning was here. Even nobility. I saw you dancing with Royal Gelatin several times. By the way, how do you like His Majesty, Prince Albert of Cannes?"

"You mean that greasy-looking foreigner with the side-burns and mustache? Terrible!" said Ritzie. "He's probably a fake."

"But, my dear," admonished her

mother, "He's from one of the oldest royal families of France. At least he was. He's lost all his money now, and he is the last of his line."

"Mother," exclaimed Ritzie in amazement, "did you believe that?"

"Well, it's true. He told me himself." Then changing the subject she said, "I hope you're satisfied since you

got to ask that Vicky Coughdrop!"

"Yes," said Ritzie, "but I don't believe Vicky had a very good time, having to come with that stuffy Absorbine, Jr."

"Well," said Mrs. Cracker sniffing, "after all, what can you expect. *She* lives in *Liberty*, which, as everyone knows, is only a nickel magazine."

Ritzie didn't try to defend her friend against her mother's snobbishness, as she knew it was useless; so in a little while they all went to bed.

For the next week or so Mrs. Cracker
(Continued on page 12)

Reactionary Womanhood

JEAN BURK

College, '39

Public favor is noted for its fickle nature and reactionary qualities. Feminine favor is even more unstable, as most of us exercise our prerogative of changing our minds at will; and nowhere is the evidence of this change of taste more noticeable than in our styles.

Several springs ago mannish gray suits with red blouses, hats and gloves, were declared by New York "authorities" to be the choice for American spring ensembles. Old and young, we obediently added these colors to our wardrobes, whether or not they were becoming to our age or coloring. And how displeasing it was to see almost everyone wearing the same violent combination of red and off-shades of gray. So the next spring we all indorsed somber navy blue set off by white collars.

The shoe manufacturers decided one fall that they weren't selling enough shoes to the ladies, chiefly because the styles in footwear had changed so little that many of us were able to wear last year's shoes. So what did some bright young designer think up? Treebark patterns. All the merchants exploited this style, and it was absolutely imperative that we wear treebark shoes if we wanted to be truly fashionable. The feminine eye soon tired of this pattern and its variations of zig-zags and ripples; so we chose, in a reactionary frame of mind, plain patent leather pumps for spring, and now treebark has been

practically forgotten—certainly by stylists.

Handknit suits came into vogue four or five years back. Knitting returned to its wartime popularity in the households, and needles clicked feverishly with our tongues at almost every gathering. The retail stores were quick to put on the market machine knit suits for those who had not time or money for handknit ones. The exclusiveness of wearing our own knitted clothes disappeared, and thread departments found their sales on the wane.

We have all longed for the freedom of action that men have; skirts have been too confining; we want "to wear the trousers." Stylists gave us this opportunity when they sanctioned culottes. The grace of a skirt, and the freedom and comfort of trousers were the drawing points. Slim waistlines and legs were at their best advantage with culottes, but how dumpy a short or stocky person looked incased in these billowing folds!

What will the feminine reaction be to so many beer jackets, autographed affectionately by friends; to the strenuous antics of the Big Apple; and to too-numerous page-boy haircuts? I'll wager you a cake that next fall will find our hair back in its perennial waves and curls; beer jackets discarded and forgotten, and "smooth" dancing back in vogue.

School Days in England

PATRICIA LANGERFELD

High School, '39

We left London at ten-thirty in the morning to drive "to Whitmore," the new school that I was to attend while Mother and Dad were wintering at the Riviera. It was one of those famous foggy days in which London is completely enveloped in thick, grayish substance. The car and chauffeur somehow appeared out of this nothingness, and we were off on the forty-mile drive.

As I look back at the scene of my departure, I am a little embarrassed at the thought of the attention I attracted. I was only ten years old and much too sure of myself. I was aware of the pertness of my navy blue coat and the sailor hat, with two long streamers hanging down over my golden curls. Anyone would have identified me as an American child. English children are quiet and reserved; they speak only when they are spoken to. They are pale looking, and to me never seem to look well-fed. I was a chatter box, and surely looked as though I had never missed a meal in my life. My cheeks were like rosy apples, and a spark of devilment danced in my blue eyes.

We reached Whitmore at four-thirty, just at tea-time. I shall never forget driving through those enormous gates on the campus. I was thrilled all over to think that at one time lords and ladies and even the King had ridden through them. The school consisted of forty or more acres, on which stood ten buildings, and the remains of a castle, which at one time had been the home of the Earl of Whitmore. The school had been founded by Lady Whitmore in 1875. She took much interest in the education of English women. It to-day has the best standing of any of the schools near London. It is often visited by the royal family.

Mother was delighted with the school, and felt safe in leaving me. I was to room with four girls, aged about fourteen. In our hall there was a house mother and a captain; the captain was chosen at the end of each year for this position. Peggy Bright, a very charming girl, who was in her last year at Whitmore, was our captain. One of my roommates was her cousin, Louise

Park, who had spent much of her life in Brazil. Ruth Chilton and her twin, Mary, and Elizabeth, nicknamed Beth, were my other roommates. We were the youngest of all of the pupils, and most troublesome, I'm sure.

We arose at eight, had breakfast at eight-thirty, starting school at nine-thirty. Recess was at twelve; at that time we were given plain crackers called "cow crackers" by us, and a glass of milk. At luncheon, which was at two, we usually were served sandwiches, cheese dishes, or baked potatoes. School closed at four o'clock, giving us just enough time to get our mail and dress for tea. After tea we studied or read until dinner which was at seven-thirty.

Our favorite meal on Sunday was the one when we had England's traditional roast beef with Yorkshire pudding. Coffee was served after dinner for the older girls, and we youngsters were sent to study for an hour before bed. Miss Gates, our house mother, used to see us to bed. She would clean me up, and brush my hair until it shone like gold. I would scream, and a merry time would be had, especially when I had my baths which were on every Tuesday and Friday nights.

Although the school was up-to-date in academic standing, it was not so in its equipment. There was one bathroom in our dormitory, and in it was a very large and very old tin tub. The water to fill it was carried up by the maids, and by the time the tub was suitably filled, the water was usually cold. Every girl had a certain time for her bath. There were twenty-five of us, and no one ever had more than two baths a week. The fun began when Miss Gates gave me a bath, which she insisted upon doing. The bathroom was very large, and all my roommates would come in and help with the process. The water never stayed in my tub very long as I splashed every one, including Miss Gates, who, for a dignified English lady, took it remarkably well.

Nearly every night as soon as we were

in bed, we would fall right to sleep. Occasionally there were pillow fights. These usually lasted until Miss Gates appeared. One day Louise caught a turkey from the stables. Her pet was put in her laundry basket, and everything was fine until after we were in bed, and then the poor fowl escaped, causing a considerable rumpus. We were made to take "gobbie" back to the stable the next morning, and were in disgrace for several days afterwards.

After lunch we had sports every day. We were offered field and ice hockey, tennis, fencing, basketball, golf, and archery. There was a fine stable on the campus, too, and riding was indulged in all the year. Another thing we had was bicycling. It was great sport to take our lunch along on Saturday and go for a long ride through the country.

On some week-ends we went to London in a beautiful blue bus. When in town we would see a play or the opera. In the spring, trips were made to the continent to visit celebrated places, such as Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, and Venice.

Guy Fawkes' day was the most celebrated holiday for the English children. It is like our Fourth of July and Hallowe'en put together. Large bonfires are built, and fireworks set off, not to mention the many pranks which are played. Everyone looked forward to this day with great enthusiasm. I remember it particularly because it was the day that Mary Chilton and I locked Louise in the supply closet, and she threw a bottle of ink out the vent on us. It took a week for my hair to begin to look right again. We were punished by being made to stay in every afternoon for a week.

I did not finish out my year at Whitmore, as my parents returned from the Riviera in April, and we then sailed for America. I often look back and think of the good times I had there. I even enjoyed sitting under the stairs, a punishment given to me for being bad. My enjoyment was due to the fact that the cook would feel so sorry for me that she used to bring me delicious cookies that no one else ever got.

Writing

MARIE COCHRAN

College, '39

An overwhelming desire has been renewed in me that I had, for the past eight years, completely forgotten about—that is to write. I can remember when painfully, yet with assurance, I tried to encourage this desire, and shape it into a worthwhile and practical art. But let me present to you my story, and show you the utter impossibility of my hope!

It happened exactly eight years ago. My teacher had given us our homework, (which we then welcomed, not because we appreciated its value, but because it enabled us to feel as important as our older brother or sister) it was to write a poem concerning autumn leaves.

As I trudged home from school that afternoon, various thoughts concerning my lovely topic began to creep into my youthful mind. As a passing idea, (really for something to do) I gathered a few bright and beautifully-colored specimens to place before me in order to inspire me, and enable me to do my best. After dinner I hurriedly gathered my tools consisting of one piece of Mother's stationery, to be used as scratch paper, a pencil of Dad's, and, of course, my leaves, now already crumbling from fond handling, and sat down at my desk. I was prepared to begin my new experience.

Approximately two hours later I was still sitting at the desk with an assumed air of determination, yet I know all my outward expressions showed only resignation. I simply was not to be inspired. (The leaves by this time were little masses of crumbs, having reached this state by constant pokes of the pencil!). Wearily and unhappily I mounted the stairs murmuring a few lines from a dilapidated piece of paper about:

Leaves, leaves, autumn leaves,
Flitting constantly in the breeze,
Brown, gold, rust, and yellow,
Aren't they pretty, little fellow?

Moonlight Scene

The girl stood at the window. Outside a mammoth old elm tree spread its huge limbs over a lawn of Kentucky bluegrass. From above, the moon let its unearthly light drift down through the branches. The leaves made slight motions in the summer breeze. The girl remembered a piece of fine old lace that had been her grandmother's. It seemed very much like the lacy web of leaves. Looking down at the scene, she was moved by the stillness of it. The odor of newly-mown hay reached her nostrils. Two bird dogs dozed on the grass. A great white bench made a splotch in the moonlight.

To the right of the old tree was a garden enclosed by a quaint rock wall. She remembered when a faithful old colored man had hesitatingly laid each stone with his one good hand and a stub. Now the garden was beautiful with hollyhocks nodding gracefully to each other in the moonlight. Beyond the great tree and to the left of the garden was a white gate leading into the barnyard. She could see the rambling barns sleeping in the still night. There was a sound of a sheep bell in the far distance.

The world was peaceful and serene. Suddenly the girl knelt at the window and thanked God for His gift of beautiful life.

—MARY JAMES, College, '39.

From the Style of the Tea-room Wits

(Continued from page 7)

that smile tug at the corners of her mouth as she greets them, "Goodness, grab me a chair; a place in a pleasant tearoom is about the tops in human happiness!"

The discussions often become heated, and the interchange of opinions is loud and jumbled, until some clever repartee cuts through the air to quiet it for the moment. Genuine conversation thrives here among the girls, for it is always best among those who are bound up in some common concern, and the tearoom becomes almost automatically the center of it all; the gatherings become habitual, and each group adopts its own particular table, where the girls may be found at almost any hour of the day.

Here the girls bring that last bit of memory work to finish, next hour's French, or Johnnie's long-delayed letter, and even the click of knitting needles is not uncommon. Yet we do not indulge in games or cards, as did our friends of former days, and our only "beverages" are soft drinks. But as the conversation of the coffeehouse became the news of the London paper, so does the table talk of the tearoom become the news of the campus weekly, and from its crystalline atmosphere is derived many a masterpiece of literary achievement, dear to the heart of its author.

In almost no other place can a greater variety of people be found on the campus than here. No one is excluded who can lay down a penny for a mint or add his bit of spice to the chatter, and a better club could not be found. Under this roof is reconstructed the very character of school society, animated and representative, for this is no mere place of eating and drinking, but the nucleus of school life.

—YOUR COMMENTATOR.

Winter

*The frosty air was crisp and clear:
The pale sun shone on the wind-blown snow,
That stretched a carpet far and near,
Hiding the bare brown earth below.*

*A lad and lass, on the sparkling white,
Danced and watched their shadows leap,
While in their eyes was a happy light,
For they knew the world was just asleep.*

*An old man walked in the cold deep snow,
Walked with a shuffling, weary tread,
And the young pair looked and pitied him so,
Poor man, who thought the world was dead.*

*The old man looked at the happy boy,
And thought, "That is as I used to be.
He cannot know in his blind young joy
That the world is dead for me."*

—PATRICIA LANGERFELD,
High School, '39.

My First Love

ANITA WILLIAMSON

High School, '39

How well I do remember my first love! It happened during the sixth year of my scholastic career. Ah, how long ago it seemed! To me he was a modern Apollo and Clark Gable combined; but to others, he was a short and dumpy little boy with ruddy cheeks and hair that didn't seem to grow in any certain direction. How hard I studied so that I might be able to sit in the seat near the door! For by this door, I could see him as he went to and from classes. How my heart would throb and seem to catch in my throat when I would gaze into his brown eyes! At these moments I would fail to answer a question, and then I could feel a deep pink blush creep from my neck to the roots of my hair and grow redder as it ascended. I shall never forget how embarrassed I was when everybody would laugh, and after school the older boys would point at me and yell—

"There goes C's girl, the one in the plaid dress!" I would jerk my head up haughtily and walk primly on home. The older boys seemed always to enjoy embarrassing me, for they used to coax me to sit closer to him. We would both squirm and blush, but neither would move an inch.

Often when I was playing with the girls, I would hear distant whine of a jew's harp playing "Sweet Jenny Lee from Sunny Tennessee," and again my heart would stick in my throat. He would come bouncing around a corner with what seemed an army after him. If I were indoors, I'd run to the window; and if I happened to be out-of-doors, I would peek shyly from behind a house.

And there was the most embarrassing moment of all which took place at a birthday party. In a game the girls were trying to escape from their captivity. I jumped up and started away when I heard a horrifying ripping sound and turned to see that my beautiful new pink sash had been torn from my dress. I felt like crying, but instead I bravely swallowed my sobs and said that it was perfectly all right. To

climax the events of the evening, while we were walking during our five-minute dates, he said gayly,

"Take a wing?"

"No, thanks," I replied even more gayly, "and besides I don't care for chicken."

Finally, I became aware that he merely asked me to take his arm and until this day, I don't believe that he ever discovered that I didn't know what he meant.

After several months, this romance came to an end. My grief was strong, but my pride was stronger. It happened that he was in the group of boys who wrecked the club house of the "Loyal Eight." The eight of us discovered by our own private detective agency who did the damage, and from then on we vowed that we would never speak to them again. My own personal happiness had to be sacrificed for the loyalty of the club.

It was a deep grief, but there was no chance of avoiding the vigilance of the "Loyal Eight" had I dared attempt it. So my first love went the way of other beautiful things!

A Four-fold Thought

Chapel—

So quiet and sacred

Inspires one to live—

Turns one to God for aid

In all that he undertakes to do.

The choir—

Vested in black and white

Brings Him now closer,

With voices that ring out

Glory in His Magnificence.

Organ—

Sounds that make one feel

Every emotion

Powerfully portrayed,

And takes us into Paradise.

The Church—

Massive and beautiful—

Where one goes for prayer—

For aid and forgiveness—

To Honor Him—to give Him Love

—VIVIAN HOPTON, College, '39.

Ritzie Cracker's Debut

(Continued from page 9)

was constantly bringing up Prince Albert to Ritzie, for the mother was determined to make him her future son-in-law. Ritzie, however, had other plans, and those concerned only Phillip Morris, a young bell-hop, and herself.

Then for several days Mrs. Cracker went about the house wearing a mysterious smile. One day, Ritzie, coming home from town, was met by her mother at the door.

"Ritzie," she said, still with the air of mystery, "come here. I've something to show you."

Then she produced a case which, upon being opened, displayed a multitude of red, blue, and green gems.

"Mother, what is this? a joke?" exclaimed Ritzie.

"Of course not, They're crown jewels! I bought them from a prince," said Mrs. Cracker.

"Mother, how much did you pay for these marbles?"

"Why Ritzie, darling! Only ten thousand. Aren't you thrilled; and think how jealous that cat, Libby Tomato Juice will be!" said her mother.

"Mother," said Ritzie, "I hate to say it, but you've been gyped."

Then taking the case, Ritzie examined it carefully.

"Look!" she said. "See, here's the label—American Glass Company."

Mrs. Cracker took one disbelieving look and then fainted.

For a moment Ritzie was too stunned to move. Then she remembered.

"Call for Phillip Morris, Marie," she said. "He'll know what to do."

At that instant the doorbell rang, and in walked Phillip Morris, dragging the unlucky prince behind him.

"I caught him at the railroad station buying a ticket to New York," said he in brief explanation. "I expected something like this to happen."

When Mrs. Cracker came to, she only smiled weakly when Ritzie and Phillip told her that they were going to be engaged, for she was so glad to see the prince caught.

Rebellion

PATSY PROCTOR

High School, '41

It all started when Jim called me up for a date, and I had to tell him in this babyish way, "I'm so sorry, Jim, but Daddy just won't hear of my having dates." He said he was sorry and hung up. When I came back into the living-room, my cheeks were still pink with confusion and embarrassment. Picking up my Latin book I started the third conjugation all over again, but it had suddenly become difficult. Mother, noticing the difference, placidly asked behind her knitting "Who wanted you on the 'phone, dear?"

"Jim—he wanted a date tomorrow night at eight. I don't see why Jane can have them and I can't. Can't I

ever have a date? Must I always tell the boys I'm too young to have them?"

It sounds like something they've heard before; so Mother keeps on knitting, and Daddy never looks up from his paper. "They'll never date me when I'm older. What if I am only fifteen. I don't see that that makes any difference." A shake from Daddy's paper is the only response. Oh, how exasperating! The only thing left to do now is to make the grand exit; so I prance out of the room to my room upstairs.

Once there, however, there is no reason to retain my dignity. I fall on my

bed and stare at the roses and blue petunias in the wallpaper. Why, oh why, is it Jane who always gets the new clothes and I, just because I'm the youngest, must wear out those she outgrows? Will I never learn to drive or be allowed to join a sorority? Other girls my age have joined. Don't they think I've sense enough to drive? What's wrong with veils? Everyone else wears them. And to think I looked so nice in Mary's. Will I never go to the college dances? Mary goes with her big brother, and she's only two years older than I am. Is Daddy always going to say, "You know you can't smoke until you are twenty-one, just the same as your sister!" But a cigarette gives you such a sophisticated air and so much more poise. You can't deny that. Oh, the wrongs I endured! The thing that's so exasperating is that Mother and Daddy remain so calm. If I could only get some signs of emotion from them. If Mother would only drop a stitch or two and Daddy would only put down the paper. But no, all that ever comes of it is Mother's mild, "Your time will come, child, your time will come."

On Christening Cruisers

(Continued from page 6)

ever been one of two young people in a room of five hundred grown-ups, you know "that young feeling." All of the people from the South introduced themselves to us, and a marine, in brilliant blue and red uniform told us how he had brought his mother to see her first christening of a cruiser, and they had arrived too late. She was a sweet, white-haired lady; we each gave her a rose from our bouquets. An enraged woman, who had arrived late, explained her traffic difficulties to some one who would listen. After the luncheon, we told our new acquaintances good-bye, and drove off to New York in a car laden with roses. I'll never forget that thrilling but terrifying moment when I broke the bottle of champagne on the bow of the U. S. S. *Nashville*.

The Citadel

By A. J. Cronin

Little, Brown, and Co., New York, 1937

CAROLYN MCKENZIE

College, '38

Frank Swinnerton in a review of *The Citadel* for the *London Observer* said, "*The Citadel* will take the town, the country, the English-speaking world." And it has. It is at, or near, the top of all best seller lists in the English-speaking countries and has been translated into eleven other languages.

Dr. Cronin, the author of *Hatter's Castle*, *Three Loves*, *Grand Canary*, and *The Stars Look Down* is a natural story teller. *The Citadel* has more revelation and motion than any other novel he has written. Through his latest book, Dr. Cronin has proved that he is a keen observer of human emotions.

Andrew Manson is the young English country-town doctor at the beginning of the book. His creed, "take nothing for granted" is shown throughout the novel. Manson's medical career begins at Blaenelly in South Wales. It was in this town that he met Christine, a young school teacher. Later they were married, and she stayed at his side through his long struggle. Always she was

helping, understanding, and fearing the future.

Manson's life is always adventurous. It begins in a colliery town, and later he realizes that his greatest ambition is to become a London doctor. He buys a practice in London and though he is a conscientious and sincere young man, he is almost broken and defeated by his superiors. Then his greatest desire is material success even though it may mean compromising his honor. Through the entire book we see a man who tried to be a good doctor, but thought it didn't pay.

This "great novel about a doctor by a doctor who is a great novelist," is an exquisite study on humanity. It is a story of the medical profession, a physician, and is an unusual love story.

You'll be moved by this novel. It'll entertain you, make you sad, and you'll finish it realizing that you have experienced the life of Andrew Manson under the guidance of a skillful doctor and novelist.

Betty's Diary

(With Apologies to Pepys)

BETTY REDMOND

High School, '38

December 18, 1937.—This morning I took my niece toward Five Points by car and parked her at Kress' with ten cents to buy herself a toy, and I to the drug store. By and by comes my niece to tell me that the clerk has persuaded her to buy a most fine tea set at ten cents a dish, and a tea pot; that the tea set will come to one dollar, at which I was somewhat troubled; but she was doing it very innocently. I could not be angry. I did give her more money, and sent her away. To the picture show, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from school. It was *Navy Blue and Gold*, where one Florence Rice, a girl, acted Tom Brown's sister, and made the loveliest lady that I ever saw in my life, only not lovely enough for James Stewart.

August 19, 1937.—About eight, I rose and got to Second Avenue where I followed Sergeant So-and-So, the policeman, with some company that he was leading through the crowd. And with much ado, by the favor of Mr. O'Brien, his man, did get into a folding chair on the first row of the people, where with a great deal of patience, sat from past eight until eleven before the parade did come by. And a great pleasure it was to see the street all cleared in the middle except for confetti, and all the people of all kinds even such as the very beggars, in torn clothes. At last comes in the band and clowns of the troupe, with the acrobats (many of them in cloth of gold) and after them the animals, all in their parade colors, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the animal trainer and last the calliope. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the music, and indeed it was lost to everybody. I took a great pleasure to follow and look upon the animals, and to hear the music of all sorts, but above all, the six drums.

June 6, 1936.—Some of my family were sitting up late one night reading the newspaper. Mother called us to her,

to tell us of a great epidemic they read of in the paper. So I rose and went to her chair, and reading, thought it to be on the edge of Jefferson County at the farthest, because being unused to such an epidemic that followed, I thought it far enough off, and so went to bed and forgot it. About seven I rose to dress myself, and there read the paper, and saw that the disease was more than yesterday, and nearer. By and by Mother comes and tells me that she hears that three hundred people have been killed by the disease we read about, it being infantile paralysis, and that it is now in the town itself. So I make myself ready presently, and walked to the doctor's, and there get a prescription for a preventative nose spray. And I did see quarantine signs on all the doors which did trouble me for poor little Sallye and Paula are at just the right age to catch polio. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the pharmacist, who tells me that he hath filled nose spray prescriptions all day and week, and it did help prevent. By this time it was twelve o'clock, and so back home where I knew that I would have to stay with my family all summer, only going to necessary places until the epidemic should stop spreading and decrease.

Revelation

Bathe me in stardust and clothe me in white

Give me soft furs and a cloak black as night.

*I pray to the muse to lend me her art.
To make my expression as gay as my heart.*

*Slippers of gold and a veil for my hair
A bracelet of charms and a perfume that's rare*

Yet let me seem natural, my hair softly blown;

There's one guy tonight that'd got to be shown.

—ANNE GANIER, High School, '38.

The Infirmary Room

Four walls plastered together with thermometers, pills, medicine bottles, and of course common ordinary plaster. Three white iron beds. No wrinkle dared place its bold marks on two; in the other a mere lump of humanity—me. One hostile chair frowning at all visitors, guarding the foot of each bed. One table, the Atlas for my world of food, books, and ice water. One door from which comes far away voices, dim laughter, running feet, distant tinkle of dishes, sterile smells. One window from which I'm queen of all I survey. Running, laughing, happy, hurrying girls. Swaying flag; still trees, or talkative in the wind—green grass—far off mountains. This is my infirmary room.

—KATHRYN PHILLIPS, High School, '39.

The Old House

*There it is—squatting on the hillside,
Its weather-beaten edges hazy in the uncut grass,*

*Basking in the sun and old memories
Of bygone days and olden splendor
That it knew in its youth.*

*Proudly rearing its gabled roof
Above that of its more humble neighbor.
Yes, it was a show-place in its day:*

*There the gentry trod the stately minuet,
And waltzed to the strains of muted music*

*Hidden behind ferns and tangled vines.
But its day has passed,*

*And it is, as I said, a relic
Of gallantry and coquetry,
Unheeded in a hurrying world
That rattles on its way*

Engrossed in jazz and shrieking horns.

—MARY JEANNETTE BENNETT, College, '39.

Forget

Forget your sorrow and care;
Forget all your grief and pain
If you don't you haven't a chance to get anywhere
So why the dickens complain?

Forget that with fear you ran;
Forget the tears you have shed
So just give out your smile like a man
And laugh at the things you dread.

—JUNE HALDT, High School, '38.

Freshman's Head

MARY KATHRYN FOERSTER
High School, '38

Take two cups of conceit;
Thirteen tablespoons of hot air;
Sixteen "lines" and
Two ounces of knowledge.

Mix together, and what do you have?
A typical college freshman! You can recognize one on any campus about the fifth day of September.

He hesitates to ask questions; therefore he steps in on a Board of Directors meeting, or the girls' dormitory. He knows little if anything about fraternities, but never in the world would he confess that he doesn't know one from the other. He has trouble getting his frat dates straightened out, as he signed not less than three for the same day and at the same hour. He is in such a whirl that he does not take time to sit down and think the thing over. Instead he goes helter-skelter on his way—getting nowhere fast. Nevertheless frat members treat him as though he were a prince. They tell him how grand he is, and what a fine frat pledge he would make. When Bill Brown has fallen head over heels in love with hearing about himself he consents to the pin on his lapel and becomes a fraternity pledge. With this consent goes all the flattery and praise. He is no longer the center of attention, and the big shot from Baxter Springs.

After two weeks of being a frat pledge we find him stiff and hurt in pride. During this period not a word has been spoken about first person singular. He has firmly decided that his frat brothers are simply a bunch of flatters and liars, as they have treated him as an under dog ever since; and have swung the paddles hard and fast on poor Billy.

By the end of the semester the hot air has evaporated; the conceit has lessened to self-assurance, "the line" about reduced to a clothes line. His knowledge has increased to volumes, and common sense is gently pounded in. With these ingredients you have the prospects of a man.

Interlude with Wisdom

His young daughter, my father decided, lacked a deep appreciation of the value of real learning and so had sent me that day to visit for an hour or so with his friend, Doctor John.

... The very second I stepped across the threshold of his study I was carried back through the centuries into a dim, quiet monastery of the Middle Ages. The figure before me bending over his book should have been clothed in a loose flowing robe and laboring earnestly over a manuscript. I stepped haltingly inside and he looked up at me from the worn volume he held in his hands. He drew his meerschaum slowly from his lips and smiled. His features might have been shaped by a sculptor so perfectly chiseled were they. His eyes looked into mine—deep, unfathomable eyes they were, filled with knowledge of all the centuries. He knew my mission and seeing how frightened I was he began to talk to me in low, vibrant tones. Everything in the room faded away and all that I knew or felt was that voice building pictures for me. I stood with Homer and beheld the wonders that were Troy; I sorrowed with Milton over his blindness; I was filled with the masterful confidence of the Winged Victory. The time passed so quickly I knew not where it went; but when I was again in the street I felt exalted, as if I had just been in the presence of the great god of wisdom.

—RUTH BENNETT, *College, '38.*

Attic Traitress

*A rainy day
An attic dark
An old chest
A key to fit a rusty lock.*

*A pack of letters
In a ribbon blue
A silver box marked "Souvenirs"
Arouse the curiosity too.
A peep inside
Shows yellowed lace
And underneath a single rose
A piece of mother's wedding cake.*

—HELEN REUTLINGER,
College, '38.

Library Reflections

SALLY ANN EVANS
College, '39

This morning as I sit in the library trying to express my knowledge concerning English, I have numerous thoughts about various and sundry things. It seems that my meditation does not run along the right lines, because I just can't concentrate on ideas for composition. I can think of everything from what we will have for lunch today to what shade a girl's hair was before she bleached it.

One thought that is constantly approaching my mind is whether or not I'll pass this examination. I begin averaging my grades for the semester to see what I'll have to make in order to pass the course. I've never before failed a subject. What will Mother and Dad say? Well, I'll just have to explain to them how hard the work is at Ward-Belmont. I must stop thinking about such a foolish question. Of course I'll pass. I'll just have to.

Just as I pick up my pencil and resolve that I am going to make a good mark on the examination, my attention is attracted by a girl chewing blow gum. She makes all kinds of movements with her tongue, which are most amusing. The gum looks as though it is almost too large for the size of her mouth—in fact, I think she's having a struggle trying to keep it in. Then, just as I expected, out it comes. I get tickled when I see the size of the gum. It looked as though it was about an inch in diameter.

Then I start back to work again by writing several sentences about religion. Then I seem to get in a sentimental mood, for I start thinking about home and loved ones. I wonder if I'll get to go home this spring. I see many of the girls taking their examination papers to the teacher. I look at the clock. Oh, Heavens! it's time to stop. My reflections for this day are closed. Well, maybe these reflections will help me pass the exam anyway.

A Valentine for Christie

JANE DAVIS

High School, '39

Her name was Christie. It wasn't Christine; it was just Christie, and there wasn't any handle to it either. No one knew whether she had a father or a mother; no one cared enough to ask. She was just a dirty little street urchin, and she knew it. No illusions of a beautiful mother singing lullabies to her, or of a handsome father meeting death like a hero ever troubled her mind. All that mattered was that by some cruel fate she had been born, and she had to eat to live. So she stole. She did not prefer stealing, but she did prefer eating. Surely she had no hurting conscience when she did steal.

Christie wasn't a beautiful, ethereal looking little slum girl that some rich family might see and take a fancy to. She was just a plain waif: stringy brown hair, freckled face, snagged teeth. She must steal or starve, and often she very nearly did both. At least it was better than picking in garbage cans, trying to eat rotten scraps. In the daytime she lived in the streets. At night she slept on a pile of rags in the corner of a room that was attached by decaying boards to a tumbling shanty.

The policeman of that district was her one friend; his name was Mike. (Most policemen's names are Mike.) He knew he should arrest her for stealing, but he didn't because he didn't blame her. He said Christie had more common sense than all the "high class" put together. She didn't bother to look for the beauty in life, nor was she full of reforming ideas. But she never complained about or regretted her lot. It was just there, and that was all.

It would have been impossible to guess Christie's age, for her pinched face and sunken eyes were very old, but the tiny shriveled body could hardly be that of a seven or eight-year-old child.

Mike would have liked to have taken her to be his, but he already had a wife and six children, and that was enough responsibility for any policeman. He often found Christie sitting on a curb-

ing, her feet sprawled in the street, and that's how she was now, even though it was February, and bitter cold. Her rags would hardly have kept the pampered poodle of a rich person warm, yet she didn't even bother to shiver; she was just turning blue instead.

"Well, say now, lass, it's a bit cold for you to be settin' here. Why don't you go inside where it's a mite warmer?"

"I ain't cold. After yer set here a while yer blood freezes, and yer don't feel it. Say, Mike, it's getting perty close to Valentine's day, ain't it? Yer know somepin, Mike? I ain't never wished for much, but I went up to the classy part o' town ter day, and I seen somethin' in one o' them winders that kinder made me wish I had one. Know whut it was, Mike? It's sorta silly, but I dunno; I jest liked it, I giss. It wuz different from t'others I seen. It wuz a Valentine. A big un, red, with a pitcher and a whole pile o' lace on it. Gee, Mike, reckon' I'll ever git one o' them some day? Maybe I could steal one, but that wouldn't be like somebody a givin' it ter yer. Gosh, I'm gittin' silly, wantin' an ole piece of paper. Giss I must be cold. It won't do no harm a thinkin' about it, anyway, will it, Mike?"

"No, lassie, t'won't do no harm. But you better get t'home. Oh, say now, look here, whut I found a left over from my lunch. A whole sandwich, it 'tis. Here, you take ut, and g'wan home now, and you better tie them rags together, better fore you come out agin, o' else you'll be jist another hunk o' ice."

She grabbed the sandwich and stuffed it in her mouth. "Gee, that's swell o' ya," she said through the bread.

Mike saw her again on Valentine's Day. It was snowing in sheets, and the wind was screaming around corners and up gutters so that you could hardly

see or hear. Christie was starting across the street when he saw her and she didn't see the car. He tried to call to her, but the wind hurled his words back down his throat, and he got there too late.

A man got out of the car; he was nicely dressed, "high class," Mike said bitterly to himself. The man told Mike that he was sorry, but after all the child was at fault. The driver couldn't possibly have seen her. And as he bent over to pick her up, he said it would probably be better if she was dead anyway, "poor little thing."

When Christie opened her eyes, she was lying on the rags in her dark little room.

"Christie, I got somethin' fer you," Mike choked.

"You have, Mike? What is ut? Oh! A Valentine! a real un! And it's red, too, ain't it, Mike? It's so dark in here, I can't see much. How much did it cost, Mike! How much . . . did . . . it . . . cost?" Her voice trailed off, and the blue lids closed over her eyes.

The policeman's throat was too tight for him to answer.

"Mike, I don't much keer whether I goes to heaven or hell. I don't giss life's much different in one place or t'other, for kids like me. But now, I got somethin' swanky, somethin' with real class, I kin take with me, ain't I, Mike? And my wish come true, too. It's a swell un, it is, I kin feel the lace. How much did you say it . . ."

The lips had grown too cold to speak, and this time Mike answered, "A whole fifty cents, Christie." And he stooped over to pick up the slightly crumpled Valentine that had fallen from the thin, stiff fingers. Something was burning back of his eyes, and that lump in his throat was swelling. He laid the lacy bit of paper on the sunken chest, and pulled the rags over her. He walked across the creaking floor, and closed the door that scratched and groaned against the storm. "I'll git the charity ambulance," he said, and walked off over the crunching snow.

The Chimes

WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL
Nashville, Tennessee



May, 1938

Foreword

"Spring flowers peep out with rapturous eyes,
Glad that spring is here,
And distant bells sing to the skies
Anthems sweet and clear.

"Dear bells, what comfort from you
I gather,
You can even make the leaves of past years
I thought brown and withered
To new life awake."

Those sentiments seem successfully to combine the ideas of spring and bells for our spring issue of the *Chimes*. We welcome the advent of Spring. The flowers and the April showers have made us happy and gay, and now we greet the late spring. Many of the poems and essays of this issue sing of this joyousness.

A renewed creative literary inspiration is manifest at Ward-Belmont. A contest sponsored by the *Chimes* for the best short story, poem and essay has brought forth such a wealth of material that it has been difficult to choose; but, we feel that the first place articles are worthy of high recognition, as representative of the *Chimes'* sense of good workmanship. Only lack of space has prevented our printing many of the splendid pieces of excellent writing which were submitted. We especially regret that it was necessary to omit some short stories on account of their length.

In the vine-covered tower of Ward-Belmont, the *Chimes* peal forth their farewell song to the class of 1938. The Seniors are living their last days at dear old W.-B. Next year we will not have these graduates to contribute their literary talents to the *Chimes*, but there will be many fine girls to take their places. To the high school girls and to the Senior-Middles the Seniors leave their sincere trust and inspiring loyalty.

The Chimes

VOL. II

MAY, 1938

NO. 3

EDITOR GRACE BENEDICT

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

ANNE GANIER

ELSIE JANE KNAPP

CHARLOTTE KINNEY

BETTY REDMOND

ART EDITOR BELLE VANDERBILT

BUSINESS MANAGER NANCY CHANEY

FACULTY ADVISER LINDA RHEA

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Genevieve—A Child's Story	4
I Put Away Childish Things	5
Frustration	5
Spring	5
A Senior Looks at Graduation	6
Springtime	6
The Wonder of Spring	6
Prayer	6
Spring Cleaning	7
A Definition of Spring	7
Divinity	7
Tolling the Bell	8
Thoughts on an Old Mission	9
Sunset	9
"We, the People—"	9
A Spring Day	9
Lines in a Bookshop	10
Nursery in Spring	10
Gyp the Gypsy	11
On the Other Side	11
On Taking a Bath	12
Social Life in America—Dining	12
But Prince Charming Never Comes Along	13
Queen Victoria	13
Idleness: Its Pleasures and Pains	14
The Great Smoky Mountains	15
To Our Suite	15
A Night in Egypt	16
The Tears of Seventeen	16

FIRST PLACE WINNERS

STORY

Genevieve—A Child's Story

ALICE SCHWARTZ

College, '38

Genevieve was a spider. Now bear in mind I said a real, honest-to-goodness spider. Of course Genevieve wasn't a big, black, shiny spider like Uncle Terrence or Grandspider Watts, but nevertheless, Genevieve *was* a spider. She had the loveliest soft, sooty-grey pinafore, which of course she always kept immaculately clean. She was really one of the neatest little girl spiders that I have ever known. Even though she lived in Nashville, Tennessee, a very, very smoky city, Genevieve always looked as if she had just stepped out from a page of *Good Web-Keeping Magazine*. In fact Genevieve's mother was always very careful to see that her little daughter washed every single one of her eight little hands before each meal.

You haven't forgotten, have you, that Genevieve was a real little spider? She lived in the sweetest little soft bungalow web in the top of an old ivy-colored tower on the edge of Ward-Belmont campus. This fine old building with its set of chimes had housed many generations of Genevieve's ancestors. It is very difficult to find the Watts family web, because it is located in one of the more exclusive suburbs of Spider Town on a street called Down Circle. There were seven stories to the Watts' home, and of course there was no need for stairs, because you haven't forgotten, have you, that Genevieve was a spider? She had a large roomy pocket which closed with a snap in her pinafore where she kept a big ball of flimsy, silver yarn. Every time Genevieve wished to go from her dainty star-shaped bedroom at the top of the house to the dining room on the first floor, she had only to get out her own little black crochet hook and quickly crochet a strong cord of chain stitch. One end of this she tied to the post of her pigeon feather bed,

and away she would swing to the lower floor, all the while crocheting and singing happily to herself.

Genevieve was an ardent lover of music. Of course to look at her you would never believe it, for as I have



Genevieve's Home—The Tower.

told you, she was a very neat little spider and never let her hair grow long and straggly, or forgot to put on a clean apron like some of the professional musicians such as Katydid or Amy Locust. The truth of the matter is that Genevieve couldn't play a note of music. She had at one time taken up the study of violin, but her teacher, Professor Montis, who was a very pious soul, finally gave up in despair, for he couldn't decide which of her eight hands she should

use for playing and what should be done with the other six.

Although she privately shed a few tears over her fate, Genevieve gave up the idea of being a concert star; but she never lost her appreciation of music in all forms. The greatest pleasure in life for Genevieve was to listen to the mellow sound of the tower chimes as they pealed forth their song on twinkling, twilight air.

On this particular Saturday afternoon just as the big red sun had disappeared from sight, and the little pink clouds were hurrying across the sky to change into their little white flannel nighties, Genevieve heard some one coming up the old iron steps of the Tower. Clump, clump, clump, clump; then a pause: puff, puff, puff, puff. The steps were very steep, and whoever it was grew short of breath and had to stop every four steps. Genevieve, who had been helping her mother make fly marmalade, rushed to the door of the web, and peered over.

It was—yes,—it was Mr. Dinkle, slowly climbing the stairs. *He was going to play the chimes!* Smoothing her apron and patting her hair to make it neat and tidy, Genevieve pulled out her little crochet hook. Trembling with excitement, she quickly finished a long chain of cobweb and went swinging off through space—down—down—down—to make a very graceful landing on the top of the scarred oak book rack.

By this time Mr. Dinkle had reached the top step. He was puffing more than ever from the long climb, and was wiping his red, perspiring brow with a big, white handkerchief. Genevieve had time only to scurry under cover between the open pages of a big green hymnal that was lying on the music rack.

Pulling out his big moon-faced
(Continued on page 14)

ESSAY

I Put Away Childish Things

EMMIE LEAKE

High School, '38

An attic casts a strange spell over me. I never come down from one but my mood has changed. Perhaps it is because of the fascinating past that saturates the very air. I went up into my attic the other afternoon, just to find my skates. Need I say I didn't go skating that day? For all the bright slabs of sunlight slanting in the windows, for all the blue, blue sky, for all the soft breezes running fingers through my hair, I could not tear myself away.

In an obscure corner sat my old, spotted hobby-horse with its scarred, red saddle and no tail. I remember so well the day I had been riding hard after a band of Indians, so hard in fact that my sturdy steed and I toppled over. "Another white lady bit the dust" with her horse on top of her and a nasty gash on her arm. Reverently, now, I touched the old scar and turned away to search for the skates.

They were nowhere in sight, but Shirley's little, white doll-house was. Originally it had been both Shirley's and mine, but because of my lack of interest in dolls, it was never called anything but "Shirley's doll-house." Teddy and Jack and I once sinned against it terribly. We didn't know Shirley would object to our using it as the enemy's fort during one of our wars. The pebble-shooting cannons mutilated most of the white paint and broke two windows. Laughing, I turned away another time in search of the skates.

Hanging tantalizingly near, out of an old, brown trunk, was the bright, orange sleeve of a Hallowe'en costume. I couldn't resist lifting the lid. A hundred different memories came to me as I pulled up first one old costume, then another: black cheesecloth witch's dress and pointed, cardboard hat (much the worse for its annual wear on Hallowe'en); the lavender Betsy Ross dress, worn in every George Washington play from the time I was nine 'til I became thirteen; the pirate costume, reminiscent of my first tap-dancing recital (the re-

cital in which I got out of step because my partner in front did, and we both fled from the stage and hid behind some scenery).

POEM

Frustration

*The painter moved his brush with skill-
ful hand
And soon the dingy canvas came to
life—
Became a lonely shore where sea met
land,
Where breakers curled
And tossed their foaming waters on the
sand.*

*He caught the color of the sea,
Its restless heave and swell; its wide
expanse,
The rippling of the grass which seemed
to be
Bowed down in prayer;
He caught the gauntness of the lonely
tree.*

*And still he worked for many hours
more;
Then turned, and threw away his
brushes with a sigh
And felt as he had never felt before
That he had failed,
And knowing why, he could do nothing
more—*

He could not paint the wind.

—PATRICIA LANGERFELD, *High School, '39.*

Those hot, May-Day dances on the green with all the little girls squirming and giggling were brought back so vividly by the bumble-bee costume with black and yellow stripes around the middle and the great, unwieldy wings. There were many more: devils, page-

boys, Dutch maids, and wigs and canes and hats of all descriptions. I piled them all back into the trunk, and as I did my glance fell upon a stack of books.

Thin, little, green-backed books, second, third and fourth-grade readers, and a thick, blue sixth-grade reader. How unapproachable the sixth-grade reader had looked, smugly reclining among Shirley's books when I was still carrying around my little, gray fourth-grade speller! I can see myself pouring intently over the adventures of Baby Ray, following each line diligently with a grimy finger.

I no longer thought about my skates. The bright Spring of today held no magic. Wistfully, I was wandering back along the road to yesterday, straying into long-forgotten bypaths marked only by the milestones of old toys, old clothes, and musty, old books.

Spring

*Spring is intended to be
One grand harmonic symphony
Of laughter and young loves;
The cooing of turtle doves;
The slow budding of the birch;
Easter Sunday and going to church;
Flowers peeping out of the grass,
Nodding at us as we pass
The fragile silver of the baby moon;
All these seem to be in tune.*

*But in other lands to-day,
The spring is not in spirit gay,
There is now hate, greed, and strife;
Ruthless cruelty, the taking of life.
We are far from the anguish, death, and
pain,*

*But our "hands are on a lion's mane,"
And while we lie snug in bed,
We should remember that fields run red
With blood of children, innocent indeed,
Who have perished because of some
men's greed.*

—HELEN PATY, *High School, '41.*

A Senior Looks at Graduation

HELEN REUTLINGER

College, '38

Each year as spring rolls around, students in colleges all over the country prepare to graduate, and to say good-bye to countless numbers of friends, some of whom they may never see again.

When a student enters a college, it is usually the one of his or her choice. Why they choose that particular college may be answered in several ways. Perhaps father or mother went there and there was a bit of family sentiment toward the old Alma Mater; or maybe a friend had sung its praises so that it seemed that it was the only place on earth to go; but whatever the reason, you can be sure it was a good one.

On entering college, a student requires that the college of his choice live up to its traditions and standards, as well as it expects him to help keep them.

Throughout the school years, friendships are formed that no number of miles can sever. Friends part, but only in body, for the spiritual friendship is ever there to comfort at a time of need or sorrow, and these school friendships we treasure. Unity and sportsmanship are encouraged and developed from the day you enter college as a freshman, until the day you wear the commence-

ment cap and gown. Your school becomes a part of you and you learn to love it. It is not perfect; no school is; but you love it just the same. You may get homesick, or just a little "blue" and think, "what's the use anyway," but where there is gloom, happiness is bound to break through. You slave over countless book reports, research papers, and hours of "lab" work; and at last that "long looked forward to day" arrives, that day when you walk down an aisle, across a platform, and receive your diploma. Your college life is over. Not until you have that final, almost fatal piece of paper in your hand, do you fully realize what has happened. You have come to the end of your formal education; you are saying good-bye to the rules, regulations, college, and your friends.

Now that the end of the school year is so near at hand, I am beginning to realize just how much my two years at Ward-Belmont have meant to me. They have been full of work and headaches, but more than that, they have been full of lovely traditions and friendships that

began around the Friendship Fire in club village that first Sunday evening nearly two years ago. In the time that passed, we, the new girls, gained more and more friends, and spent many delightful evenings together in our clubs and in our halls. Then when spring came, we shed a few tears for those friends we lost last year; and now, we, the Seniors of 1938, are preparing to leave.

Am I sorry I am a Senior? The answer is, no. I am glad I am a Senior, because, while I will miss the girls, the hall meetings, the club parties and everything else, I can always have the memory of the school, the lovely old ivy-covered bell tower and its 'chimes.

This year when step singing is over, and the ivy has been planted, the school year for us will be over. In years to come, as the members of our class go forth in the world, the chimes will still ring; the ivy will still be planted, and somewhere among the many vines that cover the "dorm" wall will be the sprig that was planted by the class of '38. May it ever keep us mindful of our Senior graduation.

Springtime

*The flowers are up; the birds are gay,
Our hearts are light and glad;
For this is the time, the Springtime,
When no one should be sad.*

*Winter is over, and Springtime has
come,
The song of the lark is gladdening,
For this is the time, the Springtime,
When thoughts of winter are madden-
ing.*

*The children are playing; the fairies
are dancing,
By the light of a pale, blue moon,
For this is the time, the Springtime,
When we're glad to be alive.*

—PHOEBE DOUGLASS, *High School, '41.*

The Wonder of Spring

Don't you wonder when Spring comes
'round

Where God has gathered the pretty
sounds,

Of bees in the flowers and birds in the
trees

Whistling their lilting melodies?

How can he blend the delicate tints,
And bring from frail blossoms those
heavenly scents?

How can he transform the world into
this,—

Why that little breeze was almost a
kiss!

—ANN HARDEMAN, *High School, '38.*

Prayer

*The trembling trees bow down to Thee
As I do in my heart, oh God.*

*There's a prayer for beauty, deep and
still
From the leaves to the root-mazed
sod.*

*The bird is eloquent in praise,
The sparrow drab; the oft-sung dove;
The shaken reeds unite in prayer
To Thee in strong, unshaken love.*

*While I, the Human, standing mute,
Can but send up my prayer through
these;
Can find no deeper, gladder tongue,
Than the prayers of the birds and
trees.*

—SUE CRAIG, *High School, '38.*

Spring Cleaning

NANCY PERRY

High School, '40

Spring cleaning means just one thing to me, Mother's constant entreaty for me to clean out my clothes closet. She has me in her power, for if I don't, invariably, I will come home some day to have her lead me proudly to my room and show me her morning's work—an empty closet. She throws *everything* away.

Therefore, I have learned to circumvent her. On the Saturday morning after her threat of starting spring house-cleaning, I find myself, after having cast a longing eye on the picture show ads in the morning paper, sitting on the floor before the open closet door surrounded by boxes in which have been stored the dress-up clothes left from my childhood play, innocently reading a book that I have just found. The room is covered with the clothes, which have been tried on, admired and dreamed over.

Mother discovers me, and tells me this waste of time will not do. She will supervise the cleaning. I recognize the note of efficiency; so, as everything is out in the room by now, I send a hasty glance around to see what I can throw away, but am terrified by loud and regular thuds as the wastebasket fills up. I can't tell Mother that I want to keep that balloon because a certain boy saved it from pins and lighted cigarettes just for me. Even the old sock I wore to a tacky party, at which I was the date of the host, is too sacred to me to be thrown away.

Now Mother turns to toys that should be given to some child who hasn't any; but then she doesn't know that I was cooking on that stove when she told me of grandmother's death, and that the toy gun was secured by the sacrifice of one of my most precious doll family, and it is a memorial to her. I sadly watch her pile these over by the door.

Finally, I have one shelf arranged to

her satisfaction; so she leaves. I immediately seize the wastebasket and retrieve many things, including the little cricket that hailed the New Year in the night of my first dance at a hotel. Having dumped all such precious belong-

A Definition of Spring

A blind child once told me his definition of spring. He looked up with wide, vacant eyes, lifted his hands as if feeling something, and said, "Beau-ti-ful"—very slowly. He must have felt my surprise, for he laughed, and his laugh was like tiny, blue bells, swaying in the breeze.

"I know it's beautiful," he said. "I know just what it's like. I can see it, see it here." And he pointed to his head and hand. "It's like warm rain in my face, that smells all earthy and sweet; like the sigh of a breeze in tall grass; lazy, like the thick smell of lilacs and honeysuckle. But sometimes it's bitey and cool, and clear, like the feel of a sharply-cut crystal ball, and it's bright, too, bright as the feel of the sun when it shines full in my face. It can be dry and warm like a rock in the sun, or soft as the face of a pansy."

Somehow, as I stood looking down at him, I felt that he should be looking down at me, for I felt small,—small, and very young. People said that this little boy was blind; that he could not see. I wonder.

—JANE DAVIS, *High School, '39.*

ings into a huge tin box and placed it snugly into a corner of a shelf, I settle down to read my box of letters.

I have forgotten many of the senders, but I nevertheless, hang over them for an hour. There is one certain group that I especially enjoy rereading, the one containing the notes we sent at school. I remember at one time we wrote letters pretending the date to be some ten years hence. We addressed the note

to Mrs. So-and-So, the name chosen being that of the young man whom each secretly admired. It often contained vivid descriptions of how we had changed in appearance (always for the better) how many children we had, and where we now lived. There are other types of notes, also. For example, I find an official-looking form letter from the bank, which I had received on my birthday. How this had pleased me, all typewritten and addressed to "Miss." Ah! this is the letter I have been looking for; it is from a boy, very gushy and not in very good taste, but very worn from many readings. Resisting the temptation to read *all* the letters, I try patiently to fold the dress-up clothes into a box while hurrying to get to my box of valentines.

Now valentines were always too valuable to be thrown away; so I have an extensive collection. The large red heart with many frills and much lace seems the standard form, although there are those made by hand. These valentines are a bit yellow from age, and are falling apart because of the drying of the flour and water paste. Then there is the comic valentine, which, although it didn't speak very well for my charms, was saved because it showed that I was important enough to be noticed by a certain young man. As I put the red, heart-shaped lid on the box and pack them away, I think of my happiness when I had received that box, my first gift of candy from a boy.

At last I stand up and survey very neat closet shelves, and an empty wastebasket. Having finished this task I should be relieved, but I know there is only a temporary respite. There is always the same job to look forward to next spring cleaning.

Divinity

A star—a cross—an empty tomb—

Emblems of a life divine.

A bird—a tree—a lily bloom—

Divinity in mine.

—SUE CRAIG, *High School, '38.*

Tolling the Bell

NECIA GARMANY

College, '39

Ever since I could remember, I always loved to listen to Grandpa's stories about John Harris. Now he was not a person of renown or even of recognizable success, but we children clamored to hear more and more of the anecdotes of poor John Harris.

How eager we were to see him with our own curious eyes when we went to visit our great aunt in the same town that John lived in! To us he was a comical and amusing figure as well as a picturesque one. He was long and lanky, yet bent with old age. His straight white hair that hung almost over his ears, and his shaggy white eyebrows overhung his vacant grayish eyes. His face and hands were a sallow color, yet browned in the wind and sun. Over his frail frame hung his loose, baggy, worn clothes. One always wondered what he carried in his bulging pockets. Some said that he carried gold and silver pieces and that he was worth millions; most probably, however, it was brass, tin, and iron scraps that he had picked up in his wandering.

From the stories about John we heard that he was the son of a wealthy family. He was born about 1850 in Georgia on a lovely old plantation. His father was a rich slave-holder; the children had the advantages of fine clothing, good educations, and almost everything they could wish for. John, the youngest child, was bright, happy and lovable. Then, he underwent a great change. During the time of the Civil War, there were battles being fought right on the Harris plantation. On one Saturday night he became so frightened by the roar of guns and the flash of explosives that he became hysterical and completely lost his mind. Although the family also lost all they owned, the plantation was swept away, the slaves were all freed, and they were almost starving, the greatest tragedy of all was the affected mind of the poor child. He had changed from the happy, sunny child to a dull, stupid, doleful person.

He grew up with no education, plowing the fields, tending the cattle, and

working year in and year out. After he was about thirty-five, he grew restless and decided to set out for himself. For years he roved all over the country, living where he could. He had a difficult time finding enough food because the people were frightened by his vacant, staring eyes and strange appearance. Finally, growing tired of such uncertainty and loneliness, he settled down in the small town of Blossom, Texas. He lived in a dirty little hut at the edge of the village; although it was not even a comfortable home, it offered rest for the weary traveler.

John needed some kind of occupation so that he could buy cheap food and a few necessities. He began work by "fishing" buckets out of wells for the people. Since the town was small and had no public water system, they all had wells and cisterns. Often they would drop buckets, cups, and other things in the well. John kept fairly busy at his business of "fishing" buckets. He would work for hours fishing for a bucket in a well for only a dime or a quarter. He was a strange figure trudging along the road with huge ropes, hooks, and buckets over his shoulders. He was pitied by some and—alas!—mocked and laughed at by others.

Somehow, John became devotedly attached to the church. Every Sunday morning he marched right up to the front pew; he never missed a service of the Methodist church. He always wore a frock coat, a red tie, and a huge flower in his buttonhole. When we saw him the first time we could not keep from snickering. No matter how accustomed the people were to John, a few always laughed when he came in. He also held the position of janitor in addition to the front pew position. Proudly on Saturday night he scrupulously swept out the church and religiously dusted the pulpit, every pew, and the organ. On Sunday morning he placed flowers and greenery in the church. Although his taste as a decorator was not

always exactly as it should have been, no one dared to disapprove it. The congregation always remembered the time that Mrs. Emma Vaught tried to help him and was so severely set back by John's mumbling reply, "Some nosey folks ought'a tend to their own biznes!"

His greatest pleasure was his love for "tolling the bell." He enjoyed ringing the bell for every service, and above all he enjoyed ringing it for every funeral. He absolutely doted on funerals and seemed to live from one funeral to the next. Whenever he heard of anyone's being sick, he always called on him to see how sick he really was. He never talked much, just sat and stared, answering in his gruff voice only when spoken to. Actually, he was in a way a nuisance, and some people almost hated the poor fellow, especially those of ill health. And it is no wonder; they felt as if he were following them around waiting for them to die.

When Mr. Jim Rollins, a wealthy lumberman, was in his last illness, John called again and again. Jim Rollins felt actual horror when John stood waiting around. Before Jim died, he made the request that he did not want John Harris to toll the bell at his funeral. When they told John this, he mumbled the rough answer, "Huh, anybody that contrary ought not to die."

For years he continued his same work and the same pleasures. Day after day John "fished" for buckets, went to every church service, and tolled the bell. Each time that we saw him, he seemed more feeble. Yet, he did not stop. Even after he passed the age of eighty, he still tottered around at every church service and rang the bell.

It was on a bleak day in late autumn that old John's life ended. Perhaps he found a much happier place. As the beloved bell tolled over the body of poor John Harris, there were questions in the minds of all who heard. Why? Why was he born? Why was he forced to live such a fruitless life? But the only answer was in the heart of the One greater than all; our only answer was the tolling of the bell.

Thoughts on an Old Mission

*A dreamy summer day; soft golden shafts
Of sunshine streaming down; a fickle breeze,
Now causing flowers to sway gently, and now
So still that one can hear the tinkling stream
Outside the mission walls of streaked gray;
And flow'rs, profuse, of amethyst and blue,
Gradated into coralline and ochre,
With glimpses here and there of verte-stained leaves;
The old well, guarded by a tree thrice times
Its age; the crumbling ruins of the moss—
Stained ancient chapel; bells, so cracked and old
Which rise behind; whose low resounding tones
Will sound no more; the solitary paths;
The pool and fountain clustered 'round by doves;
A heavy wooden gate that led to fields
In which the Indian converts labored hard,
Inside, the tiny, dingy cells, supplied
With wooden furniture and earthen floors;
Some paintings of the Saints and Fathers,
Beautiful though, still their colors now subdued
By time and careless weather; over all
A blessed silence that invokes a prayer.*
—ELIZABETH STRICKLAND, *High School*, '39.

Sunset

*I watched the sky of an ebbing day,
And felt the wind in my hair,
I saw the puffs of pastel clouds at play,
Held drifting in the sun rays there.*

*The sun changed her dress from gold to rose,
And spread out her rainbow skirt.
The clouds danced by on their fleecy toes,
Swaying in rhythm, gay, pert.*
—JANE DAVIS, *High School*, '39.

"We, the People—"

MARION DREDLA
College, '39

"We, the people of the United States of America, in order to form a more perfect union—" do what? Yes, we are the people so fortunate in our birthrights, so blessed with freedom, opportunities, liberty, and material richness, that we are blind, truly blind to our inheritance. We are so busy thinking of America in the terms of the depression, sit-down strikes, bank robberies, stock market crashes, dust storms, and floods that we commit our greatest sin; we lose confidence in the greatest democracy in the world because of seemingly large eruptions which in reality are superficial.

The American people do not appreciate their inheritance. This statement seems weak and lonesome for lack of thought on our individual parts. Books upon the hundreds have been written about it; newspaper columns have been used to expound on it. The very most I can do is repeat this thought, "The American people do not appreciate their inheritance," with a whole-hearted belief. If we considered what was thought of us, if we could talk with new people from the outside, perhaps we could catch that spark which would give us confidence. It seems strange that we so high-minded a people could learn something from our "old country" about our own America. But we can and should, if for nothing more than to prove our much-talked-about broadmindedness.

What would practically every foreigner give to be able to believe literally "We, the people—" Let us consider the Czech with whom I am better acquainted. He fought hard for his small freedom. It is because he has known other than this that he can value his newspaper, his weekly theater trip, his voice in the government, and his opportunity for an education. I have seen how, when the sun sets, the bent figures return from the fields. The Czech, too, appreciates his Sunday pilgrimage to church. Dressed in his holiday-best of black, he meets his fellowmen on an equal basis, an equality stated in the

Book he carries and in the constitution he follows. To ask this Czech his description of paradise would be to find the answer we seek. From the tiniest goose girl, dressed in red calico with a shawl over her curly head, herding a flock of noisy geese; from the sturdiest plowman who sows his narrow patchquilt fields intermingled with red poppies, to the etcher who has studied at the University of Prague and Vienna, to the Count who was so powerful before the war, we hear of a Utopia, "a perfect union" where in opportunities are unlimited (who knows but what the movie career the goose girl told me about could be achieved), and the inheritance of democracy assured.

This Utopia is America, "the land of the free and the home of the brave." Yes, but not quite brave enough to give confidence. Or are we thus on the surface of the matter but deep in our hearts the true brave? I think we are the loyal-hearted Americans who have been fed on substitutes for so long that the taste of real "home cooking" is foreign. But like the independent college youth we will come back, eager and hungry, for something substantial—American Heritage.

A Spring Day

*I wandered through a fairy wood,
And marveled at the scene
Of loveliness which met my eye,
Beneath the azure-colored sky,
Which overhung the green.*

*White birches cast their regal glance
Upon the flow'rs below,
The trillium fair, the forest's green,
Nimble jacks in pulpits green,
And Bethlehem's star of snow.*

*I marveled at the sights I'd seen
Upon the ground I trod;
I stood and gazed with reverent awe,
At all the evidence I saw
Of the wondrous works of God.*

—ANN STAHLMAN, *High School*, '39.

Lines in a Bookshop

MARY AUBYN TOWNSEND

College, '38

I can still hear the final rattle of the loose glass in the door that told me my first day at the bookshop was over. My reflections take me back to that distant morning—exciting, thrilling, but more than a little terrifying. By the time Mrs. Milton had explained my duties to me and warned me not to let any of the people upset me ("Because," she explained confidentially, "we have some peculiar customers.")—well, I was ready to give up all of my high aspirations and ambitions in an undignified retreat. But she must have suspected this because before I could say a word she was out of the shop with only a fleeting good-bye over her shoulder. I felt something like the trapeze artist who, while suspended in mid-air, looked down and found the safety net a tangled mass of broken ropes. I was still standing there surrounded by jeering stacks of books when the door flew open and a small boy came darting into the shop. Without even so much as a "hello" he actually yelled at me, "Gimme a book for Mother and make it snappy or I'll be late for school!" I was so completely dumbfounded that I stood there and gaped at him for at least two minutes. Thoroughly disgusted by this time, he said in a very disrespectful tone, "Come on, sister, step on it!" Finally I gathered my scattered thoughts and asked him who his mother was and what kind of a book she would like. Then came the cruel blow. He fairly sneered, "Well, Mrs. Milton always knows what my mother wants. Why don't you?" Somehow I weathered that first crisis, but it left me as limp as a rag.

Luckily for me the next time the door opened I welcomed a familiar face. It was Lucy Thompson, and although I used to hate her in grammar school, I greeted her in my friendliest manner now. I felt sure that any light, foolish novel would suit her perfectly, and my first selection confirmed my suspicion. She chatted brightly but aimlessly with me for a few minutes and then hurried out with her usual "I-really-must-dash" flurry.

The remainder of the morning was fairly uneventful although there was a constant stream of people coming in and out of the shop. Mostly they were mousey, conservatively-dressed little women who read at least three books a week. I could almost feel superior to them because they were so easily pleased. If I had held *Ivanhoe* in one

Nursery in Spring

While walking in my father's nursery one day, I paused to take stock of that about me. I stood on a path of the greenest of bluegrass. On each side of me were straight rows of shrubs and trees, tall and stately, low and humble, against the motionless sky. There were tall regal shrubs reaching above the boxwoods which were round, well-trimmed, and neat. There were the poplars, swaying in gentle motion and ever reaching up, as though to God; while the willows were content to trail their graceful branches on the ground. The flowering dogwood trees added to the scene with their great splashes of soft pink and white blossoms. The spring had brought all this loveliness with it. I rested there in the nursery and wondered that God could make so beautiful a place on earth.

—MARV JAMES, College, '39.

hand and *Murder at Midnight* in the other, I honestly don't believe they would have known which to choose.

After lunch, I buried myself in a book. Unfortunately for me I became so intensely interested in the story that I did not hear the door open. And that was a grave mistake. I came to my senses with a start and jumped up to meet the penetrating look of a very dignified, ponderous lady. Involuntarily my heart sank, and my knees began to shake. Finally I managed to stammer faintly, "And what can I do for you, Mrs. Anderson?" Yes, again unfortunately for me, I knew her—by repu-

tation as well as sight. According to gossip she was the possessor of one of the sharpest tongues in the entire city. And I had completely ignored her for fully three minutes! If there had been a clear path to the door I would have taken it, but *she* loomed ominously before me; so I gritted my teeth, squared my shoulders, and said, much more steadily than before, "It was very careless of me not to hear you come in—I'm so sorry." Then I waited for the storm to break loose. Instead a genuine smile creased her face, and her eyes lost their hard look. She said in a mild, rather halting tone, "I'm relieved to see that someone else can become as absorbed in a book as I do. However, you are far luckier than I because you can be torn from your book and still remain cheerful—I'm not gifted with such an even disposition." Well, I had to steady myself by gripping the desk—had I not, I'm sure I would have lost my balance completely. When I regained a semblance of the composure that I once had, I thanked her genuinely for her kind words and then began to suggest various books to her. Even after she had selected two books she seemed loathe to leave. We began to talk about books and reading, and it was like watching a miracle to see her face light up when she talked of these things obviously so dear to her. When she finally left she was as apologetic as a contrite child for having taken up so much of my time. Imagine the Mrs. Anderson apologizing for monopolizing anyone's time—particularly mine! At any rate I had seen a different side of her personality, and it helped me, more than I realized then, to judge other people that came into the bookshop.

The hour just before closing, from five to six, was probably my busiest. That seemed to be the most convenient time for the business men to spare a few minutes for browsing through the books, and most of them made it very clear to me that *they* wanted to do the browsing and wouldn't require any assistance, however solicitous, from me.

(Continued on page 14)

Gyp the Gypper

ELIZABETH ANN MCCARLEY

High School, '41

Gyp was a grayish-black terrier, waggish in tail and in nature. He was rather a nice rascal, but a rascal he was. One summer when we went out of town, we left Gyp with some friends. But the dog decided that there was no place like home, and made for it. When we came back, he was there waiting for us. I suppose he had been living off his neighbors.

The next winter there was a deep snow, just about the deepest we've ever had here, I should think. It was so deep that my sister and brother didn't have to go to school for a day or two. I imagine it was pretty cold, too. We thought that the snow wouldn't hurt Gyp, and that he ought to have some fun, too; so we let him out a lot. When Gyp didn't come back one day, we didn't worry at all, because he was fond of taking all day jaunts and visiting his friends and playmates. But when night fell, we began to think that perhaps poor Gyp had met with some ill-fated accident, and might now be lying dead in some gutter. This thought brought tears, and more were shed by us each succeeding night when he did not appear. We called all the neighbors, but none had seen him. He had been gone about five days, and we had given him up for lost, when one day we came home, and he was lying on the rug with a glint in his eye which seemed to say, "My, my, don't you wish you knew where I've been and what I've done these last few days?" We certainly did, but we never found out, for we hadn't the slightest clue, and Mother wouldn't help us any. She said he had just calmly walked up to the door and scratched to be let in.

Gyp was my brother's dog, and he was so fond of Trimmer and hated so to part with him in the morning, that he would run beside the car, barking madly all the way, until we got "up at the corner," where there was a group of grocery stores, and where the street car ended. Then Gyp, out of breath, would resign himself and loaf around, some-

times until Mother came back, before he went home.

One of our numerous cooks or wash-women who got off the street car "up at the corner" came one morning (late as usual) with a story of the dog catcher trying to catch Gyp. She said that the dog catcher chased Gyp everywhere, but never could get him, much to Gyp's pride, and the officer's chagrin.

Gyp was too smart for our friends; he was too smart for us, and in the end he was too smart for himself. For, being placed out another summer with the cook, he tried to get home, and never did.

One day we were driving when we saw a bushy, white Skye terrier playing with two children. Mother jokingly said, "Look, Libby, there's Gyp whitewashed. Those little children have whitewashed him so we can't have him back." This impressed me very much, and I sometimes wonder if it really wasn't Gyp. It might have been.

On the Other Side

JUDITH DAVIS

College, '39

There are certain memories or impressions which remain in the human mind from childhood. For some people it is a particular scene; for others it may be a person, but the one which remained most vividly in my mind was a road—not an ordinary road like one found in a city or a small town but a peculiar little country road, brown and bumpy, which wound along indifferently across creeks and pastures to disappear over a green hill.

Even from the age of six years I can remember looking out my window and wondering about it—not so much as to where it went but as to what was on the other side of that green hill. Hardly a day passed that I didn't plan to journey down it, but somehow my plans never matured. Many times I started out, but always something else would catch my fancy. Sometimes it was a butterfly or an especially fine bush of blackberries, and at other times, the inviting gurgle of a cool spring or the lure of a droopy shade-tree. So it was that I spent ten happy summers on the farm without once reaching the top of that green hill to see what was on the other side.

Whenever there are things which we know little about, our imagination is always on hand to help us out. Such was the case with mine, and it certainly turned itself out as to the other side of the green hill. While I was reading

Tanglewood Tales I imagined a great stone castle was there. When I finished *Black Beauty* I was certain that just over the top was a pasture full of fine horses. With the *Tarzan* books it was a dark jungle; with Zane Grey it was a big ranch with thousands of cows, and so on. Every summer I had a new idea. Several times I asked Grandmother, but she always replied vaguely that there wasn't anything in particular on the other side of the hill, and that refused to satisfy my imagination.

Two summers passed which I did not spend on the farm; consequently, it wasn't until this summer that I went back. As usual, when I looked out my window one morning the fascination of the funny road caught me. Again I asked Grandma what was on the other side, and again she said nothing. So I determined to find out for myself once and for all. I started out on horseback and after many "wandering-offs" I reached the top of the little green hill—I reached the top and was dumbfounded as I gazed at the other side. I no longer expected to see anything as romantic as a castle or a ranch, a simple little moss-covered "house by the side of the road" would have been sufficient, but instead there was nothing! Just as Grandmother had said—there was nothing at all but the funny brown road winding along indifferently until it disappeared over another little green hill!

On Taking a Bath

(With apologies to Robert Benchley)

ALLISON HEARNE

High School, '38

The public, I feel, has not been well-informed upon the art of bathing. They realize, most surely, that there *is* a technique to such a performance, but there being some doubt as to the extent of this knowledge, duty forced me to impart, for the benefit of mankind, the heretofore secret information on the tactics.

Having wrenched your back in scrubbing the tub, and drained it halfway twice in order to regulate the temperature of the water, you settle into its grateful warmth to find that you have failed to wear your hairnet. You step, dripping, from the tub and having procured the desired article plus a box of candy and magazine, you prepare for a nice long soak.

In the midst of the enthusiastic scrubbing the soap slips from your hand and dashes madly across the floor. In pursuit of this elusive necessity, you step upon one corner of the candy box,

scattering caramels and creams all over the floor. Having gathered the remains of the candy together, you proceed vigorously to scrub your feet which, being wet, have collected bits of grime here and there, and in this process you sling a slab of Cashmere Bouquet (for you *do*, of course, use Cashmere Bouquet. How else would Grandma have gotten her man?) right in your eye (how this slab of soap always manages to hit the eye is one of those unsolved mysteries).

After groping around for several minutes you will presently come in contact with the towel, and after rubbing your eye with this until it becomes very red, you decide that Murine will do the trick.

Since the medicine case is so near the tub, it really seems needless to get out of the tub again. You decide to try a leaning tower of Pisa act, but, unlike the latter, you apparently didn't have

a substantial foundation. Suddenly you find yourself back where you started with a slightly damaged hip.

Now that your eye is back to normal, you turn on the hot water (for your tub will, of course, be cold by now), carefully settle back with the new *Cosmopolitan*, and soon become involved in the tangles of a love story. As you reach the part where Charlotte is majestically, though with quivering knee and lip, gliding up the aisle to meet her groom, the man who knows the secret past of her father, you become so excited that you allow a couple of your toes to emerge above the surface of the water, under the hot water stream. Under your very eye, they turn a rich scarlet.

Nursing the injured members, you decide to call it quits, with a bit more understanding and perhaps a tinge of envy for those persons who find it unnecessary to bathe except on Saturday nights.

Social Life in America—Dining

(With apologies to Robert Benchley)

FRANCES CARTER

High School, '39

We Americans are a hardy race; and hardy races need a lot of food. Food, as you have probably already learned, comes in three doses: breakfast, lunch, and dinner, the last of which is usually the largest. There are many different types of dinners and diners.

Probably the most well known is the jolly home dinner, which is usually accompanied by two or three glasses of spilled milk, a fight over the wish-bone, and the dismissal of little Archie who always likes to blow bubbles in his water. This kind of dinner can be very amusing to the remaining members of the family who are fortunate enough to escape without a black eye inflicted by the baby's spoon waving in the air. However, if mother has been counting

pounds and calories, this happy hour can be turned into a foodless nightmare. The family must give up all for the sake of the new dress which simply won't fit. This family dinner is type A.

Direct contrast to type A is type B, the banquet, the most effective sedative known to science. The main course is the speaker, served in a stiff shirt, garnished with a wilted collar. He generally has some marvelous plan guaranteed to cure the nation of its current headaches. Or he may even be the author of the new rhymes which are all the rage. He never talks more than three hours, or less than one and a half.

All this time, of course, the rest of the company is sinking into various degrees of repose, and some kind friend is glancing significantly at his wrist watch, and viciously kicking the oblivious speaker.

Similar to the banquet is type C, the informal dinner, so to speak, the dinner to which the hostess asks about ten dear friends in order to display the new pattern of silver or her latest chic creation in brocade, net, satin, and feathers. This meal begins with jellied consommé, and ends with black coffee so strong that it prevents sleep until far, far into the morning. Guests, with many a furtive glance at the host or hostess to ascertain which fork to use next, choose as their

(Continued on page 15)

But Prince Charming Never Comes Along

MARGARET NOLAND

High School, '38

A dance to the average girl is a lovely pink and silver balloon that she may hold for one night—provided she keeps it from the ready pin of unpopularity. It is a magic potion, brewed to make her eyes sparkle—or shed bitter tears. It is a thrilling combination of soft lights, wafts of perfume, muted strains of the latest dance music, low hum of voices and gay laughter, and—more important—romantic adventure. No girl, as she dons her newest, cleverest evening frock, and pins on Bill's gardenias, can help thinking, "This may be the night I'll meet somebody exciting." For it's definitely meeting new boys that adds to the joy and strain of this all-important function. Yes, she'll meet them

all right—and how! Little boys, tall boys, fat boys, thin boys, boys with lines and those without. At every dance one meets them.

First, there is your date's best friend. Sometimes he's precious, and sometimes he's so—so, but he always gives you a marvelous rush. He tells you in an intimate, flattering way "all the things Bill's said about you," and what good taste he thinks Bill has. The only thing wrong is that this usually ends in a quarrel with Bill before the evening's over.

Then there's the boy with the obvious line, who quite plainly thinks he's "the

stuff." He holds you a trifle too close, and keeps asking one in particular in a passionate manner why he hasn't met you before. At the next dance he probably won't remember you.

The tall, ugly boy in glasses, who's so dull you feel as if you're at tea with the school faculty, is one of the "cards" I always manage to draw. He thinks you're marvelous, and nothing you can say or do can change it. You tramp on his toes, and make Gracie Allen replies to his witticisms. All in vain! He's just the constant type.

If you're lucky, there is the local Fred Astaire. He tries all the newest, most eccentric steps, and when you miss, says in a bored tone, "I'm sorry. My mistake."

What would we do without the local gridiron hero—who just can't dance? Although he may look like the answer to a maiden's prayer as he sprints the remaining ten yards for a touchdown, on the dance floor he's just a country boy at heart—and at foot.

Much the worst, however, is the tall serious type, whose lips sort of quiver and who shakes all over as he dances with you. He tells you in a confiding tone that this is the first dance he's ever been to—as if you didn't know. You struggle along for eternities before someone cuts in—feeling like a martyr to "the cause."

Of course, there are many more types than the few I've mentioned. Still, as "any girl" comes wearily back to the secluded coziness of her own room, unpins the now yellowed gardenias and begins taking off the flashing bravery of the now victorious war-paint, maybe she sheds a tiny tear and murmurs softly under her breath, "But Prince Charming never comes along. . . ."

Queen Victoria

JEAN BANIGAN

College, '39

You probably have seen Helen Hayes in *Victoria Regina* and liked it. If the play made you all curious about the period, by all means read Strachey's *Queen Victoria*. This biography is a real character-revealer that makes Victoria a friend to every reader.

The book opens with a chapter of antecedent material, necessary to all biographies. It discusses, in chronological order, the childhood of Victoria (christened Alexandria Victoria for Alexander of Russia, one of her godfathers, and for her mother), her training, her relations with hard Melbourne, her first prime minister, and her marriage. It shows how she came to fall in love with the charming, handsome Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, how her love for him struggled with her love for power. It brings out the gradual change in Victoria. She finally gave in to her love for Albert, and they ruled together.

If Victoria had married anyone whom she was not mad about, anyone but Albert, I doubt if she would have had such a happy and successful reign. But Albert had her in the palm of his hand, and he made her a Queen.

Strachey discusses hard Palmerston, the death of the Prince Consort, Mr. Gladstone and Beaconsfield, and the later years of the great queen. He closes with a résumé of the character and accomplishments of the ruler, and says, "The girl, the wife, the aged woman, were the same; vitality, conscientiousness, pride, and simplicity were hers to the latest hour." Victoria discovered that she was the heir to the British throne by reading it in a specially prepared lesson. Her only comment was, "I will be good." And she was.

Walt Whitman once observed, "As soon as histories are properly told, there is no more need of romances." *Queen Victoria* is a history properly told.

Lines in a Bookshop

(Continued from page 10)

On the other hand, some expected me to select a book that would immediately meet with their approval. This was particularly difficult if the man refused everything but mystery stories. Invariably he had read almost every mystery book on the shelf, and he seemed to take fiendish delight in drawing his eyebrows together in his most menacing manner and growling, "I read that quite a while ago." Different though their approaches were, all the men, with a few exceptions, of course, had one common characteristic that was evident to me. When they walked in the door of the bookshop they apologized to the world for doing such an inconsequential thing. They just as much as said that they knew reading was for people with leisure time, but, nevertheless, they would merely leaf through a few books to relax their tired, work-worn brains.

Well, I lived through that first day and felt much wiser for having done so. As the days went by, and I began to feel more at ease in the bookshop, the people who walked through the door became my own personal problems. I learned to remember what kind of books each liked, and whether the customers wanted to browse or have me help them. I learned to remain outwardly unruffled and pleasant (although inwardly I seethed sometimes) when the grouches would come into the shop.

I felt that I had truly conquered the world, at least my book-world, the day Mrs. McMurray, who, by the way, fancied herself an authority on books, telephoned and asked me to put aside a book for her. Quite naturally I asked if she had any particular book in mind. She said in an offhand manner, "Oh, you know what I've read and what I haven't. I'll trust you to select one I'll like." Needless to say I bent all my efforts on the selection of that book.

By the time summer was almost over and with it my work in the bookshop, I had not only pleasant memories but experiences that would be firmly established in my mind always. I think one of the most pleasing results, at least to my vanity, was the morning a few days after I left the bookshop, that Mrs. Milton called me and said hurriedly, "Mrs.

Idleness: Its Pleasures and Pains

There comes a time in everyone's life when he wishes that he had nothing in this mad hurrying-scurrying world to do. Being young and too much of a dreamer, I have often wished and longed for a few idle months. To find a completely deserted island in the gloriously warm South Sea; to bask in a wealth of hot, golden sun; to sleep when one is weary, and feast when one is called by hunger; to swim in a deliciously cold and refreshing ocean, soaring as a bird with each wave that comes over you; to gaze up at blue skies by day and blinking heavens by night. . . . All this could come under the pleasures of idleness. How real it all seems, and yet how far away!

Looking at this dream from quite another point of view, it could become truly painful. If one were forcefully placed in such a position, left completely and entirely alone for even a week, he would probably go quite mad.

Idleness of a kind is often desired, but, when once achieved, rarely presents real happiness. Man was not meant to think or do nothing; he must keep busy to be content; so complete idleness is quite the impossible. Though perhaps not constantly busy or working, the brain of man, and thoughts and desires bring forth a burning flame within him. The world would be a miserable place if everyone were idle. All civilization would die, and soon there would be a shaken and empty earth within the universe.

No, idleness is to be dreamed about and not achieved. Youth must dream and look into the future to achieve happiness, and so when my brain is weary of books and classes, I can grow idle for a few minutes and dream of sunny little isles, floating in a vast expanse of deep blue water.

—MARY HUCK, College, '39.

McMurray just called and asked me to send a book to her home, and I haven't the faintest idea what she would like. She said you would know; so please give me some suggestion." Then I felt that my work had been successful.

Genevieve—A Child's Story

(Continued from page 4)

watch, Mr. Dinkle looked at the time, and whistled under his breath. Turning the pages to a familiar old hymn, he began to play. The clear, strong notes of the fine old bells rang out across the dusky campus, while Genevieve, who, you remember was a spider, sat on the edge of the music rack and quivered with delight at the beautiful sound. With her head resting in one hand, she sat in silence, wishing that she might have been a musician to bring forth such lyrical melodies. In the midst of her meditations, she was startled by a muttered ejaculation, followed by the loud clang of a false note struck on the bells. Jumping up, Genevieve could see that Mr. Dinkle was very much provoked, and she discovered that the page of the hymnal had been turned by a breeze. Twice again he began, and twice again the mischievous wind flipped over the page; each time Mr. Dinkle hit a false note. Poor little Genevieve got very excited. What could she do? The song must be finished. In her agitation she twisted and turned the tiny black crochet hook in her hand, and suddenly the touch of the cold, little needle gave her a brilliant thought. Impatiently she tugged out the ball of yarn, and in a fraction of a second, she had begun a strong, silver cord. Crocheting as she ran, Genevieve climbed to the top of the book and began to scamper around and around the corner of the restless page. Four times she drew the thread around, and then tied the ends in a neat, little bow on one edge of the book.

Mr. Dinkle, believing that the wind had left him in peace, continued with the hymn, while little Genevieve, who was, as I have told you, a real little girl spider, resumed her perch on the music rack. Her little spider heart was thumping happily, as she sat with her head in her four little hands, and realized that she had helped to make the beautiful music which floated across the darkening campus.

The Great Smoky Mountains

By Laura Thornborough

Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, 1937

CAROLYN MCKENZIE

College, '38

Miss Thornborough was born and reared in sight of the Great Smokies. She has written her book from an actual, intimate knowledge of the mountains and the people. She has a cottage in the heart of the mountains now and frequently she has climbed the highest peaks and explored the nearby places with mountain people. She has lived among them and enjoyed their companionship. Miss Thornborough said, "When I discover new trails and find new beauties I feel an intense desire to share this knowledge with others and shout this discovery to the whole world."

The book is a characterization of the Great Smoky Mountains. Miss Thornborough knows these mountains and in her book she has mapped out trips for the visitor that only a native of the section would be familiar with.

These mountains, lying partly in North Carolina and partly in Tennessee, were practically unknown until they were made into a National Park in 1926. Now the number of visitors is increasing daily, the roads are being improved, and the mountains are becoming an interest center of the South. Miss Thornborough has written not only about the elevation and character of the mountains, but about the birds, beasts, and plants one finds there. She takes her reader on trips into the mountains starting from Gatlinburg, Tennessee, and Knoxville and traveling over the beautiful scenic highways of the park such as the "Over-the-Smokies Highway" and the "100-mile Scenic Loop." She acquaints her reader with the mountain folk, their occupations, and handi-

crafts, and she takes her reader to visit the Cherokee Indians.

Miss Thornborough is more notable for her thorough knowledge of her subject matter. Her description is not weighted with heavy technical requirements that create vivid images, but the reader sees the mountains through her words and her photographs of the mountains.

This book will interest any general reader, will fascinate a lover of nature, and will stimulate the desire of everyone to spend the summer hiking, and climbing, in cooler places. It will serve as an excellent handbook for the visitors to the mountains, because it has answered every question the prospective tourist could ask. It is a "friendly guide to the newest of America's national wonderlands."

To Our Suite

*When you think of the joys
And the sorrows we've shared,
Within the four walls of our room,
Then let our friendships
Be never impaired,
Nor let our laughs, and our smiles
Meet a doom.*

*The letters, the wires, the trips,
And the lessons,
Were a part of our every day.
So too were our loves, and our
Many bull sessions,
As we traveled along our way.*

*Next year we will all be apart
Dears,
To journey through life as we
Please;
So let's not forget our W.-B. years,
Nor let all our old memories cease.*

—KATHRYN VAUGHN, Senior, '38.

Social Life in America

(Continued from page 12)

main topic of conversation, such delightful subjects as the weather or stale jokes, or Roosevelt's latest bill. The guest spends a good part of his time hypnotically staring at the tallow which is just about to splash into his water, and secretly wanting to ask for another roll. It is always a relief to all parties concerned when the time finally has crawled by, and one may leave at last, declaring that he never ate such *marvelous* food, and that he had a *wonderful* time. Fortunately, such dinners don't occur very often. It takes quite a while for even the strongest person to recover fully.

The "dinner for two" is very popular, particularly if one of the two is an eligible young man, and the other a charming young lady. This must always take place in the darkest corners of the restaurant, 'way over behind some palms. The main requirement is soft music; no food is necessary. If one has food, it is rarely ever eaten. Of course one must make some pretense; so one picks up a fork, and absent-mindedly dilly-dallies with it while gazing intently into the soft eyes of one's companion. Two hours may be spent at this meal with the happy couple never realizing that they have eaten nothing. This is type D.

Lastly and probably the most nerve-racking of all is type E, the first meal cooked by the blushing bride for her manly hero. If the bride has attended cooking school before she takes the fatal step, the dinner may pass off fairly well. However, if she failed to do this, a distressing scene may ensue. It will no doubt be eighty-thirty before the biscuits are burned sufficiently, and the steak is properly tough. The unsuspecting male gets quite a shock when he finds that his darling has left the grounds in the coffee, and has forgotten to cook the vegetables. He grins and bears it, though, to reassure the nervous little wife who is staring anxiously over the candles. After this exhibition, the husband will urge her to save her talent for parties and hire a cook.

A Night in Egypt

EDDIE BELLE LEAVELL

College, '38

If you want an experience which is mystical, beautiful, spooky, and awe-inspiring all at once, just go to Egypt and spend the night on the desert close to the pyramids. These pyramids have always held a fascination for me, and it was indeed a thrill when I caught my first glimpse of them as we were motor-ing out from the city of Cairo, Egypt. About five miles out we left our cars and mounted camels. I didn't know whether the first few jolts on "Honey Sweet," the one I chose, were going to be the "thrill of a life time" or the "spill of a life time."

The three largest pyramids in the world, called the Giza pyramids, are located at this place. The first and largest is named Cheopes; it is 451 feet high, and covers thirteen acres of ground; it took one hundred thousand men twenty years to build it. It looked larger from the base of it than I have ever imagined it would.

It took about forty-five minutes of plodding and swaying on "Honey Sweet and Co." to reach the little camp out on the desert where we are to spend the night. The fifteen or twenty tents making up this camp looked to me as if someone had dropped them there in that great big sand pile and would be back in a minute to pick them up again. The real desert shiek who owned the camp proved to be quite an interesting Oriental character, and was most cordial to his guests. We were quite surprised to have tea served to us at the regular time in the afternoon.

Of all things in the world which is the most different from anything else, I am sure it must be a sunset on the desert. We simply sat on a sand dune and watched, spellbound by the beauty of the changing colors. As the sky

mellowed from a blue to pink and then to a deep rose, the sands were also changing from tan to a reddish brown, and then to a purple shade. The combination of these colors made a loom of color which I shall never forget. The effect of these lights on the pyramids was most interesting, making one side a bright gold in contrast to the dark back parts.

The five-course dinner in the dining tent was quite an elaborate affair, in spite of sand which had blown in on the way from the kitchen tent. We were served by very dark natives of the Nile. After the meal, the tent was cleared, and we were entertained by the tricks of a true "gala-gala" man who performed on the rug floor.

When we left the light and gaiety of the tent, we found ourselves in total darkness, except for the millions and millions of bright stars in the sky. Walking on the desert at night creates an optical illusion of such force that we could hardly tell whether we were going up or down, and at times it seemed that there was a stone wall before us, which would disappear when we reached it. As we sat, 'way out from camp, and looked up into the sky, I was sure that the stars had never been so numerous or so bright. The words in our minds were:

"The Heavens declare the glory of
God,
And the firmament showeth His
Handiwork."

Then we went back to camp and to bed in one of those cozy but spacious tents which were lined with bright-colored blankets. We must be up for sunrise the next morning, of course, and after that we decided to climb the smallest of the three pyramids before breakfast.

The Tears of Seventeen

*The trees reach out fond arms to me
In tender, loving sympathy.
The flowers lift fair faces high
For me to kiss when I pass by;
They understand far more than I
The tears of Seventeen.*

*The tree-frog croaks his songs to me;
The twilight star belongs to me.
The pale gold, ling'ring on the crest
Of the hills is mine, in the fading West.
The quiet hills know, as do the rest,
Why Seventeen must sigh.*

*The lips of Night caress my hair;
A laughing breeze springs up some-
where,
The day has vanished from the hill;
The night is fragrant, holy, still,
And once again my glad eyes fill—
The tears of Seventeen.*

—SUE CRAIG, High School, '38.

This took about twenty minutes, and what a wonderful feeling to be on top! On one side was the green Nile valley, and on the other was the tractless desert.

After breakfast we perched on our camels once again, and started to the Sphinx. We found that she was most fascinating, but was getting along just fine that morning, and could probably manage without us for another few thousand years. So we rode on past and up to the large pyramid completing our circle started the day before. I was thrilled to find that we could go in. The entrance is a little doorway about twenty feet from the base. The feeling on the inside was very much like that of being in a cave. We walked through low passages and up the steep shafts until we reached the Tomb of the King which is exactly in the middle of the pyramid. In this room lies the open sepulcher which once contained the body of the King Khyfu, for whom the pyramid was built, and who ruled in the fourth dynasty. There was a tiny slit to let the evil spirits out.

The sunshine felt heartening after being in such a place, and we were glad to bridge 4,000 years in one big step which landed us out of the world of the past into modern automobiles headed for the city.

CHIMES

DECEMBER
1938



The Chimes

WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL

Nashville, Tennessee



December, 1938

Foreword

I shall take a distinct pleasure in the reappearance of the CHIMES, which, I believe, is at this time going to press.

In my opinion, this periodical has proved its merit at Ward-Belmont, and I think, serves a recognized need, which naturally makes me more gratified in its continuation during the year.

A. B. BENEDICT.

I am anxiously awaiting the first copy of the CHIMES of '38-'39. It will be most exciting to see the production of our contributors of last year and those of new talents. I am sure that there will be interesting material for the Christmas issue.

This issue marks the third birthday of the CHIMES. As it grows older, it is bound to show improvement. You can profit by the experience of the two staffs before you; you can avoid the mistakes we have made and you can utilize our attempts which proved successful. Also, you can make innovations which the staffs to follow you can reject or accept as they think wise.

We want a strong foundation on which our literary magazine can stand firmly. We want to have tried it, and be satisfied only with a school literary magazine of first rank. This depends on the interest and co-operation shown by each student. My plea to each of you is to give it all you have.

May the CHIMES be a continued source of enjoyment to the student body, of satisfaction to the teachers who have inspired the contributors, and of stimulation to creative writing on the campus. May it be a joy to those seeking achievements in the literary field.

From one who is intensely interested, comes every good wish for the CHIMES' success in abundance throughout its entire third year. With such a capable group in charge of it, I am confident that this will be a fine year.

GRACE BENEDICT, '38.

CHIMES Editor, 1937-1938.

The Chimes

VOL. III

DECEMBER, 1938

NO. 1

EDITOR JEAN BANIGAN

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

SUZANNE McDONALD

MARY WALLACE AUSTIN

FRANCES ALDRICH

MARY ADELAIDE HANSEN

EXCHANGE EDITOR ELAINE KENT

ART EDITOR ELEANOR HANSON

BUSINESS MANAGER ROSEMARY FOX

FACULTY ADVISER IVAR LOU MYHR

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE CHIMES: Third Year	Linda Rhea 4
He Who Gives Himself	Edith Dailey 5
Christmas Star	Rosemary Fox 5
Spirit of Christmas	Helen Spencer 6
Birth of "Silent Night"	Mary Pope Creighton 6
Christmas	Ann Elizabeth McCarley 6
To Ted Shawn	Anonymous 6
A Christmas Story	Anne Ganier 7
Inside Story of Christmas	Mary Adelaide Hansen 7
My Tenth Christmas	Corinne Howell 8
Christmas in France	Kathlyn Byars 8
Christmas Origin	Jean Perk 8
La Navidad	Sylvia Goldstein 9
Just a German Excuse	Marion Dredla 9
Roman Saturnalia	Hortense Kelley 9
My Mother Is Religion	Peggy Sedwitz 10
Book Reviews	Marjorie Schwab 10
	Kathryn Phillips 10
A Billboard Party	Mary Mitchell 11
Twilight	Ruby Sagalowsky 11
Ward-Belmont Sketch	Helen Jeanne Beaubien 11
Metamorphosis	Nancy Perry 12
The Return	Peggy Wright 12
Day Dreams	Elizabeth Woodcock 13
A Modern Pilgrimage	Carolyn Robinson 14
Christmas Lesson	Frances Farwell 14
Through the Years with My Coiffures	Ann Stahlman 15
Purple Senior-Middles	Margaret Adams 15
Lady Ann	Mamie Edwards 16
The Classics Versus Jazz	Virginia Robb 16
Christmas Eve Night	Anne Ganier 16

The Chimes: Third Year

LINDA RHEA

Retiring Sponsor

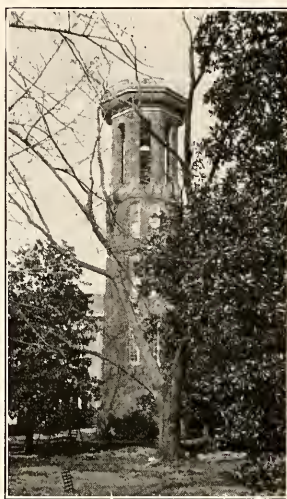
A favorite spot on the campus is the old tower with its vines and its chimes; the symbolism of the CHIMES, as the name of the Ward-Belmont literary magazine, is apt. So much was the word *chimes* a part of the campus consciousness that when the posters appeared on the bulletin board a little more than two years ago announcing the new publication, it seemed as if the CHIMES must have been known to us for a long time.

The CHIMES grew definitely out of a desire on the part of the students to have an organ of literary expression. The *Hyphen* must carry the news each week, and there was little space for creative work; the *Milestones* did not appear until Commencement time, and served a different purpose. Other schools had literary magazines. Why not Ward-Belmont? So thought a group of girls who undertook to make their hope for a magazine a reality.

It is easy to talk about wanting a magazine; it is another matter to pay the printing costs, and to collect sufficient worthwhile copy to fill the pages. Within a few days, following a student meeting in chapel, the expenses for the first year were guaranteed, and contributions filled the CHIMES post office box so that the staff spent many hours reading manuscript, and deciding what to use. It was a real distinction to have one's work published.

This successful progress did not come without effort. The girls on the staff gave up many Saturday and Sunday afternoons to reading, revising, typing, making the dummy, and proofreading. This poem would not fit into the requisite space; this short story was too long; would this story or that one interest the readers more? The problems were many; but one by one they were solved. On the day before Christmas holidays began in 1936, the first issue of the CHIMES arrived from the printers, and the gay green and white covers with a sketch of the tower filled many post office boxes.

Another issue came out in the spring



Ward-Belmont's Chimes Tower

Christmas Chimes

Temporary peace is about to settle quietly over the Ward-Belmont campus, as throughout the world. While the chimes in the tower ring carols through the crisp, cold air, and friends, old and new, say goodbye for a while, this CHIMES sounds its note of cheer, good wishes, and hearty approval of the holiday activity.

In three weeks we will all take up our work with renewed zest and vigor, being thankful for bountiful Christmas blessings. We shall be thankful for home and family, the caroling harmony of young voices against a backdrop of deep organ notes, the dazzling whiteness and magnificent fun of new snow, the swish of many formals and the well-bred murmur of people's voices. We will be glad to be back because, oftentimes unwittingly, Ward-Belmont has become a part of us. We have come to love the clean-cut outlines of the Academic Building and the Southern grandeur of Recreation Hall. Way down deep we will feel just a little twinge of loneliness for Ward-Belmont when some later Christmas chimes sing "Peace on earth, good will to men."

of 1937. During the year 1937-38 there were three issues. Contributors have felt a sense of accomplishment as they have seen their work in print. Others have felt pride and interest in what their friends were doing. With each issue there has been the wish for a free printing press so that all of the excellent material could be published. Almost every type of writing has appeared in some one of the five issues prior to this one, and the magazine has received favorable comment on other campuses besides our own.

Now, December, 1938, sees the third year of the CHIMES. The magazine is not yet old enough to be firmly established. Good work has been done by the editors and assistants before this year, and this year's staff is desirous of continuing, and of contributing its parts towards establishing the school magazine as one of the valued traditions of Ward-Belmont. It is the hope of all of those who have had any part in the CHIMES during the first two years that the response of the student body in this third year will be such as to make this literary organ grow in strength and effectiveness.

Exchanges

CHIMES was pleased to receive several early fall literary magazines. Since the time from September to December is comparatively short to present a publication, some of the copies have not yet arrived. However, we were delighted to obtain all those that were early issues, and are looking forward to an extensive exchange this year with many schools and colleges.

In the succeeding issues the exchange magazines will be rated by the CHIMES. The outstanding articles will be given three bells; mediocre selections, two bells; and the sub-average contributions, one bell. Also, the magazine as a whole will be rated according to the same standard. We believe that this is the best way to criticize and comment on our exchange material.

He Who Gives Himself

EDITH DAILEY

College '40

Carl Korsky lived in Austria—or, at least, Austria in name. Since the Germans had entered his country, it was not the Austria which he had known. Whispers replaced former joyous shouts and laughter. Everything was dark and formidable. Even Carl, only twelve years old, could sense the change. The new regime had altered greatly even his life. A few months before, he had lived with his father, mother, and little sister, on a small farm. They had been happy—not always having the luxuries they would have liked, but nevertheless contented in their freedom and companionship. Carl's mother and father had always taught him about God—taught him to love God and pray to him for things he wanted most. Carl had gone to a good school, with a firm but gentle old teacher, who made his pupils love to learn. Carl's whole life had been happy.

But now he was in a military training camp. Here he marched long hours, carrying a gun. He marched till he could have dropped from sheer exhaustion, but there was always some one to prod him on without a moment's rest. Words praising the glory of Germany were constantly impressed upon Carl's mind. "Germany is great. Der Fuheur is great. We must make Germany greater and more glorious!" They were repeated meaninglessly many times a day. Carl could not understand, but these words seemed to be the incentive to make little boys march and work till they were almost dead. There was one man in the camp who made life bearable for Carl. He was the schoolmaster. He had been a loyal Austrian, but somehow had managed to retain his prestige with the new government, and had been given this position. Often he would talk with Carl about their Austria. They talked of the glory of Vienna, and hoped together for its glory to be restored. Carl's whole life was filled with this dream of restoring his coun-

try to its former position so that he could go back and live again with his beloved family.

It was night in the camp. Carl usually slept the minute he fell into bed, but this night was different. This same day, one of his comrades had furtively mentioned that ten days remained until Christmas. Carl had been overjoyed at the thought, until he suddenly remembered. What was Christmas like in a military training camp? It was prob-

Christmas Star

*I walked along the silent street,
The crunch of snow beneath my feet.
The houses' ghost-like shadows stand
And a single star doth rule the land.*

*But, oh, that star of brilliant light
Doth make a dawning of the night;
And I follow and follow—up hill and
down—
And know that it leads to Bethlehem
town.*

—Rosemary Fox, College '39.

ably just another day. Could he see his family from whom he had been long separated? Here he paused to think of his family. His father was in a camp much like this one, only more strict. His mother and sister were still in the little home in which the whole family had lived happily a few months before. The last letter from his mother had not been very enlightening—what with black lines through whole paragraphs, and the word "censored" scratched over the pages. He had been able to learn that Mimi, his little sister, was ill. The next words were scratched out, but by straining his eyes, he could barely see the words, "lack of proper food," which carried a world of meaning to his young heart. Mimi had never been strong, but her very weakness made her even more firmly imbedded in the heart of her brother. He must see Mimi at Christmas time. He could not take her

any present, but surely he could go home to see her and his mother. The thought lingered in his mind, and thinking of little Mimi, he finally dropped off to sleep.

After five more days had passed toward Christmas, a general announcement was made. The head of the camp, a rough, cruel Nazi officer, said in a colorless monotone:

"I have decided to be exceedingly lenient with you. On December twenty-fifth, there will be classes only until noon. You will be free in the afternoon. However, you understand, of course, that you will not leave the camp."

This gracious announcement completely overwhelmed Carl—not, however, with its liberality, but because it killed any hope he might have nourished of seeing his mother and father and little Mimi.

That night again Carl could not go to sleep. He kept thinking:

"I cannot go home. They are keeping me here. Why must I stay here? It is Christmas time. I hate Germany because she makes us unhappy and is cruel to us!"

These were Carl's bitter thoughts as Christmas drew nearer and nearer. Finally it was Christmas Eve. There was an infinite calm pervading the atmosphere. Carl was still in the camp. He had even thought of attempting escape, but he knew that would be futile. Not only would he be punished, but punishment would even extend to his family. Heavy-hearted he had gone to bed. Sleep was impossible, but what else was there to do? He knew that no one was sleeping. There seemed to be a heaviness in the air that weighed upon everybody.

Suddenly an officer entered his quarters. Roughly, he marched over to the side of Carl's cot. Carl held his breath. What had happened? What could this mean? Abruptly the officer handed him

(Continued on page 13)

Spirit of Christmas

HELEN SPENCER

College, '40

The beams of the sun were beginning to touch the tops of the tallest buildings, and the deep hush of the early morning was spread over the big city. During the night, a quiet snow had fallen and had spread a white down over the earth. The air was cold and crisp, but there was something else in it that told the early riser that this was not an ordinary day. If a sample of the air had been analyzed by a scientist, he would not have discovered any rare or unusual element in it, but there was some unmistakable quality that could not be defined. There was an undercurrent of excitement that filled the whole atmosphere. It was Christmas morning, and the Christmas spirit was everywhere.

At first glance it seemed that there was no one in sight, but by careful observation a dark figure could be seen walking in the shadows. This figure, which was that of a man neither young nor old, stepped into a dim patch of light. His clothes were old, worn, and dirty, but had originally been of a good cut and make. His step was more the shuffle of an old man rather than the buoyant step that a man of his age should have. Looking at his face, one would at first notice in it the hardness, coldness, and disbelief in himself and everyone else. On a more careful analysis one would notice that his face betrayed a look of intelligence that was unusual in a man of his appearance. When he came to the gate in the wall that surrounded the garden, he paused, looked around, and, seeing no one in sight, noiselessly opened the gate and slipped inside. He hurried up the path, and quickly but quietly opened the door of the church.

There was no light inside except the small amount that was emitted by the candles burning on either side of the altar. It had been many years since the man had been inside a church because, like so many other men during hard times, he had lost all faith in God. He stood just inside the door for several

minutes appreciating the warmth—for that was his reason for coming—and was slightly awed by the feeling of peace that he felt. It was so still in the church that the man was exceedingly surprised that such silence existed, for he had been used to the hurry and noise of the city. Presently he was drawn towards the altar for a reason that he could not explain, and found himself looking up at the cross that hung on the wall behind the altar. To his amazement and bewilderment, the cross seemed to gleam with such a dazzling light that he was not able to look at it. By some unknown hand the candles had gone out, but the light from the cross spread a faint glow over the whole church. For the first time in his life the man dropped on his knees before the altar and prayed.

It could have been hours, or it could have been only a few minutes that he stayed in such a position, but when he finally arose and dared to look at the cross, all of the light had vanished, but the sun had risen enough to provide a dim light in the church. He turned to leave the church, hesitated, as if he had suddenly remembered something, and then turned back to the altar. At first he thought he had fallen asleep and dreamed about the cross, but when he saw the unlit candles he was convinced that it had actually happened to him. He thrust one dirty hand in his pocket and drew out two small pieces of silver, not very valuable, but all he had. Placing them carefully on the altar, he turned and walked out, not the way he had entered, with a dragging step, but with a firm step, head thrown back, and shoulders squared. His faith had been restored and he had seen the real spirit of Christmas.

To Ted Shawn

He dashed on the floor with a shout,
And at once began dancing about.

But he fell on his face,

Trying to set such a pace,
When they carried him in, he was out.

—ANONYMOUS.

Birth of "Silent Night"

(An adaptation)

Every year on Christmas Eve thousands of children and adults sing "Silent Night," and though it is our most popular carol, very few people know the story of its beginning.

On a day before Christmas Eve over a century ago in a tiny church in a Swiss village near Salzburg an organist, Franz Gruhn, was worried and upset because his organ had broken down, and a blizzard outside dashed all his hopes of having it repaired for the services the next night. The elaborate songs they had practiced for so long could not be sung without the organ. In desperation he turned to the assistant priest, Joseph Mohr, and asked him to try to write a song for the congregation so simple that it need not be practiced, and could be played on a guitar.

That evening as Father Mohr walked pensively home after seeing a dying woman, he looked down from the snowy heights. The blizzard was over, and a strange stillness seemed to have settled over the mountains. Over the snow there was a faint light that came from the village. As the priest stood there imbibing the deep beauty, he thought that it must have been on a night like this one that Christ was born. He hurried home, and from the inspiration from that thought wrote the verses now called "Silent Night." Franz Gruhn put it to music the next day, and that night the people had a carol to sing.

If that organ had not broken down, and the blizzard had not been so fierce in the Swiss mountains years ago, we would not be able to sing joyfully "Silent Night" every Christmas Eve.

—Mary P. Creighton, College '40.

Christmas

*Carolers singing by candle-lit windows,
Holly wreaths gracing the doors of each home,*

The Christmas tree loaded with presents mysterious,

*A star shining over a snowy pine tree,
The knowledge of Jesus Christ, born in a manger—*

All these things typify Christmas to me.

—Ann Elizabeth McCarley,
High School, '41.

A Christmas Story

ANNE GANIER

College, '40

The street was crowded on either side with shoppers calling Christmas greetings; venders, with jolly red cheeks, standing by pushcarts piled high with glossy green holly wreaths; jingling sleighs pulled by prancing steeds, their breath coming in feathery white clouds. Windows decked with bells and ornaments and sweetmeats gayly festive in bakery windows caught and held the eye and nose. From high above came the sweet, clear sound of the chimes hanging like frozen crystal bubbles of sound amid the falling snow.

A bundle of rags, huddled in the doorway of a vacant shop, stirred; and two brown eyes, enormous in a tiny, pinched face, peered out. Into them came a hurt and puzzled expression as they looked upon the cheer of warmly-clad, laughing people. Drawing the frayed coat tighter about his shoulders, the little boy rose and put one sadly

shod foot gingerly into the snow. He stepped out into the crowded street, pressing close to the store windows for warmth. The odor of hot rolls came from a doorway, and the brown eyes lit up eagerly at the sight of dainty cakes resting in their nests of vari-colored icings. A large, jovial, fat man, filled to the cravat with bundles, rudely pushed the child and proceeded on his boisterous journey. An old Scrooge, walking cane in hand, bore down upon him and in an angry tone bade him stop soiling the windows and be on his way. The child fled in panic to the street only to find two thunderbolts, spouting white smoke, almost upon him. Reaching the other side of the street in safety, he was followed by a curse from the driver of the steeds, and a kick from a nearby vender.

Now absolute terror took control of him and he fled headlong into the streets, dodging in and out, until before him he saw a church towering high in the snowflakes. When he reached the door he forgot his fear, and only the sound of the lovely voices of the carolers filled his ears. The chatter of the crowd dwindled to a murmur as he listened in awe to the praises of the little Christ. It seemed to fill him with holy calm; and, transfixed, he looked up the long aisle to the stature of the beautiful lady wearing a gold crown. The figure seemed outlined by a heavenly radiance. Even as he looked, eyes blurred by sudden tears, she appeared to move. With a smile of infinite peace she floated down to where he stood and beckoned. The music rose with a thunderous crescendo as, with a contented smile, he reached out to grasp the hand. Blessed warmth!

Inside Story of Christmas

MARY ADELAIDE HANSEN

College, '40

Gosh, twenty more minutes! Oh, why doesn't this train go faster? And must it stop for every single little town? I know I could've taken the later, faster train, but I just had to get started for home on the very first train possible.

I wonder if Stan'll be down at the station to meet me? . . . Oh, he's just *got* to! I hope he'll like my new suit—he always liked me in black. Mom'll probably have a fit and say it's too "old" for me, but, after all, a college girl can't wear blues and browns forever. I suppose Grandmother will think it too short, but, heavens, I can't go around looking like the "Spirit of 1934" by wearing skirts as long as she wants them!

Why doesn't that porter come and get my bags? I distinctly remember telling him to get them ready as we passed Smith City. That reminds me, did I put in my white slip? I remember I washed it out the night before I left, and hung it over a hanger in the bathroom window . . . oh, that's right, I didn't have time to iron it. I stuffed it in one of my riding boots.

Where on earth is my lipstick? I can't get off the train looking practically undressed! I had it just ten minutes ago . . . ah, here it is! There's nothing so comforting as putting on more lipstick when you can't think of anything else to do. Oh, darn, I smudged it! Of all the times. . . .

Well, I suppose I'll hafta put on that corsage Aunt Susan sent me. I hope no one asks me who sent it. Just a relative! . . . And why on earth did she have to send me sweetheart roses and lilies-of-the-valley? . . . Doesn't she ever get an inspiration like gardenias, or an orchid? But she'll be hurt if I don't wear it, so. . . .

Here comes the porter, finally. Yes, that hat-box, and the airplane overnight bag underneath the seat. What!!!!!! Of all the times to be late, this train would pick *now*! If I ever ride on the cheesy little railroad again. . . .

I'd better get my baggage checks ready. . . . Dad'll want them the first thing. I *do* hope the family doesn't

make one of those silly *scenes* over me when I get in! Let's see . . . shall I stand on the platform a minute before getting off, and give them all a chance to get the full benefit of me in my new outfit, or should I simply *rush* down the steps, bubbling over with enthusiasm? Now, what did Loretta Young do in her last picture? Oh, I remember, she stood a minute and let them look at her as she stood, poised and smiling graciously, on the top step. I sure wish I had gorgeous legs like hers . . . that reminds me, are my seams straight? There!

Oh, there's the Hill Company warehouse . . . that means there's only a minute or so before we get into the station. Where's my other glove? And that new movie magazine that has the stunning hair-do in it I want to show my hairdresser? Here comes the porter to brush me off, and I've forgotten to save out change to tip him . . . well, I guess Dad'll take care of that.

We're coming into the station now . . . yes . . . yes . . . I can see Mom . . . and Dad . . . and Stan . . . and EVERYBODY!!!!!!

My Tenth Christmas

CORINNE HOWELL

High School, '39

Family dinners at Grandmother's with plenty of turkey, cranberries, spice round and fruitcake, an enormous Christmas tree with bright cones and triangles around it, presents looking as if they were from a shop window! I dwelled longingly on these thoughts, summing up Christmas as I had known it for ten years. But here it was, the twenty-fourth of December, and I was in the Red Sea, thousands of miles from Grandmother's. I sadly told myself that the only joy I would derive from Christmas would be from wrapping a few presents brought from home. When I couldn't find them, and Mother told me that she had already wrapped them, I cried shamelessly and felt that I had been cheated out of the one avenue to Christmas happiness.

For three months we had been passengers on a rather small steamship, and since we were the only ones who had stayed with her that long, we felt very much as if we owned her. We were intimate friends of the crew, from captain to boatswain.

That night, Christmas Eve, we had a gala dinner. I wore my long dress, and we all had favors, horns, paper caps, and confetti. Some of the passengers sang, and everyone danced. One of the high lights of the evening for me came when the plum pudding was brought in, burning. Later that night most of the officers and a few of our chosen friends among the passengers met in a stateroom, where we had ice-cream,—and, you will never appreciate this situation until you have lived on ship food for three months,—cookies and fudge made by Mother and my aunt. The Captain had given them permission to go down into the galleys and make what they wanted. Here, I might add that for the rest of our trip, we were frequent visitors to the galleys, much to the dismay of the Chinese cooks.

Well, Christmas morning came, and because I thought the festivities were all over, I dressed in a melancholy

mood. This gloom was soon dispelled, however, for Mother urged me to go to the Royal Suite; and there was my surprise. A graceful little Christmas tree (which had been kept in cold storage since it left Japan) and, oh! such gorgeous decorations! Of course, most of those we use at home come from Japan, but these were the most fragile, delicate, beautifully tinted ones that I had ever seen. When I could drag my eyes away from this shining glory, I saw twelve full stockings hanging in a row. They were for the Captain, First, Second, and Third Mates, the Purser, and all of us. And in them were the most delightful presents, gathered from Cuba to India. Among my most prized were a green jade cat from the Purser, a teakwood elephant from the First Mate, and a toy junk from the Doctor.

At one o'clock our boat docked at Port Said, Egypt, so near to that place where was born the Babe, whose birthday we were celebrating. It would seem that the locality would enhance the Christmas spirit, but not so. It seemed to be just any other day, and I could hardly believe that it really wasn't, until some beggars, who had learned another way to gain a few pennies, would hold out their hands and cry in English, "It is Christmas, help us—help us; it is Christmas."

We could not tarry long in Port Said; so we got in a large touring car, and started right out on the desert. All Christmas afternoon we rode across the desert, and at dusk we entered Cairo. We rode straight to the hotel; my sleepy senses could not grasp the different civilization, different languages and dress. But that was saved for another day, for it had been rather strenuous for a child of ten. In our hotel room there was a chocolate Santa Claus on the table, the second sign of Christmas that I had seen since we landed.

We thought that we would rest a little before dinner: so the four of us piled in two beds, and the next thing I knew it was morning. Christmas night I went to bed without any supper, and slept with half my clothes on.

Christmas In France

KATHLYN BYARS

College, '40

Christmas celebration in France for the adult members of the family is a strictly religious celebration. They attend midnight mass on Christmas Eve and return to their homes for *le réveil-lon*. A spirit of good will and joy presides over these gatherings. The adult members of the family do not exchange gifts until New Year's Day. In every home, rich or poor, and in every church there is a representation of the scene of the Nativity.

The children have their Christmas tree and sing their carols, but these customs have been imported from other countries—from Germany and England respectively. They place their shoes near the fireplace and expect *le père Noël* to fill them with "goodies" and small gifts. If they have been bad boys and girls, they expect a bunch of switches.

Christmas Origin

Hush, my child, now close your eyes

And I will tell a story

Of wonders from the heavenly skies:

The Christ Child and his glory.

In a lowly barn, the King was born—

The greatest midst the humble;

News of His birth, before the morn

O'er hill and dale did rumble.

And a glorious star from the sky did shine

To light the path to His feet,

And the wise men three were the first to find

What now has made the world complete.

So when you rise on Christmas Day

And celebrate as mortals do,

Think of the Christ Child and, in your own way,

Be joyous for what he gave to you.

—JEAN PERK, COLLEGE, '39.

La Navidad

SYLVIA GOLDSTEIN

College, '40

La Navidad, or the Christmas season as celebrated in the Latin-American countries, differs from our own Christmas principally in that it has its beginning on the sixteenth of December and continues in true Latin gaiety until the sixth of January.

The first period of this time, that is, from the sixteenth through the twenty-fifth of December, is called *Las Pasadas*, and represents the nine days between the departure of Joseph and Mary from Nazareth and the birth of Christ. On each of these nine nights, at the home of a different friend, a party is held, with host and guests joining in the enactment of the travelers' difficulties in finding lodgings in Bethlehem.

On December twenty-fifth comes the climax of *Las Pasadas*, celebrated by the largest and gayest party of all, at which time *La Piñato* is the feature event. *La Piñato* is a large balloon-shaped structure, usually made of paper, and filled with candies and toys, for the delight of the children. Provided with darts, the guests are blindfolded, and the first one succeeding in puncturing the balloon, receives a special prize, in addition to his, or her, share of the hidden booty. *La Piñato* to a certain extent takes the place of our Christmas tree, although some doubly fortunate children have both.

The sixth of January is called *El Día de Los Reyes Magos*, or, "The Day of the Wise Men," who to our little neighbors embody all the gift-giving charms of our jolly Santa Claus. On the night of January the sixth, all the little *muchachos* and *muchachas* place their shoes on the balconies, and retire to their rooms to spend a night of feverish excitement in speculation about the gifts to be left by the benevolent Wise Men.

And so ends the Christmas season in the Spanish-speaking countries of the New World, a season of carnival spirit with a deep, underlying element of religion . . . *La Navidad*, a panacea for the hardships suffered by the poor during the other seasons of the year; a time for rich and poor alike to be merry!

Just a German Excuse

MARION DREDLA

College, '39

The first of November finds the German people preparing for *Weihnachten*. This seems logical, for they do not celebrate Thanksgiving Day, but there is more to the custom than that. The tribal people of northern Europe who had a long, hard winter yearned to have the warmth and light that the southern Germans enjoyed. For this reason on the twenty-first of December they celebrate the *Julfest*, at which time they would take a wooden wheel wrapped in inflammable material and carry it to the top of a mountain. It was then set on fire and rolled down the mountain. This symbolized the sun in its course. As the tribes were Christianized, the *Julfest*, since it came so close to the day of Christ's birth, was combined with Christmas. With two festivals to prepare for, one can see the need for longer preparation. This, therefore, ex-

plains the beginning of festivity in November.

The felling of the trees in the lofty Black Forest and Harz Mountains begins the first of November and gives employment to many hundreds of workers. The large department stores have had Santa working over-time in October to be able to show the best German handicraft at this time. Children stand for hours before the ostentatious windows looking at the trains, dolls, airplanes and the other toys on display. Those children whose parents are not able to buy the newest toys are not disappointed, for the parents organize a "Salvation army" at home by setting the older children to work in repairing the old toys.

As in all countries, Christmas is a family occasion, and Germany is no exception.

Roman Saturnalia

HORTENSE KELLEY

College, '40

It is December 17 in ancient Rome. There is much noise, and the whole city is gay. Slaves are seen on the streets wearing caps of freemen. They are reclining at banquet tables while their masters serve them. Instead of the usual togas, the people are wearing loose gowns. Many people are playing games; others are gambling. Both children and adults are admiring gifts.

The reason for such festivity is the annual celebration known as *Saturnalia*, in honor of Saturn. The exact origin of this day is not known. We know, however, that it was begun on the farms, and later spread to the other parts of Italy. It came at the close of the harvest season, when people gave thanks for their many blessings, and also celebrated the coming of winter and the end of the working season. The holiday was originally just one day, December 17, but later it was extended to include seven days.

On the first day, there was a public sacrifice at the temple of Saturn. This

was followed by a public feast, at the breaking up of which the feasters shouted, "*Io Saturnalia!*" The next day began with an early bath, after which the family made the sacrifice of a small pig. Following this were calls on friends, congratulations, games, and the presentation of gifts. These gifts were chiefly wax candles, pastry images, and clay dolls.

During the *Saturnalia*, law courts and schools were closed, but every home was open, and there were many visitors. Slaves and noblemen stood on an equal basis, and every one indulged in mirth and frolic without restraint. There were flowers everywhere, and legal permission was granted to gamble during this time.

The *Saturnalia* has been compared with our modern Thanksgiving and Christmas. Many of the customs of this festival have been transmitted to us, and are now a part of our Christmas. Principal among these are the use of wax candles, the exchange of gifts, and the general merriment of the occasion.

My Mother Is Religion

PEGGY SEDWITZ

Mother has always taught me to love sincere beauty and honesty. Having this love, I would find spiritual happiness. True, so far in life I have found few things that are sincerely beautiful, but not until recently have I discovered that I have had the greatest religious token in my possession all the time.

This token is Mother. Some people worship their mothers as they do religion. When they need one or the other, they use it. In between these periods of need, the religion, or the mother is forgotten. Is this fair? True love must be continuous. Perhaps one can say that the test of true love is whether or not it is continuous. Many people we know only go to church when they have sinned. Many people we know only show affection toward their mothers when it is to their advantage. Again I ask, is this fair?

The purpose of religion is to teach a group the idea of God. I know there is a God, for He is there in my mother's face. Have you ever seen such reverence as in one of her glances? Beauty radiates through her personality. Doesn't the church teach you to love simple, sincere beauty? Honesty is Mother's backbone. It is also the backbone of the church.

Few of us realize what "institutions" our mothers are. It is the new world's idea that children call their mothers by their first names. I could never do this.

A mother or a religion seldom goes back on us when we need help most. Are there many things like this? If we worshipped both more with hearts than with words, everyone would be much the better. A person can say one thing and mean another. A heart can mean only one thing, fortunately. Perhaps that is because God is in our hearts.

The greatest test of my love for Mother has finally come to me at school. If I hadn't realized how much Mother meant to me now, I never would have. Being separated from my mother, as everyone else is, I find how much I need

College, '40

her. Never before have I realized what she has meant to me. But, we are only separated in the physical sense. It is impossible to separate us mentally. The next point I wish to bring out is my idea of the greatest connection between a mother and a religion: one can be all alone and still have both! Please ponder on this last statement a moment, as there is much behind it—more than one can realize.

It is impossible for either Mother or religion to exist without each other. They have a definite oneness, without which I would be lost. This oneness has

helped me to understand life better.

Although I have named this article "My Mother IS Religion," it would be impossible for me to close without mentioning my father. He, too, is religion to me, but in a different sense of the word. He is like the pillar of marble on which the church is based—Mother being the church in this case. He is the physical foundation of our family without which we could not exist.

Let us try to comprehend all of these things before it is too late. If our youth became more serious-minded about religion and parents, we would be a better democratic country today.

Book Reviews

Mary of Scotland

Maxwell Anderson

The element of struggle in the play, *Mary of Scotland*, is very highly developed. It is shown through the struggle for power between Mary, Queen of Scotland, and Elizabeth, Queen of England. Maxwell Anderson, the author, seems partial to Mary of Scotland, because he writes vividly of the way Elizabeth undermined and ruined Mary's life by preventing her in every subtle way possible from becoming a strong and popular queen. She succeeded, because the remaining years of Mary's life, after her short and heartbreaking reign, were spent in prison because of Elizabeth's scheming.

Another factor which brought out the conflict was the opposition to Catholicism in England and Scotland, at the time, by the Protestants then in power. This was shown in dialogue and in the character of John Knox, who was preaching against the Catholic religion.

Maxwell Anderson's dialogue is most interesting because it is fast-moving, descriptive, and reveals each character very clearly. The play, because of its suspense, good characterization, and its clear picture of the life and government

of the time, is very enjoyable and I believe, educational reading.

—Marjorie Schwab, College '39.

The Iron Duke Goes to College

JOHN R. TUNIS

To me, John R. Tunis, in *The Iron Duke Goes to College*, gives the most realistic and human portrayal of the awful moment of first leaving home for college that I have ever read. I feel so distinctly Jimmy's own reaction to the strangeness of departure from all he has grown to know and love by the human touches concerning his mother's last-minute worries, his father's silence, his dog's uneasiness, and his own dazed condition that a wave of homesickness sweeps over me, and I remember my first breaking of home ties.

It is not often an author can so capture a mood as Tunis has in the first chapter of *The Iron Duke*, and if the following chapters continue to be as human and understanding exposition, then I believe that *The Iron Duke* should be a "must" on the book list of every young person who is expecting to go away to college, or who has already been away from her home.

—Kathryn Phillips, High School '39.

A Billboard Party

MARY MITCHELL
High School, '40

*"Beyond the Alps Lies Italy,
Beyond the Billboards Lies America"*

"Hear ye, hear ye," cried a loud voice belonging to a small boy dressed in a bell hop's uniform. "All the members of the A. B. A., American Billboard Association, are hereby invited to attend a barn dance on Saturday night from eight until three o'clock at the barn of Mrs. Lincoln Zephyr." After this announcement the boy moved on about his business of "Call for Philip Morris."

On billboard number three, Miss Tan Gee exclaimed,

"Oh, what shade of nail polish shall I wear? I wonder if Mrs. Que Tex would know? She's such an authority on nail polish." Leaning out of her billboard, she added her voice to the babble already coming from the various billboards.

On number seven, the two handsome Arrow Shirt men were arranging dates with Kit and Pat, the Ivory Soap twins. Across from them Mr. Chester Fields was smoking cigarette after cigarette just to spite Miss Oval Tine who had refused to date with him and had accepted the sissy Mr. Bromo-Seltzer. On the whole everyone seemed to be anticipating the party eagerly.

At last the much-looked-forward-to Saturday night arrived. All the guests had been very careful as to their appearance, for they all wanted to make a good impression on the wealthy Mrs. Lincoln Zephyr at her first barn dance. At eight the guests began to descend from their billboards in twos and threes, all going north to Billboard Boulevard.

The first to arrive was old Mr. Good Rich: he was always the first to come and the last to leave because, he said, in that way he always got the pick of the good food and the leftovers too. The next to arrive were Dr. and Mrs. T. B. Lyons, then the Heinzes "en masse" from Grandpa down to little Jimmie. It was now eight-thirty, and the guests were arriving thick and fast.

Mr. Lincoln Zephyr was a charming host and looked his handsomest, and Mrs. Lincoln Zephyr was greatly admired by all the guests.

At ten o'clock all the children from twelve down retired for the night, but the older ones decided that this was an appropriate time to dance the latest dance craze, the Big Banana, as well as the old-fashioned square dances. In the barn yard a fly-killing contest was in full swing between Mr. Gulf Spray and Mr. Henry Flit, but after an exciting round Mr. Flit finally won. Along about midnight, when the party was at its height, a butler announced that refreshments would be served in the harness room. There was quite a rush, for everyone wanted some of that beverage that made Milwaukee famous. Also there was a rumor going around that some fresh Mountain Dew could be obtained from the Hill Billy Orchestra at a quarter a gallon.

Along about two everyone was hot but happy, but poor Mr. Good Rich became so exhausted from doing the Pigeon Wing he had to be carried out in a wheel-barrow.

When the party broke up at day-break, everyone from little Italian Balm to Grandpa Heinz, aged ninety-three, was so worn out that their billboards had to be changed next day.

To prove the party was a success all the drug stores were completely sold out of Bromo and ice packs before church Sunday morning.

Ward-Belmont Sketch

Night—
*A myriad of twinkling stars
Caught in her velvet skirt.*

Morning—
*She lifts her filmy veil
And reveals a smiling face.*

Snow—
*Each tree, a crystal network,
Dazzles the unappreciative eye.*

—HELEN JEANNE BEAUBIEN,
COLLEGE, '40.

Twilight

RUBY SAGALOWSKY
College, '39

Outside, the rain was falling in one consistent stream, and thickly colored clouds were blotting out the brilliance of a fiery five-o'clock October sun.

Inside, the daintily furnished, quaint living room of the small cottage, the motion of an aged rocker was steady. The mite of a little old lady, who was placidly occupying it, enhanced this passiveness. She was seated directly before a large open fire, whose brilliantly flaming tongues danced vividly against a parched, black background, and occasionally a muted "pop" could be distinguished midst the crackling of the logs.

In a far corner of the room a large grandfather's clock, towering near the ceiling making the other objects in the room seem minute and dwarf-like, ticked out the minutes and rang out the hours in ominous tones.

Near the creaking rocker, whose friend it had been these many long years, was a tiny, delicately worked, needlepoint footstool. The once gay, festive colors were now drab and almost indistinguishable.

The little body, barely filling the rocker's spacious seat, was as fragile as a piece of carved jade. She was resting there, calmly knitting to the rhythm of the clock's heavy, swinging pendulum. Beneath a white crocheted bonnet, trimmed in exquisite Irish lace, a thin, wrinkled, little face shone in blissful reverie. The small face, once like a rosey peach, now resembled a wan nectarine.

The rain was barely a mist, shining on the leaded windows, as the big clock chimed forth seven consecutive musical alarms in minor keys. The rocker was now silent and inert. The knitting lay unfinished beside one small leg of the footstool. Her small withered hands were folded quietly in her lap, and her head reclined softly against the chair's cushioned head-rest.

She was asleep.
Another day had passed beyond.

Metamorphosis

NANCY PERRY

High School, '40

Sixteen would sound much more like the correct age for a turning point in one's life, but truth forces me to admit I was only fifteen. Likewise, there should have been a proper situation, like a tragic loss, or a heavy responsibility, or a vanishing illusion, or the discovery that my particular idol had clay feet, but again truth must reveal that I was simply having my first ride on a train when the great crisis came. Well, maybe not my very first, for I had ridden on sooty, old-fashioned day coaches, and one time I had actually spent the night on the train when I was about ten years younger. But this was a different trip. I was to ride from St. Louis to Chicago on the new, stream-lined, air-conditioned train, all by myself. Of course, careful plans were made to see that my uncle met me promptly at five-fifty-five at the Illinois Central Station. My aunt and mother were to take me down to the train at one o'clock in St. Louis.

I ate a very light lunch before I left, and Mother suggested I might buy an orangeade later in the afternoon. We

arrived at the station in plenty of time. I was beginning to feel my independence and to have self-confidence. Perhaps part of it was due to the new navy blue traveling suit, in which I felt that I looked like "What the Well-Dressed Traveler Should Wear." Mother and my aunt boarded the train with me and showed me my place in the chair car and the observation platform. Then they said that there was a lounge car in front, and that I could ask the maid in there for something to drink later on in the afternoon. Then Mother instructed me about tipping, and started down the "don't list" with "Don't speak to strangers," "Don't accept anything from anybody." Here my aunt interrupted with "Oh, go on and have fun; be friendly; if someone really wants to buy you a five-cent drink, why let him." To what length these opposing bits of advice might have gone I was not to learn, for "all aboard" was called at this point. They scurried out, and I

suddenly realized that they were off the train and that I should, without being told, get up (being sure not to leave my purse) and walk out onto the observation platform.

Now you probably think there is nothing wonderful about this, but I realized it was the turning point in my life. Here I was making up my own mind, independent in my actions, off to see the world, even if it was only the small world of Chicago. On this train I had a chance to make my own friends instead of accepting children of Mother's friends. I could order my own food (although it would probably be just an orangeade). I went out to wave goodbye, not only to my aunt and mother, but to my childhood.

I walked in, and down the aisle into the lounge car. Here I sedately seated myself, and picked up a copy of *Time*, distinctly feeling older. When the train arrived in Chicago, I alighted, not the child who had boarded it in St. Louis, but the young lady who had emerged en route.

The Return

PEGGY WRIGHT

High School, '39

I can hardly recall how I made my way home that bleak December evening, after I had learned of the crash. My brain was whirling with a million scattered thoughts which, for the life of me, I could not straighten out.

Mary, my loving, faithful wife of only four years, bore the news bravely and tried "to keep her chin up," but as time went on, I could see that she was breaking under the strain. After we had moved out of our beautiful new home and let my darling little daughter's nurse go, our whole social life changed; Mary did all the house work, made what few clothes Judy had, and we, of course, gave up our bridge games and expensive parties.

Finally, it became too much for me, and I was lost in a fog of dense bewilderment. Every way I turned, I found I was being shackled by those awful creatures, worry and debt. Soon

they became an obsession with me, and I pictured them as living beings who did nothing but torment me. Then, I suppose, was when I lost my mind.

I remember getting into a large limousine with two attendants clad in white uniforms one sunny May morning.

The years had passed, and with them, my mind slowly strengthened. It took time, but because of the wonderful treatment I received at the sanitarium, I was finally cured.

I thanked God for His kindness to me and began to look forward to returning home to my family and taking up life again where I had left off ten years before.

Finally, I returned—

I planned to surprise my Mary and walk into the house unexpectedly. The tables turned, and it was I who was surprised, for, when I looked into the

window, I saw Mary sitting in front of a cheery fire in a cozy room with a younger looking man.

He was a very impressive looking person with a kind, yet determined, face. His healthy black hair, his sparkling eyes and clean-cut features made him, indeed, a very handsome sort of man.

He was helping Judy with her lessons and Mary was knitting with a happy, satisfied expression on her face. The tired and haggard look was gone, and although she looked older, she was still as beautiful as ever. I could see that Judy was growing into a beautiful young girl like her mother, with all her sweet and fine characteristics.

My heart was breaking, and I couldn't stand to watch this happy scene of which I, a stranger, could never be included; so I plodded on down the road with a million scattered thoughts whirling through my brain, which I, for the life of me, could not straighten out.

Day Dreams

The monotonous tick-tock, tick-tock of the old cuckoo clock above the mantel and the low, yet audible, crackle of the log fire below blended with the distant thoughts of the little miss seated before the fire. Her wistful blue eyes shone with delight, and the color rose in her small, round cheeks. The beloved doll lay clutched in her arms, long since forgotten amid the wonder of her dreams. No longer was she, a child of today, in any ordinary world, but she was a fairy princess of yesterday. Her hair, once straight, yellow pigtails, was in golden ringlets, falling softly to her shoulders beneath a golden crown. The ruffled play dress, faded pink from many washings and showing signs of a hard day, had become a flowing gown of spotless white, partly covered by a crimson train. The four walls of the room fell away, and all was lost to her. The sweet strains of the minuet were wafted through the long halls of her dream palace. Her dainty, slippered feet were following the intricate steps of the quadrille.

Cuckoo! cuckoo! The sound of the old cuckoo clock crashed through the silence, bringing the little girl back to reality again.

—ELIZABETH WOODCOCK, HIGH SCHOOL, '41.

He Who Gives Himself

(Continued from page 5)

an open message. On it were written a few words:

Sister Dying. Blood transfusion necessary. Your blood possibly the only hope.

Carl was dizzy. He could not collect his thoughts. What was to happen? Mimi, his little sister, was dying! He must do something—but what?

Abruptly his thoughts were ended. The old schoolmaster had entered the barracks and was coming toward Carl's cot. He shook him as if to wake him up—not realizing the little boy was far from any thought of sleep. Carl sat up, as the master sat down beside him. He looked all around carefully, before he began to speak:

"Carl, there is very important business at hand. There is a message that must get out to Vienna at once. There is no one to take it, and I have chosen you to be intrusted with this mission. It means everything to our Austria. It means peace rather than war, freedom and happiness rather than this terrible life we are forced to live. You have a chance to free your fellow countrymen, giving them peace and happiness. You have a chance to serve the world. Yours is a great mission. Will you go?"

Carl was stupefied. His life had been so dull and drab until now—and everything was happening at once. He told the master of his sister. He said,

"I do not know what to do. Please give me an hour in which to decide. I will tell you then."

The master departed, leaving Carl alone with his confused thoughts. What was he to do? His choice was between his country and his sister. What would it be? He had been taught that Austria was greater than any selfish ambition or love he might have. To serve Austria was the desire of his life. But he loved Mimi. She was dying. Was his sister more important than all the people of his country together? He did not know. He knew that he thought so, but was he right? As he was thinking it occurred to him that God would know. What would He do in a case like this? A bit of Scripture came to his mind as if God had set it there. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he shall lay down his life for his country." Carl knew that the Bible said "for his friends," but "country" seemed to be stuck in Carl's mind.

Was that a message from God? Surely it was. But Mimi was his sister. He loved her and she was dying. What would Mimi want him to do? His little sister, small as she was, was unselfish. She would undoubtedly want him to fight for his country. Her farthest thought would have been for her brother to sacrifice his people simply to save her. Carl knew what she would think, but it was hard to make himself as unselfish as he knew she would want him to be, when little Mimi herself was at stake.

Finally he decided what he must do. His country must claim his efforts, and perhaps his life. He prayed that Mimi would understand. They were both giving all for Austria.

In the morning, the long journey to Vienna started. He was disguised as a little Nazi boy carrying produce to the market. As he traveled, he heard the Christmas bells ringing and voices singing, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

It was cold, and his hands and feet were numb. Once he had to go through icy waters crossing a stream to save time. He was so exhausted when he neared Vienna that each step hurt every muscle and bone. Finally the big building, his destination, loomed into sight. He dragged himself up the long steps and through the halls. He reached the doors at which the master had said to knock. He was admitted by an old man who looked tired and broken. When Carl handed him the precious message, the tired man's whole being radiated as with new hope. But Carl—the greatness of the hope he had brought no longer moved him. He dropped at the feet of the old man, worn completely out from sheer exhaustion. His mission finished, he could not longer refuse to heed his physical needs. He was taken to a room where he might rest. But rest was hardly necessary. His young strength had been too far overtaxed to be brought back. He had done his duty, and his duty claimed everything—even life itself.

The Christmas bells pealed out their message of peace on earth, good will to men, and Carl died, knowing that he and Mimi together in heaven would find that peace for which he had given his life to realize on earth!

CHIMES wishes to acknowledge receipt of the following magazines: *The Acorn* of Meredith College, Raleigh, North Carolina; *The Chimes* of Shorter College, Rome, Georgia; *The Prelude* of Huntington College, Montgomery, Alabama; *The Volunteer* of Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee; *The Echo* of Hume-Fogg High School, Nashville, Tennessee.

A Modern Pilgrimage

CAROLYN ROBINSON
High School, '40

Christmas Lesson

(A paraphrase taken from "A Visit
from St. Nicholas," by Clement
Clarke Moore)

In the Middle Ages a pilgrimage meant a journey to the Holy Land or to a shrine of some saint. To modern America it means a trip to Magnolia Gardens or some historic battle-field. To Nashville it is the visit to iris gardens or beautiful old homes.

One of the most interesting homes on the list has been occupied by the same family for five generations. The acreage surrounding the house is the original land grant made by the king to the family long ago. The present occupants have about forty voluntary servants, who are descendants of the slaves who were once owned on the place.

Two stone gateposts mark the entrance to the long drive. Many of the lovely gardens and shrubs have long since disappeared, but the house still retains a majestic appearance. A narrow porch with tall, square, white pillars dwarfs the door.

You enter into a large, square front hall, on either side of which is an immense parlor. The floor is covered with a thick, flowered carpet, while in the center of the room is a small love seat in the shape of an S, with red plush cushions in each curve. The rooms are filled with old furniture, a study of which reveals changing styles during the years that have passed. Nothing has been discarded during the five generations of service. In the corner stands a handsome ebony piano and next to it, a huge golden oak combination desk and bookcase.

The house is in the shape of an L with a long gallery on the inside angle and porches on every side. By the back porch is a massive stone block hollowed in one end to form a bowl with a smaller bowl beside it. These are the old wash basin and soap dish used by the slaves.

I was on duty in the house next to the last on the list. It is about one hundred and twenty-six years old but has been rejuvenated in order to have the modern conveniences. It has been allowed to keep the beauty and characteristics, however, of the early American homes. Unlike so many others, it has no large porch or white pillars. In-

stead, the doorway is wedged in an angle of two rooms. Bright wallpaper and shiny floors are a change from the dark carpets and flowered papers. In the corner of the parlor, a secret, fan-shaped stairway has been opened up and perilously put to use. The back room on the ground floor has been made from a kitchen to a guest room, with picturesque blue walls and red ceiling. A wide fireplace rustically arranged and a trundle bed, hidden beneath a great four-poster, with bright hangings, delighted the visitors.

When the guests had left we went to another home owned by two bachelor brothers, who haven't a woman in the house. They even have a man cook. We were greeted on the steps by a quaint little girl in pigtails, who curtsied to each of us and led the way into the front hall, which was brilliantly lighted with silver candelabra and filled with ladies and gentlemen in costumes similar to ours. The rooms were richly furnished with red velvet draperies, gold mirrors, and heavy, glossy, antique furniture. Lovely quilts covered the massive poster beds, which were hung with frilly or heavy hangings. The dining-room glittered with an array of silver tea and coffee sets, candelabra, and immense platters. Out on the gallery were more costumed people, while bandannaed Negro mammies poured hot coffee and stared wide-eyed at the splendor of the ladies' dresses. Hot biscuits with country ham, steaming coffee, and all kinds of home-made cakes lured the tired hosts and hostesses time and again to the tables. The great platters were frequently replenished from the source of supplies in the tiny, old kitchen, which looked the same as it must have looked in the olden days, with laughing darkies cooking the delicious food in the stuffy, little, smoke-filled room.

These homes are historical monuments which preserve and reveal the old tastes, standards and ideals as well as customs; and because they are still comfortable and attractive homes, constitute a warm and vital bond with life as it was lived long ago in the old South.

'Twas the day before Christmas
When all through my head
Not a notion was stirring
Of shopping I dread.

The house was elaborate,
With wreaths and with holly,
In hopes the vacation
Would always be jolly.

The ticking of clocks
Soon drove me insane,
While visions of packages
Danced through my brain.

Mamma in her 'kerchief
And the broom in her hand
Had just settled the house
After the menu she'd planned.

She was the wise one—
Ah, yes, indeed,
For she had shopped early,
As that was her creed.

It was so late now:
All stores had closed.
As I sat in the arm chair
I found I had dozed.

Tomorrow was Christmas,
Oh, what should I give?
I had begun to feel
I had passed through a sieve.

When all of a sudden
There rose such a clatter,
I sprang to my feet
To see what was the matter.

It was just the alarm clock
That had rung in my ear,
And all of my shopping
Was done early this year.

Away to the window
I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters,
And threw up the sash.

The sun on the breast
Of the new fallen snow,
And the happy smiles
Of the faces below

Reminded me then
Of just what to say—
Merry Christmas to all
And to all a good day!

—Frances Farwell, College '40.

Through the Years with My Coiffures

ANN STAHLMAN

High School, '39

In my seventeen years of existence, I have had almost that many various styles of hairdress. They have jeopardized my nationality, put my looks to formidable tests, and furnished an inexhaustible source for family controversy.

I was born with an inch and a half of thick, black bristle, but I am told that this rubbed off at the age of eight months. At any rate, my first picture shows me with a shining dome and ears stuck back with adhesive tape. The next crop of hair was brown, but still very straight. I wore it just covering my ears, shingled up the back, and in straight bangs on my forehead,—a style

which made me look something like the pictures of Chinese children. When I was four years old, after a severe case of whooping cough, my hair again began to fall out and my parents gave me a boy's short German haircut.

I started to school with short hair and bangs again, and every day wore on the side of my head a bow, matching my dress. On festive occasions my prim locks were meticulously curled by my grandmother, with the curling irons. About the age of nine, I discarded the bangs, parted my hair on the side, and wore a fashionable droop almost in my eyes on one side.

When I reached my twelfth birthday, I was considered old enough to get a permanent wave. Then began a frizzled existence. It was really an extreme change from the former prim locks. The family raged and fumed, but the evil was done and the curls were left to eventually grow out. At the age of thirteen, even though my ears still stuck out, I wore my hair in curls behind them. This style was much too trying and soon gave way to fluffy bangs à la Colbert with a curly fringe over my ears. I next changed to a short, supposed version of Norma Shearer's Juliet coiffure. I certainly never looked like Norma Shearer or Juliet, so again the family intervened and this time my hair grew very long and I wore it in braids at the back of my head. The effect of this was ghastly, so again it was cut. I then wore two little curls, on each side, with a bow on top of each. Next I went old-fashioned and wore a long curl on each side above my ears, with the back gathered together with a bow at the neck. Again I let my hair grow and last summer wore it in a roll all around my head. Because of the heat, long before my hair came into fashion, I pinned mine up in curls on the top of my head. At the end of the summer, I again cut my hair and am now back in another frizzled existence. I really believe I have tried every known coiffure in and out of style, with only one exception—the page-boy. Perhaps I'll try that some day just so I won't spoil my record.

Purple Senior-Middles

MARGARET ADAMS

College, '40

In universities "green fish" are found, and "pink elephants" have been heard about in the world at large; but at Ward-Belmont things are done differently. We collegè freshmen are known by the sophisticated title of "Senior-Middles," and we wave a purple and white banner.

When we newly designated Senior-Middles arrived upon the Ward-Belmont campus at the opening of school this year, we had before us many decisions to make. Now, these decisions are history. Our perplexities in the course of registering, those first impressions of all the other girls, the first night of our room and "roomie," joining the social club of our choice, and numerous other exciting experiences will remain among the treasured memories of our first days at Ward-Belmont. In the future we shall always have happy thoughts of the pleasures we relished in starting our freshman year in college. Remember, girls, however, that was only a beginning. We have more decisions before us to make during the rest of the time we are here. May they bring the same results!

Our decisions must be unbiased. Many of us unfortunately think that college years are years for play. This is true, in a sense of the word. The essence of play is physical or mental activity. The puzzle that must be solved in a difficult mathematical problem is an example of a game similar to any puzzle game. Of course, the main difference is the principle of the thing. Play is a challenge to victory. Our courses offer daily challenges. The intellectual competition may be a game which is pleasant or unpleasant according to the effort and the attitude of the participants.

Naturally, this is not the kind of play that most of us look forward to in college. We like social life which prevails at dances and at football games. No one will deny that these are important. In fact, those people who are concerned about our welfare and happiness, especially our parents and teachers, will assure us an adequate amount of such entertainment. Then they will give us even greater pleasures as rewards if we deserve them. In this case, we should strive to make a success of our present foremost inter-

est, which is our education, in order to be worthy of the things which we receive. Besides doing well as a means of showing our appreciation to others, a matter of more vital importance is to justify our own qualifications of study because, after all, it is for our sake alone that we develop our abilities. Shall we come back to school after Christmas and work hard enough to merit the wonderful visit home? Also, we Senior-Middles must uphold the honor of that purple banner with service.

Lady Ann The Classics Versus Jazz

VIRGINIA ROBB

College, '38

*Her teacher stern sits at her desk,
Her victims all do quake,
"O, where will I find a pupil smart
This sentence to translate?"*

*Then up and spake a comely miss,
Sat in the middle row.
"Ann yonder is the best student
That you will ever know."*

*The teacher has called upon our Ann,
And settled back to listen,
And Ann has opened up her book
To find what there is written.*

*The first line that brave Ann did see,
A little cough coughed she;
The next line then did catch her eye;
She felt a desire to flee.*

*Right then and there, just to herself
Our heroine, she swore,
That she would make that friend of hers
Squirm 'fore the day was o'er.*

*For Ann, the very night before,
Had gone to a party gay,
And, surrounded by young, handsome
men,
She danced the night away.*

*And not a thought had she given
To this, her Waterloo,
For her bright eye was occupied
With boys, and no-breaks too.*

*Make haste, make haste, my dear pupil,
We have a lot to do,
And, see, the clock is turning fast,
And we can not wait for you.*

*O, lang, lang may the girlies sit,
Their eyes glued on the page,
Or e'er they hear our bonnie Ann
Translate the whole passage.*

*Half-through, half-through the line she
read.*

*At "quisque" then she paused.
Alas, alack, she read no more,
And teacher knew the cause.*

—Mamie Edwards, High School, '39.

(The First Musician and Second Musician are rehearsing a musical program which is to be presented the following week. They are seated respectively at two upright pianos playing "Black and Tan Fantasy." The other participants and prop men parade back and forth across the scene at intervals, frequently pausing to listen and to offer criticism. Suddenly Second Musician lets his hands crash on the piano keys in a violent discord. First Musician swings around on the bench.)

First Musician—What's the matter with you?

Second Musician—Why insult the intelligence of the people out there with this awful stuff! That's not music. It's just noise. There's no melody—nothing fine about it—just a jumble. Terrible!

First Musician—I've heard that before and I don't say you're entirely wrong. There is melody, but maybe not original melody. Above all, the thing that makes jazz popular is the rhythm. People can't keep their feet still when they hear a hot swing number. It's a happy sort of music. People like to laugh.

Second Musician—No, they don't. People like to cry! Why, there have been more tears shed over some of the fine old ballads than you can imagine. People have enjoyed crying about them, too! Just think of a "Kathleen Mavourneen"—"My Old Kentucky Home"—"Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes"—that's the sort of thing people like. Listen to this.

(Second Musician plays "The Last Rose of Summer." First Musician looks bored to death. Several onlookers applaud loudly.)

Second Musician—See! They like that!

First Musician—Oh! They're just being polite. Besides, I don't see anyone shedding tears. People have trouble enough during the day without wanting to hear sad songs when the end of the day comes round. They want to laugh and dance and feel excited. Now I'm going to play a real peppy swing tune

and see if they don't like that better.

(First Musician plays "The Tiger Rag." Applause ensues. Second Musician rises from the piano and sternly rebukes the First Musician.)

Second Musician—You ought to be ashamed of yourself to play that sort of trash when you know how to play the good things. Anyway, you owe it to the people to give them your best.

First Musician—What's wrong with that jazz?

Second Musician—It's not what's wrong with that jazz, but what's wrong with all jazz. Now listen! Have you ever heard any jazz that sounds like this?

(Second Musician resumes his seat and plays "Romance," the First Musician laughs.)

First Musician—How about this?

(First Musician jazes up "Romance." Second Musician shakes his head in horror—places hands over ears—makes every show of disgust. By-standers wince perceptibly.)

Second Musician—Rubinstein must have rolled over in his grave. It's sacrilegious; I'm surprised at you.

First Musician—This isn't getting us anywhere. Let's compromise. Suppose we mix it up and give them some of each. That will satisfy everybody.

(Second Musician agrees, and they play "The Rhapsody in Blue" as the curtain falls.)

Christmas Eve Night

I would like to hold this hallowed moment,

*When all the evening wears its splendor,
Like a clear, white crown, to render
Breathless beauty to the sleeping town,*

*That I might bear through life one
small perfection*

*As great and far-reaching as this night,
When heaven leans down, to hear the
holy rites*

*Of carolers as they make their evening
round.*

—Anne Ganier, College '40.

The Chimes

WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL
Nashville, Tennessee



March, 1939

Foreword

My Hill

I know a hill, way off up high
Where I can watch the world go by;
It's just a dusty field by day,
With tattered stalks and furrowed clay,
But, softened by the evening light,
Becomes a watch-tow'r of the night.

The first thing there that meets my gaze
Is, rooted in a twinkling maze,
The capitol shaft, taciturn and wise,
Reaching up into the skies
As though to pluck the tranquil moon
From a heaven, starry-strewn.

When things go wrong and I am sad,
My hill's the best friend to be had,
For from its heights, as I look down,
The friendly lights of my home town
Are spread before me, east to west,
And seem to lead my soul to rest.

Oft when my heart is full of joy
And dancing like a water-buoy
And I can tell no one I know,
Then high upon my hill I go,
Merely to sit and, silent, share
My fortune with my friend up there.

—Mary Adelaide Hansen, College, '40.

The Chimes

VOL. III

MARCH, 1939

NO. 2

EDITOR JEAN BANIGAN

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

SUZANNE McDONALD
FRANCIS ALDRICH

MARY WALLACE AUSTIN
MARY ADELAIDE HANSEN

ELAINE KENT

EXCHANGE EDITOR RUTH BENTON
ART EDITOR ELEANOR HANSON
BUSINESS MANAGER ROSEMARY FOX
FACULTY ADVISER IVAR LOU MYHR
TECHNICAL ADVISER MAI NOY VAN DEREN

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Spring	Alice Mary Drew 4
These Things Are Given Freely	Mary Jeannette Bennett 4
Heralds	Betty Baird 4
The Miracle	✓ Robin Hersig 5
Renascence	✓ Cornelia Gambill 5
Words	Rosemary Fox 5
The Wingate Warning	Ann Stahlman 6
Song of Me	Frances Aldridge 6
On Borrowing Clothes	Edith Dailey 7
Constructive Criticism	Nancy Stone 7
The Habitat	✓ Shelly Welch 8
Storm at Sea	Betty Macks 8
My Altar	Charlotte Kinney 8
A Mixture	Anne Ganier 9
The Dust	Margery Lawrence 9
Maurice Evans in Hamlet	Jean Banigan 9
To a Statuette of Bambi	Mary Elizabeth Henley 9
Icebox Tragedy	✓ Mary Helen Emmons 10
All Hallows	Mary Jeannette Bennett 10
Futility	Mary Adelaide Hansen 10
Country Comes to Town	Dinkie Haines 11
The Reign of Terriers	Jean Tucker 11
The Value of Education	✓ Jan Latham 12
The Return	Martha Burns 12
The Light of Hope	Helen Jean Beaubien 13
Stockbridge	✓ Mary Pope Creighton 13
My Heroines	✓ Helen McMurray 14
The Art of Getting Up	Margaret Burk 14
Victory	Patsy Proctor 15
Vignettes	Mary Adelaide Hansen 15
Chungking	Laura Demmer 16
The Monastery	Adelaide Roberts 16
Lavender and Old Lace	Frances Farwell 16
The Calm That Follows the Storm	Aline Brown 16



Spring comes to Belmont gardens—this is the panorama you would have seen if you had looked south across the old Acklen estate in the days of hoopskirts and crinoline.

Spring

*They say that spring's a lady
Dressed in softest green,
Dancing on her tiptoes
O'er hill and dale and stream.*

*But I think spring's a little boy,
Shiny-faced and full of joy—
Overalled lad, with pail and spade,
Eager to help when a garden's made.*

*Puddles and streams he loves alike;
In wading and sailing he takes delight.
Can you see why spring to me
Is like a little lad of three?*

—Alice Mary Drew, College, '39.

These Things Are Given Freely

*I like to dream of quiet nooks,
Of soft, sweet grass or clear, cool brooks,
And a giant elm to cast its shade—
Such a paradise has nature made
Of sparkling trout that play and run,
Of the hard, bright rays of the noonday
sun,
The crimson flash of a brilliant wing,
The dark green leaves of a grape-vine
swinging;
Of the soft, soft notes of a whippoor-
will,
And the charm of an evening calm and
still,
The wild-rose flush in the west afar,
The friendly light of the evening star!*

—Mary Jeannette Bennett, College, '39.

Heralds

*It's the twenty-first of March, they say,
But there is no sun, no warmth, no
green.
A girl and her dog plod
Down the wind-blown street,
And struggle against the icy blast.
Can this be the first day of spring?
Like a gray shawl,
Drab bleakness envelopes all.
Then suddenly,
Two love robins
Sing.*

—Betty Baird, High School, '40.

First Prize Short Story

The Miracle

ROBIN HERSIG

High School, '40

Things were in rather a mess, Linda Meyers Hayden mused as she beat slow time to the Strauss waltz. From the puckered brow distinguishing her among a line of smiling Strauss lovers in row two of the old Concert Hall, you could see life was at least temporarily snarled.

It was all very simple. Because she was here instead of in her brightly lighted study, and because a short-story due at Linda's English class next morning was still in the first paragraph in the study's battered typewriter, this young lady who should have had nothing on her mind but music was frantically searching for a solution to her problem!

Linda was an efficient student, well-liked by her fellow students in exclusive, expensive Stafford School. Student friendship there was matched by a faculty respect for the keen mind and conscientiousness she displayed in the classroom. It was a mind she had inherited from her brilliant mother, who had written several books mentioned on

the best-seller lists, along with two volumes of poetry. Since her mother wrote under the pen-name "Dorothy Jacobs," and since she had definite ideas about the rearing of children, few people at Stafford knew of her mother's fame. From the beginning the sturdy little blonde had made her own way under her own power.

Only now it looked as though her long record of never a day of unprepared lessons was destined to fall. Unless she could arrange a miracle—

Suddenly, just as the concert-master was bringing the "Blue Danube" gliding home, the miracle took shape. "Miracle" was the name of her mother's best short-story—one good enough to win a Pulitzer award. "Miracle" was in the bright green study, already typed in manuscript form.

All through the rest of the long evening Linda was nerving herself for her private little miracle. By ten o'clock Kid Conscience was counted out on the canvas—she would hand in as her own, the old story, now all but forgotten.

When morning came, Linda started for class with the manuscript tucked under her arm. She had carefully removed the top page, which bore the comment of the Pulitzer Committee—"A powerful, mature story, moving and complete in its execution." The first page was now typed over on Linda's own typewriter.

The two days before the short-stories were returned seemed endless to Linda. Time after time she regretted her act, having now realized that any story so mature could have been written by no seventeen-year-old. She would surely be caught.

When the day finally arrived for the stories to be handed back, Linda was almost paralyzed. It seemed she could never get up to the teacher's desk and

back. And once she had it in her hand it was all she could do to look at it. She stared at the paper at last, and stared long. The grade on the Pulitzer Prize story was "D"! Under the grade was this comment from the teacher—"Juvenile, sketchy, lacking in power."

Two days later Linda handed her teacher a note, from her mother. It read: "The short-story which my daughter handed you this week, which you graded 'D' is one of mine—and the Pulitzer prize-winner of 1930. I attach the committee's comment along with your own. . . . Yours sincerely, Linda Hayden (Dorothy Jacobs)."

And two days after that Linda came home bearing a note from Miss Miles, her teacher. Its contents—"The Pulitzer committee which cited "Miracle" as the best short-story of 1930 is composed of the following members: two college professors who are now retired; a playwright who has never written a successful play; a banker with no bank, and three business men now bankrupt. . . . Yours sincerely, Mary Miles."

Renaissance

TONIGHT

*In the softly falling dusk
I found you again.
Not as I had seen you last,
But infinitely dearer,
As if the gentle rain-fall of time
Had cleansed your face.
You were everything you never were—
Everything you would never be,
And then the cloudless black velvet
Enveloped your form.*

DAWN

*In the hours of pain's cessation
I found the trickery of the twilight.
You were ashes reincarnated
For a fool.*

—Cornelia Gambill, College, '39.

Words

*A word can be a thing of love,
For it is a small gift from above.
Or it can be a harsh and horrible
thing—
No caustic lash excels its sting.*

*Words may vibrate with beauty and
charm,
Raise false hopes or spread alarm.
They do so much good and bad,
Make so many people happy or sad.*

*So when you open your lips to speak,
Don't let your utterance with malice
reek,
But make them kind and gentle and
true,
And they will do the same for you.*

—Rosemary Fox, College, '39.

Second Prize Short Story

The Wingate Warning

ANN STAHLMAN

High School, '39

Carol Wingate was sitting in the parlor mending her husband's and children's socks. In a happy frame of mind, she hummed a tune as she contentedly rocked in a large chair. She lived in a beautiful, old colonial mansion which she and Henry had acquired and had redecorated, and she often interrupted her sewing to look about the room with pleasure. Since she was eager to display its beauty to her friends, in two weeks she and her husband were giving a dinner, to which many important people were invited. Carol's gaze wandered to the double doors that led from the parlor to the front hall, and she saw standing there in the doorway a tall, majestic figure, clad in white. At first, she smiled thinking it was one of the darkies trying to frighten her, but the awful aspect of the figure made her shudder with horror. The figure was that of a tall man, standing motionless, with his right hand upraised as if in a sign of warning. Carol closed her eyes for an instant, and when she again opened them the spectre was gone. She was dazed and wondered if the thing had been real or only the product of her imagination. It had *seemed* real enough, and the idea of its being a warning persisted. It was so ominous and had left so deep an impression on her mind that it could not have been sheer imagination. When Henry came home she would not tell him about it for he would only laugh and tell her not to think of such things.

Carol attempted to forget the afternoon's happening and somewhat succeeded by concentrating on the preparations for the party. But that fear and sense of warning always lurked in the back of her mind, ready to spring forth whenever she entered the parlor. Nothing unusual happened, however, and the days sped by until the last night before the party. Carol went to bed early but could not sleep and again her thoughts returned to the grim

spectre. About one o'clock in the morning when she was dozing off, she was suddenly jerked back to consciousness by a faint sound outside the house. Rising in bed and listening, she heard the sound of horses' hooves and a buggy coming into the driveway. The sound of the gravel hitting the wheels and the buckboard was very distinct, and Carol hurriedly woke Henry, won-

laughed these stories off as "ghost" stories and had, of course, paid no attention to them. They were only the product of an older generation and never true in this modern age. But no longer could Carol scoff at the ghosts and spectres; she was terrified by that sense of foreboding disaster. What connection could the two ghostly apparitions have? If it was a warning, what was it of and what could she do about it? She arose in the morning with her mind no more at rest and immediately busied herself about the house with last minute preparations.

That night, the guests began arriving at eight o'clock and Carol soon forgot her fears. Their guests were seated in the enormous dining room and the darkies began serving a wonderful feast. The room was rather hot and uncomfortable, but this was remedied for a time by opening a few windows. The room, however, became hotter and hotter and soon Henry went downstairs to the basement to look at the furnace. The sight that met his eyes made him rush back upstairs and announce that the house was on fire. Smoke was coming through the floor and as the last guest got out of the dining room, the floor collapsed in flames. The fire spread rapidly over the house and the women hurried into the snowy yard while the men rushed upstairs, feeling through the smoke of every room to rescue the children. Many attempted to save some of the furniture downstairs but this was futile. When the fire engines arrived, it was too late to save anything.

As Carol and Henry gazed at the ruins of their home, the next morning, Carol again thought of the ghostly warnings and realized that this was the disaster. But why had she been warned? She could have done nothing against fate. The secret of the phantoms was buried in the ruins of her home, and she would never learn their true meaning.

Song of Me

Little Brother said, "What are you doing?" speaking to me with his mouth full.

How could I answer the child? I did not really know any more than he.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of gloomy black stuff woven.

Or, I guess it is the signal banner of my mood,

Inviting inane questioning, that of futile "why's" and "what's".

But, gosh! I wish he'd grow up.

—Frances Aldridge, High School, '39.

dering who could be coming at this hour of night and in a horse-drawn buggy at that, in this age of automobiles. They hurried downstairs and hastily opened the front door. A light snow had fallen, and a full moon shone down the front lawn. The driveway came straight up the middle of the yard to the front door and then curved around to the back of the house. Over that whole snowy expanse was no track of any kind to mar the whiteness. Henry laughed and told Carol that she had been hearing things. She went back to bed and again could not sleep but pondered on the sounds she had heard. She forced from the back of her mind the remembrance of Grandmother Wingates' telling of a phantom horse and buggy which always was heard before any disaster to the family. Carol had

On Borrowing Clothes

EDITH DAILEY

College, '40

"Edith, may I wear your red plaid dress tonight? I'll let you wear something of mine. Please let's do trade for tonight."

And thus begins a session of borrowing clothes. Observers of family life often comment upon the convenience of sisters in being able to wear each other's clothes. From the outside it may look ideal, but to the actual persons concerned, is it as pleasant as it seems? As one of four daughters, I think I ought to be a "connoisseur" on borrowing and lending clothes. At least if practice makes the expert, I should be quite capable of judging any problem concerned with the temporary exchange of personal apparel.

After experience with the problems that seem to go with this practice, I have begun to agree with the old proverb, "He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing." For where is the convenience in knowing that I do not look as well in Betty's clothes as I do in those bought for me? Where is the convenience in finding, after my red plaid has been worn by Betty, that a button is lost, the hook is gone, the pleats are out of press, and that she has spilled something that looks like mustard all down the front? Of course, I was allowed to wear something of hers. Why, then, should I be dissatisfied? Because rather than appeasing me, this trade was the source of an uncomfortable evening. I was dissatisfied. I spent the whole evening wondering if people were noticing that the dress was too long for me, wondering how this shade looked on me, and uncomfortably squirming in my chair trying to adjust the dress to fit one for whom it was not made. Betty looks lovely in my clothes, but there is definitely something lacking in my appearance when I wear hers.

Then, too, why is it that something unfortunate always happens to everybody else's clothes when I wear them? Take, for example, the time I wanted to look particularly dashing on an ice-skating party. I had secretly tried on my sister's snow suit. It was just exactly

*"Neither borrower nor a lender be;
For a loan oft loses both itself and a
friend."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

right. Upon being asked for its use, she readily consented, saying,

"Do go ahead and wear it. I think that would be fine, but please be careful of it. I just had it cleaned, you know."

Whenever I wore my own snow suit, nothing extraordinary happened. The suit looked as if it had hardly been worn after an ice-skating excursion. But why

was it that this particular time, I slipped and fell in a large mud-hole? I do not know the cause, but the results were endless hours of brushing dirty, caked, hard mud off a snow suit, and a decision on the part of Mother, Sister, and myself that I would never wear her snow suit again. How true the old saying, "The borrower is servant to the lender."

Is it a convenience to Mother to hear from first one then another how "Edith lost my belt," how "Betty spilled ice cream on my dress," and how "Dorothy lost my hat"? Surely where *is* the convenience of borrowing clothes?

(Continued on page 15)

Constructive Criticism

NANCY STONE

High School, '40

All families have their faults; few are those who contest this statement. Still, there is much to be said in favor of these traditional institutions. They have their good points, and—among many things—are definitely a help when it comes to criticism. Although at times they are inclined to be a little brutal in their condemnation and to speak more plainly than is necessary, there is usually a degree of truth in their remarks even if the truth hurts. Their statements usually, however, are not of the type to inspire confidence.

For how could I feel especially alluring and captivating, all primed and dressed for a dance, after Daddy has disapprovingly remarked about my application of lipstick, and Bobby has scornfully expressed his opinion both of my looks and costume? At such times as this, one does not value so-called constructive criticism too highly.

One thing which tends to discourage self-betterment is the fact that after sixteen years of striving, I still have not attained perfection in the eyes of my family, and probably never will. Long ago I tried the policy of asking Mother

what I should wear in the hope of securing her approval. The usual reply was "whatever you want to," but invariably she greeted my choice with "Why didn't you wear that cute blue dress? It looks so much better on you." Lately I have discontinued this and wear what I please. The result is the same.

Another discouraging and confusing thing is that my family never can agree. If I succeed in pleasing Mother with my hair done page-boy, Grandmother is sure to be convinced that curly hair would be twice as becoming, and miracle of miracles, if I succeed in pleasing both with perhaps my selection of an evening dress Daddy sadly wonders where this younger generation is headed when sixteen-year-olds wear clothes definitely the woman-of-the-worldish type.

At last, however, out of all this confusion I have developed a system by which to accept this criticism. That is to take seriously only *those* remarks which do not deflate my ego too strenuously. The rest, which tend to wound the vanity, are disregarded as criticism inspired only by selfish motives and not by the desire to criticize constructively.

The Habitat

SHELLY WELCH

College, '40

My uncle, for whom I am named, lives in a typical Mid-western town of twenty thousand solid souls. My uncle's address is "South Main Street," as is the address of all other enterprising citizens. Fortunately Uncle travels three-fourths of the year, for I am sure, if it were not for this practice, he could not stand the drab influence the place would have on his nature, as he is the exact opposite of everything for which the place as a whole stands.

In the first place, he is a rank individualist, and there every one conforms to established rules of conduct and thought. I must say that, though this is the case, he and his Southern wife are the most popular couple in the town.

Every night at least a dozen callers arrive, all from homes that were mansions in the eighties. I realize how crazy and cheerful the Southerners' small colonial cottage must seem to the inmates of the gingerbread, cupolaed, pretentious, out-of-date homes. But these thrifty people would not think of tearing down anything that could possibly be used, no matter how unattractive it might be. Instead they install in these old dingy homes the latest equipment for the doing of all kinds of work. Work is their god; it always goes before pleasure. Every Monday the washing is done, every Tuesday the baking, and so on throughout the weeks and months. For example, one day in the spring, my aunt with her characteristic good humor exclaimed, "Well, my wall-paper isn't dirty but guess I'd better have it cleaned for this is the month every one always cleans the paper, and I have disregarded this custom too often, I'm afraid."

The inhabitants never guessed that by her conforming to long-established habits, she was paying them the most flagrant insult possible, as though humoring a sick child. So matter-of-fact are these people and so industrious that all subtilities of conduct pass unappreciated.

The social life in the town is played

as hard as the work-a-day life—everybody who is anything at all belongs to the country club, the skating club, and the swimming quarry. After that they work hard, very hard, at golf, skeet, and swimming. As an example, the skeet club is only two years old, and a man of fifty-six is state champion over veterans at the game.

A great many important people are from the state, however; whether it is because the state is so thickly populated or whether it is their "do-or-die" attitude, I cannot say, but one thing is certain, they get things done, and well done. I doubt seriously if this type really tastes the flavor of life as it hastens methodically through routines. Perhaps the climate has a good deal to do with it. If we had to face a long, cold winter with below-zero temperature, I believe a certain seriousness of nature would develop as a consequence. Then, too, is the matter of heritage. Most of them have German or Dutch blood, and probably their ancestors' ghosts keep prodding them on.

Industrially the town is also on its toes. We have all heard of Cooper tires, which are manufactured there. The beet-sugar refinery and work-gloves factories send their products to the four corners of the United States. The home of the large oil company has a very imposing modern structure across from the Elks Club on Main and Sandusky Streets.

The president of this large company lives six blocks south on Main Street. His father worked up from a miner to a corporation president, assisted by his early friendship with John D. Rockefeller. This prosperous business man is the self-appointed "papa" of the town. Rolling in wealth and having a vast and buoyant ego to feed, he has donated to the town its high school, football stadium, park and ice-skating rink, all of which bear his name in huge letters. He goes as far as the regulation of the private lives of the employees of the company. He requires them to attend Sunday school, church, and to

Storm at Sea

*The wind blows cold as it howls along,
The night with clouds is cast;
The sky is black with the thunder clouds
That pile up thick and fast.*

The trees bend low in the wake of the wind

*As the rain beats down like hail,
And the branches creak as if to tell
Of the gruesome and deadly tale.*

*The bell buoy's eerie clang is heard
Through the wind and the waves'
loud sound.*

*It warns of a reef where many a ship
Has strayed and gone aground.*

*And faintly gleaming through the dark
Is a beacon light afire.*

*It seems to say, "Beware—or this
Will be your funeral pyre."*

—Betty Macks, College, '40.

My Altar

*When at night I lie awakened,
Thoughts are often jumbled, shaken.
They come surging, whirling, turning
Through my mind so much displeased.*

*When I lie there restless, tossing,
And upon my mind is crossing
Each small hardship that brought worry
On that day of such unease,*

*There's but One to whom I go,
Whom I've learned with Christ to
know,—
One who knows me, trusts me, keeps me,
Through all hardships loves me so.*

*On my knees beside my window,
Looking up, my thoughts do wend
So far beyond my worldly troubles,
Aches and pains and my unrest.*

*Here I see His whole creation:
Here I find my consolation.
At my window, gazing upward,
This my altar, where I'm blessed.*

—Charlotte Kinney, College, '39.

abstain from whiskey; yet he installed slot-machines at the country club to help maintain expenses. His inconsistencies are countenanced and his favor sought. He is pleased.

To the few sensitive souls that by circumstance must live within the confines of this town, with its artificial culture and values, I softly murmur a benediction and am thankful it is not I.

A Mixture

*To begin with a small cup of blond
would be nice,
Two petals of rose, and a blue eye taken
twice,
A liter of skin like a magnolia bloom,
Two grams of the glamour from beams
of the moon.
Stir well!*

*To decorate, one pound of organdie lace,
Some powder blue satin will make it a
base,
An atom of spice, and something to
glimmer—
Put over the flame and bring to a sim-
mer.
Stir well!*

*Add the first to the last with a dash of
coquette,
Pour in a mould, and allow to set,
Garnish with feathers, and drop from a
spoon
Some shimmering stars. To be served
with a moon!*

—ANNE GANIER, COLLEGE, '40.

The Dust

*Have you seen the home of a "dust
bowl" farmer? It is not a home; it is
merely a house huddled close to the
ground, as if cringing before the ele-
ments which have left it so horribly
scarred. If once there was paint on the
low, box-shaped building it has been
blistered by the sun, soaked loose by
the rain, and finally buried under the
dust of a dreaded storm. Its occupants
long ago surrendered to the unremitted
torture of the sun and wind which defy
all attempts to attain beauty of home
or garden. A sagging chicken-wire
fence separates the house from the other
farm buildings. Small brown tendrils,
like the tense fingers of an old hag,
clutch at the wire in a desperate effort
for existence. The two door steps sag
in an ironical smile while curtainless
windows stare with wide, unseeing eyes
across the waste lands which were once
profitable fields. Tumble weeds pile
high against the house like wiry, unkempt
hair. There are no signs of life; but
rather a feeling of horrible death. It
is repulsive, unbelievable. We must
pass by.*

—Margery Lawrence, College, '40.

Maurice Evans in Hamlet

JEAN BANIGAN

College, '39

Maurice Evans, the delight of Ameri-
can Shakespearean audiences, presented,
this winter in New York, a complete
and uncut "Hamlet." At five-fifteen we
settled ourselves in our seats, twelfth
row from the back, glanced over the
playbill, and turned our attention to
scrutiny of the audience which was ar-
riving in small bursts of chattering
people. As the theatre filled we were
surprised to find ourselves surrounded
by nice, ordinary people like ourselves.
You see, we had expected the audience
to be largely composed of intellectuals
and stuffy old school-teachers.

As we sat there, twelfth row from
the back, and felt the excitement within
us growing by leaps and bounds, we
noticed two very dignified gentlemen
take the seats directly in front of us.
Both wore goatees, stiff collars, loosely-
knotted striped ties, and had white
pique piping on their vests. While they
stowed their black derbies in the hat-
racks under the seats, we overheard one
of them exclaim, "I say, d'you know
who invented these clever little con-
trivances for disposing of one's hat?"
His companion shook his head. "Why
it was the very famous dramatist. . . ."
Just at that point a group of boisterous
young people came to sit down behind
us, and we must die without ever know-
ing the name of that truly ingenious
dramatist.

We were still engrossed in watching
the audience, from the twelfth row from
the back, when slowly the house lights
dimmed, and the curtain was up before
we realized what was happening. At
five-thirty P.M. on that memorable Jan-
uary afternoon, we saw the curtain rise
on Maurice Evan's "Hamlet." That
first scene, of the eerie, mystery-laden
night-watch was impressive, but the real
thrill came when the curtain went up on
the second scene. There was light,
music, laughter, gaiety in the throne-
room; Hamlet, attired from head to foot
in black, sat coldly aloof and alone
in the foreground. When Maurice
Evans began that first soliloquy, "O,
that this too, too solid flesh would melt
. . ." the people around us faded away,

the St. James Theatre was no more.
We were alone and Hamlet, Prince of
Denmark, was pouring out his troubled
heart to us.

We sat entranced for fully ten min-
utes after the eight-ten curtain was
rung down. There was an hour's in-
termission for dinner. We went to
Sardi's because we saw a caricature in
the playbill of Maurice Evans in cos-
tume saying to Mr. Sardi, "One of your
Blue Plate Specials, Vincent, the Audi-
ence and I have to get back to Elsinore
in time for Act Two." We had always
wanted to go there anyway.

Act Two began at nine-ten with the
play-within-the-play. That scene was
like a three-ring circus. We were torn
between our desire to watch Hamlet,
the King and Queen, and the players.
The King and Queen seemed such
ordinary people, the kind that you would
like to ask over for an evening of
bridge, that it was hard to believe them
the perpetrators of such a crime.

Maurice Evans played a completely
sane Hamlet, and he truly loved
Ophelia, which is as we have always
thought it should be. He impressed us
as being even more marvelous in "Ham-
let" than he was in "Richard II" when
we first saw him. Ophelia, played by
Katherine Locke, was very beautiful
and sincere; we were struck by her
resemblance to Hope Gaddis. We cried
with them and laughed with them, and
when the final curtain was rung down
we were sorry because we hadn't wanted
to leave that soon. Maurice Evans had
woven a magic spell around us, with
his portrayal of William Shakespeare's
greatest tragedy, that we shall never
forget.

To a Statuette of Bambi

*Delicate thing,
Bronze-red of clay,
Shaped by the potter's hand,
Quivering as the new-flown arrow,
Your head is turned in wonderment
With eyes quizzing the world,
"Forever panting and forever young."*

—Mary Elizabeth Henley, High
School, '39.

Icebox Tragedy

MARY HELEN EMMONS

High School, '39

"What shall we do? What shall we do?"

It was a dark rainy afternoon and all the neighborhood between the ages of three and seven was gloomily huddled on my front porch. The sun had forsaken them and with it had gone their spirits and usual gaiety. Suddenly a light broke through, and a small imp shouted, "Hide-and-Go-Seek! Let's play Hide-and-Go-Seek."

That was how it all started.

All the dark corners of the spacious, three-story house were alive with children. From closet shelves, from under dressers, from under the kitchen sink, from all sorts of unexpected places, little faces peered out. There was the sound of many feet running, and of loud whispers and smothered giggles. Then, for a brief period quiet reigned, soon broken by a gleeful shout. In a short time all were found and the same procedure occurred again.

When it was time to hide, I was always faced with the unanswerable question—where shall I hide? But the domineering Peg, my senior by a whole year, usually stuck by me and pushed me into some more or less secluded spot.

On this particular time, we found ourselves standing on the back porch, while four-year-old Tuggy counted to ten, five times in the hall.

"Where'll I hide, Peg?" At that moment Peg's eyes fell on our old wooden ice chest, standing in a corner waiting to be taken off. A shove and a push, and I was alone with the trays. What fun! Tuggy would have to look and look. Maybe he would even give up and Peg would have to tell him. This was a good hiding place. I wouldn't have to be "it" this time. How I hated to be "it." Oh—Tuggy was coming out on the back porch. Somebody had already been caught. Then I heard voices going away. Goody, he didn't even think of the ice-box! My, but it was getting hot! Faintly I heard Peg's mother calling her. "Peg, come home, Peg. It's five o'clock." The front door slammed.

I waited for about fifteen minutes.

Soon I began to wonder where everybody had gone. I couldn't even hear Tuggy anymore. They must be upstairs. My left foot went to sleep. I gave a healthy kick which was obstructed almost before it began by the side of the ice-box. I called for a little while and then waited and waited and waited. My goodness, where was everybody? Had they forgotten me? It must be supper time now. Mother had baked a cherry pie that morning. I called frantically and beat wildly on the door. A deep silence prevailed.

Someday someone would open the ice box door and find me—stiff and cold, and be, oh, so sorry. I shed a few tears over this sad, sad scene. I wondered if it were tomorrow yet. Yes, I was sure it was. I thumped on the door. I was missing school and—the door sprang open and a blinking, tired, little girl fell out into her mother's arms. After a few questions had been answered, the little girl looked at the little Dutch kitchen clock and saw that it was fifteen minutes after five o'clock and supper hadn't even been started.

All Hallows

Now comes the dreaded eve of All Saints' Day.

A mourning banshee wails his eerie cry

*To a wanton moon, who reels her way
Through staggering, drunken clouds
that vainly try*

*To bar her path. A thirsting werewolf
raves*

*And howls to Lucifer a maddened
cry.*

*The restless dead arise from yawning
graves*

*To weep and wail a heaven forever
lost,*

*Unblessed by Him, who pardons and
who saves.*

*For they who worship that satanic
cross*

*Will wander doleful in a lower realm
Dammed to torment and forever lost.*

—Mary Jeannette Bennett, College, 39.

Exchanges

The *Volunteer* is worthily praised for its variety. The usual fiction and poetry are helped by the Book Reviews and miscellaneous writings. The authors of the various contributions show originality and talent.

THREE BELLS

The *Prelude* is a well-organized and interesting book. The art is an attractive feature, lending itself to the individuality of the magazine.

THREE BELLS

Purple and Gold appears to be superior to most high school publications. All the material is presented in an attractive way with admirable results.

TWO BELLS

The *Echo* is a timely magazine. Our interest rests upon a number of the articles because we have been thinking about the subjects recently. The Three Arts section is a great asset to the publication.

TWO BELLS

The editors of the *Acorn* are to be praised for their artistic ability, the articles being most interesting and entertaining.

TWO BELLS

The *Chimes* (Shorter College) is an excellent magazine of its type. It shows much individuality, particularly in the "pro" and "con" articles. It is full of stimulating articles and entertainment.

THREE BELLS

CHIMES wishes to recognize receipt of the following magazines: The *Acorn* of Meredith College, Raleigh, North Carolina; The *Chimes* of Shorter College, Rome, Georgia; The *Prelude* of Huntington College, Montgomery, Alabama; The *Volunteer* of Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee; The *Echo* of Hume-Fogg High School, Nashville, Tennessee; The *Purple and Gold* of Clarksville High School, Clarksville, Tennessee.

Futility

Anger

Surged through her heart

Like frenzied moths which

Beat madly against the lamp

In vain.

—Mary Adelaide Hansen, College, '40.

Country Comes to Town

DINKIE HAINES

College, '40

— is a stiff little town with two distinct complexions. On week days it stays dressed up with its colonial homes, green, front yards, and wide, paved streets. The century-old oaks and maples shade the walks of Main Street, where the socialites take their afternoon strolls. While promenading up and down, they all speak to each other in the same fixed tone as yesterday, and the yesterdays before, entirely pleased with themselves and their surroundings. They have the life they love, the only life they know, and wish for no other.

Once the capital of the state, she sits proudly upon the rocks of Middle Tennessee, as prim and self-satisfied as in 1819. She is not famous for any one thing; but tries them all—agriculture, industry, education—and continues to hold the smug respectability of the whole state.

Only once a week does the town lose its dignity, but it does a good job of

it then! On Saturday afternoons the blue-bloods bury themselves in their knitting circles, bridge clubs, and Co-tillion Club; and even the infants have their sub-deb club.

For this is the day the country comes to town. The stores put out their red and yellow sale signs, and fill the show windows with fiery red dresses; the groceries put on display their over-ripe bananas and runny chocolate candy. And Woolworth adds an extra treat, honey cake and ice-cream, five cents. It is practically an impossibility to drive around the square, unless your car can turn into a snake and wiggle through the mire. In every direction "Model-T's" are parked three deep, with their cowhorns blowing constantly. When the town clock strikes twelve, everyone eats sausage and biscuits in the Court House Yard, leaving all sorts of trash for the wind to dispose of. In the

midst of all, you can see mothers trotting their crying brats to sleep, and little boys making a game of dodging the old men's tobacco spit.

By the middle of the afternoon the air is fifty per cent pipe smoke, twenty-five per cent dime-store perfumes; and the other twenty-five per cent is a mixture of rotten fruits, sour milk, and "what-have-you." But positively no oxygen can be detected.

After the evening has cooled off, you can spy the socialites, secluded in their parked cars about the square. They chatter disgustedly about the trash and filth and make fun of the "ignorant" as they pass. Don't fret too much, ladies, it will all be cleaned up Monday. And don't you remember the old, old tale about the bull in the china shop? These country people are the bulls in your china—shop town, and how they do shatter your dignity! But it must be, people; it must be!

The Reign of Terriers

JEAN TUCKER

High School, '39

The Reign of Terror took place in 1793 and 1794—two short years; the Reign of Terriers had its beginning in 1928 and is apparently extending over an indefinite period of years. It was ushered in by the coming of Big Boy.

Never would one have suspected that such sorrow, such stark tragedy, could be embodied in so noble a canine. His mother was a descendant of the Bull family from Boston, his father was a true Fox Terrier. His puppyhood, through the fifth year, was spent under the most rigid discipline of an authority on the subject of dogs. It was then, in the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-eight, that he took up his residence in the Tucker domain—which act marked the beginning of the Reign.

The first six years following this indiction moved smoothly. Then, for the sake of companionship in the form of

a chum, Sunny Boy was added to the family. A mere "pupster" when annexed, he soon became a full-fledged and thorough pest. It was then decided that the age discrepancy in our two animals would always stand between them, and Kimmie was annexed to bridge the gap of years. As Sonny was a true descendant of the Fox Terrier, so Kimmie could boast an unbroken heritage of curs. Hers was the lot to be the final straw.

For six months all went smoothly—as smoothly as could be expected with the number of dogs equaling that of the number of human beings in the household. There were dogs in chairs, dogs under foot, and even dogs in bed—with a generous sprinkling of white hairs everywhere. Kimmie was then moved to a "good, kind home," to

decrease the numbers and to ease the tension.

Two months later Big Boy went out to—

"—one fight more,

The best and the last!"

Stark tragedy gripped the Tucker territory for weeks, finally shaping itself into a cloud of sorrowful resignation. Sonny was all times hovered over, guarded, coddled even, in that ever foreboding atmosphere of impending disaster. And then the blow struck, a scarce six months later—a hit-and-run!

An unbearable period of depression followed, from which nothing was able to eradicate the shadows of the past. One by one they had rolled in thickening masses, but still the darkest hour had not been reached. Another twelve months dragged slowly on, while Baldy,

(Continued on page 15)

The Value of Education

JAN LATHAM

College, '40

We may say that education is the largest word in the vocabulary of life, because it symbolizes all the forces that have raised men from the plane of animals to that of a spiritual being. The derivation of the word confirms the above statement. It is from the Latin *educere*, which means to *lead forth*, and in its broadest sense it signifies the bringing out and developing of all the powers of the individual.

There are two sorts of education: that obtained from the schools, and that obtained from the experiences of life. All men obtain the latter, but only those living in countries having public school systems are likely to obtain the former. Since a person with a well-trained mind can make a much wider application of his experiences than one who does not possess this training, it follows that of all the forces that work for man's education the school has the most direct and the most widespread influence. If it were not for the organized school systems of the various nations, the majority of the people in the world would be unable to read or write.

The tendency everywhere is more and more toward the extension of popular education. Various bills have been passed in the United States and in other countries which force children of a certain age to attend school. The sponsors of these movements recognize the handicap suffered by the individual with limited school advantages. This tendency can be justified upon the basis of the ever-widening fields of service open to the educated man. Aside from the enlargement of man's general culture, an education enables a man to enjoy the worth-while things of life.

An education provides not only for intellectual training, but also for physical training. In most of our schools today every student is compelled to take a physical examination in order to par-

The Return

MARTHA BURNS

High School, '39

Whether we look forward with delight or with sorrow in returning to a place where we have been largely depends upon the circumstances calling us there. For instance: Almost every summer I visit my grandparents and several aunts who live in the small town of Heber Springs, Arkansas. I like to go there during my vacations, as my visits are always delightful and my stay there passes quickly. Sometime before I return for my annual visit, I begin to resume the correspondence that has lagged during the year. Again I get in touch with my relatives and friends of my age that I am with there.

Then the day comes for me to leave. It usually is at three-thirty in the morning, but I am ready with excitement. I sleep a while after arranging my baggage, but finally awake. About ten o'clock I begin to fidget, and at ten-thirty the conductor announces Conway. There an aunt and my grandparents meet me. While we are driving the distance of thirty-five miles to Heber Springs we discuss the events that have happened to us during the winter. After we make the turn to come down the mountain, which is the last stretch, I feel as if now I am really in Arkansas.

When we have finally arrived and I have looked around the house to pick out anything which might be new and have seen little objects that I remember from year to year, I go to town. I almost always find all of my old friends the first day. A happy vacation has begun.

participate in gymnastic activities. There is a wide choice offered to those interested in this phase of education. Various sports such as swimming, tennis, dancing, bowling, hockey, and golf are offered to all who wish to take them. This emphasizes the fact that modern education is not only broad, but so specialized that there is a place for everyone on the road to knowledge and wisdom.

But my last return to Heber Springs was entirely different. On the Monday I was to leave for school, I received word that my father lay at the point of death there where he was vacationing with his mother, and that I should come at once. Fate was very kind in that I received the message when I did, as in thirty-five more minutes I would have been on my way to school.

We left immediately. I dared not look at the speedometer, but any minute we might be too late. We had no way of knowing about any further developments, and we dared not stop to 'phone. I was able to divert my mind by looking at the scenery. Driving through Arkansas was different from going by train. The ground is of red clay, and houses without chimneys are frequent. There are many old houses with a porch extending on back, and rooms on either side, and the many log cabins are made homelike by flowers planted all around. It was like seeing a different Arkansas. It did not seem as though I were returning to the Arkansas I was familiar with and loved so much.

As we approached the turn to come down the mountain, which was, as I mentioned before, the last stretch, I felt a sinking feeling in my stomach. I had no idea what news we would hear when we reached the hospital. But we found that my father's fever had gone down and he was asleep.

The next day I walked to town to get some air. It seemed very strange and quiet—all of the young people were in school. Later at the hospital I could see them pass on their way home after school.

The visit was entirely different from any visit I had expected or had wanted to make. But I am very happy to say that my father is much better and that next summer when I return to Heber Springs, I shall be able to go with a happy heart; not with a feeling of sadness hovering over me.

The Light of Hope

HELEN JEAN BEAUBIEN

College, '40

The great boat moved slowly in the thick, grey mist like a masked villain shrouded in his long cape. No human eye could see two feet beyond the rail of the ship. The fog formed an impenetrable fortress through which no eye could penetrate. Standing on the deck in the damp air, one felt weak and helpless against the power of this grey wall. One suddenly realized the dangers which it could produce. At intervals several minutes apart, the silence, except for the swishing of the waves as the huge prow of the boat plowed into the waves, was shattered by the melancholy notes of the fog horn. They were distant and muffled. One

could see a troubled expression cross each face at every sound of the horn. These moments were strained and tense, yet each time I experienced a chill running from my head to my toes. It awakened in me a realization of the dangers lurking ahead of us. But what these dangers were no one knew. Each glance into the mist proved only futile. How long was this tenseness to last? My companions were still and white, and when I spoke to them, they only nodded and looked more depressed than ever. The fog horn produced the only

change in the silence. Then it brought only blanker expressions to their faces.

Suddenly, a faint gleam of light, seemingly out of nowhere, touched my staring eyes. At first I thought it was my imagination, but when it glimmered again, I sprang eagerly to the rail. The air was now stirred by the joyous shouts of my relieved companions. It was truly a light. I knew not that it came from the tiny, floating light-ships, tiny in size, but mighty in their power to direct huge ocean liners safely through the channel. There rose within me a new faith and trust in these miniature ships which could guide us fearlessly to our destination.

Stockbridge

MARY POPE CREIGHTON

College, '40

Although only a few miles away from some of the largest industrial centers of New England, Stockbridge, Massachusetts, tucked away in the Berkshires, seems a part of another world, quaint and picturesque. Stockbridge is a summer resort or colony for artists who appreciate the quiet beauty of the scenery, and people who go there to regain their health. Primarily it is an artists' colony; so there are very few stores, only those that contain the materials necessary for existing, because in the winter all the summer residents go home to the luxuries of city life, leaving the few hundred natives to a cold, isolated winter.

The house we stayed in was typical of all the others—a low, rambling colonial home, full of priceless antiques. From our back porch we had an excellent view of the Berkshires, whose shapes and colors changed every day. We spent many happy hours sketching

the mountains with our water colors, trying in vain to match their variegated tints that no artist's brush could ever duplicate.

When we arrived there, we were shocked to see everybody, even elderly ladies, riding bicycles all around the village, whether running errands or paying social calls. We soon, however, became accustomed to this novelty, and we were surprised to find ourselves adopting this interesting diversion.

Every evening at six o'clock old songs and hymns were played on chimes in an old tower near the edge of the village. At that still time of day, the effect of these sweet old melodies was like a prayer, and always put us in a happier mood for the rest of the evening.

Jan and I soon made friends with Mr. Grey, the kind man who played the chimes, and we waited for him every evening to go bicycling. He took a

fancy to the *two little Southern girls*, and let us climb the tower and watch him play his evening program. Sometimes he would take us walking through shady paths in the woods, and he would show us some strange head-stones in the funny old country cemetery there. We found our pleasures in the beauty of Nature; moreover, we found that living without playgrounds and picture-shows strangely enough can become very pleasant. The people in this quaint little town, where there are no factories, no wealth, and little poverty, are slightly reminiscent of the ancient Athenians, who loved the aesthetic side of life and who had no strict traditions or conventions to destroy individuality.

Though several years have come and gone since my visit to Stockbridge, I know that if I should go there again, I would find it still untouched by the industrialized world. I would go to the tower and wait for Mr. Grey to ride up on his bicycle, as I'm sure he still comes every evening at six.

My Heroines

HELEN McMURRAY

High School, '39

It was the first book I had ever read to myself. Before that, Mother had read to me. Dressed in my favorite pink dress and curled in the corner of my favorite chair, before the fire, I read and reread the book which was entitled "Teddy, The Bear" which concerned the exploits of a little girl, Mary, and her bear.

My body may have been there, but my mind was far away with my idol, Mary. I was fleeing from the forest fire, leaving behind my darling Teddy Bear, and I know I suffered more than he did when he was caught in the painful bear trap.

I endeavored to be "Mary" in every act and gesture. There wasn't any limit to my tenderness for my cat and dog, and even for the baby chicks, who in reality gave me "the creeps" to hold. I would eat nothing but oatmeal for breakfast, and would have died if I couldn't have purchased a blue checked apron exactly like Mary's. I even went so far as to dry the dishes for Mother voluntarily. This novelty lost its attraction in time, however, and I found another idol.

I found myself wrapped, heart and soul, in "Elsie Dinsmore," who was by far the sweetest, most pious angel that any one ever dreamed of. I literally worshipped her, and, as a result, began to learn verse after verse from the Bible. Because of this I gave my brothers a shock one day. These two loving people, who always claimed to be interested *only* in *my* good, had just practically torn me to pieces with a most emphatic lecture on my table manners. A conversation of this type usually ended in a fight because of my inability to refrain from answering with some pert remark. Imagine their surprise when my eyes began to fill with tears, and in a sweet, humble voice I replied, "Do unto others, as you would have them do unto you," and, "Be ye kind one to another." It took them weeks to recover from this incident. During this period I never argued with my friends and family and attended Sunday school, League, and Church

regularly. Once I was so moved by the sermon at a revival meeting in a strange church that I almost became converted right there. However, I caught myself rising in my seat just in time.

I transferred allegiance from Elsie Dinsmore to Anne of Green Gables, and became the "tomboy" of the village. At a high school play in which I was

The Art of "Getting Up"

Getting up at seven o'clock on some school morning may sound easy but, try it! (Perhaps you have tried it already). Mother starts the day off by calling to me. "Marg, are you up?" She calls me "Marg," short for Margaret. I detest it! It's so cold and I'm so sleepy. To mother's reply I merely mumble, "Just a second," and pull the smooth warm sheet and fluffy comfort closer. Sad to say, she's a quick dresser. When she's dressed she comes banging into my room. She claps her hands together because of the cold and bustles about doing nothing in particular while telling me to get up. Soon she leaves me, to go downstairs and fix breakfast. "Ah, peace at last!" I roll over on my side and prepare for a long winter's nap when I hear the seven-thirty bell! That's the time limit because I always allow myself to "piddle" around till then but no longer. From then on it's one mad rush with enticing smells of bacon, dashes of cold water, tastes of tooth paste, the feel of cold shoes and stiff shirts. From eight-ten to eight-twenty I enjoy grapefruit, toast, egg and hot chocolate. After that it's a wild dash to assemble books, grab coat, find gloves and get a couple of "hankies" for school. At eight twenty-three Mother gives me a fervent, wet kiss also slightly reminiscent of grapefruit and coffee, which is barely dry when I scuttle into Miss Ordway's room at eight twenty-six and one-half!

—Margaret Burk, High School, '42.

the "sweet" heroine, I even heard some one remark, "Don't tell me that tomboy, Helen McMurray, is the heroine!" I dyed my hair red like Anne's and wore green dresses constantly in order to make my eyes appear green. I also enjoyed "never refusing a dare," jumping off roofs, and leaping out of hay-loft windows for awhile.

But then my interest switched to "Emily of New Moon." I would have given my life to be "elf-like" and possess fawn-shaped ears. I pinched them with tweezers every night, but I ended only with sore ears. I began to keep a diary telling my opinion of everybody and everything, as Emily did, hoping that some day, people might find and publish it as a great manuscript.

I went through the stage of being sweet, unselfish "Beth" of "Little Women," and the gorgeous, vivacious "Rose in Bloom," only without "Eight Cousins." I tried my actions and gestures on my two boy cousins who put an end to it by means of whoops of laughter.

Then there are those memorable "Little Colonel" books which concern the life of a lovely Kentucky girl. I adopted, as my own, many of Lloyd's ambitions and for a few weeks endeavored to leave her "Road of the Loving Heart" behind me. Again I was the perfect example of courtesy, unselfishness, and kindness. I curled my hair religiously every night and tried one of her beauty secrets of washing my face in the morning dew. After finishing this operation, I expected upon rushing to the mirror, to find my face transformed into that of a blond "Snow-White," but there the same terrible, ordinary face with freckles across the nose met my crest-fallen glance.

As I've grown older, I've lived the lives of many other heroines, until at the present, I think my desire is to have the dash and color of Scarlett O'Hara, combined with the courage and unselfishness of Melanie in the famous novel "Gone with the Wind."

Victory

PATSY PROCTOR

High School, '41

Picnicking in the back yard on a sultry summer day is an ancient tradition in our family. Luncheon on little green trays is handed out to all five of the children. John, an underweight and delicate Puck of fourteen, always has milk, which he simply despises. The rest of us get grape-juice. One day the monster of mischief entered his brain, and he conceived the plan of getting rid of his milk by pouring it down my back. Blissfully unaware of the oncoming disaster, I got my tray and started for the swing in the back yard, a favorite eating place of ours. I did not realize that John was following me until I sat down. A stick cracked, and, as I turned around, the milk began to come pouring out of John's glass into my lap. With milk all over me and a naughty lad bent double with mirth in front of me, I lost all my patience. Springing up, I jumped full force on the wicked boy and what a fight we did have!! Not a sound escaped my lips, for I was infuriated beyond words, but John started howling and that brought Mother running. When she had finally separated her two sticky, milk-covered children, she sent us into the house to get cleaned up. Of course, John had all the sympathy and that outraged my sense of justice. I wouldn't go in through the same door with him, so I headed for the back door, while Mother took him in through the living-room.

We had bought our coal in the middle of the summer, and the men were getting ready to pour it down the shute from the back porch to the coal bin. A tarpaulin had been put all over the porch to keep the bricks from being discolored. Since the first load hadn't been shoveled in yet, the open shute was still covered with the tarpaulin. I guess I just didn't think about the shute being open, because the first thing I knew, I had stepped off into space. The shute has several curves in it, and I took them all at full speed. The inside of the shute was smooth, but suddenly I was sliding on something rough. Down, down, into the deep pit. *Ker-*

plunk!! I had hit something hard. For the first time, I let out a blood-curdling yell that brought the whole household. When they opened the door of the bin, I was sitting just as I had landed at the bottom of the coal pile, a coal and milk mixture covering me from head to foot. I found enough of my wits to whimper and then really break down. When I tried to stand up, however, my right foot wouldn't hold my weight, and I sat down again. I began to cry more earnestly. They carried me upstairs and called the doctor. I had a quick bath and was put to bed. Everybody hovered over me asking it it "hurt much." Of course, it did; much more than it would have if they hadn't asked. John stood over in the corner, sulking. Nobody was paying any attention to him now. When the doctor came, he strapped the ankle and said it was nothing but a sprain. Still, I beat John at his own game, and for two weeks I was petted and waited on hand and foot, while he was told to "run away and play like a good boy while Mother reads to Patsy." It was a wonderful revenge, but it ended all too soon.

The Reign of Terriers

(Continued from page 11)

the registered Boston Bull, was trained, was loved, and was overtaken by the fate of Sonny.

"And she is in her grave, and, oh

The difference to me!"

The calamitous reign of Theodore (Ted, to his intimates) brought an end to this dramatic era. His was the briefest existence of them all. At the end of two weeks to the very hour, he met the fate of his predecessors. The final blow had struck, the darkest hour had been reached.

At this particular time there is a lull in the rapid changes of canine flesh in the Tucker household. For over two years there has been the untroubled peace of happiness, presided over by the honorable Miss Toots. Just how long will she continue to preside? Only Time and Fate can tell, and please, oh Fate—!

Vignettes

Dawn,
The hushed expectancy
As a baby day is born.

Day,
Only a word, casually written
In the diary of Time.

Sunset,
A multi-hued coral reef
In the deep blue sea of the sky.

—Mary Adelaide Hansen,
College, '40.

On Borrowing Clothes

(Continued from page 7)

But certainly, you say, there are good sides to the practice of exchanging clothes, else why is it that everybody does it? Yes, I dreamed, too, of the time I could wear Betty's clothes. Just think! I should have twice as many clothes, would look twice as good as I do now, and look twice as good twice as often. But now that the time has come for actually borrowing clothes, like most dreams it has turned to sawdust in my grasp. Theoretically, it was a wonderful plan, but, practically, it has gone the way of all too many good theories. Twice as many clothes as before? Never! I have half as many clothes as formerly and what I have wear out twice as fast. How I wish for the good old times when my clothes were mine and mine alone!

Is there a point to this foolish discussion on borrowing clothes? None, unless you make this a warning. To lend, or not to lend. To borrow, or not to borrow. You, too, must make your decision.

For myself, I am someday going to make a commandment unto myself:

"Thou shalt neither lend anything which belongs to thee, nor borrow anything which does not belong to thee."

Yes, someday that would be a fine thing, but I cannot make it now because I am too anxious to wear Betty's new evening dress. I'm sure this time will be different, and her dress will look wonderful on me. Maybe I can persuade her to let me wear it by giving her one of my dresses for tonight.

And so, borrowing clothes is just another of those practices, like eating candy: in the end we allow temptation to overrule all resolution.

Chungking

LAURA DEMMER

High School, '39

Deep shadows began to draw themselves closer over the roof tops of the small huts and seep down into the narrow streets and alleys of the primitive Chinese town, making their darkness even deeper. Odors of cooking food permeated the air, as they drifted out of doors, through open windows and shutters. The sultry summer evening was filled with the usual noises that accompany the home-going of those who spend the day at work in shops and factories. Ricksha boys strained at their shafts and harshly cleared their way through the mass of human beings and animals. The steep, cobble-stone streets made the going hard for vehicles of every kind. Automobiles would have been lumbering and useless, so there had never been automobiles here in this city. In fact, no modern convenience, such as electric lights, had even been heard of.

Standing at the top of a long flight of rocky stairs, which was the highest point in that section of the city, I could watch the people and the animals, gradually reaching their destinations. Then, when the streets were less crowded, I left my position and started the long descent, down and down, to the muddy waters of the Yangtze, where a launch was waiting to carry me back to my boat, which was anchored near the middle of that great river. Straight down I went, till I all but plunged into the murky, swirling water. My boatman saw me and soon I was safe on my way to the larger boat, which had carried me part of the fifteen hundred miles up that famous river. . . . Sitting here now at my desk, I remember every tiny detail of that trip. Especially outstanding are the words of the captain of my boat, the *Ping Wo*. He said, "Should China ever go to war, the capitol, now at Nanking, would be moved to this city of Chungking."

Today the capitol of China is Chungking!

The Monastery

It was a warm, balmy night, but with a gentle breeze that whispered through the palm trees. A night typical of Florida! The full moon shone softly on the monastery and shed a silvery, glistening light on the open court in which we walked. As we passed on into the garden, the moon still held us with its silver magic, and it changed the translucent waters of the pool to molten silver. We approached the little shrine, half expecting to see a nun kneeling there before the Madonna in devout prayer. We sat on the steps of the shrine silently drinking in the beauty

of that garden with the dark shadow of the monastery in the background. The roar of the sea, muted by distance, came faintly to our ears. As we wandered through the dim, quiet corridors we were filled with awe at the unbelievable beauty before our eyes. I have never seen loveliness that held such a religious quality as this. Peace and quiet stole over our souls. The great cathedrals of Europe, with all their wealth of artistry and tradition, could scarcely produce a greater reverence than the simple beauty and awesome quiet of this monastery.

—Adelaide Roberts, High School '39.

Lavender and Old Lace

In a little shanty

Not so far away

Sitting in a rocker

In a dress of gray—

Silver threads have crowned her,

Wrinkles mark her face,

Many cares have downed her,

But she keeps her pace.

Sitting by a fire

In a lacy cap,

Shabby shawl around her,

Knitting in her lap—

Of! I take a stroll there,

Never take the car,

As people turn and stare,

And it isn't very far.

Rather walk a mile or two;

It does me so much good

To think of how the others live

And help them if I should.

When I knock upon her door

And lift the unlocked latch,

I gaze upon the barren floor—

The rug is but a patch.

I never think of poverty

When opening her door;

It seems I'm in a castle,

With a polished marble floor.

After tea is over and

The cups are put away,

She'll tell an old-time story

Of the high-lights of her day.

Somehow I ne'er forget

Those pleasant afternoons;

I know that I have met

A melody in June.

—Frances Farwell, College, '40.

The Calm That Follows the Storm

It had been a sultry day at camp, followed by an electrical storm in the night. The lightning and thunder had crashed about our tentelow. The wind had blown furiously; but now there were the quiet and peace that follow a storm. The air was cool and refreshing after the heat of the day, and the soft moans of the trees were gentle and sweet. Each tree was dripping from its heavy burden of water; and each drop fell to the earth with a soft, "even-tempered" thud. The smell of the pine trees was filling the lazy night air. Nearby, a frog called loudly to his family, who answered in tones ranging from the highest to the lowest notes of the musical scale; a cricket chirped out his staccato notes, and a katy-did could not quite make up her mind. Somewhere a hoot owl lent his weirdest tones to the occasion. On high, the moon played hide and seek with the drifting clouds. The waves from the deeply disturbed lake gently lapped the shore; and the boats anchored there rocked to the rhythm. A thick fog rose from the water and drifted toward the shore. The fog horns of fishermen moaned in the distance, and the eye of the lighthouse sent its warm, friendly glow out into the night. Far away across the lake a bugle was sounding taps. Day was done. I slept peacefully.

—Aline Brown, College, '40.

The Chimes

WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL
Nashville, Tennessee



May, 1939

The Chimes

VOL. III

MAY, 1939

NO. 3

EDITOR JEAN BANIGAN

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

SUZANNE McDONALD
FRANCIS ALDRICH

MARY WALLACE AUSTIN
MARY ADELAIDE HANSEN

ELAINE KENT

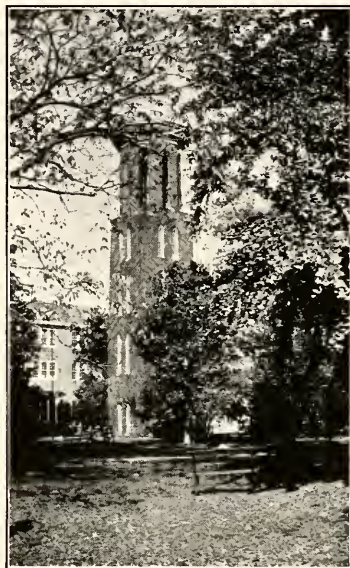
EXCHANGE EDITOR
ART EDITOR
BUSINESS MANAGER
FACULTY ADVISER
TECHNICAL ADVISER

RUTH BENTON
ELEANOR HANSON
ROSEMARY FOX
IVAR LOU MYHR
MAI NOY VAN DEREN

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Country Life	Mary James 5
Fantasies	Mary Jeannette Bennett 5
Letters	Posy Oswald, Betty Mitchell, and Margery Lawrence 6
C. Dennis Livingston	Betty Macks 7
Radio	Mary Adelaide Hansen 7
Americanism	Mary Jo Phillips 7
Forever Democracy	Mary Woolwine 8
A Maiden	Helen Jeanne Beaubien 8
A Glimpse	Betty Lovett 9
Another Spring	Suzanne McDonald 9
Her Presence	Frances Carter 9
Japanese Fan	Mary Adelaide Hansen 9
Unreconstructed	Benny Smith 10
Our Sons	Mary Jeannette Bennett 10
Clouds	Mary Adelaide Hansen 10
Tomorrow's Tears	Rosemary Fox 10
The Opera-Goer's Dirge	Mildred Stahlman 10
Moments That Crystallized	Corinne Howell 11
Fog	Alice Thompson 11
Home Again	Rosalba Gonzales 12
Invitation to the Dance	Florence Jane Brown 12
Imagine My Surprise	Vesta Firestone 12
Drouth	Rosemary Fox 12
It Happened Every Night	Peggy Sedwitz 13
Mutiny	Ruth Benton 13
A Festive Bonfire	Emma Kate Haltom 13
Interlude	Suzanne McDonald 13
Memories	Betty Cronkhite 14
Color vs. Food	Mary Jeannette Bennett 14
Worship	Frances Farwell 15
To Eve	Mary Jeannette Bennett 15
By the Back Stair	Isabel Maxson 15
Tempus Fugit	Rosemary Fox 15
Nicky "The Rat"	Alice Thompson 15
April Reflections	Mary Adelaide Hansen 15
Grandma's Kingdom	Mary Helen Emmonds 16
A Woman Kneel	Ann Stahlman 16
Reality or Imagination	Mary Elizabeth Leech 16
Cobwebs	Mary Adelaide Hansen 16

Foreword



Have you ever really noticed the tower on our campus? It reaches ever heavenward, toward perfection, toward higher ideals. That vine-covered tower symbolizes our magazine, ever striving for something greater. The purpose of the CHIMES, as set forth in the foreword of the very first issue, is "one of developing an interest in and an enthusiasm for the literary efforts of the students." We who are graduating feel that we have worked toward that aim, and we leave to the high school girls and to the Senior-Middles our sincere trust and inspiring loyalty upon which they may build their accomplishments of the future. As the CHIMES peals forth its farewell for this year, we hope that the glorious spirit of old '39 will live on for evermore.

Country Life

MARY JAMES

College, '39

Because a central Kentucky farm has been home to me for these nineteen years, everywhere I meet the same questions, "How do you spend your time out there? Don't you get lonesome?" Eight miles from town means a fifteen minute drive to me, but to the town resident it means endless driving along quiet roads when he would rather be at a picture show, a concert, or a party. Always I have defended my position. "You've no idea how many things there are to do," I say.

When I was old enough to get outdoors I began my life, strictly speaking, on the farm. I investigated the nooks and corners of the yard, learned to know the old gray hen, the striped cat, and the shy turkeys. Naturally, as I explored, my range grew wider. I came to know the fields, the crops, and the methods involved in the raising of these crops.

One day Daddy held me high on a great, spluttering tractor while my heart beat and pounded. At nine I rode from field to barn and from barn to field on the tobacco wagons. The gummy leaves stacked high behind me and the smell of struggling mules was with me on the way in from the field. In the barn the air was cool and moist. The glaring sun was no longer in my eyes. I watched the men hang the great stalks of tobacco high up in the rafters. Anxiously I awaited the return trip to the field which would be a rattly and joggy one with mules whose energy had been renewed by their rest.

Various places I considered my "favorite haunts." The "upside down" mulberry tree in the front yard was wonderful for a general cooling off and for deep thought into the future of a summer day's occupation. High in the magnolia tree I perched to see the life at the barns across the way, in the yard, and in the adjoining fields. A man harnessed a mule to a wagon near the barn. Patiently a cow chewed her cud near the pasture fence. Down the road a truck zoomed. Up at the house Mother's voice floated out with "Little Lady Make-Believe." I was patient

and contented like the cow. I could smell the fresh clover. I was strong and busy like the man who harnessed the mule. I drove a truck with gusto. I hummed a tune with Mother. My imagination knew no bounds.

As I grew older I came to the thinking stage. Instead of imagining I tried

Fantasies

Autumn is a dancing sprite

With a red-tipped nose

And acorns buttoning up his nut-brown vest.

Winter is a warrior proud

With hoary beard and ermine armor

And icy spears clenched in his icy hands.

Spring is a fragrant goddess

With lilies twined in her flowing hair

And sad-eyed pansies purpling her green robe.

Summer is a gracious dame

With graceful arms heaped high with rich, ripe wheat

And butterflies pinioned on her lacy gown.

—Mary Jeannette Bennett, College, '39.

to reason things out, and in so doing, grew to appreciate things about me. One day I strolled down the lane with folded arms. I was getting grown-up. The day was a beautiful July one. When I reached the end of the lane I sat down on a stump. Far back in the direction from which I had come was a great steeple which towered over the house. That bird steeple seemed to keep constant watch over the fields about it. Rising out of the green foliage, hazy in the distance, it was a mark of security and peace. As I trudged wearily back I knew deep within me that no matter where I went part of me would be left with that bird and what it guarded.

I remember things like these, experiences that have filled my life, and I tell the anxious person who knows only movies, crowded streets, and smoke-enveloped buildings that he'll never know what he's losing until he lives on a farm.

I found my own amusement. Everybody about the farm was busy. Certainly I could not be the only one idle. On cold, dreary days or when rain came to nourish the earth I found company in my room. Books of my own taste were always there. The family and the radio were excellent company on rainy afternoons.

Later a brother and sister influenced my activity. When I had finished my work in the country school nearby, we began the long drives into town for education. My brother, typically a country boy with sandy hair and freckles, disliked this set-up so intensely that he feigned every known excuse. But go to school we did, and when, in the afternoon, we were released, we drove home eagerly. Out of the car at last, our energy released itself. One day I ran half a mile to the creek for the joy of the crisp, fresh air which filled my lungs after the stuffy classroom air. The drives to and from school were beautiful. We came to know every curve in the road. In autumn we chose the most beautifully colored trees along the way. In October we said, "The leaves are fading fast now," and by November we remarked, "Snow soon." The winter months were perfect. Our driveway has a deep incline and the curve at the bottom gave the sled the kick it needed. But when the snow wasn't crusty enough for sledding, we hitched old "Belle" and "George" to the big sleigh and went gliding over the country-side to see the neighbors. We had bells on the mules, woolly laprobes, and roses in our cheeks. But we were really glowing and not just in a story book. Finally after wind and rain and many slushy puddles in our paths, we noticed tiny brown buds peeping green at the ends. "Spring," we shouted, and fed by the stove the newly born lambs which the men brought in shivering and hungry.

Spring brought forth hens who wanted to lay eggs and cackle over them. The egg business was my private enterprise. By diligently hunting in hay lofts, hemp shocks, and wheat bins I

(Continued on page 14)

The Ward-Belmont Complete Letter Writer

*The schoolgirl, weary with spring fever,
writes a letter home*

Art dear,

Here is the latest edition of the *Oswald Journal* hot off the press.

Flash dept.:!!!

1. Yesterday our hall had a picnic and in the course of the afternoon my roommate and I went wading. I was unconcernedly wading when I slipped. Yes, I got wet.
2. I'm now in the hair-cutting business. Five of us held Kate down and I cut her hair. It looks good—no fooling.
3. School is over May 30, wheeee!
4. I'm learning to play bridge—now we won't go into that.

Joke dept.:

1. Why do they put sand in ash trays?
To make the Camels feel at home.
2. Who get married in a tar and feather wedding?
A sailor and a fan dancer.
3. I had more, but they were censored; so this is the end of the joke department.

Song dept., new recordings:

1. *Our Love* recorded by Ray Noble
2. *You Taught Me to Love Again* rec. by Tommy Dorsey
3. *The Cuckoo in the Clock* rec. by Kay Kyser
4. *I Want My Share of Love* rec. by Artie Shaw
5. *Tain't What You Do* rec. by Jimmy Lunceford

News dept.: No news, department closed for the day.

Weather Report: Can't decide. Will tell tomorrow what happened.

End of this week's edition of the *Oswald Journal*. Enough of this stuff. I don't know a thing interesting, clever, or exciting to tell you.

I must buzz now—Posy

—Posy Oswald, College, '40.

Ophelia Writes a Letter to Laertes

Dear Laertes,

In our conversation before you left for France you warned me against losing my heart to Hamlet. You did not know then, dear Brother, that I had already done so. Father, too, implied in a conversation soon after you left, that I was silly to listen to, and believe, Hamlet's protestations of love. Although you and Father meant well and have always sought to shield me from the hard things of life, I know Hamlet did love me once. Recently, however, his love has changed to hate and I do believe, much as I detest revealing it about one so noble, that he is mad. He acts so strangely, not at all like his former self, although he has always been impulsive. It worries me greatly for I cannot understand his violent actions. The King and Queen are likewise puzzled and are endeavoring to find out the cause of Hamlet's worries, through the paid services of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz. The Queen believes that his father's death and her hasty marriage are the only things to blame for Hamlet's condition, but Claudius is not satisfied with this explanation and remains puzzled about the whole affair. Please don't judge me too harshly, for you see I loved Hamlet and do yet. Perhaps I was what Father called me—ignorant and childish—when I believed Hamlet's madness to be yearnings for my love. The reason I thought this, however, was that one day Hamlet came to me in such a pitiable state and gazed at me in such a woe-begone manner that it seemed he loved me dearly, but something was standing in the way of our happiness and was too much for him to bear. Father told all of this to the King, who watched our next meeting and heard the awful words Hamlet spoke to me as I was offering my love to him.

Only a pat would understand

Dear "Scraps,"

Oh how my conscience hurts me
It has been s-o-o-o-o long
That I have owed you this letter
But
You know how it is at school.
May Day is coming—
All music and color and dancing
With May Queens and Maids of Honor
And me dancing!
How is the mumps?
Sorry you will miss the Derby
Thank goodness I have had it.
Baseball is in full swing
I should have said at a high pitch
I'm pitcher
Catch? Yea, wild.
Oh, such fun
That "f" was originally a "p"
But it doesn't matter.
Guess you know that it is only thirty
more days
See line two
I can't study 'cause Spring is here
Line four, please
Really must close with love and a ta-
ta—
So
Love and a
Ta-ta—
Yer pal,

"Scuffy"

—Margery Lawrence, College, '40.

He is certainly mad and I pray to all the heavenly powers above to restore him. All this is quite a load on my mind.

Dear Laertes, would you please advise me, for I know not what to do? I trust and hope that your life in France is, as you would have it, enjoyable and profitable. Please answer this in good counsel and help me in my difficulty. I miss you and remain your devoted and loving sister,

Ophelia.

—Betty Mitchell, High School, '39.

C. Dennis Livingston

BETTY MACKS

College, '40

She appeared to be one of those horribly athletic women; and, to a certain extent, she was. Excelling in any game she chose to play, she had the faculty of making her teammates as well as her opponents feel their own bungling incompetence. Having majored in physical education, she became a gym teacher in a small New England school for girls. She always dressed the part, and that fact helped to make her more convincing in the role she assumed. Her clothes were always of the most severely tailored type, masculine tweeds and business-like shirtwaist styles. Even her "dressy" clothes conformed to standard and were rigidly plain and of dark, uncompromising materials.

Her hair was cut fairly short, combed straight back from her high forehead, and pinned close to her well-shaped head as if it were a necessity to be tolerated but not indulged. Piercing black eyes that seemed to look through one without a sign of recognition, high cheek bones, a thin-lipped mouth, and a resolute chin added to her general air of curt austerity.

Having a sturdy, muscular body, nicely proportioned, she walked as if she owned the world and defied anyone to dispute her claim. Swinging along, looking neither to right nor left, she passed you by with eyes straight ahead, totally oblivious to your timid "Good morning, Miss Livingston." She al-

ways managed to make you feel as if you had received a stinging blow on the cheek with some object such as a riding whip or a pair of gauntleted gloves. It was more than a mere slap in the face, something more insidiously insulting, more cuttingly sarcastic than anything she could have said. She appeared to be the most unsympathetic and unfeeling woman imaginable, and the girls called her "The Iceberg."

Yet to me, she never appeared in that capacity. Possibly it was because I knew that her severe, indifferent manner was but a disguise to hide a warm, vital, wholly feminine woman, as human and as lovable as any woman could be. I have seen her go through the motions of teaching a group of girls to wield a hockey stick without seeming to be conscious of them as other than so many individuals of the feminine gender; and I have seen her, when class had been dismissed, call back for a little private instruction and a word of encouragement the girl to whom she had been the most sarcastic and contemptuous. I have seen her sit on the edge of a pool, apparently indifferent to the girls swimming before her, yet all the time conscious that they were under her protection; and at the least hint of trouble, she was there to overcome it before the others were aware of any disturbance.

To a chosen few, she "broke down" and was human. To those few, she unlocked the door of her reserve, and allowed them to enter the castle of her true self. Those girls were her sworn slaves, captivated as they were by the wonderful person she really was. To them she was the Cecilia that I had known, the Cecilia who had played with me, had been my dearest friend and surest refuge. With them she was the girl she had been before circumstance had forced her to erect a barricade of indifference.

To the great majority she was the Miss Livingston she had become when an unsympathetic world had ridiculed and scoffed a sensitive, pregnable girl.

To them she was an unfeeling, uncomprehending woman who seemed to know not and care less about the girls with whom she came in contact. She was deeply conscious of all that went on about her, but she had schooled herself to appear oblivious to everything that happened. She was a warm, friendly girl who had been cruelly hurt, one who had made up her mind that never again would anyone have the satisfaction of knowing how deeply she had been wounded.

And so, to the few who really knew her, she was loving and tender; to those who knew her not, she was cold and unresponsive. She never realized how greatly she had influenced the ones who knew her as Cecilia or how great an effect she had had on those who saw only Miss Livingston.

—Betty Macks, College, '40.

Americanism

Middle-aged, of medium height and rather stout physique, the doctor stepped from his car to the hot pavement. He was extremely well dressed in a cool, white linen suit, white shoes, and a white Panama hat. From his left hand was suspended a neat black satchel, the only detail that revealed his profession to strangers. He lifted his kind face to see a number on the building, squinting blue eyes behind their spectacles. Lowering his head, he briskly took the flight of stairs and knocked loudly on the door. An elderly Greek woman, definitely poverty-stricken, opened the door and jabbered a greeting. The doctor went into the house. He remained a long time, coming out very grim-faced and absorbed in deep thought. Once more he had done the very best for an unfortunate laborer with a grave disease. The doctor did not slack his duty; he knew he would not be paid in money; but a true, religious, and democratic man had done his best and was repaid by peace of mind.

—Mary Jo Phillips, College, '39.

Radio

*Wooden box,
Fantasy of sound
Tumbling drunkenly
From within.*

*Knobs adjusted, . . .
Humor separated
From tragedy; political
Harangue from music.*

*O wonders
Perpetrated by '
Bits of wood, metal and wires!
Radio, epitome of Mystery!*

—Mary Adelaide Hansen, College, '40.

Forever Democracy

MARY WOOLWINE

College, '39

"Through the rocket's red glare, the
bombs bursting in air,

Gave proof through the night that our
flag was still there."

Today we too treasure in our souls the tremendous words of this magnetic anthem, profound with the spirit of a courageous nation and embodied with the ideals of a great democracy. Those warriors of long ago bled with an inexhaustible determination and enthusiasm to insure upon the faint glow of every dawn our view of thirteen stripes and forty-eight stars gently unfurled in the breeze, a monument to the peace and security which represent our nation. Throughout the years those brave few have been followed by others imbued with that selfsame zest and those unrelinquished resolutions to perpetuate these ideals. Today it is not the battle cry of arms encumbered with weapons of death and destruction, but a war of expression, thoughts, and ideas to which we, the youth of America, have been called. We pledge our allegiance not only to that graceful banner which is strung to the height of a flagpole, but to the sacrifice, toil, and bitter labor written into the lines of the constitution for which it stands.

We are a democracy, a land of the free. How hated and how envied by those other thinkers who through propaganda have built up a stern frame of power chaining freedom and terrorizing their people!

How many times have you passed down the avenue and seen many a rebellious soul perched on his wooden soapbox screaming forth in his violent fashion, condemning our ideals and glorifying those of an entrenched nation? Having lived for the past few years in an industrial center, I have often been confronted with these spectacles. I am young too—just another one of you enjoying life in her teens;

and one day, urged by the curiosity of my age, I too stopped to listen. There he was, an unkempt looking creature who kept flinging his hands through his hair, and shouting at the top of his voice in such a manner that a wave of fatigue descended over me as I watched. Certainly his excitement must be the result of something important; what was he saying? Then I knew. As he stood there degrading our inheritance, a slow, steady anger seized me. I trembled with rage and a cold fear possessed me. Suddenly I wanted to drag him down off his false pedestal and command him to stop. I thought of the day I visited Washington, D. C.; and then I knew I wanted to take him to the statue of Abraham Lincoln, where carved in stone is that inspiring address which was given o'er a battlefield of blood, and which includes those immortal words that are the foundation of our principles: "a government of the people, for the people, and by the people." Somehow that phrase must always remain true to our country. Soon his uncouth voice brought me back to reality, and once more I became just another member of the crowd. Later, on my way home, I tried to realize why he was condemning our policies.

A democracy includes freedom of speech. Without this how could he and his other street corner dictators spread their beliefs? It gives freedom of the press; without this how could he and his fellow conspirators publish their written word? It allows political parties; without these how could he possibly hope for success? These are only contributors, however, to that one prime factor which stands alone, the epitome of our ideals; namely, the pursuit of happiness.

Suppose we lived to carry guns, work in the fields, take calisthenics, don gas masks, and be continually schooled in training for war? Or suppose one of those dearest to us should be killed or sent to a concentration camp, today's living hell, for expressing an idea against these practices?

Happiness is freedom; freedom of emotion, love, fun, enjoyment, ideas, our own ideas, and freedom to do and to say as we like. How horrible life would be without this!

Let us not sit back then and watch these alien seeds being sown into the soil of our country. Are not our ideals as important to us as theirs are to them? Why not be determined, determined as they are, and preserve the spirit, pride, and morals which our forefathers gave to us?

Let us muster our courage and fight to preserve this inheritance which has been left to us. Let us cry out against our destroyers and prevent them from stealing our liberty. Let us mobilize, not with munitions but with a much greater strength, that of determination to augment the work that our ancestors have died to maintain.

Today we have many more resources with which to confirm our principles than ever before—the telephone, radio, press, and numerous others. Let us take advantage of these means and protect our beloved country from the gruesome pitfalls of totalitarianism.

"United we stand, divided we fall." Let me ask you, the youth of America, to band together and leave to your children the same supreme constitution and security that has been willed to you; and forever make secure the master creed of our great democracy, "a government of the people, for the people, and by the people."

A Maiden

A maiden

*Lifted up her gentle brow
To greet a gray and dismal sky.*

*She saddened.
No joy was there.*

*Ere long she waited,
She felt the touch of spring
Upon her brow.*

*She raised her drooping head
And smiled.*

—Helen Jeanne Beaubien, Colloge, '40.

A Glimpse

BETTY LOVETT

College, '39

At last the peaceful and picturesque life of Oberammergau greeted us. During the two weeks spent relaxing in this little village, our glimpse of Anton Lang proved most interesting. His sincere and beautiful characterization of the Christ in the famed Passion Play, about which we had heard so much, made us keep his name vivid in our memories. On previous trips abroad, our chaperon, Miss McCoy, and Mr. Lang had become friends; and as friends of hers we were all invited to tea at his home. With the morning of the great day came rain. Fortunately for us the sun broke through the gloom before noon and cast its rays over the little village.

Before entering the gate we saw the cottage situated far back from the fence which bordered the street and framed in flower beds. The gleaming whiteness of the tea-table already set on the porch and the garden threaded with numerous little paths made me, for a moment, think I was back in England. Our host, with his nephew, Alois Lang, the Christ of 1930 and 1934, was waiting to greet us. After introductions had been made, and we had sat down to tea, I allowed my mind to dwell upon the life of the white-headed, gentle, old man who was my host. He spoke irreproachable English, and at that moment was carrying on a conversation with Esther and Elizabeth about his forefathers and the part they had had in creating the Passion Play. Suddenly the realization came that before me sat a GOOD man. For this role of Christ he had to live the part as closely as possible; so his whole life might be said to be interwoven with the life of Christ. His face even seemed to resemble pictures I had seen of Christ. His eyes were blue and had a peculiar power of concentration; instead of being dulled with age they had become more brilliant and intense. When he turned to me and spoke, I heard his deep, melodious voice as though from a great distance, but no power on earth

could have drawn my attention from his eyes. If a person's eyes are "the windows of the soul," Anton Lang's soul was pure, beautiful, and kind.

Suddenly I realized that tea was over and that we were going to walk in the garden with Alois Lang while Miss McCoy chatted with our host. All too soon we had to leave the charming surroundings and vibrant personalities of these two men, bid reluctant goodbyes, and return to our inn.

Another Spring

*The spring is bright as springtimes go
But to me the world seems slow;*

A haunting, mocking melody,

A brittle, brutal parody

On a love that was new, but now is old;

On a spring that was warm, but now is cold.

You're the one that did this to me—

Why couldn't you leave me and let me be?

You took away my love—our love,

Tossing it high like the stars above,

Tearing it apart, but leaving it simmering,

Stamping on it, but leaving it glimmering.

Why didn't you tear it out of the blue

Instead of taking it away with you?

But you left me the pain of remembered bliss,

The memory of a sigh, a stolen kiss.

You couldn't leave me one decent thing!

No—not you—

You even took the spring,

The spring that was gay and light and airy,

The spring that danced like a winsome fairy,

You made from it, a thing once bright,

An ugly mockery, black as night.

But strange as it seems, I love you still—

I always have—and I always will.

—Suzanne McDonald, College, '40.

Her Presence

She was a gracious, lovely lady and I sat wide-eyed and open-mouthed just watching her most of the evening. She had a beautiful shock of silver-white hair, although she was not old, and she moved like a whisper as she glided across the room. Her tall slender body was majestic and graceful, and her hands were pale and tapered. She spoke quietly, with conviction mingled with charm. All my hopes and desires were symbolized in this towering goddess of beauty and serenity, and my eyes followed her from place to place. She was not, however, a person without color or vividness, for her remarks could be quite entrancing or amusing at times. She was intense, and gave her undivided attention to anyone with whom she conversed. She talked to me too, and so spellbound was I by her magnetic personality that I scarcely breathed. I remember now that she told me not to toe-dance, that it would hurt my legs. This advice, I think, impressed me more than anything else she said. The fact that, though she was great and famous, she still had time to notice a very small, dark girl made a lasting impression on me. The magic of that night when Ruth St. Denis dined at my house will always be one of my happiest memories, for she is truly a great and lovely lady.

—Frances Carter, High School, '40.

Japanese Fan

My mother has a pretty fan,
She says it came from far Japan;
It shows a grey-and-silver sky
And two big long-necked birds that fly
Across a cherry orchard, through
A sky of pretty sapphire blue.

A house of thatch, with roof of straw . . .
Grotesque red kites . . . I also saw
A man, and lady too,
In robes of salmon pink and blue;
And this is what is on the fan
That came, they say, from far Japan.
—Mary Adelaide Hansen, College, '40.

Unreconstructed

BENNY SMITH

High School, '39

As I was driving along a country road in Mississippi one day, I saw a tired, dusty, old man. With a feeling of good-will, I stopped and asked him if he would like to ride with me. The stranger got in and politely introduced himself. I saw that he was a representative of the Old South, even to his boots and his black ribbon tie. After a time, he invited me to stop at his home for a cooling drink.

Soon we arrived at his driveway. Turning in, I beheld a magnificent vista of mighty oaks ending at a white-pillared mansion. I stopped a moment in awe, so graceful and so elegantly simple was the whole picture. I drove on and stopped under a wide porte-cochère. We went up to the wide verandah where we seated ourselves in comfortable rockers. Almost immediately an old servingman appeared with a tray on which were frosted silver goblets of mint julep. Contentedly I sipped and gradually my weariness departed. I felt calm and peaceful.

Later my host suggested a short walk, and we started down a narrow, winding path. Great green oaks, hung with grey Spanish moss, reminded one of a bearded Father Neptune. Almost tropical vegetation overflowed the path, narrowing it to a mere line.

At the foot of a small hill, I saw a carefully tended plot enclosed by a small iron fence. Petunias and phlox formed a symmetrical border. In the closely clipped grass and in the methodical arrangement of the flowers there was evidence of sedulous attention. A white shaft rose straight and perfect from this carpet of blossoms. Tactfully I asked my new friend for whom this monument had been erected. He replied that it was in memory of a northern soldier who had died there at the time of the War between the States.

I was profoundly impressed. What a noble gesture—a memorial to a fallen foe! This was symbolic of the principles of unity which are the basis of our nationalism. Here was a man who had dared do all that may become a

man. Deeply touched, I approached to read the name of the man whose memory had been so generously preserved. On the monolith was this inscription:

*The Yankees came in hordes and bands
To take from us our fairest lands,
But this small grave in this small plot
Is all that this damn' Yankee got.*

Our Sons

*Across the Alps a stumbling, shivering
band;
In Madrid a last lost stand is made:
A weary China struggles hopelessly:
A nation is divided into states.
Wars and strife! All bitter brews of
hate!
Concocted by the evil minds of men,
Who in dark councils ruminate
The ruin of the world.*

*Their favored legions plague the hap-
less Jew;
Defile the sacred vestals of the church;
Renounce the bonds of brotherhood and
love;
Decry the natural right of honest men
To public voice—as any citizen—
For liberty in speech and thought
And freedom of the press.
Why then do diplomatic circles count
On puny promises soon put away
When ambition thrills in hardened
hearts?
They preach that peace is best at any
price
And scurry to their dens like frightened
mice.
Perhaps for them the world is safe,
And yet—our sons?*

—Mary Jeannette Bennett, College, '39.

Clouds

*Black little storm clouds
Were washed in the sky
And hung, fleecy white,
In the sun to dry.*

—Mary Adelaide Hansen, College, '40.

The Opera-Goer's Dirge

In my opinion, weak and small,
An opera is a funny thing.
So many people "tread the boards,"
And all they do is sing and sing.

The hero enters on the right
And yodels songs up to the skies.
His lady enters on the left
And sings about her lover's eyes.
Then a dagger out he draws
And thrusts it deep into his heart.
The other then some poison drinks.
They sing that they must now de-
part.

And other heroes enter thus,
And ladies likewise make their
bow;
And each in turn is killed this way,
And no one knows the why or how.
The names they have are so grotesque
'That you can't say them in one
breath;
Like Sparafucile and Woglinde.
(They die until there's no one left.)

It wouldn't be so bad if you
Could understand the words they
say,
But they all speak a foreign tongue,
And the music's foreign that they
play.

A fiddle starts, and then a horn,
An oboe, flute and harp come in.
The maestro with his flowing locks
Leads them in an awful din.

And all the time you sit and stare
At people going in and out.
They sing a while, then die a while;
And it ends with one terrific shout.

And this is why I say to you
An opera is a funny thing,
For no one understands at all
Why it is they sing and sing.

—Mildred Stahlman, High School, '40.

Tomorrow's Tears

*I know I shall weep tomorrow
For the joys I have had today.
I shall wear a robe of sorrow
For my gown that is bright and gay.*

*I know I shall weep tomorrow,
But the sky is so clear and bright—
I think not now of the morrow,
But keep the sun in my sight.*

—Rosemary Fox, College, '39.

Moments That Crystallized

CORINNE HOWELL

High School, '39

I think everybody must have a beginning—not just when he is born but when he realizes that he is really somebody. All babies act alike; they cry and gurgle and eat and sleep, but when they grow older, each becomes a distinct person. The moment in which one becomes aware of himself as an individual is his beginning.

One morning as I was sitting on the back porch steps, the momentous thing happened to me. I was about four years old, and both my sisters having reached the school age, I was left alone to entertain myself. As I sat there in my crisp gingham dress, dimples showing in my fat knees, a smudge of dirt on my pug nose, and my nondescript hair straight with bangs, nobody's beautiful child, I began to think. Now don't misunderstand me; it wasn't the first time in my life I had ever thought. Of course, I had thought about such things as what we were going to have for dinner, and how wonderful it must be to be over ten years old so I could nonchalantly say as the grownups did, "Oh, such and such a thing happened about ten years ago." But this was the first time I had ever become aware of thinking. It suddenly came to me that there was this earth and human beings ruling it and that I was one, an individual different from all others, to think out and do things for myself. I became a person. Perhaps I can explain it better by saying that I realized I was living. No matter, it was my beginning, and I resolved on that day that I would always remember it as such, and so I have.

Another moment that I can pluck out of the past took on a permanent form because I was made aware for the first time of the power of a casual remark. Several years had passed since that day on the steps. It was springtime. Easter was approaching, and to me that meant mainly the purchase of new clothes. I had now reached that stage of life when clothes were of paramount interest and importance. Therefore, Mother and I diligently scoured the town for the most stylish, the most ap-

propriate, the most beautiful coat that a little girl of ten ever had. After talking the matter over thoroughly, we decided that it must be of the tailored type. "I detest fussy clothes," was my mature remark; I had carefully quoted

Fog

The soft, snow-white blanket closed in about us quickly, leaving us alone in a floating world of our own. The cloudy mist seeped under the doors and through the portholes and mingled with the soothing strains of the stringed quartet. A sea gull floated through the fog and glided to a perch on the railing. Silent figures rested peacefully in warm deck chairs, not minding the clammy feeling left by the touch of the mist. The boat rolled gently, keeping time to the lapping of the unseen waves. Everything spoke in whispers. No one thought of the outside world, but only dreamed and wished the peace and softness they were experiencing could be theirs forever.

—Alice Thompson, High School, '39.

the words of an expert in styles recently published in a fashion magazine. After much deliberation, we chose a light blue coat of the softest wool, with blue silk lining and big blue buttons down the front. And as if its own beauty were not recommendation enough, it came from the Kiddie Shop, the place for mothers to buy their darling daughters the latest importations from Paris and New York. Moreover, the saleslady told me that it made my eyes blue. This elated me; I would don my coat, parade back and forth in front of the mirror, gaze earnestly at my green eyes and see nothing but blue. I did not know that remark was just a line of the saleslady's. (I was later to learn much about lines.)

I kept my coat carefully packed in tissue paper until Easter morning, and then I dressed in my finery and went to Sunday School. I was not the only one in new clothes, but mine were the most

beautiful. I knew that. I had never felt so superior, so happy, but my joys were soon shattered. Marie, the little girl with the golden curls and the peaches-and-cream complexion, looked down her dark eyelashes and scornfully said, "Where on earth did you get that coat? I had one like it *last year*." Tears stung my eyes. I would have been proud to own a coat like Marie's if only she hadn't said *last year*. And I had thought mine was the latest thing. I had never been so unhappy. Those few words spoiled my day, my week, my coat. Now I think Marie must have invented the remark on the spur of the moment, for I had seen her quite often and she had never had on such a coat, but I did not think of that at the time. I hated her with all the hate I was capable of. If she could only have known the unhappiness, the heartbreak, one sentence said with such contempt could cause. But maybe she would only have laughed and said, "How perfectly ridiculous," and I would have been hurt again.

A year later there came another experience which was of great import to me. It involved my concept of God and resulted in an abiding faith in a great spiritual force.

Of course, I am a Christian. My family have been Christians for generations, and I early accepted their beliefs. But I wonder if there has not come a time in the life of all of us when we doubted if there was a God, doubted all that others had told us and wanted to find the truth for ourselves. Such a doubt came to me in a peculiar way.

In accordance with my Christian environment, I had been taught to say my prayers every night. When I was about twelve years old—for no reason that I know, except obeying an impulse—I began to add to the ritual these words, "I pray that all of my family may be well and happy, no harm coming to any of them." Not long after this my sister had a serious operation, which

(Continued on page 16)

Home Again!

ROSALBA GONZALEZ

College, '39

The ship was entering the harbor. Everyone on the deck was waiting for it to arrive at last. Groups of relatives and friends were there, waving their hands and trying to call our attention. . . .

It was a paradoxical experience to leave Miami the night before. On one hand, we felt rather sorry to leave a land that we had learned to admire and love; on the other, we were impatient, very impatient to get to our own land, which, for several months, we had not been able to see.

As I saw the last blue line of Miami fade away like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of my life and had time for meditation, before I opened another. To one given to day-dreaming a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be a theme of idle speculation.

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "Land!" was given. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the delicious throng of sensations which rush into a person's bosom when she comes in sight of her native land after several months of absence. It is the land of promise to her then.

The ocean was calm; people were excited. Occasional friends—friends that we had met during the trip—were exchanging telephone numbers, addresses, and—in a word—all the little things that we like to express to others when, as in this case, we may not see each other again. We had shared our experience across the ocean, when the thought of our families and friends passed through our minds and hearts: "May we see them again?"—Nobody knows.

The orchestra near the deck was trying to bring us cheer and happiness. It succeeded in a way; several couples

Invitation to the Dance

*"Will you truck a little faster?" said the swingster to her swain,
"There's a jitterbug behind us, and he's treadin' on my train."*

See how eagerly the laddies and their lassies all advance!

They are waitin' for the downbeat—will you come and join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

"You can really have no notion what a tangle it will be

When they start in shaggin' proper, like a good ole jamboree!"

But the prude replied "Too fast, too fast!" and gave a look askance—

Said he thanked the swingster kindly, but he would not join the dance,

Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how fast we go?" his jazzy friend replied,

"There is another band, you know, upon the other side."

The further off from Dorsey, the nearer is to Vance—

So be not rude, beloved prude, but come and join the dance.

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

—Florence Jane Brown, High School, '40.

of young people were dancing. We were too excited to join them.

From that time until the moment of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. When the ship got into the dock, nobody could hold himself. All was hurry and bustle. The meetings of acquaintances—the greetings of friends—the consultation of men of business! We could hear clearly the calling of several familiar names. "Mother, Mother,"—was the only thing I was able to say. She was waving to me from the dock.

Imagine My Surprise!

Several nights ago I had a rather painful experience. When the bell rang at eleven o'clock, I turned off the light and climbed into bed, only to discover that I could not go to sleep. As I lay there, my eyes roving around the room, I suddenly noticed a peculiar something on my roommate's desk. The shadow it cast on the wall resembled a hatstand such as that seen in a display window. I sat up and stared through the darkness trying to imagine what it could be. Finally my curiosity got the better of me, and I stumbled over to the desk. Cautiously I felt the bottom of the thing. It was cylindrical and smooth, evidently cardboard, perhaps a container of some sort. My hand moved slowly upward, and the cylinder became wider. Suddenly it stopped completely, and my fingers instinctively came together and closed on something cold and clammy. As I moved up the surface I could feel little notches here and there. Suddenly I let out a yelp of pain as a needle pierced my thumb. I reached for the light and snapped it on to discover I had been fondling my roommate's cactus plant!

—Vesta Firestone, College, '40.

Drouth

The hour is five, the time is morn.
The blistering sun a new day has born.
The sun beats down on hard, dry ground.

The clock ticks on with listless sound.
A land spreads out before my door.
Once so green with the grass it bore.
But where its colored maize once grew,
Now stands a stubble of dirty hue.
Parched and dusty lies the grain,
Still God spares no drop of rain.
Cattle bones in the pasture lie
Where cow and calf did thirst and die,
And whiter grow their bones in days
Scorched by the sun's consuming rays.

Rosemary Fox, College, '39.

It Happened Every Night!

PEGGY SEDWITZ

College, '40

The Characters:

I. E.—*International Encyclopedia*

E. B.—*Encyclopedia Britannica*

A.—*The Americana*

The time:

9:15 Week-Day Night

The Scene:

W.-B. Library

I. E.: Thank goodness, it's nearly time for the "studes" to go home. One more night like this one and I'll fall off the shelf for good.

A.: I used to think this was a place for study; instead, I'm beginning to be convinced it's Grand Central Station.

E. B.: Grand Central Station is quiet compared to this. Their noise is scheduled—ours is one long roar from morning till night. Personally, I'll take the station.

I. E.: It isn't the noise that bothers me so much, for the librarians here are capable of taking care of it. Noise is tangible and can be dealt with easily enough. It is the downfall of library ethics, the intangible, that has me worried.

E. B.: I heard something in regard to missing books from some girls using my Vol. 12, but I just thought it some more of their silly gossip. You know my volumes are so large girls use them more for talking behind than anything else. I sometimes wonder if boys' schools' Encyclopedias have to put up with gossip too!

I. E.: The sad thing, dear *E. B.*, is that this isn't gossip. Back-breaking, page-bending, and taking-out our fellow companions without signing for them, is not just mere gossip. Do you think there is anything we can do about it?

A.: Once I haunted a girl for misusing me, and this worked excellently. It seems she was a senior who just had to see a basketball game. Well, she turned down my "Chelsea Ware" (Page 376, Vol. 6) and dashed madly out of the library, not even aware of the noise she made. That night I haunted her so badly, for that page did hurt my feelings, that she was at my Vol. 6 at eight

o'clock sharp the next morning unbending that poor innocent page.

E. B.: Sounds as if that haunting idea might work, fellow educator, and at this point anything is worth trying.

I. E.: If that works we can send word through our special "book-vine telegraph system" to have those books that are unsigned for and are out missing, haunt the student so badly that the books will be replaced immediately. I've longed so for a good chat with a certain book, but the dear fellow hasn't been heard of for weeks.

A.: And now just before we turn in for the night, let's put over a final measure. Let us get all the books to threaten a walk-out-strike on the students unless they are more quiet at all times.

I. E.: Powerfully good suggestion. That ought to bring quiet to these trembling, vibrating portals.

E. B.: Just think we can spend our aging years in quiet and happiness—we hope. Let us pray fervently tonight, dear brothers, that the silence won't deafen us as much as the noise has done.

Mutiny

*My being is striving
In humble fashion
To overcome evil—
And passion.*

*My eyes are searching
For clearer vision
Than outline sketches
Undone.*

*My feet are following
The straighter path,
Averting destruction
And aftermath.*

*My thoughts are abhorring
All truth disguised
And wanting the real,
The unrevised.*

*My soul experiences
A desire to free
Itself from futile endeavor
And me.*

—Ruth Benton, College, '40.

Interlude

Meeting—gay, bright, enchanting;

Love—tender, revealing, passionate;

Memory—deep purple velvet, hushed
and haunting;

Despair—stifled blackness from which
there is no relief.

Once you loved me—

Every glance, every touch, every word
revealed it.

What has happened?

Why do you try to conceal it?

Is it something I've done?

Something I've said?

Or have you found another love,

A love that makes our love dead?

Tell me—oh please tell me—for even
that would be better than this drab,
gray cloud, which hangs over me like
a fog drifting out to sea.

—Suzanne McDonald, College, '40.

A Festive Bonfire

A bonfire: an inferno of heaven, a compound of colorful vividness, a picture of riotous beauty, a dragon of heathen impulse. In the ethereal glamour of the twinkling stars, a pyramid of pine logs holds itself majestically erect. A flaming torch is thrown! As if by supernal magic the whole heaven is alight with the roaring, uncontrollable, barbarous fury of the fire. One's body is left numb, one's mind is deprived of feeling, one's human emotions are hypnotized by the fangs of fire which leap upward, clutching, clutching like some great dragon pawing at the heavens. Into the blankness of the mind and body creeps the heart of the fire—arousing a disturbing rapture in one's very soul.

In contrast to the vigorous intensity of the flames, there comes from out of the pyramid a lazy, drifting, and tame loveliness of smoke, curling in playful figures to the clouds. Joyful is its travel heavenward, and as it soars into the celestial realm of peace, it leaves one's heart calm and serene.

Then, with one last roar—the dragon lashes forth its fangs and falls like a crushed insect to earth.

—Emma Kate Haltom, College, '40.

Memories

BETTY CRONKHITE

High School, '39

One evening, not long ago, I lay in bed thinking about the places I had been and the people connected with those places.

Somehow I found myself in Tiensin, China. The old brick house in the alleyway appeared. Dense ivy still clung to the stone wall that had once been my boundary line of safety. Ma Niai, our Chinese ama, associated herself with that setting. I could see her, in her black pants and white top coat, standing on the stone steps that led to the house, calling to us to hurry and get into the rickshaw if we wanted to go to market with her. That was our reward if we were good, and what a reward to be able to ride in a rickshaw!

The scene changed, and I found myself in San Antonio, Texas. Our big white house with the green roof and spacious lawn of sweet-smelling grass appeared. Just across the street was the Army Post. The person that I connected with this scene was our German cook who was good to us, pretending never to notice when we reached into the cookie jar. But, if we were mischievous, she would scold us and threaten never to make another cookie.

Suddenly my attention was drawn to the radio; a piece that was popular when I was in the Philippines was being played.

My mind's eye transported me to the one-story wooden house that was exactly like every other house on the circle in Fort McKinley. Nature, with the help of man, provided a screen of bamboo poles wired together and overgrown with ivy to protect us from the sun. I could see our house girl, Karmen, who was no bigger than a minute, going about her tasks smiling. Her pearly-white teeth showed to even better advantage when she put on her native costume to go to a dance in the barrio.

Next, I found myself back in America, here at Ward-Belmont. The kaleidoscopic views of the campus and friends here passed through my mind so fast that I had to open my eyes to become orien-

tated. The one person who stood above all the rest in my memories was Elizabeth Strickland. I thought of our fun together at Candyland and the knitting shop, of saying goodbye at the station when school was over, knowing that, although we were parting, our friendship would grow.

Everything from there on was hazy. I must have fallen asleep because the next thing I knew I awakened, saw bright sunlight streaming into my room, and thought how terrible it would be to lose one's power of recollection. Some of one's happiest days can be lived over and over again although they are, in reality, gone forever.

Color vs. Food

(With apologies to Gertrude Stein)

verse one

*Why is a baked apple in summer as an
apple blossom in winter*

*hot is cold cold is hot that's reflex action
for you*

*shrimp cocktail and iced watermelon are
alike*

pink and white

pink and white

*but there is always green—why is green
green*

*because trees bud in spring and summer
is green.*

verse two

That's fine!

verse three

*Who told you about the puppet
of course he's green—but where did the
pink and white go?*

verse four

*To the iced watermelon and shrimp
cocktail.*

verse five

*That's even better still
but I'd like to speak of blue now*

verse six

the sky.

—Mary Jeannette Bennett, College, '39.

Country Life

(Continued from page 5)

accumulated quite a sum of money by June. I could get the new bicycle. June sunshine ripened the cherries and apples. I picked cherries from high on a step ladder all of one June morning. The blue-jays simply couldn't have all they wanted. Sitting there, high up among the branches, I wondered why anybody would ever prefer the city throng to this. I took a bucket of cherries in to Mother with pride and inquired about the possibility of cherry pie for dinner.

But there is something more than just being busy to this life in the country. It is a something which I cannot explain when I tell the town dweller of life in the country—something that began to grow inside me long ago, when I was left to my own resources. In learning the farm life, I learned more than a knowledge of self-evident things. I learned, first, to be content with small things. A juicy apple which I found in the orchard set me right for a day. I learned the value of time, time as the sun rises and sets, not as the court house clock chimes. I knew the sadness of a farmer's disappointment. That I saw in my father's face when the locusts covered the cornfields. I knew hope, hope as the seasons bring it. When one summer brought a flood, the following one, we thought, would surely be normal. When winter took away the vital life of the out-of-doors we looked to spring.

Beneath it all was the One who brought us the seasons, who gave us the hope after discouragement. We felt His Presence in spring when the sap began to flow. I knew him in every crocus. In summer the great elm standing outside my window, the peaceful bird dogs lying below it, the shade on the lawn reminded me of His Presence. In autumn we knew that He was taking away old foliage, giving the earth a rest until spring. He is deeper than all these things, but these are the things which ever kept us aware of Him.

And so, on a central Kentucky farm time goes swiftly, and when one lives there he discovers more of life and more of nature than any inquisitive city dweller could hope to obtain in his crowded streets.

Worship

*You kneel to tiny idols,
You bow your heads in prayer
To thank them for their kindness
And tell them of each care.*

*Oh, fools!—those tiny idols
Will never, never hear;
Their ears are deafened to you;
How could they feel you near?*

*Their eyes of stone are sightless,
And yet you seem to feel
They see your aching bodies
And have the power to heal.*

*Your hands have carved that image,
But from a massive stone
You idolize your own work,
Not one of flesh and bone.*

*You may have your idols
With a chiseled heart so cold,
But I prefer a warm one,
Not one of shining gold.*

*I don't worship pedestals;
I kneel upon the sod
And raise my head and talk awhile
With my own Father—God.
—Frances Farwell, College, '40.*

To Eve

*O curious Eve,
Mother of the human race.
Cursed because she dared to be
Tempted by the apple tree
And look upon Truth's unveiled face.*

*O gullible Eve,
Who dared and lost her honored place
While Satan laughed in scorn to see
The flaming Gabriel turn the key
That locked the gates to Paradise.*

*O lonely Eve,
Toiler in the twilight hours,
Baker of the bitter bread,
Bearer of two hearty sons,
In wilderness and rocky towers,
Yet, following where Adam led,
No protests voiced, but to God a prayer.
—Mary Jeannette Bennett, College, '39.*

By the Back Stair

Parody on "By the Turret Stair"
Run, run, little maid, tell your mistress
fair
That her Fuller Brush man waits by the
stair;
That his toe's in the door and he will not
hush
Till she comes downstairs and buys a
brush.
Run, run, little maid.

Haste, haste, little maid, up the curv-
ing stair,
Don't peep back o'er the rail,
For I'll stay till your mistress returns,
To buy a brush for your pail.
Haste, haste, little maid.

Soft, soft, little maid, lest your mistress
suspect
That a salesman's at her door.
For I must stay till she comes to buy
For the teeth, for the hair, for the floor.
Soft, soft, little maid.

List, list, little maid, is that the sound
of a masculine voice
That I hear o'er the carpet so lush?
Can it be that your master's home,
And has heard my boast of brush?
List, list, little maid.

Farewell, little maid, I think I'll try
next door
To sell my Fuller brushes.
Husbands have ways of removing toes
With certain violent pushes.
Farewell, little maid.
—Isabel Maxson, High School, '39.

Tempus Fugit

*The span of life grows less each day,
As step by step you go your way.
Each thing you do, each hour you live,
Leaves one less and less time to give.*

*So make your hours and steps all count.
Make your score of good things mount,
And as the twilight of your life grows
near,
You smile, face death, have naught to
fear.*

—Rosemary Fox, College, '39.

Nicky "The Rat"

*There once lived three sisters,
In a cheap Brooklyn flat:
One thin, and one fair,
And one slightly fat.*

*When into the room
Came Nicky, "The Rat,"
He slammed the door shut
And pulled out his gat!*

*"Now tell me which dame
Is the moll of 'Big Red.'
Tell me right now—
Or I'll fill you with lead!"*

*"But I am no squealer."
So said the first one;
Then he took careful aim
And emptied his gun.*

*Then the next sister claimed
No knowledge at all.
So he bumped her off too—
Out in the hall.*

*Then the third one spoke up,
And her eyes showed no fear.
"You couldn't do this
If my brother was here!"*

*"Well, who is your brother?
Now answer me that."
"I call him Nicky;
Some call him 'The Rat.'"*

*Then with his pistol—
(So that can end that)
He fired the last bullet
At the brim of his hat!*

—Alice Thompson, High School, '39.

April Reflections

*Rain,
A refreshing dash
Of Cologne
Sprayed upon the drab gown
Of Winter.*

*Bouquets of umbrellas,
Spring's first blossoms,
Bobbing and dancing
Along the grey avenue.*

—Mary Adelaide Hansen, College, '40.

Grandma's Kingdom

Whenever we thought of Grandma, we seemed to associate her somehow with her cheerful, homey kitchen. It was a big, lopsided room that had a definite character, most unlike any other room in the world. Nothing in it was placed conveniently. The ancient, black stove dominated one side of the room; far across from it was sprawled the old, spotless sink; and to the right, many, many steps away, stood the china cabinet. Around the high-ceilinged room was a plate-rail, which was garnished with Grandma's hand-painted china. Most of the plates had decorative designs of very improbable cabbage roses or sweet peas. Intertwined among the foliage was the artist's name—a simple, old-fashioned name like Effie or Amos.

The kitchen had a fresh, airy, clean look. Everything was always spotless and light. Billowing curtains framed the low-silled windows that looked out over the rolling hills covered with tall, whispering pines; and in the morning, bright sunbeams tumbled in, spilling in shining pools over the black-and-white checkered linoleum. Because of numerous scrubblings, its color was almost worn off, and there were thin spots in front of the stove and sink, mute testimony of hours of labor.

There was always an intangible aroma of good cooking that seemed to linger in the corners of the room to remind one of freshly-baked bread; or the pungent steam of a roasting fowl; or a yellow sunshine cake, bursting with raisins, rising behind the oven door of the trusty range. And of course, there was the blue-and-white cookie jar, always filled with delicious oatmeal cookies, crispy butter wafers, or spicy gingerbread.

But the main thing about the kitchen—the vital part of it—was Grandma herself. Supremely happy, she trotted about her kingdom enveloped in a huge checkered apron, with sunbeams glinting upon the silver sheen of her hair, cooking an interminable parade of savory meals.

—Mary Helen Emmonds,
High School, '39.

Moments That Crystallized

(Continued from page 11)

caused her much pain, and forced her to spend a hot summer in Nashville instead of near the cool lakes of Wisconsin as had been planned. It was about a month later in the height of the heat that my little cousin was stricken with infantile paralysis and died. She was so beautiful, so talented, so young. It didn't seem right, no matter how you looked at it. I prayed fervently that by some miracle ugly, awkward, plain, little me could swap places with Mary. She didn't have a chance at life, and I wanted her to have mine because I was sure that she would do so much more with its opportunities. It was in the fall that the third trouble came. My uncle was trying to obtain a divorce. One night as I was reflecting on all the trouble that we had had during the last few months, it suddenly dawned on me that it was just during this period of time and not before that I had been praying for them all to be well. I had not waited for the trouble to begin before I started; then why did it all happen just as I was praying? Why? Why? Why? I tried to dismiss this

from my mind, but I could not. It was always there slipping forward at odd moments. I was astounded. Could I be doubting—doubting that everyone *knew* to be true? I remembered a speaker whom I had greatly admired saying that the greatest part of prayer was listening; that if you asked God anything and listened, you would receive an answer. This seemed perfectly absurd, but I resolved to try it. That night as I lay in bed I prayed that, if there really were a God, He would prove Himself to me in some way, and I waited. It was then that it happened; a peace stole across my soul. I was exalted. I was sure. I saw nothing; no words were spoken. It all happened in the stillness of the night. I cannot describe it, but it was miraculous. Never again have I had cause to doubt, and I never shall, for I shall always remember that night.

Reality or Imagination?

The star in the sky
Shining and bright,
Twinkling away the hours of night—
Reality or imagination?

The sun in the sky
Splendid and gay,
Illuminating the hours of day—
Reality or imagination?

The lovers now parted
But only a day,
Each sees the other before him away—
Reality or imagination?
The God in His heavens
Keeping watch over all,
Guiding His children, both great and small,
Reality or imagination?
—Mary Elizabeth Leech, College, '40.

Cobwebs

*A dainty Madeira shawl
Drawn protectingly
Over the sparse shoulders
Of the attic rafters.*

—Mary Adelaide Hensen, College, '40.

A Woman Knelt

A woman knelt beneath the cross and
prayed,

"Oh, Father, hear my prayer and grant
that we

May live as did this Man of Galilee,
Who spent His life for us and now is
dead;

And let us not, as he, who Him be-
trayed,

Sell all our heritage of love and Thee
With one small kiss in His Gethsemane,
But make an everlasting cavalcade
Unto this cross and trust forevermore
In Thy great love, oh God of love and
peace."

Her prayer was ended; she was all
serene.

In humble faith, a while she stood before
The cross—Today I pray, "May God
increase

In us the faith of Mary Magdalene."

—Ann Stahlman, High School, '39.



